THE
PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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VOL. II.

"The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man,—this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth."—CHANNING.

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THE

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LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. I.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY IN GRASMERE.

The Hutchinsons have appeared in the *Journal* before. We all remember the singing group, and the Memoir which Mrs. Howitt gave us. It is pleasant to me now to connect them with our lake scenery—to think that our valleys have resounded with their harmonies. Mrs. Howitt wrote to me that the Hutchinsons were coming to Kendal; and I forthwith settled in my own mind that they must sing to us at Ambleside. Everybody about me wished to hear them; and they wished to come. so the whole affair arranged itself easily enough. The large room at the White Lion was engaged, and filled with benches, so as to hold the greatest possible number—200. As the time drew near, however, I met a shake of the head whichever way I turned. Everybody was sure that many more than 200 people would want admission. People were coming from Bowness, Grasmere, Hawkshead, and even Kendal; and if they should be turned back from the door, how could they be expected to bear it patiently? And then the heat was excessive. Everybody was afraid of it. But what could be done? Here was the largest room that could be had; and the Hutchinsons could not stay to give a second concert. Such was the state of things—the tickets almost all sold—everybody wanting to go, and everybody dreading the heat when the Hutchinsons were to arrive—on Tuesday evening, June 16th. I had advised their coming by Newby Bridge from Lancaster, so as to finish their day's journey from Liverpool by the Windermere steamer. A trip by steamer from end to end of Windermere is the prettiest finish of a summer day's journey that can be imagined.

It was as lovely an evening as any during this glorious June of 1846. As I stood on the shore at Waterhead, waiting for the steamer, I endeavoured to look upon the landscape with the eyes of a stranger, and thought that if I were then seeing it for the first time, it would appear to me the true paradise of this world. The soft ruddy evening light on Wansfell, the purple hollows of Loughrigg, the deep shadows on the western side of the lake, pierced by lines of silver light—the white gables of the houses at Clappersgate, peeping from the woods which skirt Loughrigg—and the little grey church on its knoll in the centre of the Brathay valley—these made up such a vision of delicious colouring that I imagined my friends on the deck of the steamer saying that never, in any lustrous evening of a New England autumn, had they enjoyed a richer feast to eye and mind. Then came the steamer, rounding the point from Low-wood. There seemed to be but few passengers on deck—no sign of any band of brothers, with a sister in the midst. They were not there; and I had only to hasten home, lest they should arrive some other way. Before I had been at home many minutes, I saw from my terrace a barouche coming rapidly along the winding road, with one bonnet and several grey caps in it; it entered my gate, drove up to the porch; and I found myself among hearty American friends once more.

The first business to be done was to go down to the White Lion, and see the room. When there, we could only agree, like other people, that the room could hold only 200 and that it would be dreadfully hot. Then the brothers and sister stepped on the platform, and tried the fitness of the place for music. What those few notes were to others I know not. I saw afterwards that a number of people had on the instant gathered in the street; and a little friend of mine observed that he had now heard music that he thought beautiful. As for me, long years of solitary sickness had passed since I last heard harmony, or anything that I could call music, except one song in my sick room from Adelaide Kemble: and this was almost too much for me now, in full health. It thrilled through me, as if I were a harp, played on by the wind. It seems to me that I never before heard such harmony, such perfect accord, as between those four voices. I believe the echo never sleeps in the ear of those who have once heard it.

The next day, Wednesday, was reserved for a glorious country holiday; and it turned out a day of pleasuring without alloy. Rare as is the event of a pleasure day without alloy, for once it was so. A party of seventeen persons, aged somewhere between seventy-six and twelve years, met on the shore of Grasmere—about three miles from my house. We had three boats, and in them—rowed by ladies, children, young men or servants, as the fit took us—we crossed to a shady, shingly spot, before the greatest heat of the day came on. There, on the shingle, some lay down, and talked, or played duck and drake, while others dabbled in the cool ripple, or dipped their heads, and let the water stream from their locks. Abby Hutchinson, the youngest of her parents' sixteen children, and therefore called "the baby," dropped asleep for a few minutes, with her head upon a stone—her sweet face looking as calm and innocent as any baby's. Other young ladies pushed off in a boat, to practise rowing, and came back relieved of the toil by a spirited little fellow of twelve who wielded their oars manfully. Then off went one or another of the Hutchinsons, rowing away suddenly, as if for his life, and coming back no less vehemently. It was a gay little party, on the margin of a clear lake at the bottom of a basin of mountains—mountains all green to the summit—dappled with woods

and slopes, gay sunshine and deep shade. In the midst of the lake was its one island, green and bare, except on the side where a pine-grove casts its shadow on the waters. On the opposite margin was the village of Grasmere, with its old church—its low and square tower showing itself from among the trees. Immediately behind it arose Helm Crag, the most beautiful summit in all the neighbourhood for form, light, and shadow. To the left branched off the mountains, now grey and purple, which encompass Easedale. To the right ascended, winding round the skirts of Helvellyn, the road to Keswick. Scattered nearer at hand, among the nooks and on the slopes of the hills around the lake, were dwellings whose aspect might tempt wandering spirits of earth or air to stay and rest amidst Nature's peace. In this scene was our morning passed.

Then came the merry dining; the spreading of the table-cloths on the grass; the finding rocky seats to eat on conveniently; and the grouping (as if they could not help it) of the Hutchinsons to sing, their breath of song stirring up the quietest spirits of the party, like a breeze breaking the glassy calm of the lake; and then the lazy rest after dinner; broken by the arrival of a fourth brother of the Hutchinsons', bringing letters and newspapers from Liverpool, by the last packet. When each on his separate stone had read his letters and dispensed his public news, all who were ready for enterprise, and not afraid of the heat, began to climb in the direction of High Close. What a scramble was the first part! Tempted by the shade of a wall, we went straight up the face of the hill, where the grass was as glossy and slippery with the dry weather as so much satin, and for almost every step forward, we slipt one back. After a few laughs, some sensations of despair, many slides, and universal vows to return another way, we all reached the road, half-way up the ascent; and from thence all was easy. Cool airs soon came to us over the ridge before us: we got some water at a farm-house, and then attained our object. We stood in a field whence we commanded the finest view in Westmoreland. Far to the left stretched away Windermere among the lessening hills. Nearer to us lay Loughrigg-tarn, a round little lake, on higher ground, though beneath us. There it lay, blue and clear, under the dark slopes of Loughrigg. Immediately below us spread Elter Water—looking like a group of ponds amidst green meadows. To the right stretched Langdale, the winding, narrow valley which is overhung at the further end by the glorious Langdale Pikes; our landmarks amidst the billowy hill region in which we live. Last of all, arose Bowfell,—the mountain mass which closes in the whole. Such is the mere outline of the scene which, sprinkled over with dwellings of every kind, from the great castle on a promontory of Windermere, to the grey hut on the mountain side—with farm-steads, hamlets, mills, cottages—a chapel here, a bridge there, a sheep-fold below—such is the scene which is rightly called the finest view in Westmoreland. The Hutchinsons will never forget it. They noted down the names in their tablets, and the features of the scene in their minds. In the midst of it all, however, sweet Abby, looking herself as fresh as a daisy, had in her hand a basin of clear cold water for the benefit of the thirsty.

After returning to the boats, the next thing was to row across to Grasmere, as we were to go a mile beyond the village, to a friend's house in Easedale, to tea. That was an evening to be remembered. Our venerable hostess sat, in her beauty, under a shady tree, happy among her happy guests. The tea-tables in the shade looked cool and tempting. We were in a garden, in front of a white cottage—an elegant, rambling cottage, all covered with roses, whose porch was almost one mass of blossom and spray. The sun let us alone under our trees, while it shone every where else, making the wild and sometimes dreary Easedale, one scene of light and greenness. Soon, the Hutchinsons grouped themselves, as if by some irresistible attraction, and sang piece after piece, to the rapture of their hearers. Those who have heard them sing *The Cot where we were Born*, the *Ohio Boatmen*, and the *Excelsior*, may conceive something of our delight. And—of all things to be doing—they were next teaching us to play *Fox and Geese* on the green below. They themselves played with great humour; and in the midst of our fun, I saw that all the servants of the house were looking on from a corner of the terrace, and not a few labourers from outside the gate. It was dim twilight when we arrived at home, after our merry drive of five miles; but Asa Hutchinson was not so tired—nor Abby neither, but that they would help me to water my parched dahlias and young fruit-trees. They worked with me at the pump, and in carrying water; and I shall think of them as my dahlias bloom and my fruit-trees grow. Next morning at breakfast, too, the farmer-spirit awoke in Asa as he saw the mower enter my field. He sprang up, wishing he "could get a chance to mow a bit:"—a wish easily gratified. My own little scythe was brought out; and he and his brothers—and again Abby—trimmed the grass round my young pear-trees. They reminded me that they were farmers, as if to account for the prank, in which however they had my entire sympathy.

This was the day of the concert. The evening before, a neighbouring gentleman had kindly and beneficently offered that his lawn should be the scene. His servants should move the benches, put up the platform, attend at the gates, and save all trouble. In the morning, the hot weather melted away all doubts. It seemed clear that all parties—those who could not be consulted and those who could—would be best pleased to be sent to a shady spot in the open air, where any number of people might hear without any crowding. The Hutchinsons themselves begged that all the townspeople who liked might hear them, those who could not pay, as well as those who could. That concert will never be forgotten by any who were so happy as to be present. The Hutchinsons enjoyed it more than any they have given in this country. Abby left her bonnet in a rhododendron bush out of sight; and the family group came up a green slope from a thicket below. The little platform was erected under the deep shade of spreading sycamores. In front and on either hand were collected a larger audience than any house in Ambleside could have contained; and among them were some who could not have enjoyed the pleasure elsewhere; an invalid lady, who lay on the grass; and an infirm old gentleman, whose chair was wheeled into the circle. There was row behind row of the tradespeople, servants and labourers of the neighbourhood; and in the centre, behind all, the parish clerk—zealous in the psalmody and all the other good objects of the place, and most active in promoting our concert. He deserved the enjoyment which I am sure he had.

And now, when I am most anxious to convey

some impression of this festival, I am least able to do so. How is it possible to give an idea of the soul-breathing music of the Hutchinsons to those who have not heard it? One might as well attempt to convey in words the colours of the sky or the strain of the nightingale as such utterance of the heart as theirs. One can only observe the effects. There was now hearty laughter, and now many tears. Nothing can be said of the interior emotions which found no expression. Everybody congratulated everybody else on having come. A young servant of mine, who went all in high spirits at the prospect of an evening's pleasure, cried the whole time—as did others. At the end, when every heart was beating in response to the brotherly greeting and farewell offered in the closing piece—*The Granite State*—the parish clerk sprang up and called for three cheers for the Hutchinsons, which were given by as many as had unchoked voices. I think no one could have come away without a strong impression, consciously or unconsciously entertained, of the good and beauty of a free nurture and exercise of our human powers. There must be many among us with powers, of one sort or another, equal to those of the Hutchinsons. If we could be wise, and take courage to follow the lead of our natures, it cannot be but that many of us might be as free, as simple, as happy, as beneficent as they—as able as they to speak to hearts, and to awaken souls.

As for me—I crossed the road to my own gate in a mood which the Hutchinsons described to me as theirs when I entered the room where we met for the last time:—"We are happy and sad," said they. I was happy and sad; and, I dare say, so was everybody who was at that moment returning home from that green spot under the trees. The most moving thing however was yet to come. When they had dressed themselves for a night stage to Patterdale, and had supped, and said farewell, and seated themselves in the carriage, they stopped the horses on my terrace for yet another minute, and sent forth a sweet and most mournful chorus of farewell to me, in notes swelling and dying away in the still night air. I was "happy and sad" as I turned in to my solitary lamp. I could not let the glass-door be closed, late as it was; but again and again I went out on the terrace to look for more stars to light my friends' way over the mountain pass, and to watch the summer lightning—not without some impression that their sweet strain of farewell was still floating over the valley. To me it can never die away into silence.

The Knoll, Ambleside, June 20th, 1846.

Postscript. Mr. Hartley Coleridge was present at the concert; and the effect on him of Abby Hutchinson's singing of the *May Queen* may be judged of by the following sonnet, which he permits me to append to this paper.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

I would, my friend, indeed, thou hadst been here,
Last night, beneath the shadowy sycamore
To hear the lines to me well-known before
Embalmed in music, so translucent, clear,
Each word of thine came singly to the ear,
Yet all was blended in a flowing stream.
It had the rich repose of summer dream,
The light distinct of frosty atmosphere.
Still have I loved thy lines, yet never knew
How sweet they were—till woman's voice invested
The pencill'd outline with the living hue,
And every note of feeling proved and tested.
What might old Pindar be—if once again
The harp and voice were trembling with his strain!

A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP.

By Georgina C. Munro.

It was that season when approaching spring is already recognised by nature in her secret preparations for remedying the devastations of winter, and clothing the earth anew with verdure, although as yet no token of the outward change be visible. The snow still lay upon the ground, deep, white, and dazzling, and the trees still stretched their leafless branches to the winter wind, while from their roots the sap was rising, to carry life and vigour throughout the exhausted frame, and, arousing the long dormant energies, bid fresh leaves shoot forth to cover them anew with foliage. But the ingenuity of man has found means to turn aside from its original destination, and convert to his own use, a large portion of the revivifying juice intended for the support and invigoration of one species of the many splendid trees crowding the transatlantic forests, and thus of rendering it the most valuable of all to the half-civilised Indian, as well as to the settler on or near the wilder lands.

At that particular period, however, we were surrounded rather by the former than the latter mentioned class, and when called on to join a party of friends bound on a visit to a Sugar Camp, it was to the temporary dwelling of a half Indian female, well known to most of us, that our course was to be directed. The sun was bright, the air was calm, the snow crisp enough to permit our horses with the light vehicles they drew, to speed swiftly onward; so wrapping ourselves in our winter mufflings, and welcoming as additional barriers against cold, the large warm buffalo-robes belonging to the carrioles, (as it was the custom in that part of the world to call such sleighs as answered the purposes of carriages for personal conveyance,) we resigned ourselves to agreeable anticipations. On, on we went, the bells usually affixed to the harness, to give notice of that approach which no sound of horses' tread, or rattling of carriage-wheels announces, and which afford much room for selection as to sweetness and harmony of tone, ringing merrily and musically as we proceeded, awaking the echoes of the wilderness with that far-spreading warning, to which, for many a mile, there were none save its furred and feathered denizens to hearken. On, on we went, gliding spirit-like through the dark woods, and over deeply-frozen bays, and across fairy islets, in their winter garb, scarce distinguishable from the thickly-iced sections of one of America's most mighty lakes, which offered an equally safe passage to our party. Swiftly sped we over all; in our progress owing much to the rude road cut through the forest to permit the transit of wood-sleighs, without which our purpose would have proved impracticable, for, as we have already intimated, the axe or spade of the emigrant had been but little employed on the dense woods and fertile soil of that portion of our Canadian possessions, where immense tracts of unoccupied land, and capabilities, such as few countries can compete with, offer a new and pleasant home to those who seek one. The hare often started from her form as we passed by, and fled deeper into the wilderness, and occasionally a deer bounded across the track, braving more nearly the danger he sought to shun. But none of our own species met our view, from the beginning of our journey to the end, save one solitary being whom we espied at a distance, ex-

amining his fishing-lines, which, as is customary, were set through a hole broken for such purpose in the ice.

At length, after a few hours' rapid travelling, we reached the vicinity of the Sugar Camp, and leaving the carrioles, which could not advance nigher, we threaded our way on foot some one or two hundred yards through the primeval forest, to a partial clearing, where three large lodges were erected, each inhabited by a family, or by more than one, when the individuals composing it were unable without assistance to undertake the business of sugar making, that occupation which engrosses for the period, not merely the time and labour, but also the energies and thoughts of all engaged in it, as much as the harvest in other countries or seasons. And with good reason, too, for to most of the number, the amount of produce during this short period of arduous exertion, is of vital importance, and in a great measure determines the degree of their prosperity for the year. In speaking thus, we of course allude, not to the British or Irish emigrant, who has, or should have, other sources of gain to rival this in amount, though they can scarcely equal it in facility or certainty of acquisition; but to the Indians, half-Indians, frontier-French-Canadians, &c., who pay but little attention to farming. As the hunter of those regions depends on the success of his rifle, so do those unfitted by sex, age, or other circumstances, depend on the product of their Sugar Camp, for paying their yearly debt to the traders, from whom all parties are generally improvident enough to receive goods in advance, at the dealer's own valuation, (which, as may be supposed, is not trifling,) to be paid for with the fruit of their labours, taken likewise at the same person's valuation, in this case low enough, and thus depriving them of all freedom of action or power, either to dispose of the produce of their exertions to any other trader, or endeavour to obtain a better price, since almost the entire quantity, whether of furs or sugar, unless they have indeed been fortunate, has been bespoken, and in fact paid for, long before. We mention this merely to show that the advantages which nature bountifully offers to her children, are not improved by them to the extent to which they might be, and if it is of such infinite service to them, the settler, who to equal opportunities should unite more prudence, might easily realise a double profit—we mean not with reference to the quantity, but the net produce of the sugar manufactured by his family, at a season of the year when all of farm business relative to the cultivation of the earth must of necessity be at a stand-still, and time be consequently to spare.

Our hostess for the time being, met us at some distance from her lodge, and before accompanying her thither, we wandered awhile over the partial clearing already mentioned, where almost every tree, excepting the valuable sugar-maple, had been cut down for fuel, on this and former occasions; the neighbourhood of a "sugar-bush" always tending greatly to the thinning of the surrounding woods; but not one of the stately maples had fallen beneath the axe, though each bore tokens of the hand of man—or possibly of the hand of woman—in the perforation of its trunk, and abstraction of the sap designed for the nourishment of its branches; and far into the forest their brethren displayed similar signs of the busy work proceeding at the camp. The trees are tapped by an incision being made a few feet above the ground, whence, by means of a small spout of wood or thick bark, the sap falls, under the name of sugar-water, into a vessel formed of the smooth imporous birchen bark, which answers so many useful purposes in the land where it is plentiful. As a matter of curiosity, we drank some of the sugar-water, a sweet, pleasant-tasted liquid, which, if procurable in summer, would indeed be coveted, and as it is, many of our friends have gladly welcomed it for mixing with the contents of their hunting-flasks, whenever, while shooting in the forest, accident has brought them near enough a Sugar Camp for such robbery of its occupants.

We then proceeded to the lodge, whither, sooth to say, *we* were impatient to bend our steps, having a greater attraction, it must be confessed, (so little utilitarian were our then ideas), in the companion with whom our old acquaintance shared her dwelling and her labours, than in the sugar preparation. She was of pure Indian lineage, but we had often heard how, in days gone by, her unusual beauty had attracted numerous suitors, not only among her own race, but other nations. Europeans, with the birth and fortune of gentlemen, had sought her hand; chiefs of fame and influence had wooed her in the soft accents of more than one Indian dialect; and rich traders had cast their thousands of dollars at the feet of the hard-hearted and scornful maiden, who, rejecting all prouder offers, united herself to a young French-Canadian hunter, with no more wealth than his canoe and rifle, and a few coins left over the purchase of powder and shot for the next season's hunting. However, they braved the storms, and enjoyed the sunshine of the world together for some years, very contentedly and happily, and might have continued so to do until the very time then present, but for the revengeful jealousy of a chieftain, whose addresses had been declined by the young Indian beauty—we have forgotten her name in her native tongue, but the signification was Summer-Morn. The slave of his vindictive passions, the fierce chief selected a few of his bravest warriors, and proceeded on the sanguinary path of vengeance. Many a long mile of forest-land they traversed, many a watery league did their fleet canoes glide over, till at last they reached the spot where the Canadian had fixed his abode during the bright summer of that year, on an island of Lake Huron, and of this the chief had gained intelligence from a wandering hunter of his tribe, whom chance directed thither. Night came, the solitary cabin was invaded, and Summer-Morn awoke to behold herself surrounded by armed and painted warriors and to see her husband struck down dead at her side. An infant of a few months lay swathed in an Indian cradle; the unwonted noise aroused the helpless little creature, but the blow of a tomahawk silenced its cries for ever. The horror-struck mother instinctively caught an elder child to her bosom—the hand of her rejected lover sought to tear it from her embrace, but in vain; and the knife which he then aimed at its heart, merely grazed its shoulder, and passed through her arm. Summer-Morn now made a rush from the cabin, and though many a dark hand was stretched forth to stay her passage, the rapidity of her flight, and possibly their anxiety not to injure her, insured her success. Still with the child in her arms, she gained the lake, and plunging in, holding it with one hand, she swam to a neighbouring island. The darkness of the night, contrasting with the flames in which her late home was enveloped, favoured her escape, and having concealed herself with Indian skill and caution, she eluded disco-

very. After three days of almost starvation, she swam back to her ruined dwelling, mended with bark and gum the canoe which her enemies had damaged, and paddled it many miles to where a small village was formed by whites and Indians, near a detachment of British troops, supporting herself and her child on a few fish caught during the journey.

With this story in our mind, we entered the lodge. What a contrast to the cold and wintry atmosphere without! here, though there was little more than bark and matting to exclude it, one might fancy such rude breath would never venture; for the air was warm as that circulating through the fire and stove-heated abodes of comparative luxury, perhaps warmer; the only wonder was that no feeling of suffocation or unpleasantness was occasioned by the process of sugar-boiling which was so rapidly progressing, but no disagreeable sensation was perceptible. The lodge itself was of great length, but narrow, and a fire was burning right along the centre, nearly the whole extent; a stake formed of the trunk of a small tree being driven firmly into the ground at each extremity, supporting a third, placed transversely upon them. To this were suspended, at the least, seven or eight kettles, or boilers, of various sizes, from the huge cauldron, which might have taken a couple of sheep in whole, down to a mere preserving-pan, containing from four to five gallons—all of brass, and all boiling and steaming away with the sap in its several stages of preparation. We viewed the entire process, and nothing could be more simple, or more easily conducted.

The sugar-water is first poured into the largest of these brass receptacles, and boiled down to a smaller quantity, when it is transferred to a vessel of less dimensions, to be yet further reduced, and again placed in a smaller pan, demanding, as the syrup thickens, more attention, and frequent stirring with a large wooden ladle, as well as greater caution in the application of heat, until in one of the smallest pans, sometimes on, sometimes off, an extremity of the fire, where it is burning very low, the transformed maple-sap undergoes its concluding process, by being rubbed into a lightish powder, with a wooden implement much resembling a very small paddle. And thus within the space of a few hours, with no greater intricacy or trouble, the seemingly useless liquid is converted into what has become, we may say, a necessary of civilised life—the community at large being benefitted by its production in greater quantity, and the individual, not merely by the saving all outlay for as much as may be required for his own family's consumption, but being enabled to turn to his own profit the general demand for the article. • • • •

In this last, which is the most arduous part of the whole proceeding, an Indian woman was busily engaged when we entered, and intent on her employment, she merely glanced now and then at the strangers, and still went on with her work—rub, rub, rubbing most indefatigably, for the faster she rubbed the more heat the sugar would bear, and the sooner the pan be emptied, and ready for the reception of a fresh supply. We peered, as far as we could, into all the steaming boilers, stirred the frothing syrup, asked all possible questions, in short made ourselves as troublesome as visitors on similar occasions commonly do, when there is no fear of their being led to understand they are troublesome, and finally brought ourselves up for a time beside the stranger squaw, to watch her labours, and observe how rapidly the brownish mass was converted into dry pale-coloured sugar beneath their influence. The sugar-maker answered our remarks in a lively good-humoured tone, and told us that, but for the heat, she could rub on nearly all day without inconvenience, but it was warm remaining so long near the fire. She did, indeed, appear of frame well calculated for such exertion, for though of but medium height, her breadth was more than proportionate, and indicated a considerable extent of muscular power; otherwise she was common-place enough in appearance—a middle-aged, hard-featured squaw, with a tanned and weather-beaten countenance, such as may be seen in one half of the Indian wigwams. And there was no other stranger in the lodge. What could have become of Summer-Morn?—We were impatient to see her, and whispered the inquiry to our hostess.

With a smile, she pointed to her industrious companion. Impossible! We gazed on the laughing, chattering squaw, as she looked up merrily, with an answer to some question from our friends. Could *she*, the very antidote to all romance, be the heroine of that romantic tale, whom we had so often pictured to ourselves, we need not say how differently? Could it be *she*, whose willow-like form and lovely face had won the admiration of so many hearts? whose affection had proved so fatal to its possessor? We would not believe it; and yet 'twas but too true. Alas! for beauty, romance, and sentiment! all seemed to have departed. The loveliness and the sorrows of Summer-Morn appeared alike to have passed away, as a dream of bygone hours, and the heroine of former years was now the bustling, cheerful, every-day creature of this world. Was this other than it should be? ought we to regret the change? Assuredly not; and yet we did regret it. We were disappointed, and had not found the being we sought, but another. Had she been pale, attenuated, and melancholy, we might have pardoned her vanished beauty; but lively, happy, talkative, even fat—it was a crime against all sentiment. And while regarding her with certain sceptical ideas as to her having ever possessed the charms ascribed to her, the thought passed through our mind, that could the unfortunate Canadian and revengeful chief have looked forward but a few years, and beheld her as we then did, one might have saved his life, and the other been spared the commission of a crime.

Yet such is but too frequently the fate of Indian beauty, which, sometimes brilliant as the wild flowers which gem the sunny glades of western forests, is often nearly as evanescent—a gift of early youth, fleeting by even with the years of girlhood. And there had been much in the latter years of Summer-Morn to work that change, as well as to sweep from her mind the deadening influence of grief, as we acknowledged when, her task being for the present ended, she sat down on the matting spread along the sides of the lodge, where an agreeable temperature prevails, and with a little encouragement from our hostess, related the story of her life. Tears stood in her dark eyes as she spoke of her husband's and infant's fate, but disappeared as she went on to tell how she had afterwards maintained herself and child, solely by her skill in the fabrication of the various articles formed of ornamented deer-skin and birchen-bark, of which there is so great a demand on the Canadian frontier, both for use and as curiosities, and by her exertions in sugar-making. But the last had been her principal means of support, and she

told us that some years she had gone alone to the sugar-bush, and toiled through the entire season, with none to assist save her little daughter, who could then do no more than collect the sap from the trees—a part of the work well fitted for children, as it requires merely activity. Indeed, the labours of a sugar-camp are admirably adapted for a family, since there is not one of its members, from infancy to helpless old age, who cannot be made of use.

It is in this manner the Indians and Canadians set about the business. The entire family desert their usual habitation, and moving in a body to the sugar-bush, build a lodge much larger frequently than that we visited, permitting the manufacture to be conducted on a scale proportioned to the number of persons engaged. None are idle, all work, according to their years and strength, and still, as in the harvest time, to which we have already likened the sugar season, all is happiness and merriment; and at its conclusion they return enriched or freed from debt, as the case may be, by the result of their labours, and, despite their recent exertions, looking healthier and better than at their departure—both children and dogs growing quite fat with eating sugar.

Though aware that they contribute to the quantity brought into the market, we know not exactly to what extent the settlers in Canada are engaged in the preparation of maple-sugar, which is an article of general consumption throughout its provinces, as well as in the more northern states of the American Union; but this we will say, that by no one who is afforded the opportunity should it be neglected. Many years must elapse before it can be otherwise than that a great number of those emigrating to that country must be located on land which requires the axe of the woodsman. We must not here be understood to refer to parts as nigh to the colonial frontier as that where we were then sojourning, but to those in the more immediate vicinity of towns and cities, near many of which the land retains much of its original appearance and condition. Within two or three days' journey even of Toronto, there lie vast tracts of country as wild, as richly wooded, as unpenetrated by the foot of white man, as any beyond the borders of civilisation; and yet where the Indian rarely wanders, having long since moved away, and left them open for the occupation of his European successors. Under these circumstances, it is very unlikely but that the neighbouring forest will contain a sufficient quantity of maple to render the vicinity of consequence.

What then can be easier than at a period when little or nothing else can be done, to select a spot a few miles deep into the forest, where the requisite number of trees are to be found within a small circumference; then let the adventurer transport his family and most indispensable possessions thither on sleighs. A lodge may be as speedily constructed by them as by the Indians and French-Canadians, and of the same materials, and this in the shelter of the woods affords all that is demanded for comfort and protection against the elements. No hardships greater than in their own homes need be undergone. We knew of one old Chippewa who used to have his temporary dwelling arranged so comfortably that it had even glazed windows. But the very cold is an advantage, since it prevents inconvenience from the fires which are obliged to be so continually kept burning, and renders the whole process less fatiguing than it would be felt at any other season. The entire of this simple process we have described, and every one must, we think, admit that nothing could be easier; at the most, a few hours spent in a sugar camp should be sufficient to render any person of moderate intelligence fully competent to manage one of his own. When made, the sugar is inclosed in mokoks (deep vessels, or boxes, of oblong shape, narrowing as they approach the top, on which a lid is fastened), formed of birchen bark, and universally used for the purpose all over the colony, from the tiny porcupine-quill-wrought mokok of two or three inches long, holding a few ounces of maple-sugar, and designed merely for ornament or curiosity, to that containing thirty or forty pounds weight; and *their* construction also is a branch of the business quite within the province of any women or half-grown children that we can fancy making the attempt. On the whole, we say confidently, that he who being placed in circumstances permitting of so large an addition to his resources, and yet neglects to take advantage of it, is not only most unjust towards himself, but guilty of an offence against that principle of reason which teaches us not to cast aside the bounties of nature, or fail to improve to the utmost of our power those which she beneficently confers upon mankind.

Some such train of thought followed the relation of Summer-Morn, which she concluded by telling us proudly, that now she was free as the pigeon which flies where it will, that she cared not an inch of wampum for any trader, could sell her sugar to whom she pleased, and what was yet better, need not make a single mokok-full more than she chose. But it was evident the spirit of industry or gain possessed the lively Indian, and that she *chose* still to make as much as she could. Just then her daughter entered, having made the circuit of the more distant sugar-trees, and brought in a supply of sap. She was fifteen; a bright-cheeked, black-haired maiden, with the step of a fawn, and eyes like southern stars. Though much fairer than her mother, they who could judge, said she possessed not half the beauty of Summer-Morn's youth. It seemed difficult to believe it then! However, we contented ourselves with hoping, that, with less loveliness, less calamity might be her portion. At a whisper from her mother, Annette gathered some snow in a small bark vessel, and having poured on it some boiling syrup, placed it outside the lodge, whence it was soon brought back, and presented to the guests under the name of sugar-gum (than which none could be more appropriate), answering the purpose of a confection in this woodland retreat. Another ladleful of syrup, more nearly approaching the finished state, was poured simply on a flat piece of bark, and after exposure to the outer air, made its appearance in a firm, crisp form, under the denomination of sugar-cake, also sufficiently descriptive; and both are agreeable varieties in the use of maple sap, particularly attractive to children. For our own part, we own to having been in that respect a child.

COMPETITION.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

Many are the reflective minds that have asked when are the principles of Christianity to be carried out? When is the spirit it inculcates to form the binding tie and pervading influence of association? Many have answered NEVER. This reply may

in some instances have sprung from self-inspection. The broad or narrow gauge of judgment upon others having often, if not always, its source in self-knowledge. These disbelievers in the principle of moral progress may be forgiven when we contemplate the extent to which Christianity has been preached, and the paucity of practice which has hitherto been the result. The opinion now recognised in even the House of Lords, that "the interests of all classes are identical," was at no very remote period unknown or unacknowledged. The wealthy man of leisure was the careless consumer, deeming that he did enough when he paid the current price for everything; and that the lavish luxury in which he wasted his fortune and vitiated his nature was (upon the principle that "private vices are public benefits") acting *his* part in the theatre of the world. On the other hand, the toiling man was content when his wages would supply his mere animal wants; he thought little of those above him, still less of those around him. A change has come upon the spirit of humanity. It is now felt that whether in robes or in rags

> A man's a man for a' that;

that the gross inequalities which mark the social soil are moral enormities at which the mind revolts. In the very mid-day of civilisation we behold two glaring anomalies—immense wealth, and unutterable misery; they are portents of increasing calamity; and we see the privileged classes looking round them with perplexity, and the poor with dismay. Thus some concurrent efforts have sprung into action; the opulent feel the necessity to consider some change, the people to co-operate to effect one. The wealthy orders perceive that the disease in the body-politic is of an infectious character, as likely to rise into the upper regions as spread in the lower ranks; and that if some means be not found to arrest the malady, it may subvert the family of the castle as well as the cottage.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

And this has become the sad experience of England. With rapid strides she has increased in riches and in wretchedness. In the midst of a scientific progress that is startling—a power of creating wealth that is astounding—whole masses of her population are sunk into mere machines, subservient to those of iron which they are appointed to aid and to tend. The teeming mother and the tender child are bound to this iron bondage; while the strong man, flung upon the waste of ignorant leisure, becomes embruted amid all these vast resources, degraded from his place of protector and purveyor, into a dependant upon his family—he steps further down, and is often (alas! how often) the assailer or destroyer of the defenceless and toil-spent being bound to him for life. The extent of this social degradation, spreading in proportion to the power of creating wealth—the number of these instances of brutal violence, increasing in proportion to the hopeless state of the people—present a picture, especially when placed in juxtaposition with what Christianity teaches and might realise, that leaves all that is enormous and incredible in fabulous history far in the shade.

Aroused by the spectacle, many are awakening to their dormant duties; many are coming forward in the spirit of active beneficence; feeling that the neglects of justice cannot be too soon overtaken by the energies of generosity, nor the errors of judgment too speedily repaired by the exertions of sagacity. A beacon-light is beaming from the House of Lords. On the bench of bishops has arisen one who has an hereditary right to advocate and to be heard in the cause of humanity. Enlightened minds decry coercive power; but it *will be force*, such as the Bishop of Oxford's, that will convince the territorial lords that they are responsible for the condition of their labourers, and that the abasement which denies the poor man the decencies of life debars him from its moral and religious privileges. The eloquent prelate warned the landlords that they could not sit in their curule chairs and defy the rising waters, and adjured them not to place themselves in the position of mere representatives of the hereditary wealth, not the hereditary justice, wisdom, and virtue of a mighty people. Amid this noble outburst of a great and glowing mind, there was one cloud—the advocacy of the principle of Competition. The son of the author of *Practical Views of Christianity* is found supporting a principle which has been chiefly instrumental in producing the anomalous misery we here remark upon.

Competition is the friction of the social machinery, and vain are all the efforts at oiling the wheels while that principle is at work. It engenders "hatred, malice, envy, and all uncharitableness," and is as unnecessary in society as emulation has been proved to be in education. It is the error of the quack to trust to stimulants which, in their action and re-action, aggravate and produce disease; the physician studies the nature of his patient, and subjects him to no laws but such as are in accordance with it. If competition was ever necessary, it is so no longer: improvement has reached a point from which it will proceed on its own momentum.

Competition *appears* to assist advancement, but in reality creates obstructions; for while inflicting the goad on the competitors, it bars the goal to them by a thousand impediments, before which hundreds fall heart-sick, the disappointed victims of vain endeavour, and undeserved discomfiture, success often owing all to interest and nothing to m rit. The history of invention would exhibit how frightful are the struggles of competition, how continually in this moral, or rather immoral, warfare, the originator is trampled down, his discovery, perhaps lost, at least delayed, and the injury extended from him to society. Behold the throngs of students in every walk of science, instead of proceeding in the dignity of harmony to take their places in the appropriate temples, they rush, in the spirit of Ishmael, with a hand against every man, and every man's hand against them! Instead of science or society calling the worthiest, saying, "This is our beloved son in whom we are well pleased," the cry is, or might be, "This is the appointed person because he has power and patronage on his side." St. Paul, in enumerating the vices that deform society, names "emulation;" he tells us that the law is, that we shall love our neighbour as ourselves, and adds, "if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." His Epistle to the Galatians is all redolent with the spirit that would banish Competition and establish Co-operation; which, instead of leaving the world an arid desert, dotted here and there with an oasis of wealth and luxury, would say of the universal family: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

The People's Portfolio.



THE CARRIER, BY W. HUNT.

2nd Carrier.—Lend me thy lantern, quotha? marry, I'll see thee hanged first!

Shakspeare's Henry IV., Part I.

DREADFUL CHANGES.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

By William Howitt.

Oh! these are dreadful changes, Sam;
Men talked of change of yore,
But there never were such changes, Sam,
In any days before.
The world is cracked, depend upon 't,
Old things are all upset;
We 'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam,—
Why are we living yet?

All in this sultry weather, Sam,
As I was broiled in town,
The country came across my brain
So cool—I hastened down:
Down, helter-skelter, by the train,
Two hundred miles and more;
A long coach-run of twenty hours—
We did it just in—four!

"That's no such bad invention, Sam,"
Thought I, as there I stood,
Looking round for my native place
Beneath the well-known wood.
"That's not so *very* bad," thought I,
Dismissing nervous fear,
"All in a crack to whirl me back
To Tottinoddum here."

But where was I? and where the place?
Oh! listen, listen, Sam!
I gazed about—'twas very queer—
It seemed a horrid sham!
Sure as I live the world's turned round,
Old places are upset;
We 'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam—
Why are we living yet?

These men, they're not our sort of men—
This world is all new cast—
They live in steams, their ways are dreams,
The staid old times are past.
Their telegraphs, their knowing laughs,
Oh, Sam! they make me groan;
There's not a single man or thing
That they can let alone.

You've not forgot that valley, Sam,
Where we were wont to play;
And that old brook that turned about
As if it had lost its way?
How there with crooked pin and twine
We fished for miller's-thumbs,—
I turned down there—Lord! what a fright!
Slap-bang an engine comes!

It came slap-bang,—it thundered past!
I could but stand and stare;
It might have cut me quite in two—
It missed me by a hair!
Ay, there they've made a railway, Sam,
Right up that little vale;
There's neither brook nor bush nor tree,
Nor sow with whisking tail.

Oh! where are all the miller's-thumbs?
I can't at all divine:
The fishing fun with twine is done—
There runs a different line.
But where can Tottinoddum be?
I hurried on and on,
But I could see man, house, nor tree,—
No, not a single one!

You must that gate remember, Sam,
In Tottinoddum lane;
Where Simon Biddle used to stand
In sunshine or in rain.
Old Simon always watched that gate
'Gainst rambling cow or ass;
But there now stands a rail-police—
He wouldn't let me pass!

"I must to Tottinoddum, sir!"
He looked erect and grim;
I hastened on, for not a word
Could I extract from him
I hastened on—I met a man—
I looked him in the face,
And cried, "Where's Tottinoddum, sir?"
He said—"There's no such place!"

"There's no such place! There *is* such place
For there, sir, I was born.'
The old man paused and smiled at me,—
'Twas half a smile of scorn.
"Why look you now—we've got a line,—
It runs to Numskull town;
And Tottinoddum stood i' th' way
And so they—pulled it down."

"What! pulled it down, both house and hut,
And church where I was married?"
"Ay, pulled them down, and levelled all,
There's not a bone has tarried.
The dead lay down to wait the trump
At the last Judgment-day;
The railway whistle roused them up—
They're shovelled all away"

"But then the school beside the pool,
I'd there my eddication?"—
"Oh! there's no school beside the pool,—
It's now the railway station."
"I choke!—Good man, where's that old well,
Beloved by every toiler?"
"Oh! that's closed up; its now the pump
That feeds the engine boiler!"

"Good gracious me! all gone! all gone!
I've seen when all this ground
Stood thick with primroses in spring
And blue-bells nodding round.
I've seen"——"Well, what's the use of talking
Of flowers that once were blowing;
We've here no bells but that which tells
You when the train's a-going.

"There's Mr. Hudson in his glory,
And Austin in his wig,
And Sharpe and Roberts, Manchester,
And Irishmen that dig;
They've made a pretty piece of work,—
Your Tottinoddum's down." [where—
"The folks?" "They're gone, the Lord knows
But I reckon to the town.

"They've shortened Scriptures into Scrip;
They've pulled down church and hall.
The parson's got his living still,
And we've got none at all.
The blacksmith has turned engineer,
And grown a famous man;
The squire was chief director made
When first the line began.

"The lawyer-steward's sold his gig,
And got a coach and four;
And for the rest, they found it best
To cut and come—no more.

It's up with Tottinoddum, sir;
But I've no time to stay"—
The old man nodded short and dry,
And drily strode away.

Oh, these are dreadful changes, Sam!
Men talked of change of yore,
But there never were such changes, Sam,
In any days before.
Sweet Tottinoddum's swept away;
Old things are all upset;
We'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam,—
Why are we living yet?

Our Library.

PHILIP MUSGRAVE;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.*

Edited by the Rev. J. Abbott, A.M.

These memoirs of five and twenty years' missionary labour in Canada are very interesting. They are written in a simple, life-like style, which carries with it the conviction of their entire truth. The Missionary was a zealous, hard-working man, and one admirably fitted for his duties, especially in the service of the Church of England—that one, sole true church, according to his notions, and which he reverences with almost idolatrous worship. With the church-party this book cannot fail of being very popular; not so with dissenters, from its intolerant spirit of bigotry and clerical pride, which forms, in fact, a serious blemish on this otherwise beautiful history of a devoted life.

From the very day on which the Missionary enters on his labours, he is met by the nuisance of those pestilent dissenters for whom he entertains such unmitigated contempt—nay, even he is mistaken for a Mr. Johnstone, the new dissenting missionary, at that moment expected by the dissenting portion of the district, and receives a few hospitalities in that mistaken character—a character utterly abhorrent to him, and one which must have galled his pride no little.

Spite of all this, there is a pleasant Robinson Crusoe spirit about the book, and the reader, be he dissenter or not, gets fairly interested about building the new parsonage and the church, although, like the good parishioners, he may be half inclined to think the tower and the cross are not absolutely essential parts of a building in which the true Christian may worship God. However, as we should think more of the picturesque effect of a church-tower than of its supposed holiness, we sympathise with the reverend gentleman, and are well pleased, in process of time, to find the church finished—tower, and cross, and all—and considering all the trouble and anxiety it had cost him, we can well believe that the sight of its "glorious spire, with its metal covering glistening like burnished gold in the bright sunshine," must have warmed his heart. In this church he preaches, and blesses his soul that he is not like a dissenter. We had marked many passages of illiberality and bigotry for quotation, in proof of our charge against him, but after thus putting in our protest, we prefer extracting one or two of those really interesting and singular passages of the book which we have read with pleasure, and some of which smack of the good old religious times when faith in an overruling and protecting Providence was more common than it is now. Here is a pious widow who considers herself under the special protection of Him who cares for the widow and fatherless.

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half-a-mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children and a maid-servant were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard in the pauses of the tempest some strange and unusual noises, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house, immediately beneath the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, from whence she thought the noises she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelpings of the noble animal that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M. could only hear now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his brushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk at full length beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied, after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he gallopped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

Chapter XIV. of this work is headed "A Fatal Accident—Superstition—an Infidel—an Earthquake—a Thunder-storm." There is something quite grandly terrific in all this. Let us have the "Fatal Accident" and the "Superstition."

Poor Captain M—— was one of the most respectable inhabitants in the settlement, and was consequently made captain of the militia, hence the title by which he was invariably designated. He had a large family, and held an extensive farm. He went out one day, with one of his sons, to get a load of wood for fuel. They cut through a tree, which fell into the top of another, and got so entangled among its branches that they could not get it down. While trying to do so they were called home to dinner. They immediately ceased their labour, and were walking away; the father, unfortunately, passed directly under the tree, which just at that very moment, without the slightest noise from the breaking of a branch, or otherwise, to warn him of his danger, fell with a fearful crash right upon his head, and struck him senseless, and apparently lifeless, to the ground. His son thought he was killed, and ran home to alarm the family. They all hurried to the fatal spot, accompanied by one or two of their neighbours.

He is not dead, but his skull is fractured, and he is become a maniac; the clergyman is sent for, and the next day he dies. Now comes the Superstition.

Late one night, about a week before Captain M——'s death, sometime after he and all the family had retired to rest, a loud knocking was heard at the front door, so loud as to waken every

* Murray's Colonial Library.

one in the house. The eldest son, a full-grown young man, immediately got up, and went down stairs; to ask who was there. No answer was returned. He then opened the door, and looked out into the bright moonlight, all over the little flower-garden in front of the house, as well as beyond it into the road; but could see nothing. He therefore shut the door again, bolted it, and returned to his bed. He had no sooner done so than the knocking was repeated, or rather the shaking; for this time it was as if a person had lifted the latch, and then with the handle had shaken the door violently against the bolt, which was very loose in the wall. This was done so violently as to make all the windows in that side of the house clatter again. It could not be the wind; there was not a breath of air stirring. The young man again got up and ran down stairs, accompanied this time by another young man, his cousin. Again nothing was to be seen. They now began to suspect that some idle fellow or other was attempting to play off some foolish trick upon them. In order, therefore, to detect and punish him, the two young men got up and dressed themselves, and again went down to the door. One stood behind it, with the bolt in his hand ready to draw it in an instant should the noise be again repeated, while the other took up a position at the window, commanding a fine view of the only approach to the house on that side. All their arrangements, however, were of no avail; for on the noise being repeated, which it was shortly afterwards, although they opened the door at the instant, they could discover no one. At last, after watching a long time, and hearing nothing more, they went back to their beds.

The impression of this strange occurrence was greatly increased next morning by a dream which their mother had the same night.

She dreamed that a dreadful-looking man called at the house when she was all alone. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his aspect was grave and serious. Two men were with him, who bore a newly-made coffin in their hands. This he directed them to place on two chairs, and then dismissed them. As soon as they were gone, he told her in a cold, stern manner, that her husband or one of her sons must go with him to assist him in some arduous labour. He told her what it was, but she had forgotten it. "Go with you!" she exclaimed, in fear and astonishment; "where? and in God's name, for what?" In her fright she awoke before he could reply to her question.

Such was the "Superstition." The "Infidel" was a sort of spectral horseman, by belief, one Tom Broadman, who had sold his soul to the devil, and who rode in storm and thunder, on his wild horse, past the house a night or two after the fearful dream, and who again hurried past the door, like an evil spirit, whilst they were watching and praying by the death-bed of the poor unfortunate Captain M——. The book abounds in strange and wild passages like these, and is in this way well worth reading.

The Poems of Thomas Hood and Charles Mackay.

For many years Thomas Hood was merely the punster and the comic annualist, whose wit and satire were as regularly expected at Christmas as its mince-pies and merry-makings. But these, clever and original as they were, were not the true characteristics of the real man. There was a higher and a nobler nature within him, which only revealed itself occasionally until towards the close of his career, when it burst forth with all the earnestness and intensity of a living principle. Whilst Hood, however, had been making the world laugh at his puns and his clever humour, and had been showing up the follies, and knaveries, and weaknesses of social life and artificial society, all the senses of his soul were open to the wants, and miseries, and sorrows, of struggling humanity. Returning to England after a residence of some years in Germany, where, if life be somewhat sluggish, the existence of none is a mere living-death, a struggle and a combat with suffering, as it is with us, he became all at once conscious of the enormous misery by which he was surrounded, and which had hitherto scarcely found a tongue to utter its cruel agony. The poet saw this, and leaving, all at once, his quips and cranks, and throwing off his motley, he stood forth their bold and eloquent advocate. The whole world of luxurious sleepers was startled by his *Song of the Shirt*, which, like an electric shock, went through the whole frame of society. All at once, "seam, and gusset, and band" became words of awful meaning health, and youth, and life, had all been sacrificed to those hitherto insignificant things, "seams, and gussets, and bands."

Hood was now in his true vocation. The poor and the friendless had found an advocate who had both the will and the power to utter, in their behalf, words as mighty as their own wrongs. There was something quite new in the downright, simple, and almost homely language in which these outcries of suffering humanity were clothed. The poet had taken upon himself, like a prophet divinely inspired of old, "the burden of a great iniquity," and it was not he who spoke, but that mortal misery, which eat into the very vitals of the poor, which spoke through him. *The Song of the Shirt, The Lady's Dream, The Lay of the Labourer, The Bridge of Sighs*, and the *Workhouse Clock*, were the groans and cries of a great living anguish appealing to God and humanity. They were full of heart-rending truths, like those short but terrible orations of the starving women, at Bremhill and Goatacre, and therefore they could not be heard unmoved.

The Lay of the Labourer was the last of Hood's poems in behalf of the unhappy and the oppressed, and was written but a few months before his death. The history of this poem is singular and interesting. It was originally included in a prose sketch, descriptive of one of those assemblings of ill-paid and famishing agricultural labourers which every now and then startle society with the knowledge of suffering and woe which it would fain disbelieve. A certain Gifford White, a youth of nineteen, one of these slaves of the soil, was sentenced to transportation for life, for having written a threatening letter to the farmers of Bluntisham. Hood, haunted by the vision of this unfortunate young man, and by the oppressive sense of the general sufferings of his class, addressed an appeal to Sir James Graham, which, besides containing the *Lay of the Labourer*, contains also this remarkable picture of his own state of feeling. "For months past," says he, "amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pains, perchance, even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful vision has recurred to me more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty, and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation which originated with its birth. It is in your power, Sir James Graham, to lay the ghost that is haunting me. By the intercession with the earthly fountain of mercy, you may convert that melancholy shadow into a happier reality—a righted man?" "And this picture of his feelings," says one who knew him, "was true to the letter. The description of the 'melancholy shadow' was given to his friends just as he described it to the Home Secretary; for the thought of a lad of nineteen being driven for life from his native land had actually severely injured his failing health."

These labours of love wound up the life of the poet. A month or two afterwards he died in the forty-sixth year of his age, like a true soldier in the midst of a glorious struggle, with his banner in his hand, and the words of freedom and universal brotherhood on his lips.

The world is better because Hood has written; and that alone must have been a rich repayment for the aching brain and aching heart which belong to the literary man's career. Whatever his worldly disappointments and anxieties might be, he has won three glorious prizes—the enduring fame of a poet, the love of the good, and the blessings of the poor and the oppressed.

Hood died, we said—using a metaphor of war for one of the noblest sons of peace—like a true soldier, with his banner in his hand. He died, but others rose up in his place; and Charles Mackay, to continue our metaphor, snatching the banner from the hand of the dead warrior, stood forth ready to combat likewise to the death, and with a glorious, encouraging cry of liberty and love on his tongue.

Mackay is a poet of some years standing, but has distinguished himself principally by his *Voices from the Crowd*, in which he has at once caught the spirit and wants of the age. Let him go on in the same strain, and with all the noble strength and fearless energy of youth he cannot fail of becoming all that Hood would have been, had life been spared to him.

This is high praise; but there are ample evidences of its truth in the volumes before us in the *Salamandrine* and the *Legend of the Isles*. We can but avail ourselves of one illustration—the *Legend of the Isles*. The Sea King's Burial is full of the stern old primeval spirit that should animate one of the early Norsemen.

"'My strength is failing fast,
Said the Sea King to his men,
I shall never sail the seas
Like a mariner again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;—
Put the crown upon my head;—
Put my good sword in my hand;—
And so lead me to the strand
Where my ship at anchor rides,
Steadily;
If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea.'"

He is accordingly armed and crowned, and borne to the ship; where he is left alone.

"Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand,
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips
Darted forth from out the ships."

for thus the old king means to die.

The storm comes on—the thick curling smoke rises—the flames burst forth—

"And Balder moved no limb,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
And he look'd, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;—
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timbers crash;—
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flame mounting o'er him
Speedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain in his triumph
On the sea.

"Once alone a cry arose
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming!' said the King,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring;—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men;—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows;—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee.
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore,
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

* * *

"Red and fierce upon the sky
Until midnight shone the glare,
And the burning ship drove on
Like a meteor of the air.
She was driven and hurried past
'Mid the roaring of the blast,
And of Balder, warrior-born,
Nought remained at break of morn
On the charr'd and black'ning hull
But the ashes of a skull,
And still the vessel drifted
Heavily,
With a pale and hazy light,
Until far into the night,
When the storm had spent its rage
On the sea."

Temperance Rhymes.*

In 1839 a little book was published, a very little book, stitched in a paper cover, with the title of "Temperance Rhymes;" these same Rhymes being inscribed to the working men of Manchester, in the hope that they might act as another small weight on the right end of that lever which is to raise men in the scale of humanity. Good they must have done, for the true spirit was in them; but from some cause or other they never became as popular as they ought to have been, for the working men—and even women—of England, as well as Manchester, should have known them by heart. We would now revive the memory of this good little book; and as a sample of its quality, present to our readers two short poems from its pages.

Song.

Reeling and rolling
Up and down the streets;
Scoffed at and mocked at
By every one he meets—
Or noble or simple,
Or layman or priest—
Oh! who would be a drunkard;
A drunkard—a beast?

Maudling or raving,
The madman or the fool;
Soulless and senseless,
And everybody's tool;
Blabbing out the secret
To-morrow he will rue;
Grieving of the old friend,
And fighting with the new

Noisome and loathsome,
A torment and a curse;
Sowing pains in this life
To reap hereafter worse.
Or noble or simple,
Or layman or priest—
Oh! who would be a drunkard;
A drunkard—a beast?

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* Simpkin Marshall, & Co., London.

BURIAL-SONG FOR A GOOD MAN.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
He hath fought a noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the fadeless crown!

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past:
He was faithful to the last—
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Wealth and pomp, and courtly nod,
Might by others worshipped be;
But to man he bent his knee,
As the deathless child of God.

Meek and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death had darkly passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,—
There he sought, and soothed, and blessed

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown!

THE TINY LIBRARY.*

The first volume of this cheap little publication is now before us, and will be, we doubt, not a pleasing addition to the child's library, whether in drawing-room or nursery. The *Tiny Library* is possessed of the same character, and is got up in precisely the same style as *Peter Parley's* (the real Peter's) *Magazine for Children*, published in America, and continued for several years, but which is almost unknown in England. This work has all the merits of its American predecessor, and is every way deserving the support of the public. We recommend, therefore, all good-natured aunts and uncles—and who are so good-natured as they, excepting grandfathers and grandmothers—to bestow a penny a week upon their juvenile relations, and let them have the happiness of receiving their new weekly periodical as well as either papa or mamma. The money will be well laid out, we assure them.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN PUBLIC AMUSEMENT AND RECREATION.

BY S. SMILES M.D.

ON the outskirts of the city of Mayence, stretching along the banks of the noble Rhine, is an extensive piece of ground, beautifully laid out in walks, flower-beds, shady avenues, clumps of trees, with here and there arbours, statues, sundials, grottoes, rustic seats, lakes in miniature, and all those little tasteful devices which we find ornamenting the most beautiful pleasure-gardens of our English nobility. At the most commanding points, fine views are obtained of the noble river, studded with craft of various kinds; opposite is the mouth of the Maine, descending from the rich city of Frankfort; and near at hand are discovered the spires of the city of Mayence, and the tower of the Dom Kerche rising high above all.

This piece of ground, so laid out and ornamented, is known as the *Anlage*. It is the public park or pleasure-ground of the citizens of Mayence—provided by the corporation of the city for the recreation and enjoyment of the public. It is free and open to all classes every day in the week. There are no dogs or growling keepers at the gate—no surrounding walls coped with broken glass; the only notice which is exhibited being that seen near the entrance, to the effect that "this garden is created for the advantage of the public, and it is committed to the public for protection." This is a fine instance of generous trustfulness in the people; and it is most gratifying to state that it is rarely, if ever, abused. The roses bloom unplucked; the flowers shed their perfume on the air undisturbed; the trees remain uninjured in trunk and branch; undefaced by the ill-cut initials of the obscure destructive. All is regarded as if sacred—the public protecting what is committed to them with the most scrupulous carefulness. Yet large numbers of people frequent the gardens: on Friday evenings, when one or other of the military bands of the garrison regularly give a concert in the open air at the upper end of the gardens, not fewer than from 6000 to 8000 persons are generally present. And everything passes off delightfully, innocently, and joyously.

These public pleasure-grounds are common all over Germany. Almost every large city can boast of them. At Frankfort, the old fortifications have been levelled and converted into public gardens and promenades—beautiful exemplification of the progress of public opinion in the direction of peace. The Frankfort promenades surround the city on all sides, except that next the Maine. The walks are charmingly laid out, and are as trimly and neatly kept as if they were the private property of a lord. The most precious flowers and shrubs are there, and remain sacred and untouched. It is a beautiful feature in these public gardens, that the most lovely and valuable things are openly exposed in them, without the slightest word of caution as to their injury or destruction. It shows how much trusting to the goodness that is in human nature will do. For, doubtless, the fact of being freely admitted to these places of public resort without prohibition, or insulting placards of "Caution" and "Beware," produces much of this respectful conduct and demeanour. The "Charity that thinketh no evil" never yet provoked a crime; but can we say as much of the Suspicion which is never done telling us of its "Man-traps and spring-guns?" It is not improbable, indeed, that the threat is very often the first stimulus or provocation to the crime.

We, in England, might well take a lesson from the Germans in their efforts to bring recreation and innocent amusement within the reach of all classes. Whether the instrument that does it be Government or Society, the thing *ought* to be done. There is a profound philosophy in amusement, could man but see it. The harder a man works, the more does he require the provision of a healthy and innocent recreation. It is so much a necessity among men, that if innocent recreations are not provided for them, they will provide vicious ones for themselves. Deprive them of the higher kinds of social enjoyment, and you leave them to those

* C. Wood and Co., Poppin's-court, Fleet-street.

which are degrading, and perhaps destructive. Who knows not that the heart of man is influenced by the moral as well as the physical atmosphere which he breathes, and that he is disposed to an affinity with the good very much in proportion as his spirits are kept in that genial tone which their due relaxation promotes? Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too: doom him to dismal, monotonous thoughts, and miserable circumstances, and you make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and vicious. Hence, coarseness and crime are generally found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful, and whose hearts have been kept shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened intercourse with man. Why should not greater care be taken, then, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in art and nature, among all ranks of the community? Why should not the treasures of both—galleries of art, and the fields and gardens—be thrown open to the classes who now spend their long hours in consuming toil, cut off from all the higher pleasures, and impelled too often, by the strong love of excitement, to seek a deceitful solace in sensual excess, after escaping from the burden of their daily toil and labour.

Our temperance reformers have been slow to recognise the importance of these truths; but they are now beginning to act upon them. They begin to find that there is no other way for it, but to outrival the attractions of a higher kind—such as music, cheap railway excursions, cheap concerts, and cheap rural galas, and their success hitherto affords them the strongest encouragement to persevere.

The way in which numerous exhibitions and Mechanics' Institutes, which have recently been held throughout the country, have been thronged by the working men, with their wives and families—the interest which they have taken in the delicate machinery of models, the costly works of art, the specimens of natural history and other objects of interest which have been collected there; the thronging and increasing crowds which visit the British Museum, the Greenwich and Dulwich Picture Galleries, Hampton Court, and the other objects of attraction about the metropolis; show that the intelligence, the manners, and the conduct of the English people, are quite equal to those of the continent, provided only that generous opportunities are offered for their exercise.

The movement which has recently commenced in this country in favour of providing Parks and Pleasure-grounds for the people is one of very great promise. Mr. Strutt, of Derby, has the honour of setting the example, having munificently presented a public park and arboretum for the recreation and enjoyment of the inhabitants of that town. The public-spirited men of Manchester, aided by the operatives, have also raised upwards of 50,000*l.* for providing public parks for the recreation of the people; and a gentleman of Liverpool, Mr. Yates, has done much to provide a public park for the use of the inhabitants. What noble examples are these for the towns and cities of other districts? And how pleasing to think that the time is now about to come when the operative and mechanic, after their hard day's labour, may go out into parks and gardens provided for him, and there inhale the pure air of heaven, traverse a leafy path, look down upon a flower, and bring his spirit into harmony with the beautiful aspect of nature.

It becomes us also to notice a humbler but not less interesting experiment. The woolcombers of Bradford, a poor and hardworking class of operatives, have just opened within the last two weeks a pleasure-ground of their own, in the neighbourhood of that populous town. They have taken a lease of a small farm, part of which they intend to cultivate for the benefit of the society, and the remainder they have laid out in gardens, walks, and flower parterres, for the pleasure of the members and the public. In one of the fields is a spring of pure water, out of which they have formed an excellent swimming bath, as well as baths of other kinds. The gardens were publicly opened, with a festival, on the 20th of May, when above one thousand persons were present. Tea was taken in a large marquee on the grounds, the excellent Vicar of Bradford, Dr. Scoresby, presiding on the occasion. Music and dancing followed; and good feeling everywhere prevailed.

These are truly delightful symptoms of progress, even in enjoyment; and those who regard amusement and recreation as not the least important parts of education will not undervalue them. We certainly seem now in a fair way of getting rid of the reproach, to which we were formerly obnoxious, that the only public recreation provided in England was a public execution!

Poetry for the People.

A ROYAL EPITAPH.

By Barry Cornwall.

Hic Jacet!—Here he lies; in tranquil earth;
A sleeper never to be awakened,—till
Fate's trumpet shall blow forth his final birth,—
Heaven or Eternal Pain!—How cold, how still
The body which late held a fiery will;
In whose white cheek the raging passions glowed;
In whose now stagnant veins the red blood flowed,
Running its ceaseless round of good and ill.

O God! that this pale thing—this lump of clay,
Which the ass's hoof may trample now or spurn,
Rained scorn on millions.—But his race is run.
Toss high thy rags, O Beggar!—in the sun
Behold! how Power and Pride must pass away,
And Kings must leave their thrones, and ne'er return.

SERVICES.—5. Faith.

By W. J. Linton.

Look to the Future;
Credit God's Power;
Fearlessly root your
Feet in the hour
God hath appointed.

The seed which man soweth
Depends on man's breath;
The seed of God groweth
In the quick womb of Death—
Death, God's Anointed.

Night's starry portal
Swarmeth with glee;
Worth is immortal;
Work cannot be
E'er disappointed.



THE LESSON. BY F. STONE.

FROM THE OLD WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

PENNY WISDOM;

IN LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

By a Man of No Party.

No. II—THOSE FOREIGNERS.

Perhaps there are not many cries so sure of their echo as "*Those Foreigners*"—"Locusts" (so runs the rhyme with one) "who come in and make a prey of the industry of this country, and the lawful food of its inhabitants"—"Loose characters" (thus goes the reproof with another) "whose example is to destroy every sound principle of morality, and with whom no intercourse can take place clear of certain infectious influences"—"Merry Andrews" thinks some better-natured old soul by her own fire-side, who has an idea that every Gaul is a born dancing-master, and every German a manufacturer of *sauer kraut*, and partly fearing the Pope, and partly the Opera, has her apprehensions about Italy, and imagines that Vesuvius is not flaming away there for nothing. I shall never forget the inquiry of an excellent creature of this species, who had never stirred five miles beyond her own provincial town, on being told of the return from foreign parts of a youth in whom she had been much interested. He was described as much changed, looking older;—"Please, sir, asked the anxious creature, folding her hands civilly across, and dropping a curtsey, "has Master —— got *a pigtail like the French?*"

Now, so long as some vague notions prevailed that all such people could be packed off home again—pigtails and all—by the Sovereign and the Magistracy, whensoever they showed their dangerous faces—so long as the slightest hope survived of penning Young England, body or soul, safe at home, under lock and key—it might have been useless to beg for a less obnoxious pronoun than "*Those:*"—a word, as all the world is aware, meaning something conspicuous—to be suspected, if not sentenced in advance. But the days of our insulation are over. The thread is literally spinning—if we are to believe Professor Wheatstone's promises with regard to his Electrical Telegraph—which is to tie England and France together. Ere a twelvemonth is out, we Londoners are to be brought within twelve hours' reach of Paris—half the distance, that is, that we used to be from Liverpool. "*Those* foreigners" must (there's no help for it!) become "*These* neighbours." It will be one of the lessons which every Englishwoman will have to teach her child at no distant period, how he is to live peaceably in this Europe of ours, preserving the while his uprightness and his individuality.

"Peaceably" must mean "intelligently." There is no keeping down the bad passions of rivalry, insolence, jealousy, desire for conquest, by "rule of thumb." Religion is required—the religion which includes understanding:—a plain confrontment of such difficulties and singularities as may hit us in the teeth; a close study of these, in no Pharisaical spirit of self-assertion, but as we would have "*these* neighbours" study our faults—that is, fairly, kindly, and with a view to mutual progress. "Stand off!" can no longer be the World's motto; and since "Come near!" has taken its place, a few large truths, illustrated in small details, may help you—be you traveller or tarrier at home—to that charity, active and passive, which (let the bigots say what they please) if rightly comprehended and thoroughly acted up to, excludes rather than enforces license.

First and foremost, we English are apt in our own persons to confound observation and offence. I remember, when a boy, hearing a celebrated artist say, by way of pleasantry, that it was impossible for him to look after a girl carrying a pitcher to the well, or a pair of gossips tranquilly chatting across a gate in the cool of the evening, without, in nine cases out of ten, provoking an affronted "*Well, I'm sure!*"—or from the men a more directly uncivil self-defence. This may arise from that intrinsic shyness which often accompanies deliberate courage. "To be made a show of!" is the last thing which any true man or woman can bear the thoughts of. To have our kneading-troughs and chambers pryed into by strangers, who have never learned the grace of privacy, is a plague well nigh as abominable as the inroads of frogs or flies. We can't bear being watched while we feed or play with our children. We are apt, I have heard it said, to be uneasy over our prayers, if "people are looking;" and hence pews (?). But I am afraid that we forget ourselves strangely in the case of other people. When I am abroad, I hardly ever enter a church without encountering some English man or woman striding about, with the everlasting *Murray* in hand, not much caring in their search after curiosities whether or not they disturb a kneeling congregation, or if their "*Look here!*" be heard at the most solemn moment of Roman Catholic worship. If there be a marriage or a christening, there is of course an universal rush. I will not speak of the brutalities which the young and audacious of all countries commit too hastily—such as that of the English travellers who, out of sheer *bravado*, took bottled porter with them into the mosque of Santa Sophia: but I have heard English ladies boast of what they had "*got to see*" with a triumph which has made me shiver. Mr. Dickens will tell you of one who forced her way to the front row in the Pope's Chapel, on the occasion of some tempting ceremony, by aid of a stout corking pin; and yet I will bet any wager that the woman using this feminine battering ram would have cried in her own parish "*Those* foreigners!" as loudly as the best of the criers; and have been thrown into fits if some Transatlantic Willis or Miss Sedgwick, coming from a land where inquiry is not only accidental, but essential as a means of progress, had opened her garden-gate to peep whether indeed that was a window-curtain bleaching on her sunny lawn, or how they kept flower-beds in the Old Country. So, too, I am by no means satisfied in my mind that the crowd at the Custom-House Wharf, who some seven years ago received a boat-load of German chorus-singers—sick and weary after a harassing and stormy voyage, and, doubtless, queer and hairy enough to see—with a shower of stones (!), would bear much foreign inquisition into their tavern jollities or household arrangements. We are far as yet from having learned that strength and superiority are shown by concession yet more than self-assertion.

Yes! let all those who lay to heart the maintenance of Peace on Earth (and are not WE of the number?) recollect that it is not merely an affair of meetings and medals—of demonstrations in favour of an excellent Elihu Burritt—of listening to speeches from the famous, or of speaking ourselves—but of patient, daily good-humour and civility to all neighbours and strangers: of studying not what we are sure they ought to like, but what they have been accustomed to—not of hiding a

laugh at their mistakes or uncouthnesses, but of considering what our own might be in like circumstances, and exterminating the disposition to laugh. If you would not travel through a strange land with your arms *a-kimbo* in war time, you must not be perpetually treading upon the tender feet of the stranger within your gates, when you profess to desire the maintenance of good understanding. The character of the English ought not to fall among the nations as intercourse increases. Yet, sad to say, it has done so. It is not merely common prudence, it is common Christianity also, to consider how far it is wise that this should be. And the matter is one which each man can aid in settling for himself. Our magistrates may, indeed, struggle with the exactions of a set of Dover boatmen—or protect the timid, shivering Oriental from having his queer garments pawed to bits as he creeps down our streets—or take the part of unhappy vagabond women, outraged in some lonely country place;—but the spirit of Courtesy, as compared with that of exclusiveness—the Hospitality of our country, which surely means something more general than "blazing fire, and beef and ale" for our own personal acquaintances—demand something more from every one of us; from the gentleman in his travelling carriage, from the workman in his cottage, from the household servant in his daily service, from the errand-boy in the streets. Let none of us add to the accumulation of a reckoning of bitterness or misunderstanding!

As for the old cry about the People being demoralised, and the like, by the introduction of foreign ways, that, it is needless to say, can no longer be maintained. The stable-door is open—the steed is stolen! They *will* come in; ours must go out to them. Why deprive English sense of half its authority, by inextricably mixing it up, in the eyes of our brethren abroad, with English rudeness? Why weaken ourselves by standing perversely in the wrong? in the attitude of those for whom apologies must needs be made? There are a hundred points of detail open to discussion; a hundred points of morals and manners in which the superiority of a people, on the whole well-governed (and, thank God, so long spared from the devastation of foreign invasions as we), can hardly fail to make itself obvious. To some of these I may refer more closely, that by analysis and comparison we may attempt to determine what it were good to naturalise—what can never take root. But this will be in a spirit of brotherly kindness, and not in the vain-glorious humour of the *Bobabil* who swaggers through the crowd flourishing his cudgel, and crying—"Who dare meddle with me?" Let me hope meanwhile that this preamble to a few pictures, remembrances, and speculations, may be received as it is penned.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATON.

By its Author.

The Sequential system of Musical Notation was first submitted to the public in 1843, in a small pamphlet containing the outlines of the new method. A subsequent enlarged edition, a course of lectures, and the very general notice of the metropolitan and provincial press, have since rendered the subject more familiar. It is hoped that a brief statement of the proposed reform will interest the readers of the *People's Journal.*

The basis of the system is the division of the entire scale of sounds into *sevens.* This striking fact of nature, though duly recognised in the present *naming* of the notes by the letters of the alphabet, and by the colouring and position of the keys on the key-boards of instruments, is utterly overlooked in the existing *notation.* The notes ascend *on paper* without being divided into *sevens* at all; so that it appears as if, instead of beginning again at A when we reach G, we should *go on*, and call the notes ascending H, I, J, K, L, M, N, &c. On the Sequential System, the notes appear grouped into sevens *on paper*, exactly as they appear on the present key-board, and as they are now named by the letters of the alphabet. A staff of *three lines* exactly contains these seven notes; and when they ascend or descend from the staff, part, or the whole, of an *additional* staff is drawn, thus showing accurately their relative pitch, without imposing (as in the present leger-line method) any necessity for learning more than seven names and seven places. The notes thus written in a *three-line* staff do not express *fixed sounds*—as do the notes in the present *five-line* staff—but *the seven sounds of the gamut.*

The scale of fixed sounds is divided into *twelves*, and named by *numbers.* One of these numbers is set at the commencement of the staff, and—by a simple rule derived from the *odd* and *even* succession—points out the exact pitch, in the fixed scale, of all the seven sounds. The particular *octave* intended is shown by the *form* of the notes in the staff. If the *minor* scale be meant, a *curve over the numeral* indicates that the *third* and *sixth* notes in the staff are to be read *flat.*

Thus, by the Sequential notation, all *leger-lines* are avoided; the *clefs* are entirely swept away; the *minor* mode is considered merely to be a *fixed alteration of the major;* and keys *constructed with flats and sharps*—except the twelve minor *flattened* from the twelve major—are rendered all equally *natural.*

The reader is now acquainted with the heart of the system; for though in the department of *duration* the same simplifying process is carried out; though all *times* are reduced to *two*—double and triple; though it is imposed, as a necessity, that the *velocity* of the piece shall be rigidly shown by the metronome; though semibreves, minims, crotchets, quavers, and the rest, are replaced by more correct and available characters—still it is by the peculiarities in the department of *pitch* which I have stated, that the *Sequential* comes into direct collision with the *Guidonian* notation. The division of the entire scale into *sevens*, by the three-line staff, and the indication in the staff of *the seven notes of the gamut*, are the striking points which utterly separate the new method from the old.

Now comes the important question—whether, granting Sequentialism to be a great improvement, it is possible to introduce it into general use, the Guidonian system of notation being so firmly established. I think it *is* possible, and I think I can see how it must be accomplished. It is all very well, and very necessary, to publish, at the present time instruction books for the pianaforte, or other instruments, but the institution of *popular classes for choral singers*, in the Sequential notation, is probably the real basis from which other operations must proceed. It is acknowledged, amongst musical professors who have attempted to teach choral singing popularly, that the present notation is an insuperable bar to the satisfactory pro-

gress of the pupils. As, according to this, music is written by *fixed sounds*, of course all scales appear differently to the eye, and the difficulty of teaching the classes to sing in the various keys is consequently so great, that most manuals for popular choral singing limit themselves to a very few keys. On the Sequential System, however, as the *gamut of seven notes* appears always on paper in the same manner, the difficulty would be felt no longer, and the master, by merely sounding the required key-note, might exercise the classes in all the four-and-twenty major and minor keys successively.

The facility thus offered for training the millions to a knowledge of vocal music presents so feasible and wide a basis for a radical reform in the established method that every thing may be hoped for. Once let the system be firmly fixed in this manner, and measures may then be taken for casting a fount of Sequential type, and for issuing, at a cheap rate, such pieces as the gradually increasing demand may require.

The transition from choral-singing to solo-singing is easy. Supposing large choral classes to be formed on the proposed system, some members of them would soon begin practising music *individually*. They would then wish to accompany themselves on the pianoforte in the Sequential notation. Let us see how this can be done.

It is rather curious that, since the Sequential System was first published in 1843, *two* important innovations in the construction of pianofortes have been brought before the public, both of which materially aid that system, and, in combination with it, would totally revolutionise pianoforte playing. These are Mercier's *Royal Albert Transposing Pianoforte*, and De Folly's *Geometrical Pianoforte*. The first of them can be so used by Sequentialists that the white keys in front of the key-board shall always represent *the seven notes of the gamut*, whatever that may be, whilst the black keys at the back shall represent the *accidental sharps and flats* that may occur. Thus the student of singing in the Sequential notation would find this pianoforte exactly adapted to his purpose. The perfect natural facility in transposition of the voice, and the great mechanical facility of transposition on the instrument, given by the transposing-handle of Mercier's pianoforte—both indicated on paper by a notation in complete agreement—would go as far as possible to annihilate all difficulties, both in reading and execution, of vocal music with a pianoforte accompaniment.

Mercier's transposing action is now applied also to the *organ;* so that all just stated of the pianoforte may be stated with equal truth of the nobler instrument. Mercier's invention is no doubt applicable to every description of instrument with a key-board.

There is one objection only to the use, in *all* cases, of the Transposing Pianoforte. When a *rapid change of the signature* occurs in the course of a musical piece, it will be impossible to set the transposing action with sufficient quickness. To adjust it correctly there must be some slight degree of pause. The *Geometrical Pianoforte*, however, is suited for the use of the Sequential student under every contingency. But on this instrument he must *form his own keys*—for there is no *transposing handle* to relieve him of this duty. The method of so forming the keys is beautifully simple and symmetrical. The key-board of the Geometrical Pianoforte is *chromatically* arranged; that is to say, the keys follow each other front and back alternately, and are not grouped at the back in *twos* and *threes*, as on the key-board of the common pianoforte, and of the Transposing Pianoforte. They do not—as (to Sequentialists) do the keys of the Transposing Pianoforte—represent the seven notes of the gamut, with its five sharps and flats, but the twelve chromatic sounds of the octave, disposed according to no particular *signature*. These, in the Sequential system, being named by *numbers*, the various scales are easily and uniformly constructed—as the reader has already been made aware—by a rule derived from the *odd* and *even* succession of the numerical names; all the *front* keys on the key-board representing *odd* numbers, and all the *back* keys representing *even* numbers. The *fingering* is reduced to the least possible amount of difficulty, being of *two* kinds only; the first, when the key-note is situated in the front of the key-board, and the second when it is situated at the back. In consequence, also, of the chromatic arrangement of the key-board, the *octave* is comprised in less space than on any other pianoforte, and thus each of these, as well as the entire compass of the instrument, brought much more under the command of the performer.

The "Geometrical" principle is of course applicable to the organ, and all other instruments with key-boards.

But cannot the Sequential notation be allied with the ordinary construction of pianoforte? Certainly it can. Persons conversant with the present method of forming keys by *sharps and flats* may very readily play from sequentially noted music; whilst those who are altogether ignorant of the established method may learn, with no great difficulty, the proper selection of numbers from the diatonic succession of front and back keys. The common, everywhere-diffused description of pianoforte, organ, &c. must of necessity be chiefly relied upon at first; and Sequentialists who avail themselves of these will, at least, have the comfort of knowing that they perform from a rational musical notation, though on an irrational musical instrument.

If choral-singers thus become solo-singers, and solo-singers become performers on keyed instruments, *orchestral* instruments will then, no doubt, be generally worthy of our consideration. The recently invented *clavic attachment* for the violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso will, I think, prove a valuable aid. Like all musical improvements of the last two or three years, it plays directly into the hands of the Sequentialists. Besides rendering this order of instruments very much more available for popular use, by removing the present enormous difficulty of *stopping in tune*, the apparatus divides the octave into *twelve* parts only, like the pianoforte; thus neglecting altogether the fantastic notion of an *enharmonic scale*, which is the key-stone of the Guidonian system, and the point in which it is most opposed to the Sequential. Indeed, the clavic attachment is so thoroughly in consonance with the new notation, that possibly large classes of violinists, &c., provided with this invention, may commence at once to study on the Sequential method, and so run a race with the choral classes.

Here let me conclude. To THE PEOPLE a proposition like the Sequential System must be addressed, and by them it must be judged, and either rejected or worked out. No *individual*—not even one with the enthusiasm and obstinacy of an inventor—can do much; and to the musical profession, *as a body*, it would be absurd to look. For such an innovation to take any permanent hold, *a public of Sequentialists* must be formed; and this

object can be effected only by the establishment, all over Great Britain, of large popular classes for simultaneous practice. The *millions*—who would constitute these classes—must determine whether they shall come into existence.

ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

Poetry for the People.

THE WRECK.

By R. H. HORNE.

(*Written for Franz Bosen, and set to music by him, for Staudigl.*)

RECITATIVE.

I scaled the cliff, and saw a darkness
Gathering like a dread decree!
And, yet more fast, a widening shadow
Sped across the affrighted sea!
I saw the rocking Ship prepare
To meet her oldest foe—the raging Air!

The tempest burst above her crowded deck!—
Her mast fell all to ruins!—her steep sides
Groaned—yawned asunder—down she sunk!—the winds
Lash'd high the waves—the God of Storm laughed wild,
And cried, "Disorder rules!—destruction—death—
Rejoice! rejoice!"

Then came a silence—and through one clear space
In the black, heaving clouds, a solemn voice
Breathed these deep words:—

ARIA.

The devastation and the wrecks
That mortal sense beholds,
Are but the whirling atom-specks
Which Moving Power enfolds.

Rejoice not, then, thou poor blind Storm,
Thy wrecks are for large gains;
That which disorder seems to thee,
Is order—Wisdom reigns!

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. III.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

1. Among the May and June meetings in London—meetings of religious and philanthropic bodies—I am glad to see an increase of such as relate to home objects. There are still Missionary Meetings—plannings to extend the blessings of Christianity over distant regions of the globe; but there are also signs that we are becoming aware how far we are from being entitled to the apostolic office which we have, somewhat presumptuously, assumed. To me it is clear that before we may go and preach the gospel to all nations, we must ourselves be established in its belief and practice: yet it would be difficult to find in any part of the world more desperate heathens than we have about our own doors. When I was young, my imagination was so fascinated with the idea of a missionary life, I so revered the devotedness which led men and women to choose a life of hardship in burning India and among savage Polynesian isles, humbly satisfied if they could save one soul after years of suffering and toil, that no one can, even now, perhaps sympathise more strongly with missionary zeal. I do not now honour less the zeal and devotedness; but I mourn that they are not more dutifully applied: and I cannot help thinking that if some facts which ought to be made known to all were brought home to the understandings of the right parties, the same force of conscience and benevolence which leads missionaries to tropical sands and polar snows would guide them instead to the alleys of our towns and the damp sheds in which labourers live on the skirts of our noblemen's estates. It is a good thing to induce naked pagans to wear clothing and to breed in them some sense of decency: but I think we have something of the sort to do at home first, while it is the fact that many thousands of English people live in such crowded dwellings, amidst such misery and filth, that women lose all shame, men turn away to the public house, and children pilfer or dabble in the streets. No idolatrous rites can be more offensive to religious feelings than the blasphemy and debauchery which are common in such sties as these. But, if we had nothing as bad as this at home—if every family had a decent dwelling—if there were few children brought to trial for crime—little creatures brutish and stupid, or bold and vicious, not the fed lambs of its fold, but wolfish cubs out of a moral wilderness;—if there were fewer of these, I doubt whether we yet might conclude ourselves such enlightened Christians as to be entitled to the honour of apostleship abroad. Incidents occur every week which compel me to question whether our noblemen who subscribe to missions and colonial bishoprics, the clergy who organise the plans, and the dignitaries of the church which is to be extended, have yet learned all the morals of the religion they are bent upon teaching. On the 9th of this month of June, there was a sheep-shearing and distribution of prizes to agricultural labourers at the Duke of Richmond's park at Goodwood, in Sussex. There was a dinner, after the shearing; the duke being in the chair, and the Earl of Chichester, the Bishop of Chichester, and several other clergymen present, some M.P.'s, and landowners, and the labourers who were to have prizes. Much passed which I should like to remark upon; but my space permits me to mention only one point. The Duke of Richmond said (according to the reporters)—

> "They" (the gentlemen of the district) "knew how important it was to have honest, industrious, and meritorious men upon their property; and well they knew that one man who felt a deep interest in the welfare of his employer was worth a hundred of those who only worked for the sordid consideraion of their daily pay."

Now, before going on, I will just observe that the Duke appears to have said this foolish thing from want of knowledge and of reflection, and not from any really "sordid consideration," though he has no right to complain of any one who chooses to show what "sordid consideration" is involved in what he said. Perhaps the Duke does not know that when men first held land, it was on condition of maintaining all the people who lived on and by their land. It was, in those days, as much a matter of course for a landholder to feed and clothe and house the people on his estate, as it now is to do that for his children. In those days, the duty of labourers was to serve their master diligently from personal attachment, and to care for

all his interests as for those of the head of a family. And because the Duke has heard of that old relation between a landholder and his labourers, he takes for granted that he is entitled to the same attachment and personal zeal, forgetting that the conditions on his side are not observed—need not and cannot be observed in a state of affairs so entirely changed.

The Duke is not now—need not and cannot be —the father of the families on his estates. He does not feed them from his barns and his kitchens, clothe them from his stores, have them nursed in sickness and old age, and bury them when they die—doing everything for them in return for their labour, so that they have no need of money as long as they live. That system has passed away. The Duke is now the employer of his labourers. He hires their labour for money, and has no right to more from them, as their employer, than the labour which he pays for. He is said to be a kind employer, and to think and plan for their good; and, of course, for this he has their attachment—but it is as a friend who wins their affection, and not as a master who has a right to their service without hiring it. What would he think of anybody who should desire him not to regard the work his labourers do for him, but to pay them their wages from a simple love for them, feeling that a man who pays ten shillings a-week to a poor family from "a deep interest in" their welfare, "was worth a hundred of those who only" pay "for the sordid consideration of" the work done? He would see the absurdity of this in a moment. Then, again, the duke does not appear to know—but this leads us on to the next part of the story. Archdeacon Manning spoke next, and declared that "he considered it the highest honour, and one of the greatest blessings he could enjoy, that he had intrusted to him the spiritual care of the labouring poor of that district." This clergyman, the spiritual guardian of the labouring poor then present or around him, declared that "their noble chairman had said truly that one man who worked from affection was worth a hundred who worked merely for lucre." "Affection" for the Duke of Richmond, be it remembered. Did this Christian minister remember that men have other objects of affection, somewhat nearer and dearer than dukes or other employers? Did he forget that the "labouring poor" man has at home a wife, to whom he is to cleave that they may be one flesh? Did he forget that labourers have at home children who are subject to hunger and thirst, who shiver in the cold, and grow corrupt in nakedness? When he sees the sweat on the labourer's brow, as he ploughs or reaps in desperate exertion to win a loaf or a blanket for those at home, will he say that this hearty work is good for little because it is not done for love of the Duke of Richmond? Is it "sordid" to work for days to get a blanket for an old mother or a sick wife? Is it loving lucre to earn a loaf for a hungry child? Would it be more virtuous and noble to despise the blanket and the bread, and to toil for love of the Duke of Richmond? For the Duke's utterance of such nonsense there may be some excuse. For a clergyman's, who accepts the charge of the spiritual interests of the labouring poor, there is none. It is his business to know the history of society, so as to understand the morals which arise out of new or changed relations. It is his business to see that the employers of his charge do not claim more than they ought, while they yield less. It was his business in this case to show the Duke that the balance of the "lucre" is on the employer's side, while the utmost labour of the agricultural poor obtains for them no more than from 7*s.* to 12*s.* a-week to maintain their families with. It is his business to take care, as far as in him lies, that the domestic relations are, to every man, the noblest and most sacred that he knows on earth. The relation to benefactors—even to such benefactors as a landowner who should pay wages without thinking of the work they represent—is a weak and distant relation compared with those of home. The Duke must be in the background of the family, even if he were of that order of "superiors" of whom his "dependants" might say

> How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> They for us fight, they watch and duly guard,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward!

It is the Archdeacon's business to know this; and more. It is his business to know that on the broad platform of the Christian faith there is absolutely no footing but on the firm level of justice; that the Duke of Richmond is arrogant in claiming spontaneous service; and that every landowner, be he who he may, who gives anything short of the means of domestic comfort to his labourers, in return for the toil of their lives, is the dependant of those labourers—virtually living on alms from them: and that no difference is made in the balance of this account by "money prizes, varying in amount from 10*s.* to 4*l.*, the receiver being presented at the same time with a Bible and prayer-book each, the gift being in each instance accompanied by "a suitable admonition" from the Bishop of Chichester. It is the clergyman's business to perceive that these are not the attitudes in which really Christian men could stand to each other, and that he must (using his own words) "utterly unlearn such modes of estimating men." Now, finding a bishop, an archdeacon, and many more clergy, aiding and present at a scene like this, and applauding a sentiment so immoral, can we consider such parties qualified apostles of Christianity? Have they not much to learn at home, before they undertake to teach abroad? This is yet more evident when we observe that while our towns and roads swarm with young heathens, and the relations of man to man are obscured by worldly considerations, we are not free from the very evil we send missions to cure—superstition. I need only refer to the attempts made by the Bishop of Chichester and his clergy to prevent the running of railway trains on Sundays; and of other persons in some places to stop the delivery of letters on that day. They call the Sunday the Sabbath, which is a mistake: but if it were, we knew that "the Sabbath is made for man"—that he should rest from labour and refresh himself in body and spirit. If he finds that, next to the worship of God, the works of God refresh him most, and letters from his family and friends soften and cheer his heart, in Christ's name let him freely have the solace which the Christian Sunday is appointed to yield him! While there is among us such a low kind of fear of God, and such a narrow strictness about holidays as would affect our brother's Christian liberty, we are hardly qualified, it seems to me, to take upon ourselves to rebuke and extirpate the superstitions of the heathen.

II. Some instances have occurred this month of that intolerance of spirit which shows itself among men, sometimes in persecution unto death, sometimes in riot, sometimes in slander, sometimes in ill-manners. The vice is the same, however its

appearance may be determined by the occasion and the time. In one case, lately, its form was riot. At Elbœuf, a French town on the river Seine, with a prosperous woollen manufacture, some work-people, who had no excuse of adversity for their conduct, rose up against a carding-machine which had been introduced by a manufacturer. There was a terrible riot, and a great number of persons—soldiers and work-people—were wounded. Of course, carding-machines will go on to be used when wanted; and those who have not learned to value them will gain nothing, but lose much, by unlawful interference with any manufacturer's right to card wool in the way he thinks best. In another case, the spirit of intolerance took the form of extreme bad manners—in Lord George Bentinck's violent speech of the 8th inst. There is no need to say more of it here than that the vulgarity of violent language is exactly the same, whether in the House of Commons or in the lowest pothouse, because it invariably proves ignorance and conceit, which together make up vulgarity. It proves that the speaker does not know that on all disputed questions there is a great deal to be said on both sides, and that he is so taken up with his own view that he cannot do justice to any one who holds any other.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF SCHILLER.

The most admirable feature in the character of Schiller was the pure undeviating love which he bore to his fellow-man, his never-failing and tender regard of humanity in the true yet unusual acceptation of that word. By the uniform testimony of all who knew him, he was an excellent, or in other words, a naturally good man; and in his intercourse with others he was never seen to exhibit aught of those miserable pretensions which the shallow charlatans of literature alone assume to impose upon the superficially judging mass. In the expression of his sentiments he was ever free, even to boldness; and alone evinced embarassment when he was compelled to express a somewhat unfavourable judgment of others, or when his own merits were spoken of. Open-hearted to a degree, he was alone reserved when he had reason to fear his opinions on literature and art might appear to convey a self-praise, and he spoke indeed upon such subjects but little and with few. His never-to-be-forgotten last moments, as described by Mr. Christian Niemeyer, derived from sources yet unpublished, and known to few even in Germany, cannot fail to interest every feeling heart and elevated mind; while they will awaken that sorrow for the man that all such must feel when they contemplate him, yet in the full vigour of his mental energies and high aspirations towards the noble and the good, yielding reluctantly his breath in the zenith of his hopes and fame, as though heart-broken to resign so soon the high mission which had been delegated to him, and which he deemed yet uncompletely fulfilled.

"Shortly before his last illness," says Niemeyer, "about two months previous, Schiller had been affected by a similar indisposition, which had lasted eight days. On the first night of that illness he suffered acutely, was exhausted by fasting and constipation, but rallied again almost as soon, and grew more cheerful upon the least occasion. As he once rose from the sofa to walk up and down his room, and a friend who watched by him took him under the arm to assist him, he looked with piteous sorrow in his face, and inquired of him—'Am I then really so weak?'

"The friend replied in a consolatory tone—'I do not support you exactly because you cannot walk, but rather to make it easier for you.'

"About midnight, however, he was again very restless, and requested his wife to go down stairs to her bed. She immediately gathered up her knitting-gear, but Schiller still thought she was not quick enough; he became more urgent, and even excited, in his request that she should leave, and bade her, for God's sake, to reflect upon her health and to retire to rest. Scarcely had she left the room, when Schiller rose from the sofa. His wild, anxious look denoted no good; his countenance was pale and haggard; the friend who watched him hastened to him alarmed, and Schiller fell upon him, and lay, as if death-stricken, in his arms. As his friend, however, immediately rubbed his temples and chest with some spirit which was at hand he recovered himself.

"'For God's sake,' said Schiller, 'how came you here?'

"'Dear Hofrath,' replied the latter, and smoothed him on the forehead and cheek, 'I am keeping you company to-night.'

"'And did I speak wildly?' inquired Schiller anxiously.

"'No!' replied his friend with earnest solicitude.

"'Did my wife remark anything?' inquired he with much anxiety.

"Solely to prevent his wife from being alarmed, he had overcome the fainting fit with superhuman effort until she was gone out of the room, and was now but the more violently seized by it. When he had recovered himself a little, he immediately began to smile and jest, comparing himself to Mohamed, who once, when he plunged his head into a kettle of water, imagined when he drew it out, that during the time he had immersed it he had lived through a period of fourteen years. In the same manner he imagined that during his short fainting fit a hundred different things had passed through his head. He enjoyed some hours of the sweetest slumber.

"'Ah!' said he on the following day, 'this horrible constipation steals two tragedies from me every year, which I should otherwise write.'

"In the evening his friend wished to return, to sit up with him, but he would by no means allow of it. The former could not understand the reason of his objection, until at length he was informed that it was masquerade night, and Schiller did not like to deprive the gay maskers of their amusement. This kind interest moved his friend to tears, and he exclaimed—'Oh! you know not what pleasure it is to me to be with you.' On this Schiller held out his hand to him affectionately, and then bade him stay with him. He soon began again to jest, and said—'you should have gone to the masquerade, I should perhaps have followed you, and then,' added he, laughing, 'you would have been frightened, wouldn't you, and have thought that I had died, and that it was my ghost come to visit you.'

"Six days after he got well again. How childishly joyous was the man! How the kind-hearted creature toyed with his children! He took the little six-months'-old Emily in his arms, kissed her and gazed at her with a look of impassioned tenderness as if he could for ever have contem-

plated his endless happiness in the possession of that tenderly-loved infant. How joyous he was when he at length drove out again for the first time! In the yet leafless trees he already looked forward to an early spring (1805).

"But that spring—and, above all, the month of May, on the ninth of which Schiller died—was, at least in the middle of Northern Germany, the coldest and most dreary which had been known in the memory of man. With the spring he associated various projects of travel, with travel resumed health, and with his health works which he yet thought to publish. Poor man! his recovery this time was the last flicker of the lamp of life, the last sunshine of autumn; and the heavy sleep of winter was soon to follow.

"Among the bright plans which Schiller then projected was that of a journey to the sea-side, for which he had long entertained a strong desire. 'A journey to the Adriatic Sea,' said he, 'will be too expensive for me, and would cost me 1,500 rix-dollars, and that I cannot afford.' A journey to Cuxhaven was therefore determined upon.

"About eight weeks after the first-mentioned illness succeeded the last. Twelve days before his death, Schiller went to court. The same friend who was always about his person assisted him to dress, and was delighted at his healthy appearance, and his fine figure habited in his green gala-suit. Two days after Schiller went to the play for the last time. When that friend came at the end of the play into the poet's box, to accompany him home, he found him seized with so violent a fever that his teeth chattered. On his arrival home, punch was made, which always had the effect of recovering him. Upon the following morning his trusty friend found him stretched upon the sofa in an exhausted condition, between sleeping and waking. His children came and kissed him, but, contrary to his usual custom, he evinced but little interest in them. His condition grew daily more alarming, and four days previous to his death it already appeared hopeless. His eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and every muscle shook spasmodically. A servant-girl entered the room with some lemons. He snatched one with avidity, as though he would have devoured it, but set it down again almost immediately with an exhausted hand. In the evening he fell into a feverish delirium, and remained in that state for four and twenty hours. When his senses returned, he desired his youngest child to be brought to him. On the child being brought, he turned his head towards her, took her tiny hand in his, and gazed with inexpressible sorrow on her countenance. He then burst into a flood of tears, buried his head in the pillow, and made a sign for the child to be taken away. He felt in that moment how soon he was to separate from the angel—and in four and twenty hours his noble spirit fled.

"On the last night of his sufferings, even, he sat up in his bed, and spoke with the greatest self-possession and strength of mind. Towards morning he fell asleep. At ten o'clock he awoke, was again delirious, but again recovered his senses, but from that time his strength visibly failed him. At four in the afternoon he called for some naptha, but the last syllable of the word died upon his lips. He endeavoured to write, but could trace only three letters—they were the last remains of his life's strength, and in a few minutes he lay extended in death's placid slumber, his countenance still expressive of the last impress of the noble, the great soul that had just for ever abandoned its mortal tenement. Who shall describe the agony, the despair of the bereaved wife and of the eldest children! Charles, the oldest, the very picture of his father, lay extended upon the floor, and cried aloud in the agony of his desolation. Ernest sat in a corner of the room, with folded hands, and wept bitterly. Caroline knew not the meaning of what had occurred. Death, of which she could form no idea, had nothing terrible for her. She said with a calm whisper—'Dear, good papa sleeps!' But when she saw her mother in tears, she also began to weep, and buried her face in her mother's lap!"

P.

OUR MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

No. I.—HUDDERSFIELD.

BY G. S. PHILLIPS.

WHEN Mechanics' Institutions were first established in England, high hopes were entertained of them as seminaries of popular education. They were not only to become the national colleges of the people, but theatres of the noblest and most refined amusement. The entire man was to be unfolded there. His rude physical exterior was to be moulded by the gymnasium into true Hellenistic proportions; his mind cultivated by a regular academical course of study; his æsthetic nature—that is, his faculty for appreciating the beautiful in poetry, art, literature, the surrounding world, and the overhanging immensities—was to be developed by means of the best modern appliances.

Now, although these splendid hopes were somewhat extravagant, they were not utterly visionary. Mechanics' Institutions are capable of an almost indefinite expansion, and might be made to embrace many subjects, both educational and social, of the greatest practical importance. There is no legitimate reason, for instance, why they should not unite the advantages of the London clubs with scholastic discipline and refined amusement. The institutions themselves present no obstacles to such an arrangement which might not be very easily overcome, especially in the manufacturing districts, where so many young men are compelled to put up with the expensive and inferior refreshments of the various chop-houses.

A model establishment in Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, which should combine these domestic comforts with higher educational aims, would give the first great moral impetus towards elevating the social character of the people. It is both possible and necessary; for why should not the working classes be surrounded with as much elegance, and partake of as much enjoyment in their daily meals, as the more wealthy portions of the community? I would have their dining and tea saloons decorated with the noble achievements of art—with statues, frescoes, and paintings; and as work is the modern gospel, and workers the divinest of modern priests, so I would have music celebrate its choruses at their banquets.

A long time must, perhaps, transpire before this dispensation of utility and beauty shall exist amongst us. All the elements of it, however, are even now in our power. By combination, the working men can accomplish anything; what is wanted is the *will* to combine. Let our joint-stock and railway companies bear testimony to the prodigious triumphs of union. Nay, let the strikes and trades' unions of the people themselves admonish them of the vast omnipotence which lies

in their united efforts, and the wisdom of directing it aright.

My chief object in the following paper is to show *how* Mechanics' Institutions may become truly serviceable to the people and the state; and I think they can only become so through the education of their members.

To secure this object we must begin at the beginning. Every member should be a student, and every institution a school. Each one should be exercised in such elemental or higher knowledge as he may, popularly speaking, be capable of receiving, and should advance step by step to the regions of the higher culture.

Of course I am here supposing that capable wise men are at the head of such Institutions, under whose guidance this progress is to be made; for in such case only can the ideal we have spoken of be realised. In the few instances where approaches are being made to it, as in Liverpool and Huddersfield, the directing minds are manifest enough.

Those societies are always the most flourishing which not only provide solid instruction for their members, but whose democratic constitutions require the services of each and all in their government. No doubt the wisest heads will have the largest influence, but that is the necessity which upholds all states and empires; for wisdom is the only thing that *should* have influence; and when each man feels his interest in the welfare of the society to be identical with that of all, no jealousy can arise on this account, and no other feelings have place but those of satisfaction and joy.

It is to be regretted that most societies of this kind are too exclusive in their government. The executive committees are often largely composed of the middle, instead of the mechanic classes, so that the latter lose their faith and interest in them. "This society," they say, "is not ours; does not minister to our wants; nor sympathise with our condition. We have no voice, no part, no lot in it. We come to the library or lecture, and go away again, as people would visit an exhibition. We and it are two separate and distinct things." In several of our large towns—Birmingham and Leeds for example, although the Institutions in those places may be well enough conducted—the artisans have established new societies from this very cause. They thought the existing institutions were too aristocratic and so they left them, and are flourishing under other names.

Now I would have a Mechanics' Institution to be such in reality—a fact, and not a *name* only. I would see it all that the most generous of its advocates could desire it; not a thing to be *patronised*, but to be worked spiritually and bodily out by the mechanics themselves. They, if true to themselves and their object, are the power, and the might, and the majesty. They do not need patronage. The indomitable energy within them shall be the creator of their own materials, and the battler of their own success. If noble-minded, wealthy men, come to them in the name of humanity, and offer them counsel and assistance, let them be welcomed in all honour and affection; but on no account must the self-reliance of the mechanic be transferred to any substitute, or intrusted, as it were, to proxies. The working man must first of all help himself with victorious heart and brain, and the world will run to clap hands over him. If he be in earnest, he will never stop for lack of funds or teachers.

Why, therefore, should we despair of realising in the end those hopes of Mechanics' Institutes which the projectors entertained of them in the beginning. They did not put the cart before the horse.

The best example, with which I am acquainted, of a real working institution is that of Huddersfield. It had its origin in the warehouse of F. Schwann, Esq., merchant. This gentleman, about five years ago, was desirous of founding a library for the use of the men in his employment, by whom he has always been regarded more in the relation of a father than of a master. The proposal was, of course, joyfully received and accepted. The library was formed; and the men intoxicated, as it were, with their new privileges, could not rest satisfied until they were shared by their townsmen. They proposed, therefore, to commence a Mutual Improvement Society, and numbering amongst themselves between twenty and thirty, they hired the British School-room, and engaged the services of the teacher there. They were soon joined by other young men anxious for improvement, and they thus continued to progress, in silence, from one branch of education to another, for about a year. At that time Mr. Schwann made another proposal to them, which was that they should merge themselves into a Mechanics' Institution. It fortunately happened, that amongst the members of the Mutual Improvement Society were men of great enthusiasm and indefatigable energy. Public attention was directed to the Society and its objects. The new proposal, coming as it did from Mr. Schwann, was sure, from his high and esteemed character, to meet with respect—indeed, it was heartily responded to by the noble public of Huddersfield. Commodious rooms were then taken in Nelson's Buildings, New-street, and the Mechanics' Institution became one of the most interesting features in this rising town.

The government of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution is purely democratic. The president and the executive committee are chosen by the members of the constituent body, and are all, with one or two exceptions, legitimate workers, whose hard and iron hands attest the nobility of their occupation. These exceptions, however, have no more than an individual influence in the ruling councils—an influence as men, long identified by sympathy and action with the popular cause, and not as *rich* men. All of them are faithfully devoted to the interests of the institution. A whole population, rapidly increasing, calls aloud to them from the jerry-shops and idle corners of the streets, from the cock-pits and pitch-halfpenny-hells, for instruction and guidance. They talk little, therefore, and *do* much. One of the most delightful features of this institution is that of juvenile instruction. Large numbers of boys employed in the factories, warehouses, and shops all day—who, were it not for these juvenile classes, would get no educational training, but be wandering about the streets, or engaged in vicious games—are by them absorbed and well provided for. There are eight READING CLASSES in all; seven of them meet on Monday, and one on the Tuesday evening of each week; and they are arranged according to progress. Some of the teachers are engaged by the institution at stated salaries; and others, by far the larger proportion, render their services gratuitously: amongst these are two or three gentlemen, masters in their several departments, at the college and collegiate school. In these classes, history, geography, and grammar are incidentally taught; and the pupils are required, by question and otherwise, to *reflect* each lesson—at the conclusion of it—in their answers.

Before entering any of these classes, or being

removed from one to another, they have to attend a probationary class, where their attainments and capacities being tested, they are afterwards placed in the class for which they are best fitted by the advancement they have made. A record is here kept of the acquirements of each pupil on entering, so that his future progress may be watched and noted. This class is under the superintendance of the secretary.

There are now upwards of four hundred juvenile pupils on the books; all of them are members, and entitled to the full privileges of the institution. In order to facilitate their membership, they are required to pay, *fortnightly*, the sum of sixpence (three-pence per week); and for this insignificant amount they can pass through *fourteen* other classes, and learn German, French, Chemistry, Architectural and Ornamental Drawing, Mathematics, &c. &c. So long as they *retain* their cards of admission they are held responsible for arrears—even though they leave the institution. If they *give in* their cards, previously to leaving, they are exempt from further payment until such time as they re-enter the classes, when their subscription of sixpence every two weeks commences as before. Altogether, I think education was never made so available and cheap to the people before. The very same instruction given here for threepence a week, or three shillings and threepence per quarter, would in the various branches—taken separately—cost at the least 10*l.* a quarter in any private school.

Owing to the fluctuation of attendance consequent upon the peculiarity of student membership, it is difficult to declare the amount of paying members to the institution. The roll of members, according to the last report, subscribing one guinea and upwards per annum, now numbers 106—being an increase of forty-five during the past year. Each of this class of members has, in addition to his own privileges as a member, the right of presenting one youth under eighteen years of age to the benefits of the institution; and there are now sixty presentees on the books; and it is deeply to be regretted that the privileges of the annual subscribers have not, in this respect, been more largely exercised.

At least one third of the fortnightly subscribers, on an average, though continuing to maintain their connection with the institution, enjoy, in consequence of absence, a dispensation from payment. Of course, it is not always the same individuals who are in this position; some are absent for a fortnight, some for a month; as these return, others again leave for a season: so that only about two-thirds of their number can be reckoned as regular contributors to the funds. It will readily be seen that this plan has its pecuniary and other disadvantages—but they are almost infinitely overbalanced by the practical and moral benefits received.

The following table may be taken rather as an under than an over estimate of the strength of the institution:—

1. Annual subscribers of 1*l.* 1*s.*, and upwards	106
2. Half-yearly subscribers of 6*s.* 6*d.*	2
3. Quarterly subscribers of 3*s.* 3*d.*	35
4. Fortnightly subscribers of 6*d.*	389
5. Presentees of members	60
	592

This shows an increase of ninety-six on the gross number of members of all kinds for last year, which was estimated at 496, and is an evidence of the steady progress of the institution.

The fortnightly subscribers may be classified as follows:—

Cloth-finishers and others employed in woollen and cotton manufactories	101
Warehousemen	35
Carpenters and joiners	21
Grocers, tea-dealers, &c.	16
Weavers, designers, &c.	18
Drapers	14
Printers	8
Masons	7
Clerks	10
Machine-makers	10
Painters	6
Carvers and gilders	4
Dyers	6
Tailors	6
Cordwainers	8
Plumbers and glaziers	4
Bookbinders	8
Schoolmasters	3
Tinners	3
Whitesmiths	4
Hat and cap manufacturers	3
Trades, various	56
Boys not yet employed in any business	34

I have great hope of those juvenile classes. They seem to me, of all others, to be most needed in societies of this nature, more especially in large manufacturing towns, where there are so many poor boys, over whom their parents have little or no control, and who are therefore frequently abandoned to lawless pursuits and profligate associates. If, indeed, Mechanics' Institutions are to accomplish anything of worth and durability, the example of that of Huddersfield cannot be too speedily followed with respect to such classes. The boys of this generation are to become men in the next; and every instruction they receive now will not only mould *them*—so to speak—but make plastic with their thoughts all with whom they come in contact. For there is no end to the influence of the human mind; and the progression of man may be retarded or advanced in proportion as we neglect or cultivate the young.

It is a fine sight to see the various classes of this institution. In some instances, lads not more than ten or eleven years of age are studying with young men of from twenty to twenty-five years old—all of them endeavouring to learn. Many young men, however, whose education has been entirely neglected, even in the matter of reading, and whose feelings might be wounded by a more promiscuous association, are classed by themselves. There are eight rooms in the institution, including that of the secretary and the reading-room. Each class has its hours marked upon the *attendance list*, and is visited by the secretary, who notes the number of pupils and teachers present, and enters the result afterwards into a ledger provided for the purpose—which, by the way, is a curious statistical document. There are, besides the eight classes denominated reading-classes, fifteen others for adults, which are upon an average well, and in some instances numerously attended. They are as follows:—class for adult beginners; probationary class; grammar classes (Nos. 1 and 2); writing and arithmetic class; school of design—many of the pupils of which have made considerable advances in art; ornamental drawing class—numbering seventy-two pupils (prizes—one of 5*l.*, and another of 2*l.*,—are to be awarded to the best efforts in this department, at the next examination, by two members of the association); architectural drawing class; mechanical drawing class; chemical class—(the lecturer to this class proceeds by practical methods, and each student has his own apparatus, and conducts his own experiments; the materials are

sold to the class at cost price); elocution class; vocal and instrumental music classes; phonographic class; class for the French language, and another for the German language.

It will be seen by the above catalogue that every care has been taken to provide for the instruction of all the members. Neither is there any limit to the education which may be obtained here, except that which is offered by the rooms of the institution. If a given number of members wished to be taught in any department not at present embraced by the institution—whether it were language, art, or physical science—a teacher would be instantly procured. The building now in use, however, is too small for *present* purposes; and the British School-room is in requisition *two nights* every week for certain classes of the institution, attended by 100 pupils each. It is hoped that, before long, subscriptions will be raised large enough to erect a noble and commodious building, capable of holding in the saloon alone 3000 persons. To this object F. Schwann, Esq. has generously contributed 200*l.*; and other gentlemen, with whose names I am not at present acquainted, have increased that sum to 450*l.*

The last Saturday in every month is devoted to a sort of *soiree*, at which all the members and their friends meet as at a festival. Instruction and amusement are beautifully united here. The brass band of the institution, and various other instrumental performances, interspersed with glees, addresses, songs, and recitations, enliven the evening.

The library contains only 900 volumes. Every effort is making, however, to increase it; and the proceeds of the *soiree* of the Mechanics' Institution of the Yorks Union (held on the 3d of June last, Lord Morpeth in the chair) are to be devoted to this object.

In consequence of the strictly educational character of the institution, there are not many lectures delivered here; they interfere too much with the classes. At the monthly meetings, however, lectures upon science, art, morals, and literature, are occasionally given, and have proved of much value to the members.

I must here draw my lengthened sketch to a close. Of course it is to be regarded only as a sketch; the real embodiment of it are the members themselves, from whom I hope much. It seems to me, however, that this institution has seized hold of the only true method of elevating the people—and that is, by educating the young and the adult. So brave an example has not been without its imitators; and there is scarcely a hamlet within five miles of Huddersfield—whether upon the mountain tops or in the valleys—which has not its Mechanics' Institution. One of them, the name of which I cannot now call to mind, advertised a little time ago for a secretary, who was likewise to fulfil the office of a day-school teacher, at a salary of *eighty guineas per annum!*

Our Library.

MEMOIRS AND ESSAYS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL MORALS.*

By Mrs. Jameson.

Whatever Mrs. Jameson writes is characteristic of her mind—at once graceful, pure, and true, and essentially womanly. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the volume before us, which, with its memoirs and essays illustrative of art, literature, and social morals, might be taken as a specimen of the author's mode of thought and feeling. There is here all her love of art, her sense of the picturesque and beautiful, and all her deep sympathies with woman in the anomalies of her social position. On this latter subject, Mrs. Jameson, in this volume, writes wisely and opportunely, with a thorough knowledge of the question, and without any of that antagonistic spirit by which the zealous and fervent advocates of truth too often rather impede than advance its progress. Pity only, that while seeing and feeling the evils and difficulties of woman's social position, she has satisfied herself rather by placing them strongly and temperately before us, than suggesting any remedy. And what, indeed, can the remedy be but an entire reorganisation of social life in many respects, the most difficult part being that so much of this must be in man himself? Whilst man is self-indulgent, and sacrifices all to himself and for himself, woman must be the victim; whether as the heiress who to-day is mistress of a hundred thousand pounds, and to-morrow, as the wife, cannot command five shillings beyond her settlement, down to the poor wretch who, unable to live by her needle, betakes herself to sin, and dies in the river—all must be victims.

The question of woman's true position and mission in social life is not a difficult question, as defined either by nature or religion, but in practice we are all wrong, and laws being made by man, are made for man, and woman, as the weakest, must yield and suffer.

Passing over the artistical part of this interesting volume, we will confine ourselves to the last two essays — *Woman's Mission and Position*, and *Mothers and Governesses*—as being more immediately important at this moment.

There is a great deal of sterling truth in these opening remarks:—

There was once a Spanish lady, a certain Donna Maria d'Escobar, living at Lima, who had a few grains of wheat, which she had brought from Estremadura. She planted them in her garden, and of the slender harvest she distributed to others, until that which had been counted in grains was counted in sheaves; and that which had been counted in sheaves was counted in fields; and thence came all the corn which is found in Peru.

This anecdote—it is told, I think, by Southey—made a strong impression on my fancy many years ago, and it recurs to me often when I feel discouraged at the slow dissemination of the most precious, the most obvious truths. The hope that one so powerless as myself could ever assist in popularising any great truth, or help to convert the unfamiliar, the unpalatable, into the common food of daily life, *that* has seemed like vanity; but then I have thought—"No! that word 'vanity' shall not frighten me." Wisely said the famous Thinker of old, that there is sometimes as great vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world as in publishing them; and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of ultra-modesty. When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak lest they should not be listened to; spreading their hands before their faces, lest they meet the reflection of it in every other face—as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing-room panelled with looking-glasses; always fussily putting this obtrusive self behind them, or dragging over it a scanty drapery of consciousness, miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliment, or mistaking sympathy for compliment which is as great an error, and a far more vulgar error than that of mistaking flattery for sympathy: when I have seen this—and how often I have seen it allied with power and talent!—I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness, or to, what is worse, a want of innate integrity and simplicity. To some minds fame is like an intoxicating cup put to their lips he does well to turn away from it who fears it will turn his head; but to others it is "love disguised"—the love that answers love in its widest, most exalted sense. It seems to me that, instead of stopping to calculate the little or the much we can do, we should all, according to the diversity of the gifts which God has bestowed, bring the best that is in us, and lay it a reverend offering on the altar of humanity, to burn and enlighten; or, if that may not be, at least to rise in incense to heaven. So taught

* Richard Bentley, 1 vol.

the Great Teacher—so will the pure in heart and the unselfish do, and will not heed, though they who *can* bring nothing, or *will* bring nothing, unless they can blaze like a beacon—call out "vanity."

But now let us turn to the more immediate subject of the first essay; she says:—

To legislate for women as a part of the labouring community, our legislators must first understand what it is in our nature to desire; what it is in our power to perform; what it is in our duty to fulfil. Before you can do us right you must do away with the wrong. And what is the source of this wrong? It lies in the singular, unaccountable, and, as it should seem, irreconcileable antagonism between the moral law and the law of opinion. * * * Opinion tells us that the chief distinction between Heathenism and Christianity lies in the treatment and condition of the women; that by the position of woman in the scale of society we estimate the degree of civilisation of that society; that on her power to exercise her faculties and duties aright depends the moral culture of the rising generation—in other words the progress of the species. All books, all arguments, all legislation, of which woman is the subject, declare as a first principle, and assume it as an admitted fact, that in every class of Christian society there is what is called *domestic life;* that this domestic life supposes as its primary element the presence, the cares, the devotion of woman. Her sphere is home, her vocation the nourishing, cherishing, and teaching of the young. In all the relations between the sexes, she is the refiner and comforter of man. It is hers to keep alive all those purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which men, exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life, and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate—*do* degenerate, for the case is not hypothetical—into mere brutes. Such is the beautiful theory of the woman's existence, preached to her by moralists, sung to her by poets, till it has become the world's creed, and her own faith, even in the teeth of fact and experience! Let man, the bread-winner, go abroad; let woman stay at *home.* Let her not be seen in the haunts of rude labour, any more than in those of vicious pleasure; for is she not *the mother?* highest, holiest, dearest title to the respect and the tenderness of her protector, *man!*

Mrs. Jameson gives them a sketch of the real state of the mothers and daughters of the so-called lower classes, with all their hardships and degradations, from their cradle upwards; and then proceeds:—

But leaving these classes—in which a deficient education, habitual endurance, or an hereditary low organisation, may be supposed to deaden the sense of suffering—let us go a step higher, to the classes immediately above them—attorneys and apothecaries, tradesmen and shopkeepers, bankers and merchants' clerks, &c. In this class more than two-thirds of the women are obliged to earn their bread. This is an obligation which the advance of civilisation, no less than the pressure of the times, has forced upon them; an obligation of which womankind, in the long run, will not have reason to complain. Meanwhile, it is not of her just share of hardship in hard times that the woman complains at present; but she may well think it a peculiar hardship, a cruel mockery, that while an obligation is laid upon her, and the necessity and the severity of the labour increases every day, her capabilities are limited by law—or custom strong as law, or prejudice stronger than either—to one or two departments, while in every other the door is shut against her. She is educated for one destiny, and another is inevitably before her. Her education instructs her to love and adorn her home—"the woman's proper sphere"—cultivates her affections, refines her sensibilities; gives her no higher aim but to please man, "her protector;" and allows her no other ambition than to become a good wife and mother. Thus prepared, or rather unprepared, her destiny sends her forth into the world to toil and endure as though she had nerves of iron; she must learn to protect herself, or she is a ore likely to be the victim and prey of her "protector, man," than his helpmate and companion. She cannot soothe his toils; for, like him she must toil; to live she must work—but by working can she live? It ought to be no question whether those who are able and willing to work can live by their work; but here it is a question. In these middle classes, the opportunities afforded to men to gain a living are, compared with those of the women, as ten to one; yet the men tell us that the competition is so great, that they find it difficult to maintain themselves—and to maintain a wife and children next to impossible. The increasing number of unmarried men, with their reading clubs, mechanics' institutes—we will say nothing of taverns, theatres, and other places of social resort—argues, of course, an increasing number of unmarried females, who not only have no opportunity of mutual improvement and social recreation, but, if they be "respectable" women, cannot even walk through the streets without being subjected to the insults of men also called and esteemed "respectable" and who are destined never to be either wives or mothers, though they have heard from their infancy that such, by the appointment of God, is their vocation in this world, and no other. Such may be their vocation, but such is not their destiny; no, they must go forth to labour; to encounter on every side strange, iron prejudices, adverse institutions, formed and framed in a social state quite different from that which exists at present.

Speaking of the seamstresses, she says—

A poor young woman has but little chance of earning her bread as one of them; so long as the great "houses" can procure girls to work for eighteen hours out of the four and twenty, or "to sit up three nights in the week through the season," they can do without more hands. No room for her here! * * * What shall she do? She can write a good hand, and is a quick, ready accountant. She might be a clerk, or a cashier, or an assistant in a mercantile house. Such a thing is common in France, but here in England who would employ her? Who would countenance such an innovation on all our English ideas of feminine propriety? And as such it must be regarded as long as the woman is the licensed prey of the man, unprotected by opinion, or custom, or christian charity.

Again, pursuing the subject still farther, she says:—

It is now about four years since the government opened a female school of design at Somerset House. In a state of things such as I have here ventured to touch upon, it seemed no mighty effort of generosity that the advantages already given to about 200 boys should be extended to twenty or thirty girls—that a poor young woman should be enabled to obtain, at a small cost, the power of using a pencil, drawing ornaments, inventing patterns; thus adding one more to their limited means of existence; and one particularly calculated for the quick fancy, the elegant taste, and the neat, ready hand of a woman. The first expression of opinion which this just and benevolent project elicited was a petition drawn up by the artists employed in wood-engraving, praying that, the women might not be taught, at the expense of government arts which would "interfere with the employment of men, and take the bread out of their mouths;" and further, "tempt the women to forego those household employments more befitting their sex." (No petitions were presented on the part of the men against young women let out in gangs to break stones and dig potatoes.)

Nothing can be more admirable than the whole of this excellent essay, to which we would call the serious attention of every thinking man and woman; for woman, difficult as her path is, and trammelled as she is on all sides, may yet, and will, do a great deal towards the true emancipation of herself. Not less deserving of regard is the last essay in the volume, on the *Relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses,* and from which it was also our intention to have made some extracts—but we have exceeded already our brief space, and can now only cordially recommend this work to public notice.

Tales from Spenser's Faerie Queen.*

This little book is one of Felix Summerley's charming series, and consists of four of the most famous of Spenser's Legends done into prose for the better understanding of the young. We can speak from experience of the delight with which it is perused by children, nor could any prettier illustration of the book have been given than that of a fine manly little fellow of nine reading these legends to his little sister of seven, who sate full of enthusiasm for a whole summer-day, listening till the last page was reached, and then nothing being done or thought of but playing at knights and ladies, combating with dragons, and overcoming wicked enchanters. There wanted nothing farther to prove that Felix Summerley had hit the taste of this loving pair, and we will venture to say that these are not the only ones who have already been made happy, and will be so again, by the reading of this pretty book.

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* Cundall, Bond-street.

TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF THE POPULAR CAUSE.

By William Howitt.

It is not our business to deal with the mere facts of party politics, but it is our highest and most animating business to recount the prominent facts of popular progress, and to congratulate the people on them. There has been no single point of time during the last half century which included such splendid causes of national rejoicing as that measured out by the speech of Sir Robert Peel on Monday evening. The Prime Minister of England resigned his office amid a blaze of glory such as never yet crowned the brows of any minister of any country. The conclusion of the war was a grand event. It was brought about by the mad ambition of Napoleon, and the valour of British troops. But there had been bloody madness put a stop to before; there had been immense displays of valour before. The Reform Bill was a grand event, a much greater event than the termination of the war, because the war died only the natural death of wars, incalculable as was the blessing of the peace which it gave. The Reform Bill was the product of popular power made manifest through opinion. But it was an imperfect work. It showed that popular opinion was still weak; had still to contend with a powerful faction—the aristocracy, and a vast strength of old conceit in the government. The retiring speech of Sir Robert Peel on Monday evening displayed the full-grown fact that this faction had thoroughly succumbed to public opinion, this old conceit had been completely beaten down by it. If we listen to the *tone* of Sir Robert's speech, or to the facts proclaimed in it, and turn back and reflect what was the ministerial tone twenty years ago, what were the facts then proclaimed by ministers, our astonishment must be equally great and agreeable. Then the tone was that of dictators: of men who possessed power by a right divine; every atom of which attempted to be reduced by the people, they regarded as a daring, unwarrantable, and unholy work. Every man who called for the restoration of popular rights was branded as a discontented jacobin, as a firebrand in the republic, as one who would introduce anarchy, and the most frightful series of sacrileges and social atrocities. They who were not satisfied with the country as it was were told that they might leave it. What is the tone now? It is that of entire deference to public opinion, and of entire sympathy with it. "Two great nations impelled, I believe, by public opinion, *which ought to guide all countries*, have by a feeling of moderation, and a spirit of mutual compromise, avoided that dreadful calamity of war between two nations of kindred race and common language, which would have been productive of the most disastrous results."

Thus public opinion is discovered, at length, by the prime minister of England, to be "that which ought to guide all countries." It is discovered, that not only is the opinion of the people the real governing power, but so far from being pregnant —as we used to hear out of the same quarter—with anarchy, with revolution, with destruction of everything sacred and valuable, it is this power, under this very guidance, which has displayed a wise moderation, a beautiful spirit of human compromise, and instead of provoking, has averted the dreadful calamity of war. Glorious concession, pregnant with a thousand future popular triumphs!

Thus, after the emancipation of the Catholics, —after the privilege of marrying granted to dissenters— after the admission of members of the Society of Friends to places in Parliament and the magistracy without the safeguard of an oath—after the liberation of the slaves—after the passing of the Reform Bill—after municipal reform (every one of which changes was pronounced to be a work of ruin to the constitution)—the prime minister of England justifies in his place every movement of the popular mind for the last half century, every act resulting from that movement. Nay, he goes still further, and glorying in the greatest change of all—the abolition of the corn-law—so far from accusing the most active and successful agitator of that change as a turbulent or mischievous fellow, he pronounces on him a high eulogium, for the zeal and ability, the eloquence and able strategy of that agitation. His motives are pronounced to be pure and disinterested, his energy untiring, his appeals as made to reason, his eloquence simple and therefore admirable, his object great; and finally, and for these causes, his name —the name of Richard Cobden—to be pronounced with profound respect!

Hear that, ye people of England. Hear from the lips of the ablest and most experienced minister which England for the last forty years has seen— that your maxims of policy and your principles of reform are the true maxims of government, and that it is your opinion and its force that are to be reverenced and obeyed. Hear that, ye people of England, and go on—strong, wise, and invincible—to the conquest of all that your heart desires!

But there lies a still prouder compliment to the collective wisdom of the British popular mind in this most remarkable speech of Sir Robert Peel. You have saved two great nations from war. It is duly and truly admitted that this is not owing so much to government as to you. Ministers have been "impelled by public opinion, which ought to guide all countries," to this conclusion. It is the people, and not the government, which has long been undermining the trade of war, sapping the old bulwarks of man-slaughter, building up on the cleared ground the celestial palace of eternal peace. It is the people who have in simplicity and love received the divine message "of peace on earth and goodwill towards men." They have by books, by lectures, by peace societies, been showing things in their true shapes, and calling things by their right names, till the spirit of peace, like the breath of an angel, has gone over the multitude, and they have become glorious in the spirit of this wisdom. Before this great and sublime change the very heart of the old ruling powers has stood abashed, has trembled, and become humanised. The very ministry which used to deal in the common delusion of martial glory, has looked on and seen that the day of dupery was over. The people have conquered their masters and retaught their teachers. Sir Robert comes forth at once with the language of common sense. "And I will add, that not one year could pass, not one month of such a war would expire, without being accompanied with an amount of expense which would exceed the value of the whole territory about which the dispute arose." This has long been the language of the people, thank God that they have at length taught it to the government. But it is not merely imprudent to go to war, it is unchristian. Sir

Robert assumes a just merit in the government for its desire to promote peace, and compliments the foreign minister on his zealous exertions to this end. "He has dared," he says, "to avow that he thinks, that in a Christian country, there is a moral obligation in a Christian minister to exhaust every effort before incurring a war." A sound and undeniable truth, by no means new, except in the mouth of a minister, and there of the most eminent moment, for it is the guarantee against carnage and the misery of nations!

Still further, however, this schooling of the people extends. The people have called on government for whole generations to give to Ireland equal laws and privileges with England; to make it a real portion of the empire; but it has been the infatuation of the government, that Ireland was meant only to be fed on stones and caressed with cudgels. It was but lately that we declared that it was now time that this rueful farce should end: but lo! it is much nearer the end than any man dreamed of! The Coercion Bill rudely knocked out of his hand, Sir Robert seems to awake from a trance, and declares to the astonished ears of parliament—"There is a strong desire in the minds of many that the people of Ireland should be placed in possession of the same political and religious rights as those of England and Scotland, and I admit the correctness of the principle. Not only do I admit the justice of the principle, but I am of opinion that a complete assimilation of Ireland to England and Scotland should not be defeated by any jealousy and suspicion on our part. With regard to every question involving the rights and privileges of the people of Ireland, I say distinctly, that I think there ought not to be a different rule applied to Ireland to that which is applied to the people of this country."

Brave words, they can never be recalled! There is no backing out of them: they are pronounced by a prime minister of England, in the face of parliament and people, and no man who is not prepared to carry out their meaning can ever be minister again in this country. These words are the quietus of repeal. At one stroke, the old minister's "cunning of political fence," knocks down the last hope of O'Connell's great agitation, and outbids his opponent. What a magnificent assemblage of promises and achievements in that speech! War, the corn-law, the brutal and impolitic treatment of Ireland, all go together! Such a scattering to the winds of the ugly imps that have so long haunted the chamber of the government magician might make us doubt that it was no more than a piece of the magician's art to delude us; but Sir Robert has now again and again shown that what he says on such occasions he means. He is of all men wise to observe the signs of the times; and those signs are all indicative of the power before which he now bows—public opinion. It may be a question how far Sir Robert is guided by policy, and how far by the dictates of his own heart. Let every man think of that as he pleases. For our parts, we are disposed to give him every benefit of a favourable credence. We are disposed to believe that, at all times ambitious of the flattering possession of the power of the greatest kingdom in the world, in past times he saw that it was only to be secured by falling in with the maxims of the day. The day and its maxims are gone by, and the better nature of the man now feels itself able to develope itself. The wings which were concealed to avoid clipping, now burst abroad, and the spirit of a new era sweeps forth for a new and more glorious flight. That a better nature lay beneath the official has long been manifested by many acts of generous grace. Sir Robert Peel has long been almost the only minister who has displayed a genuine sympathy for the struggles of the artist and the author, and has put forth a kind hand to aid them. And if he has now, in the latter days of an active and agitated life, seen in the cool hour, as it were, of a solemn sunset, that a new power is on the earth—a power in which he may confide, and with which he may work for an unexpected glory—God speed him!—for never before did such a revelation of a sacred vision of renown dawn on mortal man in the eleventh hour. To stand at the head of a nation, itself the head of the world, ready to do that nation's will. To be prepared to show to all mankind, that every great and godlike principle which a great and Christian people has adopted as the law of heaven for the felicity of earth, can and shall be made effective. To make peace glorious, and war abhorrent—to unfetter the mother-hands of trade, that she may feed all her children as with the impartial love that a bird feeds every gaping beak in its nest; to raise the million in knowledge and comfort—to make religion necessary as a very means of expressing thankfulness for the uninterrupted blessings of heaven—to promote science, art, and a general virtue; and to live but as the organ and the representative of a people growing every day wiser, freer and happier—that were a life such as poets have conceived in their intensest visions,—and yet it is a life within his reach. And depend upon it, that such ideas do not escape Sir Robert. They glance forth in the concluding sentence of his speech. "But it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those dwellings which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter, because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

But whatever be the fate, the consistency, or the aspiring fortitude of Sir Robert—and such a man cannot retire—the fate of the nation is certain. Public opinion is pronounced not only just in principle but safe in practice. Its advance is admitted by the rulers to be towards prosperity, dignity, and power. The tears and the blood of those who were branded as traitors, and denounced as the enemies of their country, have not watered the earth in vain. We are now reaping from that tear and blood-dyed soil power and honour. There can arise no obstacle huge enough to stop the progress of reform. Peace, and arbitration for peace, freedom in trade and in religion, justice to Ireland and justice to the labouring millions, will be but the harbingers of fresh triumphs over antique prejudices, and of fresh discoveries for the benefit of man. Never did these assurances, which have been growing from year to year, receive such brilliant confirmation as they have done within this present month. "Many have desired to see this day, and have not seen it;" but we, who live in its advancing splendour, may glorify ourselves in the work we have to do. It is simply to put shoulder to shoulder, and urge on, amid hymns of victory, the harvest-wain of a plenty, sown amid enemies, watched amid perils, but now destined to come home amid the joyful tears of the old, and the shouts of that young generation, the destined heirs of its enjoyment. Oh! how far greater is the England to come than the England that is past!



THE MISS CUSHMANS, IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

FROM A SKETCH BY MARGARET GILLIES.

THE MISS CUSHMANS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

According to our belief, all art, whether it be poetry, music, painting, or histrionic representation, is designed as an instrument of human advance and enlightenment. That poetry, music, and painting are so, is pretty generally admitted; with regard to the stage, however, heads are shaken and demurs are made, even by minds divested of many popular prejudices—and, we must confess, with some show of reason. But the objection lies not in the art itself so much as in its abuse, which is, in fact, an argument against the use of so many of God's good gifts. Corrupt passions have degraded the stage, and made that impure which was not of necessity so; and considering Miss Cushman as one of its regenerators, we regard her with honour, if not with reverence.

All art whatever, in its highest and noblest exercise, requires, as a condition of its full development, devotion of heart, earnestness, purity of purpose, and purity of life—virtues enough for a high-priest. We do not deny but that men and women too, wanting many of these qualifications, have still distinguished themselves nobly in their respective walks of art—but this we maintain, that knowing how far they have gone and how high they have risen, we know not still to what loftier heights they might have risen, had their natures been more faithfully schooled to the purposes and intentions of art. The life of the true artist, in all departments alike—ought to be a life of earnest and sincere endeavour to achieve as much excellence as it lies in his power to conceive; and to do this, labour, study, and self-denial are necessary—and very few, alas! are able to practise this last condition—the hardest of all.

In no walk of artist-life are the temptations so strong as in that of the actor. There is something, so to say, more outward, more appealing to the senses in that than others; he, himself bodily, is the representative of his power; he appeals to our souls personally, and in his own person he receives our homage, and the homage which the successful actor or actress receives is the most intoxicating in the world. How truly great, then, are those who remain unscathed by it!

As we said before, all artist-life, and that of the actor among them, requires for its full perfecting the highest powers of human nature—the resistance of temptation, self-denial, and purity of life. The time will come when the necessity for these virtues—in which, we repeat it, great strength lies—will be acknowledged, and then, and not till then, will it be seen what a truly divine thing is genius, and what it lies in human nature to achieve. It is because we recognise in Miss Cushman an approach to our ideal of the greatly pure in art that we regard her as one of its noblest representatives. She is, it is true, singularly gifted for the great artist. There is a natural breadth and grandeur in her mind which enables her to take large views, and hence her impersonation of character is strongly drawn in clear, broad outline, with a fullness of finish that gives to it that extraordinary completeness for which it is remarkable. Besides this, there is in her own character great truth and earnestness; she is possessed of sober judgment and calm good sense, combined with wonderful enthusiasm and force of passion, which enable her fully to feel and faithfully to delineate every character she assumes, whether it be the impassioned Romeo falling in love at first sight; the earnest, high-souled Ion, ready to sacrifice all for duty; or the weird-woman, Meg Merrilies, whose wild voice and shrivelled arm send a thrill through the soul—all are alike true and great. And Miss Cushman is great; not only because she is nobly gifted by nature, but because she takes a noble view of her art, and is not satisfied without doing her best at all times. In her case nature and art are one, with this difference, that *art* is the representative and interpreter of *nature*. Her acting is not *acting* in its imitative sense, but *action;* the very action of nature, and therefore it is always true—often unconventional, often different to the accustomed mode of rendering the character, but always a grand and true conception, and one which fills and satisfies the mind. This clear, earnest exposition of nature is a distinguishing characteristic of this great actress, and we particularly insist upon its being necessary to greatness in all walks of art—for nature and truth are the same—not rough, coarse, unassisted nature, but with every assistance of study, experience, cultivation, and self-discipline—nature still, strong, unfettered, and fearless nature.

But we have said more than enough, perhaps, by way of introduction to the little memoir of this gifted lady and her beautiful sister, which, obtained from authentic sources, we have much pleasure in laying before our readers.

The Cushmans are descended, both on their father's and mother's side from the Pilgrim Fathers. The first who emigrated to America was Robert Cushman, a Presbyterian, who, fleeing from persecution at home, was one of that band of exiles called Pilgrim Fathers, and was himself the first of those who set foot on Plymouth Rock. He also, although not a minister, was the first who wrote and published a sermon in the new colony. After having established his family in this new land of promise, he returned to the old country, to watch by an intolerant throne over the interests of the infant colony. It is a singular fact that of all the Pilgrim Fathers Robert Cushman was the only one after whom neither town, river, nor lake was called. It is, however, the laudable intention of his descendants to erect a monument to his memory on Plymouth Rock itself.

Of the Puritan settlers who came from England to America, the less dignified families fixed themselves at and about Plymouth, while the more wealthy and aristocratic removed northward to Gloucester and Cape Ann. Among those at the latter place was one family of the name of Saunders.

At the middle of the last century a family of that name, and directly descended from the original Pilgrim worthies, still lived at Cape Ann. Among other children there were two daughters, remarkably handsome women. One of these married a Russian merchant of great wealth, and some of her descendants, by the name of Vernon, are said to be now living in Wales. The other daughter, the maternal grandmother of the Cushmans, was not more remarkable for her beauty than for her great abilities and noble character of mind. She was much admired and courted in her youth by the gentlemen of Cape Ann and by the officers of the army and navy. She was remarkably witty and brilliant in conversation, was intimate with many of the leading men in the Revolution, and enjoyed the acquaintance of Washington. Through her sister's marriage, probably, she became acquainted with a young man who also traded to Russia, of the name of Cutting. She became deeply attached to him; and the course of this

true love, which did not run smooth, cast a cloud, and gave a dark colouring to the whole of her life. From some cause or other, her family thought well to put an end to their acquaintance. The lover's letters were intercepted, and her mind was possesed with the belief of his inconstancy. She was accordingly sent from home, in order that change of scene and new acquaintance might divert her mind from her unhappy love-affair. Here, as usual, lovers were plenty, and amongst them a young lawyer named Babbitt, whose brother, afterwards the most distinguished surgeon in Massachussetts, had married her cousin and dearest friend. It so happened, however, that here also, as in the former case, her family put in opposition, although her wishes favoured him. Thinking it, therefore, best to please herself, seeing there was so little chance of pleasing them, she married him against their consent, and whilst she was yet on a visit. The day of their marriage the young couple set out on a tour of pleasure, and stopped for the night at a seaport-town on their way to the north. The house was in great disorder from the late departure of many guests, and the landlady, in taking them into their chamber, apologised for its state of derangement, as it had been left, she said, but an hour before by a young merchant captain, who was on his way to Cape Ann to see the lady he dearly loved, and to whom he hoped immediately to be married. The bride knew that it was her first true love, and the affair sank deeply into her soul. She never forgot him as long as she lived, and in her old age the precious legacy which she left to her favourite grand-daughter, Charlotte—our Miss Cushman—were the love-letters which had passed between her and her unfortunate lover. As for him, on discovering, on his arrival at Cape Ann, the marriage of his mistress, and the consequent disappointment of all his hopes, he returned to Russia, where he died

Not very long after her marriage she removed with her husband from Cape Ann to Sturbridge, Worcester County, where she lived for some years. The country, however, was poor, and furnished very little employment for a lawyer; besides which, it then being the time of the struggle for independence, her husband raised a body of patriot soldiers, and devoted himself to the interests of his country. In a worldly point of view things went on ill with them. She had two children, a son and daughter; and it was necessary for her to exert herself for their support as well as her own.

She therefore commenced business as a dressmaker and milliner, in which she was very successful; but, with an excusable degree of pride, she for a long time concealed from her family the knowledge of her own exertions. Great were the difficulties she had to struggle with, and yet her noble disposition and benevolent heart carried her through all; and she had always a home for the unfortunate, many of whom were French refugees, whom she befriended, and even concealed in her house; and it is remarkable that, even through all her misfortunes, she never lost her wit and her brilliancy in conversation. Troubles, it is proverbially said, never come singly; and thus a third child, born in the dark season of her life, was of feeble constitution, and ultimately a cripple. As an infant, his sister, then growing up, tended him with the love of a second mother, and wherever she went carried him with her on a pillow. These early troubles and difficulties, however, like all permitted evil, had their good effect. A helpful, self-relying spirit grew up within the daughter; and at the age of seventeen she, with her mother, removed to Boston, where, young as she was, she opened a school, and with the most admirable determination and courage, toiled on in the path of duty. In course of time she married Mr. Cushman, of Boston, a man in middle life and a widower. These were the parents of our actresses.

Mr. Cushman was a merchant in good circumstances, who traded from Boston to the coast towns, and thirteen years of happiness and prosperity succeeded their marriage. He, however, was one who, singularly upright and honest himself, never suspected the contrary in others; and in the end he was ruined by the dishonesty of persons in his employment, in whom he had placed the most unbounded confidence. His troubles completely broke his spirit; he set out to look after a little property he had in the Eastern country, and there he died. His widow was left with five children. But she was not one to be crushed even by misfortune; she had health, strength, a noble courage, and five children; she opened, therefore, a boarding house in Boston, where, if not affluently, she lived respectably.

The eldest daughter, Charlotte, our Miss Cushman, inherited from her mother, who was a beautiful singer, a fine taste for music. As a child, she was remarkable for her grave and earnest character; she was not fond of playing with other children, but retired apart, where she read tragedies and practised singing. Seeing her great taste for music, her mother wisely determined to cultivate it to the utmost in her power. She was not wealthy enough, however, to obtain the first-rate masters for her daughter; but native talent is like love, give it only breathing room, and it will struggle into day; so was it here. Her first teacher was but himself at that time a pupil; but she progressed under his tuition. She sang in the chapel, and at fifteen at a public concert, where she was heard by a gentleman of great wealth and taste in the city, who resolved that such extraordinary promise should not fail for lack of cultivation. Through his means, therefore, the best instruction was afforded her, and she was placed as an articled-pupil for three years with the master of her former pupil-teacher, an Englishman of the name of Paddon, formerly an organist in London. After two years, being invited by some wealthy relations in New York to visit them for a month; she went there. Her relations were delighted with their young and wonderfully gifted kinswoman, and wished much to adopt her, and provide for her for life. She wrote for her mother's consent or opinion; and three months, instead of one, were spent in deciding the subject. The mother would not consent to parting with her daughter, and Charlotte returning home, found that this long visit had broken her articles with Mr. Paddon. This caused her the less regret, as she had found that he could give her but limited instruction which would not, in the end, qualify her for more than a teacher herself.

Soon after this, Mrs. Wood, formerly Miss Paton, came to Boston, and with her she sung in a concert. Mrs. Wood, who was astonished and delighted with her voice, declared it to be the finest contralto she had ever heard, and advised her to turn her attention to singing on the stage. This advice was greatly against the wishes and views of her family and connections. Both in former and later times, her family, both on her father's and mother's side, had been rigid presbyterians, and the sons through many generations had often been preachers; there was, therefore, in the minds of all, an inborn horror of the stage; it was to their ideas

a place of sin and degradation. All, therefore, stedfastly set their faces against such a misuse and abuse of talent. Fortunately, however, the young genius was strong in her own wilfulness; she felt that a great and pure spirit was in her, and she feared no evil. Her good, but bigoted kinsfolk held up their hands, shook their heads, foretold evil; but she had taken her resolve, and was not one of those who can be turned back by shadows.

Mrs. Wood had brought over with her a young musical director, an Irishman of the name of Maeder, who afterwards married Clara Fisher; and under his care, Charlotte Cushman was brought out as a public singer, in the character of the Countess, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. She was then just nineteen, and her success was complete. She bade fair to be one of the first singers of the age. This being the case, and she being brought out under Mr. Maeder, the old master, Paddon, now claimed her as his articled pupil, and a violent paper-war was the consequence. All this was painful, and many difficulties arose, which were enough to have daunted any one less courageous than herself. At length, however, her horizon seemed to brighten; an engagement was made for her by Maeder, in which, as *prima donna*, she was to accompany himself and his wife to New Orleans, where a new theatre had been erected, and here she became acquainted with Decamp, and Mrs. Frederick Brown, the brother and sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble.

At New Orleans, however, a misfortune befel our young singer, which must inevitably have crushed any spirit less buoyant than her own; and, but for her own scope of untried powers, which, as it were, lay in reserve for the evil day, she must have sunk under it. The change of climate from the north to the south, the severity of practice requisite, and the unwise attempt to overstrain her voice from a pure contralto to an available soprana, certainly destroyed it. No situation can be conceived more distressing, or more calculated to drive to utter despair. There she was, in a strange country, away from her own friends and family—disappointed, ruined, as it seemed, by the step she had taken against their counsel. What was to be done? She could not return to her mother a beggar, after having left her with a fortune, as she believed, in her voice. What, indeed, was to be done?

With a noble resolution not to sink, she took heart, although she knew not then upon what plank she was to be saved. She had one true friend, however, in the tragedian of the theatre, a gentleman named Barton, now a professor of elocution in the West of England, a noble-hearted man and a fine scholar. From him she asked advice in her difficult and painful circumstances; and he, appreciating her yet untried talent for acting, recommended that as a profession. With him, therefore, she read such plays as *Venice Preserved*, *Macbeth*, &c.; but as all this was in opposition to the will of Maeder, who would have discountenanced any attempt of the kind, she was obliged to keep all secret from him, and her studies were carried on in a little garret, where, at least, she could ensure privacy; and here, in this little mean room, she studied and conceived all those great tragedy parts in which she has so remarkably distinguished herself. Any one but she must have been daunted by the outward circumstances that surrounded her; but the strength of real greatness was in her, and few indeed are the untoward and adverse circumstances which genius, and a high, clear moral nature, will not overcome. Charlotte Cushman is one of these; they are among the noblest of God's creatures, whose strength and truth are only the more called out by trial. Such cannot be subdued, and, like the acanthus leaf under the tile, the very pressure which would have crushed a meaner weed, fashions them into immortal beauty, which becomes a decoration for the temple of the gods.

The time now drew near when she was to have a trial in her new vocation. To the utter astonishment of everyone connected with the theatre she was announced for Lady Macbeth on the occasion of the benefit of her friend Mr. Barton. She had no dress whatever for the character, and fearing that if this were known it would throw an insuperable impediment in the way, she did not mention it until the very morning of rehearsal. It was then too late to make any alteration, and the manager, in great dismay and anger, sent her with a note to Madame Clozel, of the French Theatre, with whose personal appearance she was not even acquainted. She took the note, requesting the loan of a dress for Lady Macbeth, herself. She was tall, and at that time very slender; of course, therefore, she imagined that the lady whose dress she was to wear was of a figure similar to her own. Her consternation and dismay may be imagined, therefore, when we say that Madame Clozel was a very short and immensely stout woman, whose waist alone would measure nearly two yards round. However, no lions, real or imaginary, ever stood in Miss Cushman's path. Nothing could equal the ready good nature of the kind-hearted Frenchwoman; and by dint of taking in huge seams, and letting down broad hems, a dress was manufactured, in which the new aspirant for tragedy fame made a very respectable appearance. The theatrical corps had from the first held up their hands and foretold defeat, and many a one came to laugh. But the performance was a complete triumph; the most unanimous applause showered upon her, and there no longer existed any doubt regarding her being a great tragic actress. The piece was repeated many nights, and then, with her fame established, as far as New Orleans was concerned, she returned to New York, happy in the possession of a new path to fame and independence, and thinking, in her young imagination, that she was about to set the world on fire.

However, all was not as smooth and easy as she had anticipated. At the principal theatre in New York she found it impossible to obtain an engagement without first acting on trial. An engagement was at once offered her by a minor theatre. Pride warred against it; but pecuniary considerations induced her to accept it; more especially as by so doing she was enabled to assist those dearest to her, and who now needed assistance. Her engagement here was for three years; and during this time she determined to establish such a reputation as should enable her to make her own terms with any theatre. She sent accordingly for her family to New York; but scarcely had she entered on her engagement when she was attacked by a violent illness, which completely prostrated her strength, and brought her very low. She suffered extremely both in body and mind; she was unable to fulfil her engagement, and she had induced, in the certain hope of success, others to depend upon her. Her anxieties may be imagined. As soon as she was at all convalescent she entered upon her theatrical duties; but she had done this before her strength was equal to it. For one whole week she acted, and every night a fresh character; the

exertion was immense; and on the Saturday night she went ill to her bed, and a violent and long attack of fever was the consequence. On the following Monday the theatre was burnt to the ground, and with it perished all her theatrical wardrobe.

Thus was she left pennyless, without an engagement, on a bed of sickness, and with her family dependent upon her.

(To be continued.)

Poetry for the People.

UP AND DOWN.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Up! is the merry lark floating to sing
Its matins of joy to the sun of spring;
Down! is the bird of night winging to peer
For the mice in the barn-hole, dun and drear;
Up! is the beamy sun shining to give
Their verdure and hues to all flowers that live;
Down! is the gaping mine, lone, dark and cold,
Where the children of Mammon starve for gold:
Down! is the coward that slinketh to die;
Up! is the hero that looketh on high.

Up! is the calm of the clear and blue sky,
Far o'er the mountain-tops raising the eye;
Down! is the mist of the cultureless clod
Stooping the gaze to the sepulchre sod;
Up! is the watchman, who tells of the night,
When beam the streaks of morn ruddy and bright;
Down! is the sluggard who keepeth his bed,
When morning's dews are all sprinkled and shed;
Down! is the coward who slumbers a slave;
Up! is the hero—the watchful and brave.

Up! is the patriot who raises mankind;
Up! is the poet—the eye of the blind;
Down! is the tyrant who maketh the slave;
Down! is the traitor—the door of the grave;
Up! is the high heaven of prophets of old—
The home of the saints, the meek and the bold;
Down! is the hell of the bigot and vile—
The place of the bad with the Judas-smile;
Down! are the tyrant, the bigot, and slave;
Up! are the loving, the free, and the brave.

WHAT THE RICH ARE DOING TO HELP THE POOR.

A DESULTORY CHAPTER ON AN INFANT SCHOOL.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

It is delightful to see in how many places England is dotted with infant schools and village libraries, through the patriotic and social benevolence of individuals. The possessor of opulence who adorns a stately mansion creates a reservoir of wealth which, with all that association and variety may do, palls upon the possessor. but when he erects schools and popular institutions he leads living waters round his home, investing it with ever-varying charms, and still reviving, still reacting good. The stagnant pool of mere wealth must, every now and then, be stirred by full-dress parties: the plate is polished and put forth, and gold and silver, cut glass and gorgeous furniture, do their best; but the spirit of happiness often floats far away from these assemblies, and carries its fine essence to freer scenes. Where the mind, like the person and the table, is dressed for display, interchange of thought, that great social enjoyment, is unknown; language becomes the curtain, not the current, of the mind—veiling thoughts, not revealing them. In place of opening the sluices of the heart and unclosing the stores of the mind, conversation acts more like a river having a series of locks upon it, through which the little boat-loads of appropriate subjects are carefully permitted to pass, never too largely freighted with fancy, still less with feeling.

Among the sunny spots where social benevolence wisely and beautifully calls together many of those who will be the men and matrons of a future day, putting into each little breast a light that will not only illuminate its own path, but will enable it to be a guide to others, I shall, from peculiar feeling, dwell on one which rises at Horbury near Wakefield. The building is itself very pretty, and its plan was carefully selected by its kindly founder,* from many drawings which were prepared, in his anxiety that the edifice should combine beauty and utility. It was erected in 1842. The building consists of three rooms. The largest will contain forty juveniles; the second, sixty infants; the smallest room is assigned to needlework and dining. Surrounding the building is a spacious play-ground, on which is erected a shed for wet or hot weather, a rotatory swing and other means of exercise and amusement. The system of tuition is that of Mr. Wilderspin, as far as it can be carried out where the children are not all mere infants: the moral atmosphere is love; the moving power, the kindly guidance of the master, warming them to affection, and winning them to confidence. They are taught no peculiar religious dogmas: the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, benevolence, charity, the devotion of Christ to the will of his Father and theirs, are held forth as the great example. After the reading lessons, their mental power is tested by questions. I wish I were better qualified to give a record of their "sayings and doings." One little creature on being asked the meaning of the word *emotion*, replied—"One day my mother came to see me, and when she went away I cried." Sweet tears, they will fertilise thy heart when, perhaps, the mother who moved them is no more!

To the school at Horbury a small library is attached, the members of which pay twopence per quarter. This library I should call a savings' bank, for it has reclaimed many of the parents of the children and people of the place from idle, wandering habits; some from poaching. The books are carried home and eagerly read, thus bringing thought and feeling to the poor man's own fireside, and making imperishable associations of pleasure and improvement a part of his home possessions. These readings, unlike the club, do not take him

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* Let us beg to be permitted to supply in a note the name of this gentleman, who is indeed one of those who delight in doing good, and who would "blush to find it fame"—it is that of Mr. Gaskell, some years since the member for Wakefield, and who in that position won the high respect of all those friends of the people who think a good vote better than a flashy speech.—*Editor*.

from his family; on the contrary, they cement the domestic ties by teaching how participation heightens pleasure.

> Needful auxiliaries are his friends to give
> To social man true relish of himself.

Upon this plan the poor woman, so often cruelly neglected or wholly overlooked, although, like Desdemona, the "house affairs" may draw her at times away, still gets snatches of intelligence, stray sounds, at least, of the music of mighty minds which, thanks to those benefactors of the people, Knight and Chambers, are made available in such cheap and graceful forms. The children at Horbury devote a quarter of an hour daily to singing and chaunting, in which they excel. They are also taught geography and the outlines of geometry, but there is no striking proficiency at which visitors would be surprised: the aim is a general cultivation of the faculties and affections, with attention to order, neatness and good breeding, gentleness and steady perseverance.

To conclude the picture of the Infant School at Horbury. Once a year a festival is given, to which a neighbouring gentleman lends his aid, and many of the surrounding gentry bring their children; sometimes heightening the scene by coming in costume, as gipsies, Indian princesses, &c. The principal amusements of the children are singing, dancing, and running round a very ancient yew tree, of which it is recorded in the annals of the county, that Oliver Cromwell paid it a visit, and the benevolent Mr. Waterton, in his last very original and amusing work, makes mention of it as the "lordly yew, by far the most gigantic of any in its neighbourhood." When the twilight darkens, a fire-balloon ascends, emblematic (one might think) of the fires of warm hearts and bright minds concentrated on one sweet object, and rising with holy aspirations to Heaven. This is the *finale* of the little festival. And now farewell to Horbury. Who may say when the stroke there struck upon the chain of humanity will cease to vibrate? the sound of social endeavour there awakened cease to echo? Far, far into distant centuries, when the onward stream of society shall have flowed hither and thither in wide and various ways, should it be then possible for progress to trace itself back to first impulses, many an indicating finger will point to Horbury; many voices make the hills and valleys vocal with its name.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

WHALE FISHING.

On the 6th of October, 1844, we sailed from the Isle of France, in the fine whaling barque "Endeavour," of New Bedford, of 285 tons burthen, and capable of carrying 2100 barrels of oil, 1500 of which she had already, and was bound towards the Islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, to take what is called among whalemen the off-shore season, and try and pick up the remaining 600 barrels. We were very short-handed, our crew consisting of thirteen men and a boy (all told), seven of the original number being off duty below, where the captain kept them, in the hopes that they would return to their senses and their work before long; however, they did not, and we whaled it by ourselves.

We had a fine breeze and fair weather, and having crossed the line and run across the S.E. trades, the weather became colder as we approached the confines of the whale ground, which is situate between the thirty-fifth and thirty-ninth parallels of south latitude, and the eightieth and ninetieth parallels of east longitude. All our preparations with regard to the boats, harpoons, lances, &c. (which are technically termed *craft*), having been completed on the passage, which occupied about three weeks, we had nothing to do when we got upon the ground, but take in sail every night, lash the helm, and go to sleep, leaving one to take care of the barque; and in the day-time cruise about wherever Captain Taber's fancy dictated. We stood two hours apiece at the helm, and two hours at the masthead to look out for whales; as for the rest of the time, we read or smoked, and did what we pleased, which was generally nothing. This state of affairs was too pleasant to last long, as the old *Spouters* confidently asserted; for the very next day after we got upon the *ground*, as we were jogging along under our topsails, a shout was heard from the masthead that changed the attitudes with which we were lounging about on the windlass, from listless idleness to intense excitement. Hark, again—"There she blo-o-ows!" sounds from aloft. The last word (blo-o-ows) being continued to an indefinite extent.

"Where away?" shouts the old man (captain), rushing up out of the cabin with his face all over soapsuds, being in the act of shaving.

"Three points on the lee-bow, sir," is the reply.

"What do you make her out to be," inquires the old man again.

"Right whale, sir."

"All right—jump aft here, my lads," says the captain.

"Square in the yards, up with the helm. So-o-o. Keep her steady my man," continued he to the man at the wheel; and, taking his glass in hand, started aloft.

We were all running about like madmen, and I jumped up in the rigging to have a better view. All that I could make out were two or three black specks upon the white foam of the waves, and from which occasionally a cloud of spray about five or six feet high was thrown. This was the spout, then, but which an inexperienced eye would have great difficulty in discerning from the waves which were cresting each other and breaking in every direction. They were not going fast through the water, and we came up with them rapidly till we got within a mile of where they were lying and blowing, when suddenly I saw a vast black substance, terminating in a tail, above the water, give a flourish and disappear, then another, and another after that. This was the signal for operations. "There goes flukes," screamed half-a-dozen at once.

"Back the mainyard," roars the captain from aloft, which was done, and instantly followed by another order—"Lines in the boats." At this command, the lines, which are held in readiness, coiled in large tubs, are placed in the boats.

"Hoist and swing," drawls out the old man with a peculiarly strong nasal twang—"Lower away," and down go the boats, and down the side scramble the men after them. Not a foot must be placed in them (except the boat-steerers) till they touch the water, then tumble into your places, and pull away. We only lowered two boats, the rest being lost or broken, and the mate, in the other

boat, had rather the start of us, so we stretched out like good fellows. "There," cries our boat-header, the second mate, who had been gazing round earnestly for some time. "There he lays, like a fool, close to, only three seas off (that means half-a-mile), and *our chance*, too. Now stretch out, my dear fellows, do stretch *hard* this once. *Now* altogether, once more. A pound of tobacco a-piece, when you get aboard, only pull this once. There she flies! once again,"—and so he kept on, although we were all laying out our strength, and the boat flying through the water. I looked over my shoulder, and saw the great monster like a miniature island, about two hundred yards off. The other boat was about the same distance from it as ourselves, and every soul was laying out his utmost strength. "Once more, my dear fellows," shouts little Studson (our second mate), who was heaving with one hand at the after oar, and steering with the other, as we shot ahead of the first boat. The whale lay like a log on the water, about twenty yards ahead—we were sure of it. "Stand up," he cried to the boat-steerer, who pulls the bow-oar—"Give it to her." But, lo, instead of our giving it to her, she gave it to us in the shape of a cloud of spray, which wet us to the skin, as we shot over the spot where the monster lay.

The next day about dinner-time a sail was *rose* from the masthead. Our old man was in the weather quarter boat with his speaking-trumpet in his hand, and we could see the other skipper on the top of his round house, waiting till we were near enough to speak, which we soon were, when our old man opened the conversation in the following style.

"H-oo-oo!" roars he through his trumpet, making a noise something between a shout and a groan.

"Hullo!" replies the other one.

"What barque's that?" says our old man.

"The Roscoe," is the answer.

"What barque's *that?*" rejoins the stranger.

"The Endeavour," replied Capt. Taber. "Who commands the Roscoe?"

"Brown," is the reply.

"How are you, Capt. Brown? Come aboard and have supper."

"No, no! come aboard of me," says Brown.

"Better come here," said our old man. "I've just killed a pig; we'll have a fresh mess."

"So have I!" rejoined Brown; "and I've got a fiddler here, too; so *bear a hand*, and get aboard."

"Aye, aye!" says Captain Taber, unable to resist the last argument. "Hoist and swing the starboard boat," continued he; "and mind and put the line in," continued he to the boatsteerer, "we might want it."

We had run under her stern and *rounded to*, so that we were very little distance off. The line was put in, the boat lowered, and I amongst the rest scrambled in; we shoved off, and were soon alongside and aboard of the "Roscoe," leaving our boat fast alongside. We were cordially received in the *foks'tle*, and, as they had only been out eight months, they supplied us with newspapers, books, pipes and tobacco, with which they are always very liberal on these occasions (expecting others to do the same). The cook was set to work frying pancakes; I and three others with a pack of cards were deep in the mysteries of "all-fours;" the rest were either singing or relating whaling adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes;" and we heard the fiddler in the background tuning up his instrument for the evening, when all of a sudden, and perhaps never less expected, came the magic cry of "*There she bl-o-o-ws!*" from the Roscoe's mastheads. The cards were flung away—the yarns were cut short, and up we jumped upon deck. Our barque was about two miles to leeward, and the whales were close to us to windward.

"Down to your oars, my lads—quick!" cried Captain Taber to us.

To spring into our seats and get started was the work of a few seconds. No time for goodbye, or any other parting salutation. Men are friends no longer when their interests begin to clash. We had not much time to spare, for the Roscoe's boats were not fifty yards astern, when, "Stand up, Leigh!" said the captain. "Give it to her!" and the two harpoons were sheathed their length in the giant fish ahead.

"Stern! Stern *hard* for your lives!" shouted he as the whale's flukes flourished in the air, and came down with a slap on the water, which it sent flying over us, and might have been heard for miles. "Peak your oars," said the old man, quite coolly when we had *sterned* about twenty yards off; and going forward to the bow of the boat, sent Leigh (the boatsteerer) aft to the steering oar. The whale, after making another slap with his tail, started ahead, towing us so fast that the water foamed up on each side above the gunwale of the boat, and the line surged and cracked round the *loggerhead* in the stern of the boat, where Leigh was holding on to it with all his might. Every now and then the whale would slack running a little; and then, "turn round on your seats and haul—every one of you hold every inch!" cries the old man, hanging back on the line with all his weight, as the whale started ahead again. At last, after running for about an hour in different directions, the line slacked, and the huge thing lay for a moment quiet and apparently tired with its exertions to free itself from the boat, which, like a kettle tied to a dog's tail, still followed it. Now was the time or never.

"Haul line! haul, my lads, haul!" says the captain. "Clear away one of the lances," continued he to the bowman. (It may be as well here to state, to explain the order, that the lance is in shape very similar to a harpoon, with the exception of having no barb, being sharp all round at the head. The shank is about three feet long, and to this is attached a wooden pole of six feet more. They are always kept under the seats of the boat in leather straps called *beckets.*)—And as the boat bumped up against the smooth, shiny side of the monster, he drove his lance in up to the shank end. "Stern—stern hard!" shouts he, as the wretched beast, goaded to madness, lashed the water with its tail, roared, and bellowed like a thousand bulls in one, and throwing up clots of blood from its spout-holes, covered us and the boat in every direction; then starting again with renewed vigour, tore round and round, roaring and splashing, making the sea one sheet of foam and blood. We laid on our oars watching his motions, and skilfully avoiding him, which sometimes we had to work pretty sharp to do; and the old man seized every quiet moment to grind his lance in up to its very handle, with a fiendish glee that made him look more like some bloodthirsty demon than a human being; in fact, I quite pitied the poor whale at times, it seemed so helpless and blind in its rage and futile attempts to crush us with its mighty strength. After a while it began to spout thick clotted blood, and we sterned off to some distance, as they said it was *going in its flurry* (as they call the fish's last dying agonies);

and certainly I had no idea before of the wonderful power it possessed: perpendicularly poised on the waves, it lashed the sea on each side with its tail, moving in as quick and supple a manner as one would crack a coach-whip from side to side. This lasted for a few minutes, and then it fell on the water, gave one thick spout of blood, and was dead.

I had been so absorbed in the excitement of the hunt (if I may so term it), that I had not cared to look round to observe the position of anything else except the whale; but now, having a leisure minute, I observed Mr. Studson in his boat pulling up to the scene of action, and the ship about a mile off, beating up towards us. The Roscoe had hoisted her boat up, "squared her yards," and was now nearly *hull down* to leeward, utterly disgusted with the result of the gamming.* I had just concluded these observations, when the word to "pull ahead to the whale" was given, which was done, and a hole having been cut in its flukes, a short piece of rope was rove through it, and formed into a strap, to which the line from the second mate's boat was made fast; and leaving him to tow the fish towards the ship, we pulled on board to make ready for its reception.

* American sailors apply this word to visiting a strange ship.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. I.

OLD AND YOUNG IN SCHOOL.

Among the subjects proposed to be considered in this journal is the all-important one of Household Education. It is so important in its bearings on every one's happiness, and so inexhaustible a subject in itself, that I do not see how any person whatever can undertake to lecture upon it authoritatively, as if it was a matter completely known and entirely settled. It seems to me that all that we can do is to reflect, and say what we think, and learn of one another. This is, at least, all that I venture to offer. I propose to say, in a series of papers, what I have observed and thought on the subject of Life at Home, during upwards of twenty years' study of domestic life in great variety. It will be for my readers to discover whether they agree in my views, and whether their minds are set to work by what I say on a matter which concerns them as seriously as any in the world. Once for all, let me declare here what I hope will be remembered throughout, that I have no ambition to teach; but a strong desire to set members of households consulting together about their course of action towards each other.

It will be seen by these last words that I consider all the members of a household to be going through a process of education together. I am not thinking only of parents drawing their chairs together when the children have gone to bed, to talk over the young people's qualities and ways. That is all very well; but it is only a small part of the business. I am not thinking of the old, experienced grandfather or grandmother talking at the fireside, telling the parents of the sleeping children how they ought to manage them, and what rules and methods were in force in their day. This is all very well; and every sensible person will be thankful to hear what the aged have to tell, out of their long knowledge of life: but this again is a very small part of the matter. Every member of the household—children, servants, apprentices—every inmate of the dwelling, must have a share in the family plan; or those who make it are despots, and those who are excluded are slaves.

Of course, this does not mean that children who have scarcely any knowledge, little judgment, and no experience, are to have a choice about the rules of their own training. The object of training is one thing; and the rules and methods are another. With rules and methods they have nothing to do but to obey them till they become able to command themselves. But there is no rational being who is not capable of understanding, from the time he can speak, what it is to wish to be good. The stupidest servant-girl, and the most thoughtless apprentice-boy, are always impressed by seeing those about them anxious to improve, and especially the oldest of all endeavouring the more to become wiser and wiser, better and better, as their few remaining days dwindle away. If the family plan therefore be the grand comprehensive plan which is alone worthy of people who care about education at all—a plan to do the best that is possible by each other for the improvement of all—every member of the family above the yearling infant must be a member of the domestic school of mutual instruction, and must know that he is so.

It is a common saying that every child thinks his father the wisest man in the world. This is very natural; as parents are their children's fountains of knowledge. To them their children come for anything they want to know: and by them they are generally satisfied. But every wise parent has occasion to say, now and then—"I do not know, my dear." The surprise of the child on first hearing that there is anything that his parents do not know fixes the fact in his mind. When he has once discovered that his parents have something more to learn, he becomes aware—and this also ought to be fixed in his mind—that their education is not finished; and that it is their business, as it is his, to learn something more every day, as long as they live. So much for knowledge. The case ought to be as clear to him with regard to goodness. It is not enough that in church he hears that all men and women are sinners; and that in prayers at home he hears his parents pray that they may become more worthy of the goodness of God, and more like the Christ who is set before them. These things may set him thinking: but there will be, or ought to be, more light every day to clear up his ideas. The same parents who honestly own to their child that they are ignorant of things about which he questions them will own to him that they are not nearly so good as they wish to be. Thus is the truth opened to the feeblest and smallest mind that education has still to go on, even when people are so inconceivably old as children are apt to think their parents.

To us, grown up to this mighty age, there can be no doubt on such a point. We know very well that we are all, through the whole range of society, like a set of ignorant and wayward children, compared with what we are made capable of being. Our best knowledge is but a glimmering—a dawn of light which we may hope will "increase more and more unto the perfect day." Our best goodness is so weak, so mixed, so inferior to what we

can conceive of, that we should blush to say that during any day of our lives we had been as good as we ought to be. It is as clear to us as to children, that there is room for improvement in both ways as long as we live. To us there is another question which children cannot enter into, and have no present business with;—whether human beings remain capable of improvement, as long as they live.

About this, there are different opinions. I rather think the prevailing belief is that they are not; and that this prevailing belief arises from the commonness of the spectacle, not only of the faults of old age, but of the inability of even amiable and lively old people to receive new ideas, or correct bad habits. This is certainly the commonest aspect of old age; and serious is the warning it affords to correct our faulty tempers and ways before we grow stiff in mind, as well as in body. But I do not think that this spectacle settles the question. We might as well say that the human intellect can achieve no great work after five and twenty, because the ill-educated mind never does. As long as we see one, single instance of a mind still expanding in a man of eighty-five, of a temper improving in one of ninety, of a troublesome daily habit conscientiously cured, after the indulgence of a life-time, by an old lady of seventy-five, we perceive that education may go on to the extreme limit of life, and should suppose that it might be generally so, but for the imperfect training of preceding years.

I have known of one old man whose mind was certainly still growing when he died, at the age of eighty-six. I have known of another, whose study through life had been the laws of the mind, and who, when his faculties were failing him, applied himself to *that* study, marking the gradual decline of certain of his powers, adding the new facts to his stores of knowledge, and thus, nourishing to the last a part of his mind with the decay of the rest. This instance of persevering self-improvement under conditions which any one would admit to be those of release from labour, appears to me even more affecting than that of the great physician who watched his own approaching death with his finger on his pulse, notifying its last beat as his heart came to a stop, hoping to contribute one more fact to useful science. With cases like these before us, how shall we dare to suppose our education completed while we have one faculty remaining, or our hearts have yet one more beat to give?

As for the continuance of moral education to the last, I have seen two contrasted cases, in close neighbourhood, which make the matter pretty plain, in a practical sense, to me. I knew two old ladies living only the length of a street apart, who were fair specimens of educated and uneducated old age. The one belonged to a family who were remarkable for attaining a great age; and she always confidently reckoned on her lot being the same as that of her predecessors. It is true, her mother, being above a hundred, called her and her sister "the girls" when they were above seventy; but still one would have thought that grey hairs and wrinkles would have gone some way as a warning to her. Instead, however, of reckoning on her future years (if she must reckon on them) as so much time to grow wiser in, she was merely surprised at her friends when they advised her (she being then eighty) to make some other terms for her house than taking another lease of fourteen years. She could not conceive, as the last lease had answered so well, why the next should not. I remember seeing her face, all puckered with wrinkles, surmounted by rows of bright brown false curls, and her arms, bare above the elbows, adorned with armlets, such as young ladies wore half a century before. I remember a clever pert youth setting himself to quiz and amuse her by humouring her in her notions about the state of the world, drawing her out to praise the last century and express her ignorant contempt of this, till she nodded emphatically over her hand of cards, and declared that the depravity of the age was owing to gas-lamps and macadamisation. She died very old, but no wiser than this. Her case proves only that her education did stop; and not that it need have stopped. The other was a woman of no great cultivation, but of a humble, earnest, benevolent nature, full of a sense of duty towards God and man; and, in them, towards herself. Having survived her nearest connections, she had no strong desire to live; and her affairs were always arranged for departure, down to the labelling of every paper, and the neatness of every drawer. Yet no one was more alive to the improvements of the modern world. I shall never forget the earnest look with which she would listen to any tidings of new knowledge, or new social conveniences. A more dignified woman I never knew; yet she listened to the young who brought information—listened as a learner—with a deference which was most touching to witness. But there was more than this. She was conscious ot having been, in her earlier days, somewhat hard, somewhat given to lecture and lay down the law, and criticise people all round by family notions; a tendency which, if it really existed, arose from family and not personal pride; for, though she might overrate the wisdom of parents and brothers, there never was any sign of her overvaluing her own. However this might be, she believed that she had been hard and critical in former times; and she went on softening and growing liberal to the day of her death. I never observed any weakness—much less any laxity—in her gentleness towards the feeble and the frail. It was the holy tenderness which the pure and upright can afford to indulge and impart. The crowning proof that her improvement was the result of self-discipline and not of circumstances was that when, at above seventy years of age, she became the inmate of a family whose habits were somewhat rigid, and in many respects unlike her own, she changed her own to suit theirs, even forcing herself to an observance of punctuality, in which she had been deficient all her life, and about which she had scarcely ever needed to think while for many years living alone. Of course, this moral discipline implies some considerable use of the intellect. She read a good deal; and carried an earnest mind into all her pursuits. And when her memory began to fail, and she could not retain beyond the day what she had read, her mind did not become weak. It was always at work, and always on good subjects, though she could no longer add much to her store of mere knowledge. Her case proves surely that education need never stop.

Now, if we picture to ourselves a household, with an honoured being like this as the occupant of the fireside chair, we can at once see how it may be completely understood and agreed upon among them all that the education of every one of them is always going on, and to go on for ever while they live. No child could ever stand at the knee of my old friend without feeling that she was incessantly bent on self-improvement—as earnest to learn from the humblest and youngest as ready to yield the

benefits of her experience and reflections to any whom she could inform and guide. When taken severely ill, she said, with a smile, to one by her bedside, "Why do you look so anxious? If I do die to-day, there is nothing to be unhappy about. I have long passed the time when I expected to go. What does it matter whether I die now or a twelvemonth hence?" And when that illness was over, she regarded it as a process in her training, and persevered, as before, in trying to grow wiser and more worthy. Here was a case in which Household Education visibly included the oldest as naturally as the youngest. And in all dwellings, all the members *are* included in the influences which work upon the whole, whether they have the wisdom to see it or not. Henceforward, therefore, I shall write on the supposition that we are all children together—from the greatest to the least—the wisest and the best needing all the good they can get from the peculiar influences of Home.

BROWNING'S "BELLS AND POMEGRANATES."

(PIPPA PASSES.)

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

WHEN a Poet—who by the cheapness of the form of his publication seems to invite the great public, and not the "fit and few" purchasers of the luxurious quartos that were—affixes to his series of Dramatic Poems such a title as *Bells and Pomegranates*, one of two consequences is natural: either that he shall be disregarded by the people as one speaking in parables not worth the unriddling, or that he shall be followed by some Interpreter, who shall invite the distant, and smooth the path for the timid, by pointing out what there is great, what there is beautiful, in works veiled—though the veil sparkle with fine gold and rubies—from the common gaze. To dismiss Mr. Browning as a writer who must needs be "put out of court," because of a few strange individualities, is what, we imagine, no one would now think of doing. The days of slashing at a free rhyme or a plethoric stanza, of making an end of a conceit by sarcasm, are over. Perhaps we are grown too blindly loving and tolerant; not, however, in the present case, when we set about doing our poor best to display one of our noblest contemporary geniuses in all its strength of variety and passion. To talk to our friends of Mr. Browning's Poems is a labour of love:—nor can it be unaccompanied with profit to all, unless the whole art of song, and the whole train of generous emotions it can excite, are to become a dead letter; or the Critic be as far from rightly appreciating his author as was the Edinburgh Reviewer, who thought he had "snuffed out" Wordsworth, with a bitterly-brief "This will never do."

Mr. Browning is not clear. His obscurities, however, do not arise from affectation, but from the over-richness of a mind embossed and encrusted, so to say, with the learning and imagery of all schools, of all countries, of all periods—reflective rather than impulsive; and working rather by the accumulation than by the digestion of his materials. There is no want of originality, no purpose prepense to puzzle or to teaze, still less to "come over" the vulgar multitude with the Charlatan's robe decked with mystical signs, which, in nine cases out of ten, are only made of tawdry tinsel. There is much of the man and his training in the explanation of his symbolical title, prefixed to the last of his series—*The Soul's Tragedy.*

"I only meant," says he, "to indicate an endeavour towards something like an alternation, or mixture of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought, which looks too ambitious so expressed, so the symbol was preferred. It is little to the purpose that such is actually one of the most familiar of the many Rabbinical (and Patristic) acceptations of the phrase; because I confess that, letting authority alone, I supposed the bare words in such juxtaposition would sufficiently convey the desired meaning."

How, then, shall we best deal with a writer at once so difficult, so full of meaning, and so sincere? By *translation* rather than criticism; by dilution as well as analysis. This manner of proceeding will make it impossible for us, in any attainable space, to lay before the reader the argument of all these eight pamphlets, every one of which is "full as an egg." Nor, let us further premise, is there any family likeness in the class of subject, or scene, or story—however impossible it be (here we come upon a characteristic) for Mr. Browning to deny himself the introduction of some character almost superhuman in its grandeur, or delicacy, or depth. In one tale we are among the silk-winders of the Trevisan country; in another with our faces set towards the cedars of Lebanon: here dealing with the ambitions of a maiden sovereign; there with the ancestral pride of an English nobleman. In the Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, to which two numbers of the series are devoted, almost every clime, and country, and emotion, is touched. Now the scene is the Spanish cloister, with its miserable jealousies and rancorous hatreds; now the French tilt-yard, with the struggle betwixt the slanderous Count Gauthier and the loyal Count Gismond; now the quaint German town of Hamelin, with the pie-bald piper who charmed thence the rats; now the cell of the Poisoner of Old Paris, who could deal about sudden death in

"A signet, a fan, mount, a filigree-basket;"

now the tent of Saul, with the Rebellious Monarch wrapped in the mantle of his darkness, and leaning against the central prop. Enough: we have not indicated half the "changes of view" which our Magician can call up! Let us contentedly stand by as showman; and, with the best of our poor eloquence, describe one or two.

Here is "Pippa Passes"—a drama of dramas. The scene is laid in the Trevisan country, on the borders of the Italian Tyrol—a land of "corn, and wine, and oil"—of the mulberry and the chestnut, and gourds which lean over the crumbling whitish walls, and golden maize in the fields; with the great Lombard plain stretching along the horizon like a sea. There are haggard, dilapidated towns, too—Bassano, with its ivy-grown ramparts; Asolo, with its silk mills and silk winders—the noise of which, early in a morning, is as merry an awakening as can call up the slothful English traveller. At Asolo the silk-winders have one holiday in the year—on New Year's Day—and our tale begins with an orphan-girl, Pippa, the best of the crew, as yet innocent and hopeful, springing out of her bed in "a large, mean, airy chamber," and anxiously reckoning with herself how she is to get the most enjoyment out of this solitary holiday. The poor child!—there is a touch

of poetry and ambition in her fancies, which might have been hardly natural, save in an Italian, who, however cowardly, weak, or vicious, is rarely other than picturesque. She somehow feels—this poor Pippa—that she is nothing—of no use, of no comfort to any one in the world of Asolo. It is at once her plague and her immunity! But Youth has its own aids and helps. It can "make believe;" and Pippa will for this one day be of as much consequence as her neighbours—talking of whom with a certain half-arch, half-wistful curiosity, she sets forth on her ramble;—singing as she goes snatches of old ditties, hymns, quaint proverbs, carols in which some scrap of old legendary wisdom is hidden, and the like. We must follow her past the houses of some among the persons she has artlessly counted over to herself.

The first mansion Pippa passes is the green-house or shrub-house to the palace of Ottima, whose husband, Luca Gaddi, was a great silk proprietor; an aged, jealous, and tedious man. To him she had been unfaithful, for the sake of one Sebald, a German, whom the husband had rescued from starvation, and engaged to teach Ottima music. The two have crowned their shame by murdering the old man on New Year's Eve, and are standing together: the wretched woman already finding it needful to dissuade her Paramour from certain remorseful thoughts and misgivings, by talking over their past risks, and painting sumptuously their present security, and the "goods laid up in store for many years." What pictures we have in a few of their speeches! leaving, of course, the passionate ones untouched. Throwing open the window, and looking wearily out, Sebald says—

> ——Ay, thus it used to be!
> Ever your house was, I remember, shut
> Till mid-day—I observed that as I strode
> On mornings through the vale here. Country girls
> Were noisy, washing garments in the brook;
> Herds drove the slow white oxen up the hills—
> But no—your house was mute, would ope no eye,
> And wisely. *You were plotting one thing there, Nature another outside.* I looked up,
> Rough, white wood shutters, rusty iron bars,
> Silent as death, blind in a flood of light—
> Oh! I remember.

And again, the woman's eye (for the eye of Crime is ever cognizant) is arrested—even while she is talking the most fondly, and pouring the wine—by a passing figure.

> "There trudges on his business from the Duomo,
> Benet the Capuchin, with his brown hood
> And bare feet—always in one place at church,
> Close under the stone wall by the south entry:
> I used to take him for a brown cold piece
> Of the wall's self, as out of it he rose
> To let me pass. At first, I say, I used—
> Now—so has that dumb figure fastened on me—
> I rather should account the plastered wall
> A piece of him, so chilly does it strike!"

As the dialogue proceeds, the Temptress almost succeeds in making her fellow-criminal forget the horror of his deed in the fascination of her beauty —when at that instant, without, the hymn of the little beggar-girl is heard—as *Pippa passes* the shrub-house, "All's right with the world," she sings, so long as "God's in the heaven!" The child's carol of contented trustfulness and cheerful religion sounds like a message of doom to the half-conscious man, already drunk and satiated with crime. He turns upon Ottima, he upbraids her rudely with having driven him to such straits—threatens, in the misery of his frenzy, to murder her—and the scene closes on his madness. So ends the first mission of the Angel Voice!

Noon, now, is coming on;—Pippa has left the shrub-house with its bloody secrets behind her, and is approaching a group of young sculptors and painters from Venice, who are lounging about a window, with a balcony, hard by a pomegranate clump. Among them are an Englishman, and Schramm, a dreamy German with a pipe in his mouth. Here, too, is mischief going on. The comrade of these wild fellows, Jules, a French artist, has affronted them—rebuked the sensuality of their careless youth by the spirituality of his ambition to live for the loftiest ends of Art alone. Such a coxcomb must be punished, brought down to their own level. Why should one no better clad than themselves dare to set up for superior virtue and refinement? They have planned a cunning vengeance, and are now waiting to see the event. It is this. They began to avenge themselves on his high-flown devotion to better aims than their debasing ones, by tormenting the poetical boy's vanity—and thus generously: "Now," owns one of the talkers near the pomegranate clump, "I happened to hear of a young Greek—real Greek—girl at Malamocco, white and quiet as an apparition, and fourteen years at farthest, daughter, so she swears, of that hag Natalia, who helps us to models at three lire an hour." So poor "Jules received a scented letter—somebody had seen his Tydeus at the Academy—bade him persevere, would make herself known to him ere long. In his first answer he proposed marrying his monitress." This is their wedding-day; and the malicious crew, having crammed the poor half-idiotic girl with a rhyme, by repeating which she is to disenchant the cheated Jules—are waiting to see the pair return from church. They come—"the bridegroom, half his hair in storm and half in calm, patted down over the left temple, *like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it*, and the same old blouse he murders the marble in." One of the better-natured mischief-mongers hopes that the puppet who has been hired for the unworthy scheme, "won't take it for earnest." She looks pale;—in part uneasy, lest she should say her rhyme wrong—in part made aware by the earnest passion of her husband that she has done a grave thing—grave and irrevocable. That stillness, and that ghost-like paleness of hers, become so frightful, that the Bridegroom addresses her in rhapsodical passion; conjuring her, now that he has won her, not to melt away, nor to change before his eyes, but to remain by his side—to encourage him to new triumphs,—the Muse who has praised his old attempts! Phene is still mute: Jules becomes more impassioned—fears she will die. At last she begins to speak—so perplexed, she confesses, by his outburst of energy, that she has half forgotten what she had been engaged to repeat—a confession that Hatred not Love had palmed off a bride upon the poet-sculptor. She gets through her task stammeringly: for the superior nature of him to whom she has been united already exercises over her a certain unexplained influence. But at last all is made clear. It is clear to Jules how he has been tricked, and by whom—what sort of a creature he has married—but it is clear, too, to so noble-hearted a fellow as he is, that the poor girl must not be left to misery. The money hoarded for his two years' journey in pursuit of Art shall be given to her. He cares for study no more! She shall not fall into bad hands, though she *has* been the instrument by which his hope has been broken to pieces—the "dew of his youth" dried up. He is breaking from her—

half-maddened, yet even in his misery greater than his tormentors —when *Pippa passes*, this time with a quaint ballad touching on Love's true sacrifices and doings (very difficult, I must own, to understand clearly) The strain, however, rouses all the chivalrousness of a soul disposed to chivalry —exalts yet higher the poetry of an ambition which had failed owing to its poetical trustfulness. "Shall I call myself an Artist," says he, "who think so much of breathing spirit into clay and marble, if I will not labour to kindle a spark of divine faith and love and virtue in a human soul?" He pauses—relents—will brave the ridicule—embrace the labour—do honour to the duty God has committed to him, though by the hands of Evil ones—will save and educate Phene—make of the wife in jest a wife in earnest—take her from among the foul crew with him. He says—

> "But I told you—did I not?—
> Ere night we travel for your land—some isle
> *With the sea's silence on it!* Stand aside!
> I do but break these paltry models up
> To begin Art afresh."

With this good purpose Jules vanishes. Such is the second good deed of Pippa's New Year's Day ramble!

We must "bate at noon:" lest in unthreading this somewhat tangled skein of beautiful illustrations, we tire the patience of our friends, thus disobeying the sagacious precept of the good Quaker preacher—"Better lacking than loathing." Some other week, possibly, we may see Pippa to the end of her holiday; or else turn our reading-glass on some other among Mr. Browning's inventions. One last word in fairness. Let no one look into them who merely cares for easy-going verse, with the sense on the surface; and the rhythm making a music to step or dance to, and the imagery reviving old associations. Here, almost every phrase or figure is suggestive; the metre is full of broken and suspended cadences, and the store of allusions collected from sources remote and recondite. But those who are not deterred from a pleasure by the prospect of some labour cannot study these *Bells and Pomegranates* without being made nobler and better by their lesson. There is a room and a mission for the Mystical, no less than for the Clear, Poets!

ART IN SPITALFIELDS.

A TALE.

By Eliza Meteyard,

(Author of "Struggles for Fame.")

In the centre of Spitalfields there is a thoroughfare that leads from Crispin-street into Norton Folgate. It wears a peculiar aspect, for the houses are high, ruinous, and many-windowed, particularly near the roof; and whilst these are darkened by innumerable cages of singing-birds, the ledges outside are rarely without boxes or pots filled with such flowers as are in season, and as have thriven as far as meagre leaf and bud, in the close air of the dull city street.

Here and around is essentially the district of the weaving population of London; and it is one of squalor. The broken kennels, the filthy doorways, tell where fever lurks from year to year. For the type and badge of things is shown by the frowsy huckster's shop, the poor apothecary's, the unthriving butcher's with its scanty array, the tailor's with nothing in its window but threads and patches, and lastly, with something like a plethora look about it, the pawnbroker's. This last thrives; and besides being a substantial-looking house, shows in its window Bandana handkerchiefs, old French books, fragments of foreign tapestry and silk, wood carving and articles of ancient plate, such as caudle cups and spoons, mingled here and there with medals, that in their day were the prizes for rare fantail pigeons, or rarer flowers.

This shop was, some years ago, kept by an old man named Chapman, who had long lived there, and, as it was reported, amassed large wealth. He had two daughters: the elder a tall, gaunt woman of forty years of age, who by her singularly reserved and taciturn temper repulsed many at first acquaintance, though on better knowledge this proved to be a mere shadow, too slight to hide the kindly heart, or a most acute and masculine understanding.

As old Chapman had lost his wife in early life, Sarah not only supplied the place of a mother to her sister Kitty, but managed most of the business of the shop, for her father had a harsh and exacting temper, and laid the burden of labour heavily upon all within his influence. This latter duty, increasing as she reached womanhood, brought her into daily intercourse with the population of Spitalfields, and, judging from the intimate knowledge of their peculiar tastes and habits, she was early convinced, that though struggling against low wages, and the prohibitions of their fluctuating trade, the weavers of Spitalfields, as a body, were, as the other portions of the manufacturing population of England, essentially a progressive class. Amongst the many that frequented the shop, was a weaver named Restieaux, a self-taught man, who had thought much and deeply over his shuttle and in his loom, upon all that related to textile art; and as Sarah Chapman was, from taste and circumstances well acquainted with the technicalities of the Jacquard loom, they soon formed an acquaintanceship, as the necessities brought upon his home by a slattern wife and crowd of little children made Restieaux's a frequent name upon old Chapman's books. There were moral causes for this acquaintanceship to be certain in its earnestness; the glimpse of a trim kitchen, a bright hearth, a presence ever neat, the grace of kindly spoken words, were not lost on one who could appreciate their influence. From conversation came book-learning; works on history and botany, such as Restieaux had bought in more prosperous years. Though these had to be read secretly after the labours of the day, Sarah Chapman's mind from this time had a new impulse; she bought books with her scanty wages, applied her mind to the self-help of a defective education, and as this knowledge grew and more largely developed the circumstances by which she was surrounded, one steady conviction arose that the fundamental principles of art in their application to design, must become an essential portion of education before the men of Spitalfields could compete with the artisans of Lyons or the States of Prussia.

This progression in knowledge had gone steadily on till Sarah was nearly thirty, when there came to lodge at old Chapman's house a German of the name of Hausen. He was a middle-aged man, and had come to England for the purpose of learning some process of the Jacquard loom then peculiar to Spitalfields. He had been born within a few miles of Berlin; and though the educational schools of Prussia had not then attained their

present state of perfection, he had studied art and its application to textile fabrics, in the *Gewerb-Institut*, with marked success. Added to this, he had wrought as a handicraftsman in the looms of Lyons, and with improvement of originality of design, had learnt the difficult art of setting his pattern in the loom (which the French call *mise en carte*) which in France is usually the work of one and the same operative; in England—unfortunately for design—the work of a distinct hand. Hausen's education had been liberal even for a Prussian subject. He had travelled through most parts of Germany, the Tyrol, and the eastern provinces of France, and had drawn an enlightened knowledge of art not only from galleries and museums, but from the rare goldsmiths' work of the sixteenth century, preserved on the altars of churches, and in the cabinets of the curious. To this he added a taste for literature; and even his trivial knowledge of the English tongue rendered less difficult his early intercourse with the Chapmans.

Here was a strange incident in the life of the pawnbroker's daughter; for hitherto Sarah had scarcely met with a taste or judgment equal or congenial to her own progressive ones: and I know no circumstance more depressing to progressive moral or mental good, than a necessitous companionship with those too doggedly, wilfully ignorant to be taught, but just wise enough to be derisive scoffers! I have said old Chapman's fireside was a cheerful one; so, as was natural, when the clack of the loom was over for the day, Hausen was sure to be found there; and when the old man fell asleep, as was his habit, over his after-supper pipe, there was usually an hour for unrestricted conversation, or the study of German and English—pretty, youthful Kitty sitting by at needlework. From conversations about art, as relative to manufactures, to seek art itself, was but a natural transition; and as Sarah possessed great native taste for drawing, she, with patience and under Hausen's guidance, soon acquired a wonderful power of delineation with the pencil. And with this power up grew a woman's love! Hausen talked of marriage; and sincere herself, Sarah did not suspect that this profession was but a blind, to shade her usually acute penetration.

One night—it was a winter's night—some little matter of drawing was in hand. Fearful that her father might awake before it was done, and say something harsh, as he too often did, Sarah took a candle and carried her drawing up-stairs, Hausen at that time being absent, and Kitty intent upon some needlework. Once busy with her pencil, Sarah forgot all about time till the church clock struck twelve. Aroused by this and her drooping candle, she was surprised to hear Hausen's and her sister's voices in the kitchen below. As the hour was late and the circumstance unusual, she hurried down stairs, opened the door, and there by the still bright fire stood Hausen and her sister.

"Come, sister," she said, "I thought you were in bed. 'Tis very late, and father must have been in bed an hour." Irritated by this interruption, Kitty, in spite of Hausen's entreaty, replied very intemperately.

"It is not right or womanly," at last spoke Sarah.

"Not right to talk with *my husband?*" Sarah heard the words, but did not believe them.

"Yes, my husband," repeated Kitty, "my two months' husband." It was fortunate for Sarah there was no stronger light than that of the fire, or it might have shown her blanched face. She gained the door, and mechanically moved up the staircase; but once alone in her chamber she sank upon the floor insensible. When she recovered, the full sense of her weakness came before her; the self-examination was a bitter one, yet it was just and honest. The heart's blindness was gone for ever; and she saw at once her folly in supposing that woman is ever loved solely for her mental qualities. With feelings akin to pride she determined to hide the secret inviolably in her own heart, to redouble kindness to her sister and Hausen, to hide from *him* all shadow of her weakness, and let the one who had deceived see that she could work bravely on, and turn scorned, disregarded, mental powers to some service of good, however humble.

The old man soon discovered his daughter's marriage. As it had been contracted without his consent, his ire was great—more especially as Hausen, guessing his wealth, asked for Kitty's portion, as means of returning to Germany and establishing himself there as a manufacturer. But it was only after much persuasion from Sarah that the old man doled out a few niggard pounds like so many drops of his blood, taking a large percentage, however, in fits of such bad temper, that Hausen, even with his equable nature, would not long patiently endure, and, on the occasion of a more than usually violent squabble, he and Kitty left the house for ever. From that hour theirs were forbidden names; and it required some tact in Sarah to rescue from her father's destroying hand the beautiful designs and drawings which Hausen had left.

The old cheerless days seemed now to have come back again; with this difference, however, the discovery of talent, and the knowledge how to proceed in perfecting it; though each day brought so many duties, that it was not till the quiet hours of night that Sarah could use her pencil. Just now hope came in another shape. An old lady who had befriended Chapman in his youth came to reside in London. She was blind and helpless, and Chapman, who to his other failings did not add the sin of ingratitude, sent Sarah to read to her daily. Kind feelings were soon established; for the lady knew old Chapman's harsh and exacting temper, and as Sarah confided her purposes and resolutions, suggestions and plans arose. Thus, under the cover of these reading hours she was enabled to carry out her long cherished purpose of copying from the marbles in the British Museum: though, had the old man guessed the daily pleasant task, it would have brought on a household war as terrific in its way as the recorded one of the Philistines. After some months' attention to the statues, she used her pencil in copying the bas-reliefs in various parts of the saloons, more especially the friezes of the Elgin Marbles, as being peculiarly suggestive of exquisite textile design. For four years, till her friend's death, did these persevering labours continue; and then, old Chapman growing from age too weak and feeble to stir from his fire-side, the whole duties of the business fell upon Sarah, who for assistance took two of Restreaux's daughters under her care.

Two more unpromising pupils she certainly could not have chosen; but as there was both head and heart to work upon, example and patience soon caused wonders: for as in art proportion and perspective are the true foundations on which to rear the elaborations of design, so the well-ordered comforts and duties of daily life are the first steps of a true moral progression. To this domestic

teaching was added reading and writing in the leisure evening hours, and after these the common principles of drawing. I trust to see such principles taught by and by as universally as writing itself; for not till then will picture-galleries or museums influence or cultivate public taste to its just extent. It is this practised eye, this aided taste, this developed principle of beauty, that creates the desire for superior art in design as applied to the necessaries of life in the middle and lower classes of France and Germany.

I now speak of the year 1826. Two years previously the high duties upon foreign silk, which had for a length of time trammeled and confined the silk manufactures of England, were reduced, and the prohibition on the importation of foreign manufactured silk, unless paying an exorbitant duty, withdrawn. As soon as this act came into power, an immediate and great change took place in the silk trade of England. Throwing mills for the raw material were increased tenfold, and the looms of Spitalfields could scarcely supply the large demand for woven fabrics till a reaction took place, in consequence of comparison of the hitherto prohibited fabrics of Lyons with our own. Superiority of design and colour were unmistakeable, though as to actual quality of fabric the looms of Spitalfields were yet unrivalled. This consideration of mere quality weighed nothing with the public; they wanted design and colour, and the Spitalfields masters saw these wants must be supplied, or a vast national trade slip gradually from their fingers into those of the Lyonnese. To be aware of a growing necessity and to supply it were two different things; and uneducated in the common principles of design, few could see either causes or remedies, or judge that protection against piracy of original pattern by register, and a better and more general system of education, both as regarded artisan and consumer, were the advantages the French had against ourselves.

Soon after this comparative freeing of the silk trade from an unjust class monopoly, a royal duke, who had been one of the most strenuous advocates for the withdrawal of protection, gave an order to Restieaux's employer for a rich silk fabric to decorate a suite of rooms with a southern aspect. Price was unlimited; but both design and fabric were to be entirely English. At first the dilemma seemed insurmountable, and to obviate it, a reward was offered for designs. Upon this Restieaux went and consulted Sarah Chapman. As usual she said little, though suggesting, that as a southern aspect requires hues softened yet rich, that umber, or that full tint seen with the setting sun, might serve for the essential colour, whilst on this relief might be raised in pile, or, as I may better explain, design standing forth from the fabric.

It was autumn time. That very afternoon Sarah took a stage to a country place within three or four miles of town and procured admittance into a garden remarkable for its mulberry trees. Selecting from one of these, a bunch of ripened fruit as it hung upon the branch with its shaded hues and drooping leaves, she sketched and coloured it upon the spot, and on the paper used by designers of textile fabrics. This accomplished, she procured silk, and went to work that very night in Hausen's loom. To one unskilled it was difficult to read in so intricate a pattern; but with patience, and some assistance from Restieaux, enough of the fabric was woven in a week or two to serve as a specimen and show the perfected design. On a ground of richest silk, of a pale umber tint, was slightly raised a croll pattern in a tint darker, on this in pile was the natural sized fruit of the mulberry, festooned at distances amongst the scroll as the bunch had hung upon the living tree, and intermingled here and there with the dark green of the leaf. This pattern, so bold and yet so true to nature, procured the reward at once, and was some few days afterwards shown as a matter of evidence in the House of Commons as to the capabilities of British textile art. The fabric when woven by Restieaux sold for seven guineas a yard, and proved so good a speculation to the manufacturer, that orders flowed in from sources not wholly English; and the high wages thus earned by Restieaux, and the reward which Sarah generously made his, soon put a new face upon the artisan's humble home.

Old Chapman had now been for some months bedridden, and Sarah was more than ever taxed by his peevish and exacting temper. Of her he never thought. To watch night after night, to smooth his weary pillow, to hush his querulous whinings, were tasks of no light kind when paid for with harsh looks and unjust reproaches. One night he appeared better and had fallen asleep; as she was tired Sarah left him and went to bed. She had scarcely, however, rested an hour before he rung his bell violently, and hurrying to his room in extreme terror, she found the old man sitting upright in bed as if by supernatural strength.

"I'm going, I'm going," he whispered in a sharp and husky voice, whilst he caught hold of her hand to detain her, "but come near, child; don't tell any one, and mind there's no one listening—is there? well! well! the money is all yours, child—*all!* Home, money, shop, trade—but—there's no one listening, is there, child?—well—put your ear nearer—the money is—is—is—a little nearer—twenty thousand pounds, Sarah—all yours! But not a penny to your sister, Sarah, for I've made a will, and cut her and that man off with a shilling; ha! ha! He deceived you, Sarah; I know he did; I wasn't blind! And now you can marry, Sarah, and be a lady!"

"The time for marriage is past, father," said Sarah, interrupting him: "it's only mockery to talk of it; and as to the money, half of it must be Kitty's, she's your daughter, and——"

"Must!" repeated the old man, as he stared at Sarah with dilated though filmy eyes; "must! I'll burn the will and make a new one, and turn you out a beggar, girl,—that I will."

"In this you'll please yourself," answered Sarah, who was one not to see fear in a threat. "If I have but twenty pounds instead of twenty thousand, Kitty shall have half. And as to making me a beggar, I leave it to your conscience, father."

The old man had sunk back exhausted, but he held forth his hand: "Well, well, Sarah; I've been very harsh, and made a hard life of it for you, though you've been more faithful and tender than one like me deserved. Take the money and let Kitty——"

"Have a pen, father, and write a few words to her."

"No, no, I can't," faltered the sinking old man; "give the money yourself, Sarah,—you've begged it. Give it, give it. Not half, though, Sarah; not half. And mind, stick to the shop—and don't have too soft a heart—and—"

He had not breath to speak another word of worldly purpose, though he audibly blessed her with his parted lips; then turned upon his pillow, and sunk from life into death as a child does into sleep.

[*To be continued.*]



RICHARD COBDEN, M.P.

By H. Anelay.

MEN OF THE PEOPLE.

I.—RICHARD COBDEN.

Never, at any period in history, have so many earnest and zealous labourers been found working for the advancement of the People, in political, commercial, religious, and social liberty, as we find at the present day. Not in one country, but in all countries—in Great Britain, in America, in France, in Germany, and even in Spain and Russia. In our own country, not one class only, but all classes, can furnish distinguished examples of able and honest labourers for the public good.

What Milton said of the City of London during the throes of the Commonwealth, may be said of all England now .—

> Behold this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion-house of Liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection: The shop of war hath not more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?

Wise and faithful labourers we have in plenty in these modern days; and they have to aid them—what previous labourers have generally wanted—a free, an active, a cheap, and an ever-diffusing Press.

We now propose, in a short series of articles, to point out for admiration and encouragement, the more prominent living workers on the people's side; selecting and dealing with them in no narrow or sectarian spirit, but solely with regard to the influence of their labours on the well-being and advancement of the great body of the people. And with whom should we commence but with Richard Cobden?—the man whose name is in the mouths of all the friends of popular progress, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the civilised world; and who has been mainly instrumental in the achievement of one of the greatest and most eventful revolutions which has ever been recorded in the pages of history.

Strange, that Richard Cobden, the leader of the Commercial Revolution of England, should be the son of a poor farmer! But it is not the first time that farmers' sons have directed the destinies of England. In the time of the Commonwealth, it was Cromwell, the farmer's son, who, at the head of his army of Ironsides, themselves the sons of peasants and farmers, rode down the bravest chivalry of England; and it was Blake, the peasant's son, who, with the Commonwealth's ships under his command, scattered the Dutch fleets like chaff, and for the first time gave England that proud title of "mistress of the seas," which she has ever since retained. But our great popular leaders, nowadays, fight their battles with more potent weapons than sword and cannon. The war they wage is one of reason and argument; and the power which they yield is that of Public Opinion and the Press. *Our* Cobden is a greater and a more successful leader than perhaps any warrior or general that has ever lived.

Richard Cobden was born a few hundred yards from the little town of Midhurst, in Sussex. "Maltster Cobden," as his grandfather was familiarly called, was a substantial yeoman of the old school, famous for the good beer that he brewed, and of which some of the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood to this day entertain savoury recollections. "Cobden's-lane," and "Cobden's-farmstead," are still remembered there: but the old house has been pulled down, and the old family has left the neighbourhood; for "Protection" ruined Maltster Cobden's son, and the grandchildren, of whom Richard was one, sought for industrial occupation in the great commercial towns—whose active and energetic population the farmer's son was yet destined to lead in th assault and final overthrow of that very system of Monopoly by which his own family had been victimised.

Richard Cobden commenced his industrial life at an early age as clerk in a London merchant's counting-house, where he commended himself to his employers by his industry and devoted attention to business. By and bye he removed to Manchester, where he became the commercial traveller for a house extensively engaged in the cotton trade; and gradually rose in the estimation of all who knew him. In Manchester, the progress of men of business, who are up to their work, is generally rapid; and we soon find Cobden, with an elder brother, engaged in a manufacturing enterprise of his own, to which he brought to bear the fruits of much experience, and a judgment as apt and skilful as that which he has since displayed in public affairs.

The beautiful prints of the Cobdens soon commanded the very highest price in the market. An instance of their attractiveness has been publicly mentioned, which we may here repeat. A gentleman was some time ago in Mr. Cobden's warehouse in Manchester, and was there favoured with the sight of some new printed muslins of a peculiar pattern, about three days before they were issued to the public. In less than a week from the day these dresses were despatched from the warehouse, the same gentleman was at Chichester, and, walking in the direction of Goodwood, he met some ladies of the Duke of Richmond's family wearing the identical prints; and, in a few days after, the same gentleman was at Windsor, and saw the Queen walking on the slopes wearing a dress of the same kind—so instantly did the "Cobden prints" take the lead in the fashionable world. For Mr. Cobden studied public taste, as he has since studied public opinion; and rarely, if ever, made a speculation (and this branch of trade is always exceedingly precarious and hazardous) in which he was not completely successful. It may be added, that the print-works of the firm, at Chorley, are now amongst the most extensive and liberally-conducted in Lancashire; and give regular employment to a large population. But we pass from this part of the subject to Cobden as a public man and a leader of the people.

Mr. Cobden first attracted public notice beyond his own district by the admirable pamphlets published by Mr. Tait of Edinburgh, on *England, Ireland, and America*, and afterwards on *Russia*—such were their titles—"by a Manchester Manufacturer." These pamphlets were filled with information; they were brilliant in style, and cogent in argument, and they immediately riveted the public attention. Though the subjects were such as do not usually excite general interest, the works rapidly ran through a number of editions, and obtained a very extensive circulation. As a proof of the earnest way in which Cobden went to work in

this matter, it may be mentioned that, in order to inform himself correctly of the state of our relations with Russia and Turkey, he made a voyage expressly to the East in the year 1837; and the result of his observations and reflections made during that visit is given in one of the pamphlets above mentioned. He completely sifted the "Russian question;" satisfied himself that the fear of that overgrown empire by England was a bugbear; and vehemently urged that England should abolish the corn laws, stick to trade and commerce, and not meddle in foreign questions; where we could do no good to others, but only inflict on ourselves a great deal of mischief.

The idea of a great Free-Trade Association—such as was afterwards embodied in the Anti-Corn-law League — seems even at this early period, to have struck the mind of Mr. Cobden. In the first edition of *England, Ireland, and America*, which was published, we believe, in 1835, he says—

Here let us observe, that it is worthy of surprise how little progress has been made in the study of that science of which Adam Smith was, more than half a century ago, the great luminary.

We regret that no society has been formed for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the just principles of trade. Whilst agriculture can boast almost as many associations as there are British counties, whilst every city in the kingdom contains its botanical, phrenological, or mechanical institutions, and these again possess their periodical journals (and not merely these, for even *war* sends forth its *United Service Magazine*), we possess no association of traders, united together for the common object of enlightening the world upon a question so little understood, and so loaded with obloquy, as free trade.

We have our Banksian, our Linnean, our Hunterian Societies; and why should not, at least our greatest commercial and manufacturing towns, possess their Smithian societies, devoted to the purposes of promulgating the beneficent truths of the *Wealth of Nations*. Such institutions, by promoting a correspondence with similar societies that would probably be organised abroad, (for it is our example in questions affecting commerce that strangers follow), might contribute to the spread of liberal and just views of political science, and thus tend to ameliorate the restrictive policy of foreign governments, through the legitimate influence of the opinions of its people.

Nor would such societies be fruitless at home. *Prizes might be offered for the best essays on the corn question; or lecturers might be sent to enlighten the agriculturists, and to invite discussion upon a subject so difficult, and of such paramount interest to all.*

This hint was soon after adopted and acted upon with a success which even its author never anticipated. But we proceed with the Free Trader's career.

Mr. Cobden soon became a leading public man in Manchester. His judgment became valued; his business talent in all departments attracted public notice; and he was called upon to take a prominent part in most of the public movements of his district. Yet he never thrust himself upon the attention of his fellow-townsmen; but on all occasions he rather shunned than courted the general applause. Modesty, and an entire absence of all vanity and jealousy, have always been characteristic of him from his first entrance upon public life.

In 1837, Mr. Cobden was invited to stand as a candidate for the borough of Stockport, but on a contest was defeated by fifty-five votes. It was perhaps more fortunate for the public cause that he was not then successful; for, in the following year, 1838, the Anti-Corn-law League was formed—one of the most formidable political movements that has ever been known in the history of this country; and from its commencement, Mr. Cobden was its very life and soul. There are comparatively few who know the immense labours of Mr. Cobden in connection with this body—labours which bring no fame with them, because they are done in secret, and are never brought into the light of day: correspondence with the leaders of public opinion everywhere — encouragement to the desponding — help to the weak — stimulus to the wavering; everywhere was the pen and voice of Cobden at work. At the public meetings of the League he was always prominent—the first and foremost man there. At committee-meetings, at *soirees*, at public demonstrations, who was to be compared with him for clear-headedness, for zeal, for clenching argument, for rousing eloquence? From the first, indeed, he has been the rallying point of the movement, and the centre of all its organisation.

The writer of the present notice has had numerous personal opportunities of knowing the vast labours of Mr. Cobden in influencing and directing public opinion, during the last eight years, especially through the medium of the press. While conducting an extensively circulated newspaper in one of the manufacturing districts, he has received from that gentleman almost weekly letters respecting the progress of the agitation—urging certain important lines of policy — cautioning against being entrapped into snares laid by the enemy—cheering on every effort in the right direction—stimulating enthusiasm — combatting fallacies — hoping even against hope, and resolute even in despair. And, even Mr. Cobden himself, confident though he ever has been in the triumph of the right—has not been without his moments of doubt and fear. Writing in November, 1841, he says:—

Should some practical measures not be speedily carried, they will come too late—and what rational man can say that we are in a fair way for doing anything very soon? Still, what more *can* we do, than what we are doing? At least, we are not standing in the way of a more hopeful movement; for of the three questions that now agitate the people—Repeal of Corn-law, Repeal of Union, and Charter—I can't help thinking that our question stands in the place of the favourite in the public mind. *Bad is the prospect even of the best;* but so long as there is no better to which to resign the course, we must work away with whip and spur, keeping our head steadily towards the far distant winning-post.

Usually, however, Mr. Cobden was much more sanguine in his anticipations, and never allowed any exertions to flag for want of encouragement and stimulus on his part.

We now come to say a few words of Mr. Cobden's career as a member of Parliament. In 1840, he was invited to stand for the borough of Manchester. But he declined, on the ground that he was not to be allowed to enter Parliament as a free man; the committee who waited on him having represented the expediency of letting principle remain subservient to party arrangements — a thing to which Cobden firmly declared that his conscience would never allow him to give his assent. But at length the Whig government fell to pieces, Peel was made minister, and Cobden was returned to Parliament for Stockport.

Many were the predictions of Mr. Cobden's enemies that his appearance in Parliament would be a failure. Cobden was now to "find his level." The farmer's son could never hold up his head among the proud lords of the soil, and dare to measure his strength with them! Nor would *his* have been the first promising political reputation of which St. Stephen's had been the death. But Cobden was made of stouter stuff. He took the earliest opportunity of addressing the house upon the subject the nearest to his heart. And here, let us say, that he possessed the first great requisites of success as a speaker — moral courage, earnestness, and the consciousness of right. In his first parliamentary speech, as in all his other speeches, Cobden went direct to his point—he la-

boured to convince his hearers, though knowing them to be hostile to him—he spoke warmly from his heart—in short, he spoke and acted as a man does who is thoroughly in earnest. The opposition he encountered was great. The "white waistcoats" hooted: Cobden minded them not one jot. The man had in him severe truths that *must* be heard. He rode fearlessly the whirlwind of noise and stormy opposition that he raised, and at length lashed it into quiet. Ferrand was let loose upon him, and at first the thing took amazingly; the reckless daring in assertion, which characterised the oratory of the Knaresborough representative, convulsed with delight the abettors of monopoly. But as the truth gradually oozed out, Ferrand's flights ceased to charm, and they were voted bores. On the other hand, Mr. Cobden made good his position, and became listened to with increased attention. He soon commanded the car of the house, and even measured strength with the Premier himself. Night after night was he in his place, pursuing the same steady and resolute course; exposing fallacy, rebuking ignorance, denouncing wrong, and pleading earnestly for freedom and liberty in all things. His speeches rapidly improved in all respects—in arrangement, in style, in manner, and in matter—until now he may be cited as one of the most powerful and effective speakers of the House of Commons.

Mr. Cobden has none of the striking physical characteristics of the orator. When his name is announced at a great League meeting, those who are unacquainted with his person expect to see some robust, burly, O'Connell-like agitator rise to his feet. Instead of which we have a pale, lean, wiry man, of melancholic features, of middle stature, and of no very marked peculiarities of face, such as are supposed to distinguish the man of action and intellect. His manner is easy and unartificial. He has no gestures of any remarkable grace. His voice is thin, and sounds rather nasal. And yet what a powerful influence does Cobden almost invariably exercise over the minds of his auditors—often causing them to burst out in the wildest enthusiasm! How is this? Because the man is thoroughly in earnest, and because out of the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh. Mr. Cobden has always a wonderful store of *facts* at his command, which he never fails to bring in pat to the point. He emphatically "hits the nail on the head, clinching it at both sides." But he has other important requisites of the great practical orator; he has an immense fund of common sense, great practical sagacity and shrewdness, an evident honesty of purpose, earnest straightforwardness, and, at the same time, a clearness and simplicity of speech which enables him to bring his reasonings and his facts completely home to the judgment, and appeal powerfully to the silent judge in every man's bosom. It matters not what description of audience he addresses—be they members of Parliament, Manchester manufacturers, Stockport operatives, or Sussex ploughmen—he invariably secures and rivets their attention. He thoroughly knows the men he addresses; he adapts himself to them; he enters into their very minds and hearts; he carries them along with him entirely; and thus achieves triumphs as great as if he were the most accomplished of orators.

In his speeches, as in his general career, Richard Cobden is, perhaps, one of the best specimens of the English character that we could point out. Englishmen esteem the practical, the business-like, and the common-sense qualities, above all others; and who, in these respects, is superior to Cobden? He is a man, too, who does everything in a manly, straightforward way, without any beating about the bush. Then, how indefatigable, inflexible, calm, patient, courageous, laborious, and sincere, is Richard Cobden! Truly, a noble specimen of the English character, and in its very best forms. Would that all Englishmen strove to imitate him!

Richard Cobden is influenced by no narrow political motives in his great enterprise to secure freedom of trade for England with the nations of the world. It is not a mere money question with him, but one of ultimate human happiness and civilisation. While he has a keen eye to the actual necessities of living men, he has, also, his eye directed towards the future, and sees in the consummation of the measure for which he has so zealously laboured, the triumph of peace, and the universal prevalence of social happiness.

I believe (said he, at a late public meeting in Manchester) that the physical gain will be the smallest gain to humanity from its success. I see in free trade that which shall act on the moral world as the law of gravitation in the universe; drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race, and creed, and language, and uniting us in the bonds of eternal peace. I believe that the desire and the motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies, for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labour, will die away. I believe that such things will cease to be necessary, or to be used, when man becomes one family, and freely exchanges the fruits of his labour with his brother man.

Mr. Cobden, we believe, sees as clearly as most thinking men that the struggle for free commerce is only part of a struggle for a still larger freedom; and that beyond the question of political economy there is also the great problem of social economy to be solved—how the means of happiness are to be the most equitably distributed for the well-being of those who produce them.

But Richard Cobden is not a *perfect* man. To say that he was, would be saying he was more than human. We ourselves are of opinion that he has committed a great error in opposing the progress of the Short-Time question. He has laboured zealously to obtain for the labouring people bread, for the supply of their physical necessities; and we lament that he has not discerned the equally pressing necessity for securing to the same classes time for the improvement and sustenance of their moral and intellectual nature. But such is our confidence in the honesty of heart and true philanthropic spirit of the man, that we feel assured he will yet be one of the most zealous of our public labourers in the cause of the moral and intellectual improvement of all classes.

The recent events attendant on the triumph of the free-trade question are too fresh in the minds of our readers to call for particular notice here. The graceful and generous compliment paid to Mr. Cobden by the retiring Prime Minister—that his name would for ever be associated with the triumph of free-trade measures in England—was no less honourable to Sir Robert Peel than it was deserved by Richard Cobden; and though he retire from this moment into private life, he will be followed by the gratitude and the praise of Englishmen. But we do not anticipate anything like the permanent loss of his public services. His is a mind of too ardent a temperament, and too philanthropic a bias, to be satisfied with continued seclusion from public life.

That Richard Cobden may long be spared to aid the people in their struggles toward social well-being and happiness, is our earnest wish and prayer.

THE MISS CUSHMANS.

By Mary Howitt.

(*Concluded from page 33.*)

At this sad time her sister Susan, then hardly more than a child, was sent to Boston to visit a relation; her elder brother took a situation, and her younger brother, a boy of twelve, to whom she was tenderly attached, and with talents and character equal to her own, she sent to school at Albany, in the full belief that better days would come; and then, as soon as she was able to travel, taking her mother with her, that she might no longer be friendless and forlorn among strangers, she accepted an engagement which was offered her at Albany, and there she acted with great success for four months.

Nothing could be pleasanter than this sojourn at Albany; it was as the clear sunshine in the interval of a storm, and she greatly enjoyed it. The Legislature were at that time sitting there; and she, not being in such prosperous circumstances as to afford for herself a private lodging, met daily in the public room of the boarding-house many members of this body, intelligent and well-informed men, and music and conversation made the afternoons pass delightfully. In the midst of all this pleasure and success, again the storm gathered, which fell like a sudden blow, and at once dashed all delight out of existence. Her beloved young brother was killed by a fall from a horse, and this so sudden and violent death almost overwhelmed her. She stayed to see him buried and then left Albany, unable longer to endure a place which had cost her so dearly. After this terrible blow she travelled for several months in the country, taking temporary engagements as they offered; and then, with a mind somewhat calmed and submissive to the sorrow which God had appointed, she came again to New York, where she resolved stedfastly and with renewed energy to work upward in her profession. She accordingly accepted a humble engagement in the principal theatre of New York, determined that nothing should prevent her rising to the eminence at which she aimed. For three years she remained here acting in every play, whether tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, or vaudeville; playing old women, young women, girls, chambermaids, waiting-maids, and all eccentric characters whatever. This gave her a wonderful range of power and experience, and still she persevered onward, determined through all difficulty and trouble to reach at last the highest point. One thing, however, she had not calculated upon, that by making herself so generally useful she was in reality only impeding her own advancement in the theatre; because managers, with a selfish policy, generally keep useful people down, lest they should feel their own strength, and thus the managers be obliged to employ two or three people instead of one, or else pay them at a higher rate.

We must now, however, return to the time spent at Albany, during which her sister Susan married. The circumstances of this marriage were peculiar; and we are enabled, without violating private confidence, to make the public so far acquainted with them as is necessary for our little narrative.

At that period of Miss Cushman's theatrical life in which misfortune seemed to have overwhelmed her, a gentleman of Boston, in middle life, and a friend of the family, came forward and offered to take her sister Susan, then very young, entirely under his care, complete her education, and, if the consent of her mother could be obtained, adopt her as his daughter. Susan was delicate in health, lovely in person, and timid in character; this offer, therefore, of a permanent and comfortable home was not to be rejected. She was removed from the harassing cares which pressed on her sister, and placed in the house of a half-brother, where she lived in ease and comfort, no pains being spared to render her education complete. The arrangement seemed altogether a most satisfactory one, and no sentiment but that of gratitude was felt by all towards the man who had so generously shown himself the friend of all. When Susan, however, was just turned fourteen he was taken dangerously ill of brain fever, and lay at the point of death. At this moment he summoned her half-brother, and besought, as the prayer of a dying man, that in order to give Susan Cushman a legal claim to his property, which was believed to be very considerable, she would consent to marry him. The idea was a startling one; but he had been so long her real benefactor, and now meant so sincerely to secure independence to her at his death, when otherwise she must be unprovided for, that the idea was not to be rejected. Her brother-in-law consented; and, after some little delay, arrangements were made for the marriage. In the meantime, however, the mother, to whom this singular intelligence was sent, hurried to Boston with the firm determination, from some nameless presentiment of evil in her own mind, utterly to forbid the marriage. In Susan's mind too the greatest unwillingness existed, and she only needed her mother's countenance resolutely to refuse her consent. The mother came; but the relatives, who saw nothing but the utmost advantage to the young lady in an alliance, which even supposing the husband lived promised wealth and station, over-ruled even the mother's unwillingness. This ill-starred marriage took place and the husband recovered.

Before the young wife however was fifteen, she had occasion to deplore not having listened to those presentiments of evil which, like the whisperings of guardian angels, might have saved her from bitter woe. Her husband one day informed her that he was going to New York on business; scarcely, however, was he gone when the whole bubble of his wealth and prosperity burst. Hungry creditors rushed in from all sides, and it was then found to be too true that he had left Boston to avoid the personal annoyance which must accrue on the state of his affairs being made public. For his wife, however, young and inexperienced as she was, and to whom this came as the sudden crash of the earthquake, he had no such pity. She was left to bear it all. Nothing could be more appalling and distressing than her present state. She had married him in the first instance not from affection, but from a sense of gratitude and duty to a kind devoted friend, who as a dying request asked but her hand to provide for her through life. When he lived, however, and thus when the responsibility and duty of a wife was suddenly thrust upon her, she, like Jenny in the ballad of "Old Robin Gray," had literally vowed with herself to be a good wife to him who had been so kind, and who she sincerely believed had meant so kindly by her. Now, however, and this was perhaps the saddest part of this sad knowledge, his character appeared in an entirely new aspect; he was a selfish, cruel, and false man. Her heart almost broke under this dreadful discovery. A year or two, during which no better hope revealed itself, went on, and

she was a mother. Life was dark all around her and full of crushing realities, among which may be mentioned the loss of her husband's reason. No history of a life can be sadder than hers; yet through all she was blameless, and to the utmost endeavoured to fulfil her duty.

Her husband, who had now no means of maintaining her and the child, set off to the South, on the plea of seeking a livelihood, and left them to their fate. With her little son she then went to her mother and sister, yearning for that sympathy and kindness which with them she was sure to find, and determined also to do something to ensure independence for herself and child. The sadness of her lot, however, and the anguish of a crushed and wounded heart, had caused a deep melancholy to settle on her mind. She was not then twenty, yet existence seemed to have lost every charm for her; the bright and cheerful purposes of life were gone; yet still, for her child's sake, she was willing to exert herself.

Her sister, whose heart bled to witness the sorrows and sufferings of one so young and so dear, resolved to call forth the talent for theatrical representation which she believed her sister to possess. Her strong, energetic, and unflinching character was of the greatest benefit to her. The most beautiful feature in this narrative, perhaps, is the affection of these two noble-hearted sisters. Charlotte's was a character on which her sister, disappointed and heart-broken, could lean and from which she could derive strength. She was her teacher; they worked hard together, and, as was natural, the sick heart, if it grew not well, at least grew stronger.

Mrs. Merriman, or Miss Susan Cushman, as she was theatrically called, made her first appearance before the public in a manuscript play called *The Genoese*, written by a young American, in which, to encourage her sister, Miss Cushman took the part of the lover. And here let a few words be said on a subject which has excited some remarks, and as we think needlessly, to Miss Cushman's disadvantage—we mean on her taking male parts. We can assert it as a fact, and it is a fact full of generosity and beautiful affection, that it is solely on her sister's account that she has done so. By taking herself the male character, for which she was in many cases admirably suited, she was enabled to obtain the *first* female character for her sister; there being, as is well known, no plays written in which two prominent female characters are found. Affection for one who, if not possessed of her strong, original masculine talent, had yet beauty, grace, tenderness, and many requisites for a successful actress, made her willing to give her every support and advantage she could, even where she herself had, as it seemed, to step out of a woman's province. With regard to Miss Susan Cushman's acting, it seems to us, however, that, spite of the advantage she may derive from acting with her sister, there is also a counterbalancing disadvantage, because it forces, as it were, her acting, which is gentle, and remarkable for extreme delicacy of feeling, into comparison with her sister's, which is always so strongly marked and powerful.

But our intention here is not criticism; let us, therefore, return to the narrative. During her second season in Philadelphia, Mrs. Merriman met with some of her husband's relations, who treated her with the utmost kindness, and who, resenting his base conduct to her, advised her to obtain a divorce, for which the most abundant reasons existed. At their own charge they commenced the necessary legal proceedings. The divorce was obtained, and in less than a year afterwards the news of his death reached them from the far West. Thus terminated a history of trial and sorrow; but brighter times were beginning to dawn, and the young actress now began to find that in her professional life fortune had smiles in store for her.

The two sisters now took a high stand together, and for one season they performed in Philadelphia all the principal characters. The next year they returned to New York. During this season, and while that celebrated comedy of ***London Assurance*** was in vogue, in which they acted upwards of ninety nights, Miss Cushman had a newspaper controversy with Park Benjamin, an American sonnet-writer, in which great service was done to her by Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, who had ever been a thorough believer in her great and original talent, and which seemed at once to place her in her true position.

The following season she assumed the management of the Philadelphia Theatre, where she remained until Mr. Macready came to America, when he, being so much satisfied with the assistance she rendered him, solicited her to accompany him in his engagements to the North.

Soon after this a desire which had long operated upon her mind took a more determinate shape, and she resolved to carry it into effect; this was no other than the coming to England, and trying her powers before a higher tribunal than any which her native country could afford her. Throughout the whole of her career a noble ambition had ever urged her onward; she was not satisfied to come short in any way of that excellence at which she aimed. While yet young in her art she aspired to stand side by side with Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Siddons, or rather the fame which she had left behind, was the grand ideal after which she strove. But supposing she equalled, or even, were such a thing possible, surpassed Mrs. Siddons, it would have availed her very little to have fame awarded to her by America alone. To England she must come. It was an idea that haunted her night and day. To be loved and appreciated by England, that was her great ambition, and nothing short of that would satisfy her.

Like all Miss Cushman's great steps in life, this also was destined to be taken alone. It was at the commencement of winter that she set out alone, excepting for one female attendant. Many difficulties and painful circumstances conspired at the last moments to throw a gloom upon her departure. A timid, doubtful mind must have turned back even then; but with her, to resolve was to act. On the voyage, however, the full sense of the bold, uncertain venture on which she had hazarded so much, fell heavily on her mind; she was depressed and unhappy. The gloom, however, of her melancholy thoughts was greatly diverted by the kindness of an American family, her fellow-voyagers, and from them, on her first arrival in that vast world of London, where the friendless feel friendless indeed, she continued to receive the utmost attention. With them, soon after her arrival in this country, she paid a short visit to Scotland and Paris, being really and naturally anxious to see something of this wonderful old world, with its famous cities, and realms of poetry and romance, while her mind was yet untasked, and free to enjoy all things fully; for she knew, as who would not have known? that in case of failure in her great trial with the British public, she would be disheartened and depressed beyond

the power of enjoyment. To Scotland and Paris, therefore, she went; and parting from her kind country people at the latter place, she returned alone to London, to put her fortune at once to the trial.

It was the depth of winter, and a remarkably cheerless, gloomy season too; she was ill, not only with severe cold but from anxiety and uncertainty. Nothing could exceed the depression of her mind as she looked round on the vast multitudes of London, herself as yet friendless there—and yet in this very London lay her fate, and from these very multitudes she had come to win love and admiration! She had, it is true, brought some letters of introduction with her, but it so happened that they were not addressed to persons willing—or, perhaps, able—to serve her. Ill and alone, and oppressed with anxieties of various kinds, those melancholy first weeks in London will never be forgotten by her.

But she could not afford to waste time in brooding over her own sad thoughts, even if a natural impatience to know the worst, or to enjoy the best, had not urged her on to make the trial for which she had come. She received offers from the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre—then open, from St. James's, and one or two others; but here, again, a difficulty arose, which made her additionally unhappy. She knew not what was best or wisest for her to decide upon or do. She wanted at that moment a friend and counsellor; but she had none. However, the circumstance of Mr. Forrest coming to England afforded her an opportunity of performing her own peculiar characters with a better chance of success, and in the end she accepted an engagement at the Princess's, and resolved to make her *debut* before a London audience in the character of Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*. But here, a new difficulty presented itself in the unwillingness there existed on the part of the gentleman to take the character of Fazio, which is considered inferior to that of the lady. At length one more self-forgetting than the rest was found in the person of Mr. Graham, who admirably supported her in the part. Her success was great and unquestioned; nor must it be forgotten that at that time she was not known to a dozen persons in London, and no means had been taken to prepare the press, or dispose the public mind to her favour. All depended upon her own merit and original power; yet only one opinion prevailed regarding her.

One engagemant at the Princess's succeeded another until she had acted there eighty-four nights, during which she appeared as Emilia to Mr. Forrest's Othello, as Lady Macbeth, Julia, in the *Hunchback*, Mrs. Haller, Beatrice, Lady Teazle, Meg Merrilies, Rosalind, and Juliana, in the *Honeymoon*—a range of characters which required extraordinary ability and power.

Her success in London induced her sister to hope that the same audience which received with such distinguished favour her efforts to please them, would also receive hers with kindness. She accordingly, accompanied by her mother, joined her sister in July of last year, and made her first appearance before a London public in the following December, at the Haymarket, in the character of Juliet.

Since then they have visited together all the principal towns in the three kingdoms, and everywhere, whilst their distinguished talent is acknowledged by the public at large, their personal accomplishments, and their qualities of heart and mind, win for them the firmest friends.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. IV.

By Harriet Martineau.

I. It has probably happened to every thoughtful person who has stood in a crowd, whether in a ball-room, an election, or a country fair, to be crossed by the idea—"these people have all to die: where and how will each die?" And the imagination is immediately engrossed by the vast imagery which fills it of death in old age, death by surprise, death in bed, sudden and alone, or waited for and watched; death at sea, or by violence, or by crushing accident; death welcomed, or met with terror, or with unconsciousness. The modes of death will probably be almost as various as the crowd is numerous. I remember being absorbed by this speculation amidst the first ball I ever was at: and, after this long course of years, something of the same emotion comes over me in speculating, not on the deaths, but the lives of those whose birth, departure, or characterising acts are related in the newspaper paragraphs under my eye.

A Pope has died: a Princess has been born. Before the first, life lay in its common aspect in his youth. He gave up its most common and natural enjoyments and duties to become a celibate priest; and he became a potentate; the greatest potentate on the globe, as he and all with whom he had dealings believed. Before the infant princess life lies in an unusual aspect: she will never be a potentate; and we must hope that in its intermediate portions her lot will contrast as strongly with that of the pope as in its extremes. We will hope that she may have and enjoy domestic life. Her lot is, in its essential features, more favourable than that of a royal child born to sovereignty; and more favourable than that of a person bound by vows to celibacy. It is less favourable than that of most children born in a lower station: but it is by no means to be despaired of. Already the universal air is about her, and her eyes open on grass and trees and human faces. The dash of the sea will amuse her young ear: the world of ideas will hereafter lie open before her; and it is not impossible that she may be allowed to make her way freely into it. Though the chances are not good for her enjoyment of equal friendship and spontaneous love in marriage, these blessings are not out of the question: and with these her life may be far above a failure. It is rarely that that of potentates can rise above being a failure, as regards the individual. Of all potentates, a pope is the one whose life must be most eminently a success or a failure. The kind of power he holds—a despotic spiritual power—must either corrupt or elevate him. As to his own quality, he cannot be common-place; nor can his operation on the world be indifferent or trifling.

"They rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." This is true of all who live and die. The works of the royal infant who has just opened her eyes upon the world, and of the pontiff who has closed his in death, will follow the doers into either reprobation, or oblivion, or a blessed immortality. While conceiving of theirs, what imagery fills one's mind of the deeds of others whose names stand recorded with theirs in the papers under my eye! What an array of the offspring of the head and hands, preparing to follow their authors to hell, or the tomb, or the eternal heavens! What a motley array it is! Here is an asylum rising up for the shelter of women on their

leaving prison, that these weak and despised creatures may not sink into perdition for want of aid on re-entering the world which was before too hard for them. This institution is a consequence of the works of a Christian woman, Elizabeth Fry, who entered prisons as a ray of the sun or a breeze of health enters them, to cheer and warm and strengthen the captive. We see her works already following her, from strength to strength from glory to glory. We next read that so many young men of family and high responsibilities have committed suicide after acts of gaming in certain cities of the continent, that a foreign government has ordained imprisonment with fasting and flogging as a new penalty on those who cannot pay the fine due from players at games of chance. Gambling debts and suicide *are* a contrast to years of humble and affectionate waiting on the guilty and wretched.—A Derby manufacturer of cement has by will ordained for himself a curious kind of immortality. His coffin is completely inclosed in an everlasting cement, on which his name was traced while the substance was wet. In a few minutes the letters became hardened to stone. He will have the immortality he was able to conceive of. Centuries hence his name may be spelled out: but it will be only letters. It will be no name to the readers; for there will be no idea connected with the words. It will be as true a case of oblivion of the man himself as that of the skeleton which has been found together with the bones of a horse, in an oval tomb in a chalk pit. The skull of the man, projecting a little from the side of the pit, had been a tempting place for a pied wagtail to build its nest in, and the nest had five eggs in it when found. This man has, without seeking it, as much and as good an immortality as the Derby manufacturer who has taken such precious care of his bones and dust, and the letters of his name.—A Mr. Nicholson who died, an officer of excise, at Leeds, a month since, was of a higher quality. He was born and reared among the Cumberland mountains; and there he used his mind as heartily as he exercised his limbs. When only sixteen, he constructed a correct tabular almanack, foretelling the eclipses, and other changes of the heavenly bodies, up to the year 1860. He discovered and disclosed many valuable facts about the stratification of the northern coal-fields; made telescopes, microscopes, and prisms by his own knowledge and skill; and all this in the intervals of his regular business. His works and his memory will abide together on his native mountains. The shepherd on the highest sheep-walk will be watching for the eclipse, instead of hiding his face in terror at the darkness when it comes. And when the little moss from the rock, or the tiny insect from the pool is shown in its marvellous beauty and intricacy through one of his magic glasses, or when fuel is confidently dug for and found in some bleak region where his scientific eye discerned it beneath the ground, his name will be blessed with his works.

The late dinner on occasion of presenting Rowland Hill with a national testimonial, reminds us of what a work will follow him to immortality. It may be that a future generation, and even our own, may become so accustomed to the blessing of cheap postage as that they may not bear freshly in mind the days when families were separated almost as by death when once gone out of their homes; the days when letters cost so much that the sons of poor clergymen, of small tradesmen, of the widow, left lonely in her poor abode, could not afford the luxury of correspondence. It may be that now that conversing by letter seems almost as easy and natural as conversing by speech, we may become less vividly sensible of the blessing given us by Rowland Hill: but the work is an immortal one; and his name is safely lodged in the history of the time.—Side by side with this name, I see in the papers the name of Captain Wemyss, M.P., with some account of the way in which he occupies himself. He has found a child trespassing in a field where pheasants were hatching, ridden after him to flog him, and given occasion to a pretty strong expression of the feeling of his neighbours. They assaulted him, and threatened and insulted him, telling him that he ought to be at his duties in Parliament, instead of watching pheasants' eggs and frightening children. The captain may justly plead his right to rear pheasants, and the injury of being assaulted and insulted by the neighbours: but a man thoughtful about his deeds will hardly wish to be remembered by those which, having pleasure for their object, cause children to offend, and excite the passions of indignant lookers-on. Nor would one wish to be remembered for the value one puts on mere amusement, even when more innocently indulged.—A rich Englishman who lives near Pau cannot be satisfied with the pleasures natural to the beautiful region at the foot of the Pyrenees; and he has astonished the Bordeaux people by having his thirteen horses and thirty couple of hounds landed at their quay from an English brig. The people assembled in multitudes to see the sight; and they will probably send down to posterity some tradition of the gentleman as the most devoted lover of pleasure of their day and neighbourhood.—Somewhat different was the taste in pleasure of a certain humble governess whom I have heard of, whose name was Jane Scott. She had a heart which was pained at seeing the toil and difficulty caused to the people of a certain district by want of access to water: and she had a heart which was pleased at the exertion of working hard and denying herself the expenditure of her own earnings for her own purposes. She laid by enough of her hard earnings to bequeath to the neighbourhood a pump, with a shed over it, for shelter for the women who came to draw. The grateful neighbours have added to the pump the best and greatest ornament it could have—the inscribed name of Jane Scott.—Some papers before me prove that among the worst consequences of seasons of distress among the workpeople is this; that men who are selfish discover on how little their wives and children can live, and thenceforward compel their wives to make that sum do, spending all the rest on their own indulgence. When I think of the childishness of the idle gentleman in his gambling and hunting pleasures abroad, and of the selfish working man over his pipe and can, or laying bets, or lounging away his Mondays, how sweet in comparison is the savour of the works of Jane Scott, or of the Wiltshire good-wife, who now stands immortalised in stone, on the top of a pillar, with her basket of eggs on her arm. This good-wife had to go to market by a dreadfully miry way. She worked and saved, and left money to pave this miry way, for the benefit of those who came after her. There was some money left over; and it accumulated, so that the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was a trustee, was perplexed what to do with it. He and others who honoured the woman's deed, subscribed a sufficient increase to erect the pillar and statue I have mentioned. There she stands, silently inciting the wayfarer to deeds of that virtue that they can never die.

II. The season is an extraordinary one. The heat—the amount of continuous sunshine—has been far beyond the average of our summers. This heat brings on, as a natural consequence, violent tempests, and explosions of thunder and lightning such as are seldom witnessed in this country. All the while, the crops are advancing beautifully—first, by the heat which happily succeeded the profuse rains of last year and the early spring of this; and then, by the passing rains attending the summer storms. Here and there, trees are shivered, cattle killed, stacks set on fire, men struck dead; and some people are trembling at the unusual number of accidents from this cause. But let them look at the amount of life and plenty which is maturing by the means which inflict this isolated death and loss. It is a conspicuous instance of the ordinary course of Providence—this large and silent growth of immeasurable good, attended by startling tokens which may keep our minds awake and vigilant. A multitude of human lives may be said to be growing in the fruitful fields, while but one here and there is cut off. Plenty is showering down into a nation's lap, while only a handful here and there is destroyed. Such is the proportion of God's gifts and men's privations—and who will say that the disasters themselves have not a surpassing value as keeping men's eyes open to the dealings of God with the life of man?

III. A surgeon of the University of Padua proposed to the government of Austria, a year ago, a method of strangulation of criminals, by which some of the torture of the old process is saved to people who are executed. "This new method," we are told, "chiefly consists of a mechanism which, when the criminal is fastened to the gibbet, draws him violently by the feet and the head, occasions the dislocation of the vertebral column on the level of the neck; and thus occasions instantaneous death. This method, after being tried for one year, has just been definitively adopted in the Lombardo Venetian kingdom; and the surgeon who invented it has accepted the 'honourable' office of 'director of executions,' over which he will be bound to preside, in order to superintend the application of his plan." We may leave this surgeon to his office and its rewards, only observing that here is an instance of art applied to purposes of destruction, and therefore destined to a short existence. The man and his invention will go down together to infamy or oblivion as soon as may be.—Contrasted with this—in immediate and most cheering contrast—are records of new science applied to saving purposes. The accounts are very abundant; but I will give a few instances as briefly as I can.* The great chemists of our time are making researches into electricity, and other kindred subjects, and are discovering new substances and new powers which have hitherto been known only by their effects, if at all. Among these, is one which has not yet received a permanent name—a something which streams out from the magnet, from crystals, and other substances; and most certainly from the human hand. We have all heard of the electrical eel, the fish which gives an electric shock when touched. There has been discovered in the human hand, by an Italian physician, a structure resembling the apparatus by which this fish gives its electric strokes. The electricity, or whatever it be, which is given out by the human hand, and which appears to exist also in the breath, and to issue from the eye, is found to produce curious, and most beneficial effects on the human frame to which it is applied, with any knowledge or skill. The instances of relief and cure of disease by it are innumerable; but I cannot speak of them now. The papers before me detail several cases where this Vital Magnetism (as some call it) has spared the patient all pain under severe surgical operations. The influence throws the patient into a sleep, in which he feels no pain; and when he awakes, he is quite unaware of what has been done. A girl of seventeen, whose foot was diseased, had it amputated at Cherbourg, last autumn; and the medical men present declare that she slept quietly on through it all, though the operation lasted half an hour, and knew nothing about it when she awoke. A young man of the same town underwent a longer and more severe operation on the 27th of May last, without feeling anything, and only guessed by the bandages about his neck and head when he awoke, that the thing had been done. There are more such cases in our own country than I have room to mention; and Dr. Esdaile of Calcutta has published a book, relating seventy-three cases in his own practice of surgical operations performed without pain to the patient. By being spared this pain, the patients recover with extraordinary regularity and speed. What a blessing is such an application of new science! The discovery is however not new, though now becoming clearer than ever before. It explains a good many things which every body knew to be true, and nobody could account for. Every body knows how curious is the gipsy power of charming unbroken horses; and most have heard of Sullivan, the horse-charmer, who went by the name of the Whisperer, from his appearing to subdue the animal by whispering in his ear. The grandson of this man is now a horsebreaker at Sydney, in New South Wales, where he produces the most extraordinary effects on wild colts taken from the bush, making them as subject to him in twenty-four hours as any trained dog. This art was thought to be a sort of magic till a clever American found out, in the far west of that continent, how it was done. He observed that the Indians, when they had killed buffaloes, and wished to carry off the buffalo-calves, breathed in the nostrils or ears of these wild creatures; after which the very wildest would quietly follow them wherever they went. This breathing into the nostrils or ear has since been extensively tried on vicious or unbroken horses; and it succeeds so perfectly as to leave no doubt that this was Sullivan's charm. This is doubtless owing to the presence, in the breath, of the same vital magnetism which throws sufferers into a sleep under the surgeon's hands, and procures relief from pain and disease in innumerable other cases. We must hope that the saving application of this piece of new science will go on steadily now that so much is known about it, and that diligence will be used in extending the discovery. It was a great day for the world when terrestrial magnetism was discovered, and the mariners' compass, though it looked like a piece of magic, came into use; and a multitude of other extraordinary things, up to the electrical telegraph of our own day. But this discovery of vital magnetism, with its wonderful powers over the human frame, promises greater blessings still, if searched into by the wise, and used by the experienced. There is good promise that it will be so. On occasion of Prince Albert's laying the first stone of the new laboratory of the Royal College of Chemistry, last month, much was said by several speakers, of the duty and privilege of a free and

fearless research into science, and of the blessings to be hoped from the advance of scientific discovery. And, as for the medical profession, they cannot but be led by such disclosures as Dr. Esdaile's to inquire into the methods of saving pain, so successfully employed by him in such a number of cases as seventy-three. Dr. Elliotson made an appeal to them, the other day, to this effect, at the close of an address which he delivered at the Royal College of Physicians, on the subject of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood. He showed how the greatest discoveries about the human frame have been first laughed at, then wondered at, and at last found to be true; and he invited the profession to study the subject to the bottom. It is to be hoped, in the name of wisdom and humanity, that they will do so. Dr. Elliotson was listened to with the deepest attention, and long and loudly cheered when he had done. Truly, he and the surgeon at Padua appear to be at opposite ends of the profession—the one using his art to destroy, and the other his science to save.

ART IN SPITALFIELDS.

A TALE.

By Eliza Meteyard, Author of "Struggles for Fame."

(Concluded from page 42.)

Sarah wept not many tears; it would have been unnatural if she had; though the acknowledgment of her patience and her truth, even at the last, redeemed and softened the memory of past evil. And now that the mission of life seemed placed before her, all thoughts were with the earnest hope to help the knowledge-seeking; all thoughts were with the wish for ability to raise the class around her in moral feeling; and, best of all, the hope and wish, that still keeping in her own humble sphere, she might prove its hearty teacher, and not its false scorner.

The old man's funded property was found to exceed the sum he had stated. In the house were rooms filled with hoarded and unredeemed pledges; these upon being sold realised more than three hundred pounds. This sum Sarah placed in the hands of a confidential person, whom she employed to procure a sufficient number of casts from the antique, whilst at the same time she purchased a cottage and a few roods of ground in a secluded spot between Highgate and Hampstead, and had the latter prepared for a choice flower-garden, by one accustomed to horticulture and landscape-gardening. These two expenditures were kept as secret as possible. A dilapidated house that belonged to her in the rear of her own was soon after placed in repair, and opened as an infant school in the morning, and in the evening for the instruction of adults in the common rudimental portion of drawing. To find teachers was the chief difficulty in this commencement; and Sarah soon perceived, that for any higher purposes that should materially serve design, she must do the taskwork of example; for mankind willingly follow—it is only the few that have heroism to lead the way.

These schools were matter for speculation in the neighbourhood. The good they might or might not do was canvassed amongst the poor; their propriety amongst rich; some even thought remonstrance needful, on the point of too much enlightenment to popular ignorance; but Sarah was now absent from the cavil of either praise or blame, and all that could be learnt by the curious from Restieaux, who managed the business, was, that she had gone to Germany to see her sister.

Sarah travelled from Hamburgh to Berlin to find there only some of Hausen's relatives; he and Kitty having removed some years before to a town in Saxony, where he had settled as a manufacturer. She travelled onward, and arrived one evening in the town. As Hausen was now a substantial burgher, his house was easy to find, and as she stood upon its threshold her ear was greeted with vocal and instrumental music. Knocking, but unanswered, she entered and saw before her a large room, warmed by a bright English fire, and beside it she at once recognised Kitty, now grown into a comely matron, seated at a piano, whilst Hausen, now looking gray and old, stood beside her with that same violin he had so often played in Spitalfields. But more observant was Sarah of those seven little German children grouped around, singing away with happy faces, that brought back old memories and countenances of the dead. She waited till the song was over, and then stood amidst the group unrecognised till she spoke. Oh! this was a happy night to Sarah—happy because Kitty was in health and prosperity, and there lay no bar of duty to hinder her inflexible resolve. Kitty could not speak a word of English now; but the heart's emotions want not words to express them, when true contrition for past error is their prolific source, and Kitty's tears were those that asked forgiveness. Once alone round the cheerful fire with Hausen and his wife, Sarah drew from her bosom notes upon a Hamburgh bank for Kitty's transferred portion of ten thousand pounds, and from a little paper she showed memoranda of every pound expended and realised since the old man's death! Might not Hausen now comprehend a natural nobleness that had no stain or selfishness of earth upon it? All Sarah said to reiterated thanks was—"Justice, Kitty; common justice!" The triumph of right is always a sure, as it is a proud one; and the scorners of the earth should take to heart, that it is not the box, *but* the jewel within it, that shows fairest in the light of heaven!

Sarah did not stay long with the Hausens, though she visited in their company Dresden and Munich. Rich with a series of botanical drawings, which Hausen had drawn and accumulated during rambles through Saxon Switzerland and the Black Forest, she bid her relations a last farewell, and returned to Berlin, to the house of Hausen's brother, who was a lecturer upon botany and mechanical drawing in the *Gewerb Institut*. With this person she remained a year, studying with him during his leisure hours, and learning the method of tuition pursued in those branches of art that might best influence textile designs in the hand-looms of Spitalfields. In the vast iron-foundries of Berlin, in its galleries, in its botanical gardens, this earnest worker saw and observed, not so much to copy servilely, as to influence and educate the eye by new combinations of the beauty of form. So, too, in the glory of higher art, to which the lower branches but lead and are relative, she could see that the result of all perfected genius owed as much to *labour* as to ability, and was not, as genius is fancied to be, a mere thing of inspiration. Did Shakspeare write without the travail of thought? Could that immortal "Adoration of the Magi" have been accomplished without rudimental lines, and painful ones? Think of this, oh, ye workers! as

ye grow impatient to pay this necessary earnest for truth in words or works.

With an introduction to one of its most enterprising manufacturers, Sarah went to Lyons; and this visit proved, perhaps, the most beneficial one. Here she saw *design applied*, and with the result of still retaining the old opinion, that the pattern once *in* the loom, the superiority of the Lyonnese ended. But in design, the comparison was the pigmy to the giant. Not that in principle I am for the unconditional fostering of art by either governments municipal or provisional; as lacking the vital spirit of individual enterprise, it is apt to degenerate into lifeless mannerism. But still, to raise taste to universality and maturity from an infantile state; to give means of progress to original talent; to raise that higher class of artisans—which England eventually will do in her Coventry, her Spitalfields, her Norwich, her Manchester—who shall consider it no degradation to design a matchless pattern for the loom, and send forth a cartoon, as it were, for the world's eye, on their unrivalled fabrics, rather than paint vulgar likenesses, or daub indifferent landscapes, with no higher ambition than of being an R.A., Art-schools, free to all classes, must—for them to be at first sufficiently influencing on the public mind—be either countenanced and assisted by the state, or, which is likely and nobler still, grow forth from the mighty omnipotent Combination of the People. Here, in Lyons, because all were taught all were interested, and all assisted in the perfection of design and colour; and by that law of nature which so often reproduces the *imitative* faculties (I by no means say the mental) in a higher degree in the child than in the parent, cultivation grew from type to higher type. And yet this quick perception of combination of colour was no peculiar gift to the French weaver alone! The same thing existed in Spitalfields, though in a modified extent: for as Sarah Chapman knew, and I have seen, a weaver or the higher-classed dyer will at any time distinguish a most minute variety of shade in colour, which an unpractised eye would be unable to distinguish even with powerful lenses. As cause from effect, the recognition begets the eye's delight. The wife of a weaver of Spitalfields or Norwich in her holiday attire, however humble that may be, is sure to contrast beautifully blended hues; thus bearing out the metaphysic principle, that beauty is a source of pleasure, and *becomes a necessity in degree with the progress of the mind.*

Another source of true design was, that the Lyonnese artisan still made pursuit of taste a portion of his recreation; he gathered flowers and grouped them; his children were taught to do the same on holidays amidst the woods and fields; thus nature was never a caricature: the pansy copied from the garden, the rose from its stem, were recognisable in the woven fabric, and not garnished with a leaf or bud nature never grew. Showing that to nature we must ever look for the true source of design in every branch of labour towards which art ministers; whether it be weaving, decorating, founding in the common as well as the costlier metals, bookbinding, engraving, chasing, and so on, after the first few geometrical principles have been acquired.

Early in 1832 Sarah Chapman returned to England; disappointed, however, in one purpose, that of procuring a Lyonnese as a teacher in her school, though she soon afterwards met with and engaged a native of Belgium, who, thrown out of work by the failure of a lace-manufactory in Brussels, had come to London to seek employment as a blond-pattern drawer.

Welcome back again the close dirty streets of Spitalfields! So echoed the heart of Sarah. The bread cast upon the waters was found; indigent honesty proved its truth in the Restieauxs, and trade had prospered.

As two infant schools on a large scale had been by this time established in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, she threw up her own and applied the funds to better advantage. The house at the rear of her own was approached by a quiet flagged court; the second floor, as now altered, consisting of but one very large and well-lighted room. This was whitewashed, and hung at intervals with large maps of common geometrical lines, interspersed with such outlines and studies from Holy Families and altar pictures as seemed suitable to the place. At distances were fixed brackets of antique carved oak (of which old Chapman had been a great collector and fancier), holding tall vases of common red earth, shaped after the Etruscan, to hold flowers. Across the matted floor were stools and long tables covered with green baize; the latter fitted with inkstands brought from Berlin, cast in the commonest iron, but elegant in form. This room was appropriated to the morning instruction of children above seven years of age; whilst the one in the upper story was for the use of the adult classes, to be superintended and taught by Sarah herself. This was reached by a side staircase leading from the court; and, as it was lofty, it was lighted by an extensive skylight, from the middle of which hung pendent on an iron beam a powerful reflecting lamp lighted by gas. Its walls were surrounded by the purchased casts, its tables supplied with bound folios of Sarah's and Hausen's copies from the antique, books of dried flowers, and, upon the master's and mistress's desks, translations, in Sarah's clear manuscript, of such German works on artistic design as had been issued at the expense of the government of Prussia, or published in Munich and Berlin. In a raised recess at one end of the room were a few stuffed birds, a few good coins, some rarer specimens of wood-carving, and some hundreds of choice illustrated books upon anatomy, botany, mineralogy, ornithology, antique vases, colour as applied to design, chemistry, architecture, and the fine arts in general. The use of these costly books was restricted to the room.

The garden at the Highgate cottage was by this time most flourishing. Situated within undulating swells, and open to the south, it nursed plants of the tenderest kind into a luxuriant beauty rarely seen in England, except in the sheltered nooks of Devonshire. The plants were selected with a view to colour and form, and arranged in graceful combination. The orange lily drooped beneath the Siberian larkspur; the damask rose beneath the trumpet honeysuckle. And by and by kindly weaver-hands brought, as gifts, rare plants of carnations and pansies, from their little plots of ground in Saunderson's gardens, and cages of singing-birds to hang abroad in summer beneath the dipping thatched cottage-eaves.

The two schools were opened early in 1838, amidst much clamour and parish hubbub: many going so far as to declare that Miss Chapman, as she was now called, was a mad woman; the rich considering that it was a libel upon their old ways—good ways; and the poor grumbling that admission to the lower school, at least, was not wholly gratuitous, as twopence was the weekly morning fee, fourpence the evening. Sarah Chapman knew

enough of English character to have considered that that which John Bull doesn't pay for, that John Bull doesn't care for; though all but the wilfully blind soon saw that these fees were merely nominal, and were collected together for the monthly purchase of books.

By degrees, however, a kindlier spirit prevailed, more particularly amongst the poorer classes. Pupils increased; "those that came to scoff remained to pray," and influential manufacturers soon co-operated in Sarah's views; for, as she often said when they came to consult her, "Why should rudimental art be made such a thing of difficulty, gentlemen, when the eye is first to open, the hand to move, before either the mind reasons or speech comes; and why should not art be the basis of literature, when the knowledge of how to express a few geometrical lines would be such assistance to the artisan of every trade."

This adult school, in which Sarah and the Belgian were sole teachers, included one for young women through the afternoon, and before the opening of the night school for youths and artisans. In this last, chief attention was given to the higher branches of art, as most of the adults possessed some taste for, or had a knowledge of, drawing. Sketching from the round or from a plane surface, from the casts, from geometrical figures, from living botanical specimens, from weeds and hedge-flowers indigenous to the fields and lanes round London; these were the subjects of study, as tending to grace and originality in textile design. As the more diligent returned home to practice during their leisure hours, many were soon found capable of original design, and procured high remunerative employment, after instruction under Restieaux, of reading these patterns into the loom, or the *mise en carte*. Such females as displayed taste were instructed in the more fancy styles of drawing and grouping. In this necessary demand for flowers, the Highgate garden proved of incalculable service, as it was open to students every morning and evening, and on Sundays to those of all ages who had attended school regularly through the week.

By and by, as the benefit of all these things began to be seen, the fame of the Spitalfields' school "got wind about." Manufacturers and their artisans, from Manchester, Coventry, Leeds, came with something like doubting curiosity to see a room spread round with works of art, and more than forty youths and men busy under the superintendence of one plain, mean-looking woman, who had thus chosen to spend her money and her time.

I come to the end of my tale. In the summer of 1839 the typhus fever raged in this part of London, and amongst others attacked was Restieaux's eldest daughter. Sarah Chapman loved this worthy, faithful girl, and for two days and nights, during the worst symptoms of the fever, never left her bed. On the third night, pressing business called Sarah into Southwark. Her thoughts and heart were with the girl, and as soon as possible she hastened back, lightly clad, and forgetful of the damp and chilling dew of the night air. The result of this imprudence may be imagined; shivering, sickness, and all the worst symptoms of the fever seized her upon her return. She was carried to bed, and the best medical aid procured. But mind and body had been overwrought; at twelve that night she was delirious, and never again regaining speech or reason, died next evening, leaving desolation and despair behind, it seemed as if the heart of Spitalfields lay cold and senseless with her.

As no will was found, and the application made to Hausen was answered by the authorities of the town in Saxony, stating he was dead, and his wife and family removed; the school struggled on but for a few months; as the heir-at-law might any hour appear, and parties in this case were unwilling to give credit, or become in any way responsible. The only honourable course, therefore, left for Restieaux, was to sell the houses and furniture, and invest the proceeds for the benefit of such heirs as might appear. This was done; and only reserving a few of poor Sarah's drawings and translations, Restieaux returned back to his loom, a wiser man, if a sadder one.

And yet the good has died not. The best epitaph that man could write is in that name: a household-whispered word in pauper rooms, and treasured in the heart of many an artisan, who raises English textile art by skilful hand and unerring eye: and as the fruits of all virtue and endeavour live beyond poor human perishable dust, so humble hands deck with pansies and carnations, and humble hearts weep redeeming tears, beside a narrow grave-yard stone, on which is is simply cut, "Sarah Chapman of Spitalfields."

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—AUGUST.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena :—

Sun rises at 25 min. past 4 on the 1st, and sets at 47 min. past 7; and on the 31st rises at 12 min. past 5, and sets at 48 min. past 6.

Moon rises at 14 min. past 2 on the 1st, and sets at 26 min. past 11; and on the 31st rises at 5 min. past 3, and sets at 56 min. past 11.

——'s Changes.—Full on the 7th, at 6 in the morn. Last quarter on the 13th, at 51 min. past 10 in the afternoon. New moon on the 21st, at 25 min. past 11 in the afternoon. First quarter on the 29th, at 19 min. past 10 in the afternoon.

Mercury, which is an evening star at the beginning, becomes invisible towards the end of the month.

Venus a morning star throughout the month.

Mars an evening star till near the end of the month.

About the 10th the periodical phenomena of meteors and falling stars may be looked for.

Weather.—Mean temperature, 61 deg. 6 min; highest, 82 deg.; lowest, 41 deg.

1, Saturday.—*Lammas Day.* We find from ancient authority that Lammas Day was the usual nominal one on which harvest commences. The same groups of sunburnt peasants who made the hay-fields picturesque last month, are busy in the corn-fields this. The scythe cuts down the yellow barley; the graceful oats, with their light and rustling heads, shortly follow; and the important wheat-crop is commenced. The whole hamlet pours forth to the harvest-field. In Kent woman follow the steps of the reapers, and bind the sheafs into their bosoms, while decrepit age and child-

hood glean the strewed ears, that from the earliest times have been left to the widow and the stranger. It is to be regretted that the selfishness of man should break in upon this time-hallowed privilege, but since the scythe has superseded the sickle (in Essex), it has become the custom to go over the field again, and rake it before the gleaners are admitted.

Biography.—Savage, the poet, buried by charity in the church-yard of St. Peter's. It is the first gravestone you step on in passing from the church to the graveyard; and I was informed by the sexton in the summer of last year, that but a short time previously, a gentleman had obtained permission to have the stone (which is without inscription) raised, in order to assure himself of its identity, when the name appeared on the breast-plate of the coffin.

Events.—Columbus lands upon the continent of the two Americas, at the Point Arenal, Wednesday, 1498.

Annual licence to be taken out by hawkers and pedlars.

2, Sunday.—8th after Trinity. Proper Lessons for the morning service—1 Kings xiii., John xxi.; evening service, 1 Kings xvii., Heb. v. Tiger-lily, *Lilium tigrinum* (St. Alfridas' flower), blows. Immense flocks of young starlings are now on the wing.

Biography.— Gainsborough, the painter, and pupil of nature, died, 1788. He was born in Suffolk, at Sudbury, of humble parents, and used to pass his mornings in the woods, sketching old trees, groups of cattle, shepherds with sheep, streams, &c

Events.—On this day and on the 9th (the two first Sundays), borough and county lists to be affixed to church doors.

3, Monday.—The alleged discovery of St. Stephen's relics, A. D. 415. This primal martyr sealed his mission with his blood, in the year of the crucifixion, at Jerusalem.

Biography.—Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of spinning jennies, died, 1792.

Fair.—Daventry; horses, cattle, and sheep.

4, Tuesday.—The beautiful little blue butterfly is now full of life and activity, and disports himself most on sunburnt downs, and in warm lanes in chalky places, where the delicate harebell and sweet-scented, pink-flowering convolvulus abound.

Biography.— Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, born, 1792; drowned, by the oversetting of a boat, August 8th, 1822. It has been the fate of this great genius to be much maligned and little understood. Cast out while yet a youth from friends, fortune, and society—the errors of the boy relentlessly visited on the man—he suffered wrongs that would have warped a less noble nature into misanthropy; but the generosity of his great mind prevailed over every narrower sentiment, and enabled him to exclaim—"Let scorn be not repaid with scorn!"

Events.—1843, a society formed to suppress duelling.

Fair.—Brunswick; manufactured goods.

5, Wednesday.—*Old St. James's day* legalises the eating of oysters.

Egyptian water-lily, dedicated to St. Mary ad Nives, blows. The large white convolvulus still twines its dark green leaves and snowy flowers in the hedges in moist places.

6, Thursday. — Transfiguration of our Lord. Meadow-saffron begins to flower.

Biography.—The anniversary of Ben Jonson's death, 1637. His tomb in Westminster Abbey bears the quaint inscription—"O! Rare Ben Jonson!"

Events. — Imprisonment for debt abolished in 1844.—The Burns' Festival, at which the sons of the poet were present, celebrated at Ayr, 1844.

7, Friday, — *St. Cajetan.* Common amaranth dedicated in old calendars to this worthy.—Thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence. The ancients regarded lightning as a manifest sign of divine wrath, and whatever was struck by it as separated from human uses—where the corpse of a person so slain fell, there it remained, and with everything pertaining to it was covered with earth and circled by a rail or mound.

Fair.—Barnard Castle; wool.

8, Saturday, being the anniversary of *St. Hormisdas* and others, martyrs of the Catholic church—in those days when "each flower was like a written book," Love lies bleeding, became appropriately sacred to them.

Biography. — George Canning, the celebrated orator and statesman, died, 1827.

9, Sunday.—9th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service — 1 Kings, xiii., Acts xvii.; evening service—1 Kings, xix., Heb. 12.—*St. Romanus.*—Ragweed and *zinnia multiflora* fully blown.

Event. — Accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, 1830.

10, Monday.—*St. Lawrence* suffered martyrdom under the Roman emperor Valerian, being broiled to death on a gridiron. Common balsam dedicated to him. Sunflower, *helianthus annuus*, flowers abundantly.

Events—Greenwich Observatory founded. 1675.

Fair.—Doncaster; wool.

11, Tuesday.—Dog-days end. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club opens at Ryde, and will be continued on the two following days. The country already assumes an autumnal aspect; stubble fields appear where the yellow barley so lately waved, and in early seasons oats are by this time carried—an undergrowth of clover (which is generally sown with them for a future crop) usurping their place, and pleasingly contrasting its fresh greenness with the ploughed land, and the blackened bean haulm, which is not yet harvested.

12, Wednesday.—*St. Clare.* Great sow-thistle dedicated to her. Shooting commences on the moors.

Events.—Domestic slavery abolished in Ceylon, 1816. Till near the end of the 14th century, male and female slaves were commonly sold at English fairs; and one could fancy the statute fairs of our own time, as at Romford and elsewhere, where servants of both sexes offer themselves to hire, a remnant of this practice.

13, Thursday. — *St. Radigundes.* Marsh and mountain groundsel fully blown, and in the gardens nearly all the æstival plants in flower.

Event.—The new poor law passed, 1834.

14, Friday.—*St. Eusebii.* Ragweed and hoary fleabane in full flower.

Event. — The art of printing discovered at

Haerlem, 1437, by Laurentius Coster, keeper of the cathedral. "And God said, let there be light, and there was light!"

15, SATURDAY.—*Assumption of the Virgin.* The festival instituted 813. Virgin's-bower, *clematis vitalba;* our lady's traces, *ophrys spiralis;* and purple virgin's-bower, *clematis integrifolia,* in full blossom.

16, SUNDAY.—10th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—1 Kings, xxi., Acts xiv.; evening service — 1 Kings, xxii.. 1 Peter i.

Fair.—That of Falaise, which lasts fifteen days, established by William the Conqueror, commences.

17, MONDAY. — *St. Mamas.* Toad-flax fully blown, and square-stalked winter cherry, *physalis angulata;* the heavy dews and occasional showers renew the sunburnt grass lands, and produce new leaves on the oak and elm; here and there a solitary bunch of honeysuckle still remains in the hedges; and when the leaves of the briony are all, or nearly, gone, its beautiful scarlet berries, regularly set in clusters of three or four, continue to adorn the slender stem, and festoon the branches which supported it.

Fair.—Cassel; manufactured goods.

18, TUESDAY.—*St. Helen, Empress.* Everlasting dedicated to her. These flowers, dried, will keep their form and colour a length of time; it is customary in Catholic countries, and in some places in our own, to make wreaths of them and lay them on the graves of the loved, at once a type of the soul's immortality and the endurance of earthly affection.

Biography.—Dryden made poet-laureate, 1671; born August 9, 1631, in Northamptonshire; died May 1, 1701. Few writers have exhibited a greater command of language; but though his plays abound with sonorous verse and splendid declamation, wanting true passion they fail to touch the heart: his mastery of expression is the secret of his strength.

19, WEDNESDAY.—*St. Timothy.* Herb Timothy and golden rod, *Solidago virgaurea,* in full flower. Limes and weeping willow begin to shed their leaves.

Biography.—The poet Bloomfield died, 1823, at Shefford, Bedfordshire, the victim of hypochondria, brought on by disappointment and want.

20, THURSDAY.—*St. Bernard.* Autumnal dandelion blows; several varieties of *agaricus integer,* the red kind of which is one of the handsomest funguses we have, are now found.

Event.—Last day for leaving with overseers objections to county electors.

21, FRIDAY.—In early seasons hops are gathered towards the end of the month,—an operation as important with us as vine gathering on the continent, and almost as picturesque, both from the situations of the hop gardens and the groups of men, women, and children employed in them. The appearance of the poles covered with dark green bind, and bunches of scaly flowers of a silver hue, is very beautiful.

Fairs.—Horncastle and Rugby; horses, and sheep and cattle.

22, SATURDAY.—Green-gage and Orleans plums ripe. Large dragon-flies numerous.

Event.—1826, a chancery suit in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which had lasted 50 years, ended with consent of both parties!

23, SUNDAY.—11th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—2 Kings v., Acts xxi.; evening service—2 Kings ix., 2 Peter, iii. Tansey and sea star-wort, *aster trifolium,* dedicated to St. Ebba.

Event.—American War declared, 1775

24, MONDAY.—*St. Bartholomew.* Sunflowers, or star of Bartholomew, numerous. The festival so called instituted, 1130.

Fair. — Frankfort-on-the-Maine; government securities of all countries, manufactured goods, &c.

25, TUESDAY.—*St. Louis* of France. Perennial sunflower in full blow.

Biography.—James Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, died, 1819. It was finely said of him, by Lord Brougham, that he needed no monument to become immortal, since his name would last as long as the power which he has subjected to the use of man.

Events.—Last day for service of objections on electors in counties on their tenants, and for service on overseers of objections to borough electors; also the last day to claim as borough elector.

26, WEDNESDAY.—Banded amarythis, sacred to St. Zephrinus, in full flower.

27, THURSDAY.—*St. Sabina.*

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of James Thomson, the author of the *Seasons.* The companionship of this beautiful pastoral gives a new charm to our acquaintance with nature, and exhibits a hundred beauties unseen by any but a poet's eye. He died in 1748, and was buried in Richmond church.

28, FRIDAY.—*St. Augustine.* Golden rod sacred to him. Blackberries, *rubus fruticosus,* begin to ripen.

Event.—Robespierre, the French revolutionist, born 1759—guillotined 1794

29, SATURDAY.—*Decollation of St. John,* the festival instituted, 488: yellow holyhock dedicated to him. Towards evening, in the bottoms of valleys and in marshy places, the white fog is seen rising and rolling like a sudden inundation; barns, trees, and cattle appear as if surrounded with grey water, and a stranger to the phenomenon would have difficulty in conceiving it otherwise.

Event.—Overseers of parishes and townships to send lists of electors and lists of objections to the clerk of the peace for the county, or to the town-clerk in cities or boroughs.

30, SUNDAY.—12th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—2 Kings, x., Acts xxviii.; evening service—2 Kings, xviii., Jude. Guernsey lily, sacred to St. Rosa, fully flowers.

Fair.—Spalding; horses.

31, MONDAY.—*St. Isabel.*—Autumnal pheasant's eye, *adonis autumnalus,* flowers again in our gardens.

Biography.—John Bunyan born at Elstow in Bedfordshire, 1628; died in London, 1688.

Event.—All taxes and rates, payable on the 1st of March, must be paid on or before this day by persons claiming to be enrolled as burgesses under the new municipal corporation acts.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE DEATH OF DENTATUS.

By B. R. Haydon.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

By Harriet Martineau.

(Completed from page [illegible].)

IV. The death of Haydon, the artist, has been a great shock to society, this last month. He destroyed himself on the 22nd of June, under the pressure of extreme pecuniary distress. One is not disposed at such a time to look closely into the faults of the dead, to measure together his powers and the encouragement they received, or to speculate how easily and how long he might have lived, if he had been a man of calmer temperament, of happier temper, and more prudent self-control. At such a moment, one turns away from this kind of investigation. But there are considerations which will not be banished or distanced, when such a calamity brings them near. We cannot but ask whether a time will not come—hastened by shocks like this—when it shall not be necessary for every man, fit or unfit, to be burdened with money affairs. Some of the greatest and best men in society find money matters either a perpetual worry and burden, or a snare, or, as in this case, destruction. It is true that while our affairs proceed as they do, every man ought, as a duty of common honesty, to learn how to obtain the means of living, and how to live within the means which he obtains. It is quite true that the same temper which involves a man in discontent and difficulty and debt might and probably would ruin him in one way or other, if he were altogether set free from the consideration of daily bread. Still, alas for those by whom the offence cometh! We may say alas that such a man as Haydon should be so perplexed and lost, if a state of society could be rationally conceived of where such art as his should not be dependent on immediate reward. It remains unsettled, and may long remain so, whether Haydon's was truly the high art which he believed it, and which he lived to attain: but he could not afford to wait the settlement of the question. He lost friends, peace, and at length his life in urging on claims which should naturally have abided the solution of time. His necessities drove him to insist where otherwise he might, beguiled by the practice of his art, have been content to wait. Here was a man of noble pursuits, of temperate habits of life, of at least such power as is attested by sustained energy, of the tenderest domestic affections, and of lofty aspirations, encouraged by our social arrangements and usages to fret himself into a fever of discontent, and involve himself in perplexity and despair, till he groaned "Stretch me no longer on this rough world," laid down his courage, and fled from his post. No one can say how much better and happier he would have been if his infirmities had been spared instead of fretted: but all may conceive that his life might have been a nobler and a happier one if his energies could have been given to his art, and his temperate wants supplied by the society which would have been largely his debtor. It is his debtor now. We owe chiefly to him our possession and appreciation of the Elgin marbles—a priceless national treasure. We owe him many a noble moral and artistical conception, many lights on the eternal principles of art, and the spectacle, which could not be thrown away, of high aspiration, and energy indomitable till the fatal moment when his soul sickened and gave way. How much more we might have owed him under arrangements more suitable to natures like his we can never know till we find means to relieve every man of all but his proper business, and prove our conviction that indeed the life is more than meat and the body than raiment; that the mental life and instrumental frame of a Haydon are of more account than the lower work of social life which could be better done by other hands.

A WORD FOR THOMAS GRAY,

THE AUTHOR OF THE GENERAL RAILWAY SYSTEM.

By William Howitt.

About twenty years ago Mr. Thomas Gray, then, like myself, residing in Nottingham, used to be noted for what was considered a whimsical crotchet—namely, that a general system of iron-railways might be and ought to be laid down, on which trains of carriages drawn by locomotive steam-engines should run, and thus supersede the use of coaches, and also, in a great measure, canal-boats and stage-waggons for goods. This scheme, it was said, had for years completely taken possession of and absorbed Mr. Gray's whole mind; that it was the one great and incessant subject of his thoughts and conversation; that, begin where you would, on whatever subject—the weather, the news, the political movement or event of the day—it would not be many minutes before, with Thomas Gray, you would be enveloped with steam, and listening to an harangue on the practicability and immense advantages to the nation, and to every man in it, of "A General Iron Railway." Of course, Thomas Gray was looked on as little better than a madman, a crotchetty fellow, a dreamer, and builder of Spanish castles—one of the race of discoverers of the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion. With one consent he was voted an intolerable bore. But to Thomas Gray it mattered not what they voted him, what they thought or said of him; a General Iron Railway for the kingdom was his only and enthusiastic theme. Anon, Thomas Gray and myself came in contact, and true enough he soon broke out ten thousand strong on this railway topic. Visions of railways running all over the kingdom, conveying thousands of people and hundreds of thousands of tons of goods at a good round trot; coaches and coachmen annihilated; canals grown over with duck-weed, or turned into cow-pastures; enormous fortunes made by good speculations; and people coming to dine with you from the Land's End, and going on to tea at John O'Groat's, were thrown out and talked of as sober realities that were to be.

It is wonderful what an imperceptible change comes over our ideas as things gradually grow out of nothing into reality. At that time there was no such thing as a railway running its locomotive engine and train in existence, except one carrying coals from Middleton Colliery to Leeds, some two or three miles, which it performed at the rate of three miles and a-half an hour. This was so far from being looked upon as a promise of something greater, that it was a subject of ridicule even amongst engineers. To Thomas Gray, however, it presented the idea of such possibility of extension, that his ardent mind outran public opinion, and the opinion of scientific men, and saw in it the nucleus of one grand system extending all over this kingdom—nay, all over the continent, and revolutionising the world. He was, therefore,

to everybody that came near him, a wild, visionary enthusiast. For myself, I could not avoid smiling at the extravagance of his ideas, as they then appeared. But these very ideas are now in all their essential parts made matter of every-day reality, and we have forgotten the incredulity of those times. Where is the man who, if he were told that he once ridiculed the notion of a General Iron Railway; that he ridiculed the man who did nothing but propose it, talk about it, write about it, petition Parliament for an examination into its practicability—memorialise ministers, merchants, the Post-office authorities, the Board of Trade and Agriculture, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London—who sent communications to almost every newspaper, magazine, and journal in the kingdom, besides to numerous private individuals, pressing upon their attention the magnificent results of so magnificent a scheme: where is the man, I say, who thus charged, would not now redden at the charge, and feel himself insulted egregiously? Yet to tens of thousands of sagacious men still living, the charge would nevertheless be a true one—nay, how few are there of us who could plead exception from it? Such is the wonderful legerdemain of habit by which we change with the change of circumstances, and quite forget the reality of the past. But let us endeavour for a moment to recall that past. Let us enter again into our former selves; let us imagine ourselves living without a single railway in the country; let us recall the very doubts of the success of the grand experiment of the line between Liverpool and Manchester to the last moment; let us recollect how the very idea of boring through the heart of mountains, and carrying such ponderous weights over bogs, was scouted; and finally, recall our astonishment as we saw, for the first time in our lives, a train come thundering and careering on its iron road. It is only by such an effort of memory that we now become cognisant of the vast change which has been introduced, and which we have simultaneously undergone. Thomas Gray saw all this before it existed; planned it, and recommended it by every means in his power. Repulsed by the great and learned, he was not put down; ridiculed, he was not abashed; neglected, he was not daunted; opposed, he still persevered. He omitted no scheme, he spared no exertion to convince the British nation that a new social revolution was at hand; that a new power was about to spring into existence; that a mine of wealth inconceivable, and a field of mechanic glory unrivalled, was lying at its very feet, and soliciting its acceptance. He had at this very time written a book detailing his views and his great plan, which was in its fifth edition, and about to enter its sixth. Mr. Gray presented me with the copy of this work interleaved and interlined for his sixth edition; it is now lying before me. It is entitled "OBSERVATIONS ON A GENERAL IRON RAILWAY, OR LAND STEAM CONVEYANCE; *to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles; showing its vast superiority in every respect over the present pitiful methods of conveyance by turnpike-roads, canals, and coasting traders. Containing every species of Information relative to Railroads and Locomotive Engines. By* THOMAS GRAY, *the Projector. Fifth Edition* (corrected for the Sixth), *with Maps and Plates illustrative of the Plan. London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster-Row. To be had of all Booksellers.* 1825."

Thomas Gray left Nottingham for Exeter, and I soon after left for London. Often, when witnessing the rapid speed of railways at home and abroad, have I said—"Well, this realises all the speculative plans of Gray;" and have added—"No doubt he is well remunerated for laying before the nation this great scheme, and for so unweariedly urging on its adoption. No doubt he is now actively and lucratively employed in the superintendence of some important line." What then was my astonishment the other day to lay my hand on a little pamphlet in the shop of Mr. Effingham Wilson, with this title—"THE RAILWAY SYSTEM AND ITS AUTHOR, *Thomas Gray, now of Exeter.* A Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., etc. By Thomas Wilson, Esq., Chev. *De L'Ordre* De Lion Neerlandais. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1846;" with this motto—

> I am surprised at the care which appears to be taken by all authors on railways not to mention the name of THOMAS GRAY, though some make rather free with his work. At all events, none can dispute his originality and undeviating perseverance in forwarding and bringing to public notice his favourite scheme. We may yet see the day when, like Watt, his name will be handed about as one great pillar of our commercial structure.—*Mechanic's Magazine,* May 29, 1830.

"What, then," I exclaimed, "can it be possible that Thomas Gray has been utterly neglected? That while tens of thousands have been enriching themselves by railway speculation, and millions have been enjoying railway advantages, Gray, the projector of all these advantages, Gray, the railway enthusiast, Gray, the man who before all others, and from year to year, thought, wrote, laboured for the creation of this very system—who implored the influential to adopt it, who enlightened the knowing and the selfish on the extent of its wonderful capabilities, who roused the spirit of speculation, who broke up the lethargy of the public mind, and opened at once the floodgates of science, wealth, and social luxury—that Gray, the actual enricher and elevator of the English name and power, has himself been passed by unnoticed?" I opened the pamphlet, and read that Thomas Gray was at this moment actually making a poor living at Exeter by selling glass on commission; that he has never received the slightest benefit from the expansion and establishment of the wonderful system whose glories he was the first to foresee, and the first to explain and advocate; that he had actually solicited an employment on the Liverpool and Manchester line, which he himself had recommended the commencement of as a trial of the system, and—*had been refused!* "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Of all the disgraceful neglects of genius, of the inventors and creators of this great country, this is perhaps the greatest. The success and the whole results of this system have been so wonderful, the opposition to it was so long and so full of ridicule; the part which this man acted was so marked, so conspicuous, and must have been so well known by *the sale of six or seven editions of his work*, that there is no excuse for this treatment; and especially since 20,000*l.* have been subscribed to testify public approbation of one man having been a fortunate speculator in the system, the position of the public is made so monstrous, that not a moment should be lost in endeavouring to wipe away this foul disgrace from our national name.

Mr. Thomas Wilson has done real service to the country in publishing this letter to Sir Robert Peel on behalf of Mr. Gray. We have had too many instances of this public fatality in neglecting its benefactors, and in forgetting those who do it honour, till it be too late. The country should know that it owes this great debt of justice to a

most meritorious man, that it may discharge it in time. His pamphlet is written with an eloquent and manly tone, and is so fittingly introduced, that we quote entire its

DEDICATION TO ALL GREAT-HEARTED GENTLEMEN.

Wide is our appeal, wide as the whole earth; for in what corner of the earth is there a spot where great-hearted gentlemen may not be found? From the highest to the lowest—from the richest to the poorest—to no rank or condition has nature denied her highest boon—the great heart. We have traversed many climes and countries, and found gentlemen of nature's making everywhere, both civilised and savage. Whether humble workman, merchant prince, cotton lord, or landlord, lord of the printing press, magnate of the great "fourth estate," or king on his throne—whether Old Englander, New Englander, or Young Englander, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, or Italian—whether wild man or tame man, Turk or Tartar—there never yet existed a *gentleman* who was not the lord of a great heart. For what means this old kindly phrase, than which the quaint John Bunyan could find none more expressive? What is it but an epitome of those high qualities of man's social nature that have won a world from the wilderness—formed an Eden out of Chaos for a portion of humanity, and yet do so for the universal human race. Faith, Trust, Generosity, Manliness, Courage, Truth—all these are virtues springing from the great heart of humanity, and heralding human progress. The brain is but the tool—the heart is the prime mover, the source of power, the wielder of mankind for permanent good; and even the rhetorician who deals only in words, pays tribute to this power in putting on its semblance the better to prevail with his audience.

To the great-hearted then do we appeal; to the great-hearted of all the world, but specially to the great-hearted men—ay, and women—of this our noble England! We appeal to them to do a great right, and undo a great wrong; we appeal to them to render justice to one who has dedicated his life to the work of human civilisation; to the first propounder of the great railway system, that will yet bring all mankind into brotherhood, and extinguish the monster War. We appeal to them to peruse this little book; and when rising from the perusal with earnest conviction, to go forth and proclaim in the Streets and Squares, Halls and Market-places, Mechanics' and Literary Institutes, at Railway Boards, and in the Great Council of the Nation, that the living gray-haired man who first propounded and set moving the marvel for mankind—this great benefactor of humanity—shall not go down to the grave steeped to the lips in poverty—leaving to future times to write his elegy and give a stone to his memory.

What great man is there living, whose greatness has not been magnified by the work of Thomas Gray? Speak, Lancashire! Speak, Blackstone-edge, classic land of the Saxon-English, birth-place of our industrial worthies, our great captains of industry, who have led forth their thousands to war against human poverty and misery! What were the great Manchester League, without the railways that make them as ubiquitous almost as their woven fabrics. What would be the boasted free trade of Sir Robert Peel but for the "Iron Railway" of Gray. What has done more for England as a defence against aggression, than even the fabled "wall of brass" of Friar Bacon? The "Iron Railway"—making our army ubiquitous; When doubting it, let them read the *Times's* strictures on French invasion and remain convinced. And as yet we see but the beginning of the end.

We ask for justice for an oppressed man; we ask for tribute to a generous benefactor, who has given all to his fellows and left himself bare. Lives there a man whose fortunes have grown by railways? Let him not walk erect while Gray starves. Lives there a woman whose gentle impulses have had full scope from railway income? Let her think on Gray, who created her wealth, living "a man forbid" even the bare comforts of life.

The friends of Thomas Gray challenge disproof of the case they have put before the world, and they will not cease from agitating this question till justice is rendered. It is incumbent on railway authorities to render this justice, or to disprove the allegations of this work.

A bust of Mr. Gray by an eminent sculptor is in preparation, and casts will be presented gratuitously to all Institutions, on application made to the publisher.

From this letter we learn that Mr. Wilson became acquainted with Thomas Gray in Brussels a few months before the Battle of Waterloo. At that time a project for making a canal to supply Holland with coal from the mineral districts of Belgium being entertained by the late King of the Netherlands, and being discussed by these gentlemen in the company of the late John Cockerill, proprietor and founder of the great establishment at Seraing, Gray took his stand at once for a railway. Mr. Wilson quitted Brussels for three years. On his return he found Gray had removed to Etterbeck, near that city, and was shut up in his room deep in the subject of the railway system. He placed in his hands his manuscript work, saying—

"Here is the main spring of the civilisation of the world; all distances shall disappear; people will come here from all parts of the continent without danger and without fatigue; the distances will be reduced one-half; companies will be formed, immense capitals paid and invested; the system shall extend over all countries; emperors, kings, and governments will be its defenders; this discovery will be put on a par with that of printing."* I returned home with my deposit, opened it, and read, with astonishment which I cannot describe, the title-page, "OBSERVATIONS ON A RAILROAD FOR THE WHOLE OF EUROPE."

The project was so astounding, and at the moment appeared to me so chimerical, that I could not help the exclamation—"The poor man is insane!" Yet in this year, 1845, we live to see it already carried out to an immense extent; and within five years more, supposing one-half only of the projected lines be executed, we shall have one almost uninterrupted line of railway communication from the pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Moskwa, to say nothing of the numerous lateral and diverging lines and branches in the various states of continental Europe, and the railway lines of Great Britain. Across the Atlantic we have the United States with their thousands of miles of railroad made, and one gigantic project proposed at this moment, for the construction of a railroad from the Western shores of Lake Erie to the navigable part of Columbia river, in the Oregon territory, a distance of 2,750 miles, and which would directly connect the Atlantic shores of the Union with the Great Pacific. Cuba has its railroads, and is going for more. Jamaica will scarcely lag behind. The two isthmuses of Panama and Suez seem, at length, on the eve of being crowned with railways. Far-off India is laying down lines for survey, resolved to draw closer the links of communication between the distant points of her extended regions. And all these wonders, with many more to come, may be truly said to be the emanation of one mind, of one man, who spent three years of profound reflection and careful calculation in maturing the principles on which this stupendous revolution was to be founded, and preparing the details by which it should be accomplished. Never during that period was he otherwise than full of enthusiastic confidence in the soundness of his theory, and the final consummation of his then apparently boundless and baseless aspirations; never in after years did the same enthusiastic confidence forsake him for one moment in the midst of every discouragement; for, with the poet,

————his undoubting mind,
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

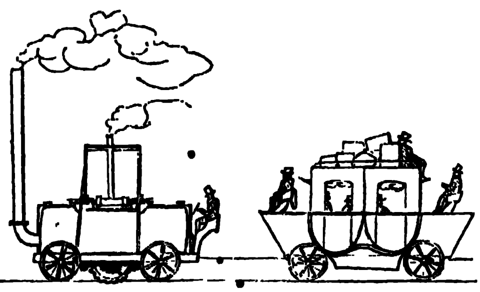
Mr. Wilson advised him to go to England, and try Manchester and Liverpool, as rich and enlightened towns. He did so, and was "mocked as a visionary when he first produced his glorious scheme, perfect in almost all its parts as it was and stands yet, or was pitied as the dupe of an ardent imagination." Nay, the *Edinburgh Review*, the great organ of the cool and calculating Scotch, in reviewing his book, treated the whole scheme as a grand farce, and declared that "the author was a madman, and ought to be put in Bedlam."

But can Mr. Gray really have been the founder of the Railway System? did he really create it? people ask in astonishment and profound ignorance of his name. Thomas Gray did found the system. Thomas Gray did create it. Not that he was employed by an enlightened government to carry out the admirable plan he had constructed: happy would it have been for the country had we then had such a government. Not that he was employed either by railway companies to do the like. On the contrary, he applied to be so employed and was refused. But Thomas Gray had already created "The General Iron Railway System." He had laid it all down in his book, with all its peculiarities and advantages. He had struck out his great lines, and there they stand at pp. xxii and xxiii of his volume—"A Map of Railway for Ireland, and one for Great Britain;" and most admirable maps they are. They comprehend that simple system of great trunk lines, with their branches, which it was the duty of this country by one enactment to have made legal, and then left to be constructed by private companies.

* Vide Thomas Gray's Petition.

Had this been done, *fifty millions of money*, besides enormous trouble to parliament and people all the country over, would have been saved. One great direct line runs from London to Edinburgh, taking in its way, and without a bend, Leicester, Nottingham, Leeds, Carlisle. Another runs to Falmouth, including Plymouth. A third to Birmingham, which there divides, one line running on to Holyhead, the other to Liverpool. A great cross line strikes, with little divergence from Holyhead, through Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, to Scarborough. A line passes from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and one from Glasgow cuts diagonally into the great London line. One to Portsmouth, one to Dover, one to Harwich, with a divergent line from the Harwich to Norwich, and short lines to Hull and Newcastle, from the main London and Edinburgh line, leave little for future wants to dictate. The great projected lines for Ireland are equally admirable. Imagine these plates engraved in March, 1822, seven years before the Manchester and Liverpool line was in existence!

Besides this general system of lines, he has facing his title-page a plate exhibiting three trains



in motion. The first is a passenger train, consisting of an engine and three carriages; the number Mr. Gray imagined an engine would comfortably take. In this picture there is much to make one smile at this time of day, but equally much to make us wonder when we reflect that this was the author's idea of what was to exist, but yet did not. The engine—of a funny construction, according to our present notions—has no tender, being intended to run a certain distance, and then to be refreshed with coke and water at a station. The carriages are like coaches placed on wooden trunk frames, having both outside and inside passengers, guards, and coachmen; the guards furnished with horns, and one coachmen actually, by the waggish engraver, with a whip. The coaches are piled with luggage and connected by iron bars; all the mysteries of springs and buffers being yet unconceived. The second train consists of a like engine and three close square carriages, I suppose for merchandise that required to be kept dry; the third of open carriages filled with packages.

At page xxiv. he gives us a plan of "A General Iron Railway;" and here we have *slides* and *turn-tables*, for the turning of carriages, and moving them from one line to another.

Thus he had supplied his system with rails, carriages, turn-tables, almost everything which actual experience has now made common. His wheels are cogged and his rails notched. He seemed to doubt the adhesive principle, or would give his engines power to ascend steep inclined planes. At this moment there is an engine exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution with a cogged wheel, as an *improvement* for ascending inclined planes. It was used by Blenkinsop in the very first locomotives which ran—those on the Middleton Colliery Railway—and may be seen here sketched in Mr. Gray's volume. This, and some peculiarities in his turn-tables, are curious.

These very turn-tables were secured by patent by some of the men who live on other people's ideas; and there was actually a law-suit between two parties for the priority of the invention—Mr. Gray having invented them and published his plate of them long before. In fact, as Mr. Wilson very justly observes—"Mr. Gray was no close, mercenary schemer, who, possessing a secret of vast magnitude and importance, sought to exact conditions and drive a hard bargain beforehand. He published his secret and discovery at once, as his railway work, and respectable publishers, Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, are there to testify. He opened his mind, and freely gave the fruits of years of incessant laborious meditation to his country at once, without chaffering or restriction. He threw himself fearlessly and confidingly on his country, to rise or fall by its verdict, as his promises and project should be realised, or otherwise."

To give an analysis of Mr. Gray's work, with suitable extracts, I am sorry to say exceeds my limits. The whole of it is a mass of facts and reasonings which, now that they are reduced to daily practice, give us a very curious sensation in the perusal. These were twenty years ago the speculations of a far-seeing man; they are now a mighty system—the most marvellous marvel of modern science. Mr. Gray opens his volume by stating that the boldness of the proposition he is going to make may strike the attention and excite the astonishment of many persons, but adds "unless there be greater obstacles besides levelling the whole line of road required, raising archways over many valleys, and bridges to pass the rivers, I cannot conceive why it has not been undertaken many years ago." He points out the advantage of consolidating the various branches of conveyance into one, and with the expense of one establishment attracting the revenue of all; that is, of waggons, canals, and coaches. He states the enormous cruelty to horses in coaching, and the enormous waste of life in these noble animals through it. That Waterhouse, of the Swan-with-two-Necks, kept 400; Horne, at Charing-cross, 400, and Eames, in Fetter-lane, 300 horses for this purpose; which were, on an average, worn out in three years. He shows that on great roads coaches were tolled alone at the rate of 1,000*l.* per mile in the aggregate. That a ton of heavy goods from London to Liverpool cost in carriage 12*l.* by waggon, and were delivered on the sixth day; by canal, 4*l.*, and were delivered on the eighth, twelfth, or sixteenth day. These can now be delivered in a day, and for less than a pound per ton! Coals, he foresees, will by railway be delivered from the far-off Durham and Northumberland mines, with equal speed and cheapness. They are now brought up for three-farthings a ton per mile, and you daily see trains of coal-waggons on the lines of one hundred each! He tells us that fish, fruit, vegetables, all perishable articles, will be delivered with the same advantageous dispatch; and that instead of a night and a day in getting from London to Liverpool, we should get there in less than half the time. He recommends, besides, a railway from Manchester to Liverpool, one from the City of London to the East and West India Docks, and the Regent's Canal Company to turn

that canal into a railway. The former projects have long been realised; the last is now seriously talked of. In all these cases we are amazed to perceive, on reflection, what a wonderful revolution has taken place to the public advantage. He lays it down, *as a rule never to be violated*, that no trains shall run different ways, *in any case whatever*, on the same rails. Had this law of a rare prescience been, as it ought to have been, made from the first the law of the land, how many horrible catastrophes would already have been avoided!

The great accuracy and freedom from any random wildness evidenced in all Mr. Gray's calculations are very satisfactory. He calculated the cost of laying down railways would be from one to twelve thousand pounds per mile, according to circumstances, but that the average would be about six thousand. It is very remarkable that this may now be taken as a very fair average of the result of experience. His whole projected length of line he calculated would cost at least 20,000,000*l.*; but then he did not take into consideration the extortions practised by landowners of influence, the shameful oppositions raised, the greediness of lawyers, and the whole waste of jobbery. He only feared that the public would find it difficult to raise this sum. What would he have thought had he been told that within twenty years it would raise 150,000,000*l.* for this purpose!

The railroad system is now become the great system of the world's intercourse. Enormous property is created; wonderful and delightful facilities of travel are conferred on us; nations are knit together; civilisation is advanced; international peace made unquestionably sure and permanent; and shall the man who first organised, promulgated, and promoted this glorious system remain embarassed and unrewarded? The thing is impossible. The public has most justly rewarded Rowland Hill for the introduction of the admirable reform in the postage, a reform immensely aided by the railway system; the public are about to reward Cobden for his exertions for the abolition of the Corn-laws; the Telegraph Society has given Professor Wheatstone 30,000*l.* for his discoveries regarding the electric telegraph.

The claims of Thomas Gray cannot be longer overlooked. In the M.S. additions to the volume in my possession, inserted at p. 72, when his representations had already operated strongly on the public, and various speculations for railway lines were in agitation, he has written—

> To the companies now forming I take this opportunity of offering myself as a candidate for the office of secretary. Surely no individual can have a greater claim upon the public than the projector of the plan, but such is the effect of influence and patronage, that I am apprehensive those situations may be filled by individuals who certainly have not an equal claim with myself. Perhaps, however, some gentleman more liberal than the rest may feel disposed to assist me, and therefore I am bold to make known my application in this general way.

This most reasonable request stands, however, again cancelled by his modesty. The pen was put through it, and no single gentleman was liberal enough to aid him. When he applied, he was rebuffed. There is no other such case in the whole history of the world. But this will be amended. Many of the journals best acquainted with the subject and Thomas Gray's merits have zealously asserted his claims. Amongst these are conspicuous, the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Railway Record*, the *British and Foreign Railway Review*, the *Railway Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the most influential newspapers of Newcastle, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Nottingham, and other large towns. I am also glad to hear that many men of high standing have no sooner become aware of the services of Mr. Gray than they have expressed their earnest desire to see justice done to him, amongst whom one of the earliest was Sir Augustus J. Foster. I hear, too, that subscriptions to a considerable amount have already been offered, and that it is proposed to organise a committee as early as possible for this purpose of national gratitude. Leeds, as the native place of Thomas Gray, would do itself honour in taking the lead in these measures, every way so gratifying to our sense of individual merit and of national reputation and duty.

TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

No. II.—PART-SINGING.

A LATE meeting of two thousand three hundred German and Belgian male voices, met together for joviality and pleasure's sake, at Cologne—and the last performance at Exeter Hall of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools, who have been singing during the past season to raise a Music Hall for themselves and their master—have given rise to some thoughts and comparisons which it may not be wholly unseasonable to record.

Assuming that the desire to hear and to make music is spreading amongst the English—in a form more sensible and healthy than bad instruction on the pianoforte given to girls whether willing or reluctant—many plausible reasons could be adduced why part-singing will be more largely and successfully cultivated than instrumental performance. It is cheaper: and it requires less time. A hand, cramped by holding the pen for many hours, or coarsened, it may be, by rougher tasks, is in poor condition for the delicate and nimble exercises required by flute or violin: but the class of those whose throats are exercised the whole day long is comparatively small. When the notion that Music is not a manly sport—which, by the way, largely owes its origin to the sarcasms of the most effeminate race of beings who ever ruled opinion—is worn out, and the disposition to take it up cordially becomes general, it will be found, I believe, that nine out of ten persons who are in a plight to afford themselves any relaxation whatsoever, are in an available condition to sing part-music: and that an evening hour regularly given from time to time will enable them, with no desperate amount of labour, to do so well. And, unless "well-doing" is the object, every device for merely "killing time" will presently lose its charm.

"Labour," however, implies thorough learning by a good method—such as shall suffice for the training of *the slow*. The instincts of the quick will always provide for themselves. I have known persons able to read music at sight without being able to name a single note—how long and painful the after-steps of such impatient scramblers must be, this is not the place to tell. But all musicians will admit, that a showy and speedy result may be produced with ease, if the master knows how to avail himself of the instincts and imitative faculties of the livelier among his pupils, and leaves the more timid and deliberate to join or not, as they please. The thing, however, is, to begin according to some system which shall be sufficient, if carried

out, for a complete musical education. We must learn to know the letters of the alphabet as thoroughly, though our duty be merely to put a receipt to a bill, as if our vocation were to head a college. Tried by this test, and totally separating its intrinsic merits from the false and dangerous over-popularity for awhile thrown round it by the silly and fashionable people who took it up, as they have done shoe-making and straw-platting in former times, and of late, *authorship*—I consider the Wilhem method, as arranged for the English by Mr. Hullah, perfectly adapted for its purpose: if honestly taught. It will not, indeed, make a nation of singers and musical enthusiasts, betwixt any given January and June: but it will give those who enter upon it sound elementary knowledge, and those who carry it out, as complete an education in the science of music as is required. Any one, it is needless to add, desiring to refine and cultivate the voice individually, must have recourse to those more exquisite studies and processes, which distinguish the Singer from the body of Part-Singers.

Some diversities in the forms taken by this accomplishment, when acquired, among the inhabitants of different districts, are worth noticing. I observe amongst ourselves a prevalent disposition to utilise it—so to say—by applying it to religious purposes. The Church of England, which is now trying to call in the assistance of Art in every permissible manner (doctors differing as to the degree) has availed herself of "the movement" very successfully. The old scream of the charity children in the organ-gallery, which was at once so melancholy and so risible, bids fair to become extinct: and "our young men and maidens" think it no shame to bear a part in the services of the Temple. So it is, too, with the psalmody of the Dissenting Chapel. With an increase of taste and knowledge, many of the disturbing tunes—disturbing as bringing associations of the theatre, the streets, nay, even the race-course, into the House of Prayer—have already vanished: and music more expressly calculated to excite devotional emotions, taken their place. This is excellent: life thereby brought into public worship, and irreverence removed from it. But I wish, too, that I could see more symptoms of the English singing together, for no effect and use save their own pleasure—since the Catch Clubs, and other establishments which are still maintained throughout the country, very insufficiently represent the union of families and neighbours in an art delightful and easily practised—and the exclusion of women from them, besides involving the loss of a charming means of effect, takes away half their pleasure and efficacy. It is true that the last peculiarity marks the *Liedertafel* singing of the Germans: but that is only a part of their part-singing, and devoted to their most popular—shall I say?—generally, their most inferior music. The ladies are provided for otherwise:—and wherever a musical festival is to be given, you will find the chorus filled by all the vocal gentlewomen of the city and the neighbourhood, without reference to degrees of finery or *caste*—and therefore filled with *a heart* and a refinement which it would be ridiculous to expect from a fagged and ill-paid body of professional singers, doggedly counting the hours by the crowns, and the bars by the pence; and whose enthusiasm, in the best instance, for the task in hand, is about as much as *Christopher Sly's* for the play—"Excellent good, Lady Madam. Comes there any more of it?"

My German friends will hardly admit that the part-music of the English singers' repertory is of a higher order than theirs. Yet it is so. We make greater use of the madrigal writers than they. In addition to the choir of Italians and Flemings, we have a body of ancient English Composers—Wilbye, Weelkes, Morley, Orlando Gibbons, and others little less worthy, whose compositions, besides being more delightful to execute, are musically far more valuable than anything their books can show. It might be wished, however, that the Elizabethan madrigals had generally better words than the love-sick verses to which their "chains of sound" are mated; the monotony whereof has, in some degree, reflected upon the school of composition. Then our glees are excellent, if they be taken with reservation. For with all their picturesqueness, there is small value to be attached to compositions where no complete musical idea presents itself, and in the setting of one short poem, at least half a dozen "notions" and styles may be found. Thus—to instance—Mr. Horsley's delicious "See the Chariot" (to Ben Jonson's more delicious words) seems to me *worthier*, as the grammarians say, than the yet more favourite glee by Webbe, "When winds breathe soft," where, under pretext of narration, the voices are called upon to *act* the rising, the rage, and the dying-away of a storm at sea;—and too many fancies and phrases are thrown together, in a form little more complete than the bits of glass in the show-box of a kaleidoscope. Thus, I would rather a thousand times have Dr. Callcott's "Ye Mariners of England" and "Farewell to Lochaber" than many of his compositions, in seeming more ambitious, in reality more fragmentary. But—these distinctions indicated—as a whole, the body of music within call of the English part-singer is rich and various. Nor is it chimerical to fancy, that as the art is revived, our young men will turn their attention to this neglected branch of composition, and set some of our noble modern lyrics to music worthy of them, because of intrinsic value. Why should we not have such things sung when a school is finished—or a bridge or a railway thrown open—and apply the ancient spirit which gave us harvest-ballads and Christmas-carols to the celebration of the wonders of our own time?

But this is wandering. Another cause which distinguishes the part-singing of one country, nay, of one county from another, will be found in quality of voice, peculiarities of dialect, &c., &c. It is not only that Bergamo is richer in fine tenor voices than any other districts of Europe—that Alsace has been said to *grow* the most musical *contralto* (or lowest female) voices—that the Frenchmen make an unlimited use of the head or unnatural tones, whence an unceasing twang, and the old sarcasm, "*Such or such a nose has a good voice!*"—it is not only, that the voices of the Germans are strongest, where those of the English are weakest (our own country producing individual tones which as tones are more beautiful than anything of continental parentage)—but language, manner of social parlance, &c., have an immense influence on the direction of musical taste, the forms of creation, and the powers of execution. So difficult, for instance, is French to sing, owing to the infinite number of close sounds, that in music the spoken language must be eked out by the addition of vowels to all the closes, something like the jingle of *Autolycus's* burden—

> Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
> And merrily hent the stile-a.

The well-educated Germans, too, have half a

hundred devices for smoothing the guttural asperities of their language. And, owing to the diversities of their dialect, twenty Lancashire men, delivering *ore rotundo,*

O thou that tellest good *toydings* to *Zoyon,*

shall produce a body of tone so different in force and quality from that emitted by twenty men of Norwich, who rather shut than open their mouths as they sing

Thou shalt *dish* them in *pieces,*

that it shall be difficult for one inattentive to such distinctions, to conceive the number of persons, the register of voice, nay, or the very note, to be the same.

Such are a few of the modifying causes which make up individuality, and which are worth studying by all whom it concerns. It would seem almost needless, by way of "pointing the moral," to say to any body of persons, "Don't sing music out of the compass of your voices," did we not hear the attempt made every week—or, "Don't wonder at your not liking such a composition with English words, high as its foreign reputation is!" had not the majority, till lately, shown itself unaware that one set of syllables was not as good to sing as another. I may return to the subject, to illustrate why church music is not good out of church, and why secular glees and graces are not good *in:* why the very associations of sound which charm a Swiss mountaineer, or a Yorkshire dalesman, would fall dead upon the ear of a Rhinelander, or some lithe bright-eyed Venetian with the oar in his hand (singing as the birds do, he hardly knows how or why). But enough for the present. Honour and health to the part-singers of every land and every language!

Poetry for the People.

LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

No. V.—A Sunday.

"Our six days' toil is over
This is the day of rest:
The bee hums in the clover,
The lark springs from her nest.
All living things are cheery
Upon this Sabbath morn
The blackbird cannot weary
Of singing on the thorn;
The sheep within the meadow,
Like driven snow they look;
The cows stand in the shadow
Within the willowy brook.

"'Tis like that famous picture
Which came from London down,—
You must go and see that picture
When next you're in the town!—
And then there's that engraving
I told you of last spring—
I've been these six months saving
To buy that lovely thing!
Well, both of them resemble
This view at early day,
When diamond dew-drops tremble
Upon the dog-rose spray;
In both there is the river,
The church-spire, and the mill;
The aspens seem to shiver;
The cloud floats o'er the hill!

"As soon as breakfast's over,
We'll forth this merry morn,
Among the fragrant clover
And through the summer corn;
In the great church of Nature,
Where God himself is priest,
We'll join each joyful creature,
Flower, insect, bird, and beast.
The birds praise God in singing
Among the leafy sprays,
And a loving heart is worship,
A joyful soul is praise!
Come then, this day of seven,
God's gift to toil, shall be
A little bit of heaven
On earth to thee and me!
'Tis I the babe will carry—
My youngest, darling boy—
And Bess and little Harry,
They will be wild with joy;
For them the wild rose mingles
With woodbine on the bough,
And birds in leafy dingles
Shout welcomes to them now!
Sweet wife, make haste! down yonder,
Down by the miller's farm,
Through old field-paths we'll wander,
Thy hand within my arm!

"For Sunday leisure heeding,
The books I've bought are these—
The very books for reading
Beneath the summer trees!
They're by that brave young poet
Who wrote of Locksley Hall—
That charming verse!—you know it—
You saw it first of all!
And 'neath the lime-tree shady,
Among the summer corn.
I'll read of Burleigh's lady—
A village maiden born.—
Haste, haste, and get thee ready,
The morn is wearing on;
The woodland lanes are shady;
The dew dries; let's be gone!"

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

Such were the last words of Goethe

The God-enamel'd flower
At early dawn looks up,
And gently would unfold
Its pencil'd cup;
Whilst to the sun it saith—
"Arise and chase the night,
Wipe off this tear of dew—
More light! more light!"

When twilight steals away,
The wood-bird, singing, grieves,
And calls the evening back
To tint the leaves:
It saith—"Oh, linger yet,
I still, in airy flight,
Would bathe my golden breast—
Stay, stay, O light!"

And thus the soul cries out,
When dawn begins to break,
And in the sky it sees
The first grey streak:—
"Away, away dark sins,
Ye've held me long in night;
I long to walk in day—
More light! more light!"

Then comes the life's broad noon,
With sun and sultry beam;
And oft the soul doth err
In act and dream:

Sun-spots arise to dim
The perfectness of sight,
Unsatisfied, it cries—
"Temper the light!"

Then evening stealeth on—
The last hours of the strife,
When angels beckon us
To leave this life:
Then as the soul soars up
To heaven's most holy height,
It crieth, plaintively—
"O Lord! more light!"

More light! more light! to see
What mystic path I tread,
What dangers hover o'er
My heart and head!
Oh, stretch thy guiding hand
And lead me through this night;
Then bathe me in a flood
Of perfect light!

Chorley, June, 1846. MARIE.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. II.

WHAT THE SCHOOLING IS FOR.

EVERY home being a school for old and young together, it is necessary, if the training is to be a good one, to be clear as to what the schooling is for.

For the improvement of the pupils, is the most obvious answer.

Yes; but what do you mean by improvement? We must settle what we want to make of the pupils, or everything will go on at random. In every country of the world there is some sort of general notion of what the men and women in it ought to be: and the men and women turn out accordingly: and the more certainly, the more clear the notion is.

The patriarchs, some thousands of years ago, had very clear notions of their own of what people ought to be. One of these, sitting in the evening of a hot day under a terebinth tree ten times his own age, would be able to give a distinct account of what he would have the training of his great-grandchildren tend to. He would lay it down as the first point of all that the highest honour and the greatest privilege in the world was to be extremely old. The next most desirable thing was to have the largest possible number of descendants; because the earth was very wide, with not half enough people in it; and the more people a patriarch had about him, the richer and more beautiful would the valleys and pastures be, and the more power and authority he would have—every patriarch being an absolute ruler over his own family, and the more like a king the larger his tribe. Of course, the old man would say decidedly that to make the best possible man you must train a child to obey his parents, and yet more the head of the tribe, with the most absolute submission; to do in the cleverest way what was necessary for defence against an enemy, and to obtain food, and the skins of beasts for clothing. The more wives and the more children the better. These were the principal points. After these, he would speak of its being right for such as would probably become the head of a tribe to cultivate such wisdom and temper as would make them good rulers, and enable them to maintain peace among their followers. Such was the patriarchal notion of improving a man to the utmost—omitting certain considerations which we think important, truthfulness, temperance, amiability, respect for other men, and reverence for something a good deal more solemn than mere old age.

Some wise men in Greece would have given a different account of the aim of Education. A Spartan, for instance, living in a little country which was always in danger from enemies without and slaves within, looked upon every boy as a future soldier, and as born to help to preserve the state. Every sickly or deformed child might be killed off at the desire of his father's kin. The healthy and promising were looked after by the state from their earliest years; and at the age of seven were put under public training entirely. They were taught to bear hunger, and be content with coarse food; to endure flogging without a groan, sometimes to the point of death; and all for practice in bearing pain. They were trained to all warlike exercises; their amusements were wrestling and sham battles; their accomplishments singing martial songs. They were taught to reverence rank and age; to hate their enemies; to use fraud in war; to be unable to bear shame, whether deserved or not; and to treat women with respect, not at all for their own sakes, but because despised women could not be the mothers of heroes. Thus, to make a perfect soldier was what a good Spartan considered the great object of education.

The Jew in his own Palestine would have given a different answer, in some respects, though he also reared his children to hate their enemies, and to covet both martial and patriarchal glory. His leading belief was that a greater god than any other nation had ever worshipped was the special ruler and protector of his own. Jehovah was the king as well as the god of the Jews; and the first virtue of a Jew was to obey every tittle of the Law, which ordered all things whatsoever in the lives of those who lived under it. Obedience to the Law, in affairs of food, dress, seasons of work, sleep, worship, journeying, &c., as well as in some higher matters, was the main thing taught by a good parent, while he knew and thought nothing of the higher and holier aims opened by the Gospel; of which, indeed, many a well-meaning Jewish parent could not bear to hear from the lips of Christ, when he came to declare what every man should be. When he declared that men should rise above the Law, and be perfect as their Father in Heaven is perfect, some strict Jewish educators crucified him. In a Jew's mind, the best man was he who most servilely obeyed the letter of the Law.

When I was in America, I saw three kinds of people who had their own notions of what it was to be a perfect man—each their own idea of the chief aim in Education; notions as wide of each other as those of the Patriarch, the Spartan, and the Jew. There were the dwellers in the cities; men speaking our language, and looking very like ourselves. These men were, as was natural, proud of their young and prosperous republic; and they thought more about politics than appears to us necessary or wise in a life which contains so many other great interests. Their children were brought up to talk politics before they could be qualified to have an opinion; and taught at school to despise other nations, and glorify their own, as a preparation for exercising the suffrage at twenty-one, and thereby becoming, in a republic so constituted, a member of the government. The privi-

lege—the trust—is a most important one; and we cannot wonder that the subject is an engrossing one to parents and children. The object of education among a very large proportion of American parents is to make politicians: and it certainly is attained.

On the same continent, I saw something of a very different race—the red men. Their idea of perfection is a man's being a perfect warrior; and yet in a way quite unlike the Spartans. The red Indian is not trained as a servant of the State, but as an individual: and the Indian women are degraded and oppressed, while the Spartan women were considered and respected—whatever the ground of consideration might be. The Indian boy is trained to use his five senses till they reach an unequalled degree of nicety. And, when old enough to bear the pain without dying, he is subjected first to hunger and want of sleep, and then to such horrible tortures as it turns one sick to think of. He who comes out of this trial the most bravely, and who afterwards shows himself the most alert sentinel, the strongest and most enduring soldier, the most revengeful enemy, the most cruel conqueror, and the sternest husband and father is, in the eyes of his people, the most perfect man. The red Indians therefore generally make an approach to this kind of character.

In the island of Mackinaw, lives the other sort of people I have referred to. This island rises out of the wide waters of the great northern lakes, a perfect paradise in the midst of the boundless blue expanse. The people who inhabit it are, for the most part, half-breeds—the offspring of the red race and the French colonists who first settled on the island. The great object here seems to be to become amphibious; and truly, it appeared to me pretty well attained. The dark-skinned boys who surrounded our ship, and all others that I saw, were poppling about in the water, as easily as so many fowl: and they scud about in their tiny birch-bark canoes as readily as we walk on our feet, thinking no more of being capsized than we do of falling.

The aim here has about the same level as that of the Arabs, to whom water is the greatest rarity, and to whom the sandy desert serves much the same purpose as the inland seas to the dwellers in Mackinaw. The horse of the Arab is to him as the bark-canoe to the half-breed of Mackinaw: and children are launched into the desert, to live in it as they best may, as the half-breed boys are into the watery waste. And they succeed as well, conquering the desert, turning its dangers into sport, and making a living out of it. And so it is with the native dwellers in the icy deserts of Siberia. A perfectly educated person there is one who can surprise the greatest number of water-fowl in summer, foretell soonest the snow storm in winter, best learn the hour from the stars, bank up the most sheltered sleeping place in the snow, and light a fire within it the most quickly; dive among the beavers for the longest time; see in the dark like an owl, track game like a pointer, fetch it like a spaniel, hearken like a deer, and run like an ostrich. Such being the Mongolian notion of perfection, it is more nearly approached by them than by others.

None of these aims are ours, or such as we approve. What then is ours? It is easy to answer, "to grow wiser and better every day." but then comes the question, what is the wisdom, what is the goodness, that we aspire to? All the people I have mentioned aim at improvement in wisdom and goodness every day. Our difference with them is precisely about what wisdom and goodness are.

We are not likely to agree by setting up each our own notion of wisdom and goodness. Hear children at school talking of the heroes they admire most, and see how seldom they agree. One admires the brave man; another the patient man; another the philanthropist; another the man of power; another the man of holiness; another the patriot. Hear men talking by the fireside of the sages of the race; how they vary in their preferences, and select for themselves from among the group of mighty minds—the fathers of philosophy, of science, of art, of law and government, of morals. We shall never arrive at a practical point by setting up our separate preferences as aims for all.

Nor will it answer to fix our aim by any single example: no, not even—with reverence be it spoken—by the great Exemplar, Christ himself. The fault and weakness of this inability are in ourselves. It is not any cloud in him, but partial blindness in us, which renders this method insufficient by itself. All perfect as is the example, we cannot all, and constantly, use its full perfection, from our tendency to contemplate it from the favourite point of view which every one of us has. One of us dwells most on the tenderness of his character; another on its righteous sternness; one on his power; another on his meek patience; and so on. And thus, while it is, and ever will be, of the utmost importance that we should preserve the aim of becoming like Christ, it yet remains to be settled among us, in fact though not perhaps in words, what Christ was, the images of him in different minds varying so endlessly as they certainly do.

The only method that appears to me absolutely safe and wise, is one which perfectly well agrees with our taking this great Exemplar as our model. His Father, and our Father, gave us each a frame, "fearfully and wonderfully made;" with such a variety of powers, that no one yet knows them all, or can be sure that he understands the extent of any one of them. It is impossible that we can be wrong in desiring and endeavouring to bring out and strengthen and exercise all the powers given to every human being. In my opinion, this should be the aim of education.

I have said "to bring out, and strengthen, and exercise all the powers." Some would add, "and balance them." But if all were faithfully exercised, I am of opinion that a better balance would ensue than we could secure, so partial as are our views, and so imperfect as has been the training of the best of us.

I shall gladly proceed, in my next paper, to declare what I think we have learned as to what the powers of the human being are. At present, I can only just point out that the aim proposed is superior to every other mentioned, and I believe to any other that can be mentioned for this reason: that it applies universally—meets every case that can be conceived of. In the patriarch's scheme of education, the women—half the race—were slighted. In the Spartan system, the slaves and all work-people were left out. Among the modern republicans, citizens have the preference over women and slaves: and under the savage training—the Indian, Arab, and Mongolian—no individual whatever is done justice to. And there is not a country in Christendom where equal justice is done to all those whom God has sent into the world so endowed as that we ought to look on every one of them with religious awe as a being too noble for our estimate. The aim proposed—of doing justice to all the powers of every human

being under training—includes all alike, and must therefore be just. It includes women, the poor, the infirm—all who were rejected or slighted under former systems—while it does more for the privileged than any lower principle ever proposed to do. It appears that under it none will be the worse, but all the better, in comparison of this with any lower aim.

To obtain a clearer and firmer notion of what this object really comprehends, we must next make out, as well as our present knowledge allows, what the powers of the human being are. I mean as to their kind; for I do not think any one will venture to say what is the extent of endowments so vast; and in their vastness so obscure.

MUTTERINGS FROM A WORKMAN

ON

THE BIRMINGHAM ATHENIC INSTITUTE.

ANOTHER admirable article from the pen of Dr. Smiles; he who asked the people "What they were doing for themselves?" And the answers—where are they? Look for them in towns and villages, in cities and hamlets, and you will find them. Find them in *action*—much done, and much more being done, but, alas! no tongue to tell the manner of the doing. Would that the people could *speak*. The *vox populi* is not in a miserable party press—not in blue books and the rant of so-called labour's expositors—nor is it in the mouthings of demagogues. The people have no voice; but speech will yet be given them. In their speechless helplessness they found some sympathy; the strength of their manhood will reward the sympathisers.

I am a voiceless unit, full of burning, bursting thought, and vainly longing to give utterance to the feelings of my fellow-mutes.

Leeds and Sheffield enjoy fitting chroniclers; Birmingham is silent. In the absence of a voice, my faltering accents may be heard, attempting to give one answer to the question, "What are the people doing *for* themselves?" and showing how a few men see that "there is a profound philosophy in amusement."

Originated, supported, and governed by young artisans; unassisted by the advice or money of one man superior in station to themselves—the Birmingham Athenic Institute, considered simply as a mere improvement society—being now in the fifth year of a successful existence—must be received as a striking example of the capabilities of the working men.

Indebted to the public for nothing, with a distinguished yet *free* patronage, and without one single subscribing honorary member on its books, the Institute has ever asserted and maintained the principle of self-dependence. On the occasion of our last anniversary, some *gentlemen* of the press found fault with our rooms for being "innocent of of plaster:" should they have not rather looked at our principles? These are not new, but hitherto they have been overlooked. They are contained in the old Roman's prayer which stands as our motto—

Mens sana in corpore sano.

The *Spectator* charged us with "pseudo-classicality." Let the facts answer the charge. A few young men met together—they had an identity of wants—they wished for intellectual culture, physical exercise, and moral amusement; individually they were incapable of satisfying those wants. It was agreed upon to try what a combined action could effect. A society was formed—the next question was the name. They recognised principles distinct from all other societies—a name should be adopted, if possible, expressive of these principles. Where was this name to be found? Not in existing things, always dividing, never acknowledging, the "whole man." The past history of our own country was in this respect a blank, possessing, as it did, heart and body, but no mind. *Athens* alone cultivated the whole faculties of man, treating man as a man, and meeting his nature; the affix *ic* was added to that name, and we "belonged to Athens."

On this foundation we commenced and prospered. Our united mites provided us a lowly yet honourable roof, and supplied us with a few necessaries. We established classes for mutual instruction, acknowledged a moral code, and found rational amusement in dancing, singing, music, &c.; giving zest to our mentalism, and health to our frames, by quoits, football, cricket, &c.

Contrasting these things with the *moral* amusement of "skittle alleys" and "concert-rooms," and the repulsive humdrumism of mechanics' institutes, one would think that if we gained no praise, we should at least be safe from censure. But few men recognise the "philosophy of amusement." We were censured; handbills mocked us and our objects; and a member of the enlightened and free fourth estate lent his columns to one who ridiculed "swinging on ropes and playing at chess." Heedless of such opposition, we persevered in our attempts at improvement, and when the success and experience of three years had proved the truth and practicability of our principles, we submitted them to the consideration of an influential nobleman, not to ask help, nor to gain false fame, but to extend the principles we professed, and to obtain the sympathy we were worthy of. Lord John Manners acknowledged the importance of our objects, and became the president of our society.

We have now a *family* of about eighty young men, whose subscriptions defray the expenses of the Institute. We have never used even the ordinary methods of obtaining members, but have rather thrown obstacles in the way of an increase of numbers, fearful of making the society unwieldy, and losing the *esprit de corps* we now possess.

The Institute provides its members with the means of mental improvement by classes for grammar, elocution, and science; lectures, essays, and conversation meetings. A small library circulates its contents, and the reading room is supplied with some of the most popular periodicals, among which may be seen *The People's Journal*, Chambers' and Knight's various works, *Punch*, *Jerrold's Magazine*, *Birmingham Journal*, *Illustrated News*, *Daily News*, &c. In the out-door season we play at cricket and the other field-sports. In the winter our physical exercise is taken in our "large loft," and consists of wrestling, fencing; rope, bar, and general gymnastics. A dancing class, Saturday evening meetings for singing, &c., and occasional festivals, supply us with a great general want—moral amusement.

Excluding politics and sectarian religion from our plan, we have succeeded in uniting men of all opinions. Meeting with many impediments, we have been free from internal dissension. In ad-

versity we have drawn closer; and should the Athenic Institute be broken up to-morrow, the hearts of its members would be united during life.

E.

Our Library.

VILLAGE TALES FROM THE BLACK FOREST.*

By Berthold Auerbach, Translated by Meta Taylor.

Whoever has been much in Germany, more particularly off the beaten track of travellers, knows the peculiar character of the German village. Often when seen at a distance, on the hill side, or standing on a vast plain, cultivated to its very doors by its peasant-proprietors themselves, it has a picturesque and sometimes a beautiful appearance. Externally, too, German life has its poetry; there is in many parts costume which always produces effect — there is the way-side cross; the public fountain from which the village maidens fetch water, and where often the cattle are driven to drink; there is the tending of goats; the driving out the swine into the forests to the sound of wild horns; the lads and lasses working in the fields, or returning after harvest in bands, singing in chorus through each village as they pass; there is youth, and sometimes good looks; there is the church and the annual church-festival, equivalent to our wakes, where the peasants dance and drink in picturesque groups in orchards and under trees; the women in winter spin, and the distaff is bound with a red or blue ribbon; the *hand-werksbursch*, or handicraft-journeyman, travels from town to town the whole length and breadth of the empire, and looks picturesque enough in his blouse and cap, and with his knapsack on his back. There is, externally and internally, plenty of material in German peasant-life for books of fiction and reality; but German peasant-life is, after all, coarse and rude, and full of depressing circumstances, which tend to crush out of the soul refinement and noble aspiring.

However picturesque or even beautiful the German village looks at a distance, enter it, and study it for a moment, and the illusion is gone. The rude agricultural toil, alike of man and woman—the hardest being always the woman's; the ill-fed farm animals; the heavy, clumsy style of architecture used in their houses; the comfortless, poverty-stricken, and dirty interiors of them; their rude, coarse, and scanty furniture, all produce an unpleasing, not to say revolting effect. We soon cease to wonder that the German has no word for home applied to the dwelling-house; for the woman who toils in the field at the most servile work, has neither time nor taste to embellish and make the *house* what the *home* should be. In the village, too, we find no gentleman's house, or if there be one of larger or more imposing aspect, where, at least, we expect some appearance of taste or refinement, we are mistaken: the wild, unshorn grass; the wilderness garden; the glimpse into rooms larger perhaps, but equally dirty, coarse, and uninviting as those of the common peasant, cast upon our hearts a feeling of depression and repugnance; for we see that the inhabitants are still but rude peasants like their neighbours, although they may have a greater extent of land to till. It is a fact that the clergyman, schoolmaster, doctor, or magistrate, whose lot in life is fixed in a remote German village, regards himself, even if the income of his appointment be tolerably good, as unfortunate; for he knows that the peasants are rude, and brutal, and ignorant, and that he, the solitary man of education there, must and will inevitably become more and more like themselves; thus they have a word descriptive of this very deterioration of mind and character,—they say to *verbauern*, or to become a peasant; and this is a fate which all dread, but one to which thousands must submit.

Let any one read the affecting but most truthful story of Vefele in this volume of Village Tales, and he will see the very thing of which we are speaking. Poor Vefele feared so much to become in nature like the peasant, she knew so well how rude and brutal he was; but, alas! in her efforts to elevate her condition, her misery was sealed. Never was a sadder story than this written, yet never was one more true to nature and circumstance. But it is not from this story that we will give a specimen of the whole. We will turn to a little sketch called the *May Tree*, which exhibits something of German administration of law.

A young slender fir-tree had been planted one May morning before the house of Michael the cartwright. It was planted in honour of Aivle (Eve), Michael's eldest daughter, by her sweetheart Mathes, the son of Wendel. It had been done in the night; and though every body conjectured, yet nobody knew of a certainty, that he had done it; for the old custom of planting a may-tree by sweethearts before the houses of their mistresses was now strictly forbidden, and was punished as a crime against the forest laws with three months' imprisonment and hard labour; few now, therefore, dared to do it. From this circumstance the whole village turned out to look at the tree, all being sure that Mathes had planted it, but all marvelling who had helped him. Aivle in the meantime stood looking out of her window with eyes that spoke volumes, yet answering to all inquiries as to who planted the tree, by "how should *she* know?" Anon the village constable and forest-ranger made their appearance, and Mathes was seized and taken before the Bailiff

The constable, nicknamed "Soges," Mathes, and the Ranger disappeared behind the Bailiff's mysterious brown door. The Bailiff began forthwith to rate and abuse the prisoner in unmeasured terms for his crime; whilst Mathes stood quietly by, beating time with his foot upon the floor, and humming a little tune to himself. At length he said, "Have you nearly done, Mister Bailiff? All this is nothing to me—I have not planted any may-tree; however, go on, if you please, I have time to listen." The Bailiff started up, and was going to spring at Mathes, but Soges whispered something in his ear, and his clenched fist instantly relaxed. He now ordered Soges to lock up the culprit for twenty-four hours for his rude denial of the offence. "I belong to this village," exclaimed Mathes, "and every one knows well enough where to find me; I am not going to run away for such a trumpery charge as this, indeed; you cannot by law put me in prison." And Mathes was right. "I *cannot!*" exclaimed the Bailiff, reddening with rage. "We'll soon see that, you ——" "Stop, stop! we have had quite enough abuse; I am ready to go with you," said Mathes; but a man ought not to be treated thus in his own village. If my cousin, Farmer Buchmaier, were at home, this would never have happened." On his way back to the lock-up house, Mathes met Aivle, but he did not attempt to speak to her. Aivle could not understand this; her eyes followed Mathes for some minutes, and then, overcome with shame and grief, she went sorrowfully to the Bailiff's house. The wife of the Bailiff was Aivle's godmother, but her intercession with her was of no avail; the Bailiff was expecting the coming sessions, and was anxious to get into favour with the Sheriff by exercising unmerciful severity.

Mathes was accordingly sent off to the town of Horb as a criminal, and was brought before the court.

A person who has never been in the hands of justice cannot know what a frightful feeling it is to be thus suddenly deprived

* 1 vol. Joseph Cundall.

of all control over oneself—passed from hand to hand, and obliged to walk but only where others choose. Mathes felt all this; it was the first time in his life he had stood before a court of justice. His spirit was entirely broken down, as if he had been a great criminal, and had committed murder; and as he mounted the long flight of steps up the hill, he thought his knees would sink under him. He was now put into the prison, which stood high up, like a huge stone finger-post, as a warning to all the country around.

* * * It was not till evening that Mathes was brought out for examination. The Sheriff immediately addressed him roughly, and rated him soundly in High-German, as the Constable had done before in the common dialect of the peasants. Until the administration of justice is made open and public, an officer will always have it in his power to do with a prisoner as he will. If he be no longer allowed to put him to torture, there are nevertheless many modes of treatment which are often still harder to bear. The Sheriff paced up and down the chamber, rattling his spurs, and twirling a slip of paper with his fingers, whilst he put his questions to the prisoner; "Where did you steal the tree, sirrah?" "I know nothing of it, your worship," replied Mathes. "You lie, you thief!" said the Sheriff quickly, stepping up to Mathes, and seizing him by the collar of his jacket. Mathes hastily drew back, and involuntarily clenched his fist. "I am no thief," he exclaimed, "and you must write down the words you have spoken in the minutes of the court; I'll see whether I am a thief, indeed. My cousin, Farmer Buchmaier will soon be home again." At these words the Sheriff turned round, and bit his lip. If Mathes' cause had been a better one, matters might have gone ill with the Sheriff; but very prudently he did not insert what he had said in the minutes. He rang the bell, and ordered Soges to come in. "What proof have you," said he, when the constable appeared, "that this man planted the may-tree?" "Every child in the village, the very tiles on the roof know well that Mathes is courting Aivle. I beg your worship's pardon, but I think the shortest way would be to summon Aivle: she will never deny it—she cannot swear that it is not true." Mathes stared when he heard this, and his lip quivered, but he was silent. The Sheriff was for some minutes puzzled; he well knew the impropriety of resorting to such testimony; still he was resolved to "set an example" as the law terms it. * * *

Accordingly Aivle was summoned, and on the morrow she must appear against Mathes.

Scarcely had the day dawned, when Aivle rose and went to her closet and took out her Sunday gown. Agatha had to dress her, for she trembled so she could not tie a string. She looked sorrowfully at herself in the little broken looking-glass, and felt as if she were going in her Sunday-dress to a funeral. Old Michael went with his daughter to Horb—he would not let his child go alone. When they came to the court-house, he pulled off his hat, smoothed his short-clipped hair, and put on a humble and cheerful look, as he stood shuffling with his feet before the door of the Sheriff's apartment. Resting his blackthorn stick against the wall, and holding his three-cornered hat before him in his left hand, with his head bowed submissively, he knocked at the door. The door was opened; "What do you want?" said a rough voice. "So please you, I am Michael, the cartwright," answered he, "and this here is my daughter Aivle; she was afraid to come alone, and I make bold to ask if I may appear with her before the court." "No," was the rough answer; and the door was slammed in his face, so that Michael staggered back. He was thus prevented from stating the further reason of his request, namely that it was properly he and not his daughter who ought to appear in the court, since it was in front of *his* house that the may-tree was planted. With his two hands resting on the blackthorn, and his chin upon his hands, Michael the cartwright sate beside his daughter in the hall, looking fixedly upon the stone floor hard and cold as the sheriff's features. Then he muttered to himself, "Ah, if Farmer Buchmaier were here, his worship would have to sing to a different tune." Aivle had not power to speak a word: she sate with her hands folded, and only coughed now and then gently into her neatly-folded handkerchief. At length she was called into the court-room; she rose up quickly, the father and daughter looked at one another in silence, and in an instant she disappeared behind the door. On entering she remained standing at the door; the Sheriff was not in the court, but the clerk was sitting at the table twirling a pen in his fingers, while by his side sate the two Assessors whispering together. Aivle trembled in every limb. The silence lasted for nearly ten minutes—it seemed to her a year. At length a rattling of spurs was heard and the sheriff entered. The appearance of Aivle seemed to please him; he patted her cheek which was as red as fire, and said, "Sit down." She obeyed, seating herself timidly on the edge of a chair. When Aivle, with downcast eyes, had replied to the questions as to her name, condition, age, and so forth, the Sheriff turning to her, said, "Come now, tell us who planted the may-tree for you?" "I cannot tell, your worship," she replied. "Did not you give the cord to fasten the tree to the garret-window?" "No, your worship." "Well, do you not know who your sweetheart is?" Aivle burst into tears; it was terrible to her deny it, and yet how could she confess the truth? The Sheriff put in a word to relieve her embarrassment. "Now, my good girl," said he, "what is there to deny? Mathes is your sweetheart; you know that you are soon going to be married to him." Aivle recollected that in the course of a month she was to apply to the Sheriff for the certificate of permission for her marriage; and she thought that, were she now to deny her engagement with Mathes, the permission might be refused. Moreover, she could not say no—it was against her conscience. Her heart beat quick, a conscious feeling of pride arose within her breast superior to all danger, and animated her whole frame. She no longer thought of the paper, nor of the sheriff, nor of where she was—she thought only of Mathes. The last tear fell from her eye, her features brightened, she rose up quickly, looked around her with an air of pride, and said—"Yes, I will have no other man in the world for my husband." "Then it was Mathes who planted the may-tree?" said the Sheriff. "Possibly, indeed, it might have been," she replied; "but I cannot know—I was not there; that evening I was—" Her tears and sobs choked her, and she could not proceed. Fortunately, Aivle shut her eyes, and escaped seeing the laughter of the attendants in the court. "Come, now, my good girl, only confess that no one else planted the may-tree for you." "How can I tell?" she replied. By dint of cross-questioning, and by encouraging assurances that the punishment should be very trifling, the Sheriff at length extorted a confession from Aivle. The minutes of the court were now read over to her; all that had passed there was translated into High-German, and put into a connected form; but not a word was said of all the poor girl's weeping and suffering. Aivle was astonished at hearing again all she had said; but she signed the paper, and felt lightened of a great burden when she was allowed to leave the court. As soon as the door was closed behind her, and the latch fell, she stopped suddenly, clasped her hands, and heaved a deep sigh; she now thought for the first moment on what she might have brought on Mathes. Holding fast to the balusters, she went timidly down the stone steps and looked for her father, who was drinking a glass of wine in the "Lamb," to strengthen his heart. Without saying a word, or tasting a drop of wine, Aivle seated herself by his side. Meanwhile Mathes was examined again; and when he heard Aivle's confession, he stamped on the ground and gnashed his teeth. This vent to his feelings was taken as the basis of a confession; and Mathes, thus completely hunted down, gave himself up prisoner. Still he writhed like a wild beast taken in the toils, and only got the more entangled. Upon being asked where he had gotten the tree, Mathes at first said he had taken it from the Dettensen forest, in the state of Siegmaringen. But at length, when he saw them about to begin a fresh examination, and to refer the matter to the court at Haigerlach, Mathes confessed that he had taken the tree from his own wood in the outskirts of the village, but that it was one of those which would have been marked by the forester in a few days to be cut down. In consideration of these mitigating circumstances, Mathes was only fined ten dollars, for having taken a tree from his own wood before the time permitted by law. At the top of the path, Mathes met Aivle coming across the meadows. He was going to pass them without speaking, when Aivle ran up to him, seized him by the hand, and, panting for breath, exclaimed—"Mathes, do not be angry; see here—take my necklace, and pay the fine whatever it is. Thank God, you are not put in prison!" After a few words of explanation, Mathes was reconciled again; then he went hand in hand with his Aivle into the village, and was welcomed joyfully by all the neighbours.

We rejoice that the English public is made acquainted, through this excellent translation, with this admirable little book, which, as illustrative of German peasant-life and manners, we consider really valuable; at the same time the reader who wants to be amused and deeply interested cannot do better than devote a few hours to its pages.

THE JURY FOR THE REWARD OF WORKMEN.

In our number of the 30th of May we gave an account of an association, now in the course of formation in Paris, which earnestly engages the attention of all classes in that capital, and deserves the consideration of the working community at home.

The professed object of the "jury for the reward of workmen" is, by occasionally distributing rewards to the meritorious, to excite a spirit of emulation amongst them, and by so doing to better their condition. For this purpose the chief manufacturers of Paris have united; subscriptions have been received; and the Duc de Nemours, future regent, has accepted the office of president.

Whatever novelty may exist in the name, there is certainly none in this project of the society; for it has been tried in England, and has signally failed in contributing one iota to better the condition of the labourer. And we are astonished that a nation laying claim to the greatest originality of ideas should voluntarily adopt an antiquated and exploded system from its rival; but, on reflection, we were not so surprised that the manufacturers (the protectionists) of France should adopt the same expedients with the same ideas from their agricultural protectionist brethren of England—the principles of both being identical.

That the system adopted by the "jury" is useless we are convinced; and we do contend that, so long as the workman or labourer is badly fed, clothed, housed, and educated, it is worse than mockery to offer him a medal. And in this opinion we do not stand alone; we have the *Times*, and those most interested—the workmen themselves—to support us in the views we take of this system.

The *Times*, speaking of the West Sussex Agricultural Association, says—

We fear, however, that there is too much hollowness in the words of encouragement addressed to them (*the labourers*), and that the premiums are too nominal and contemptible to have much influence in producing the desired effect. The distribution of a few bibles and prayer-books, and a few prizes, varying from ten shillings to four pounds, will not compensate for a year's privation, caused by a rate of wages so miserable as to be wholly inadequate for comfort, and frequently insufficient for support."

What the *Times* says in respect to West Sussex labourers is equally applicable to Paris workmen: for hear what they say themselves. In the *Reforme* we find a letter to the editor from the brassfounders, bearing the signature of 200 workmen, with the following as an answer to the address of the "jury."

We will say, . . . that our trade is the most unhealthy in Paris—that from six in the morning till eight in the evening we are confined in workshops four times too small, so that we are literally choked by the dust.

For four years have we asked our masters to shorten our time by two hours: so that for two hours we might breathe the pure air. The smaller capitalists consented; but the larger ones—the kings of trade—were inexorable. We were obliged to return, and labour fourteen hours a day, including meals.

Wherefore, sir, when the principal manufacturers will consent —1st, To render the workshops healthy—2nd, To accord us two hours less labour per day—3rd, To enforce the observance of the law relative to the employment of children: then, and not till then, can we venture to hope for an amelioration of our condition —an amelioration more substantial and beneficial than can possibly be achieved by the distribution of medals, which, in fact, will only produce trouble and division amongst us.

From the above it appears that the brassfounders of Paris clearly comprehend the uselessness of this system. It is evident they have no desire to accept the charity of any one, or that they need incitement to make themselves comfortable. They ask for due regard to their health, and two hours a day to recruit their body and improve their mind; a request which, while it proves the moderation of their spirit and the progress of self-reliance amongst them, shadows forth the advent of physical and moral independence, when, we would fain hope, labour shall possess its rights.

We believe this association to be useless; because it is not in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age, but, on the contrary, a relapse into a system of almsgiving, and of dependence on the wealthy; because, instead of addressing itself to the great question of our epoch—*the relationship between master and workman*—it shirks it, and adopts a puerile system of reward. The age requires, the working classes demand, not only the actual amelioration of their condition, but most emphatically that the relations between the employer and the employed be forthwith settled on a clearly definitive and mutually beneficial basis; that it be clearly understood to what per centage on the profit of his labour is the workman entitled. And the solution of this problem—this settlement—is not to be obtained by the distribution of medals, nor even of pecuniary rewards. The whole of the community must be educated in the great and comprehensive principles of humanity: and for this time is necessary—the two hours a day for which the working classes ask, and not gratuitous instruction, state grants, or subscription list, for which they do not ask.

We know it will be urged in opposition that many workmen prefer to work the fourteen hours instead of twelve; but why is this? Experience and every-day life testifies that those are improvident for the future, and care not to husband their strength for their old age; that they fear the reduction of one-seventh of their time would be accompanied by a reduction of one-seventh of their wages—consequently they would be curtailed of their drink, or any other degrading quasi-pleasure they may revel in. Now, supposing this opinion to be universal, or even held by the majority of the working classes (which, fortunately, is not the case), would it not be the duty of those who are looked on as superior in intellect as well as in pocket to explain away this folly—to prove, and it requires not much intellect for it, that the fag-end of a hard day's labour, when the labourer is exhausted, is like all other fag-ends, good for very little? They should demonstrate to the incredulous few what the majority of workmen are convinced of, that even if they did suffer this diminution of wages (which should not, nor would not be the case) they would then be gainers, gainers in health, cultivation, and happiness of mind, and, finally, in pocket, by being able to attend to their own domestic affairs.

While we have unhesitatingly condemned the folly of distributing medals to workmen who are "badly fed, clothed, housed, and educated," instead of affording them time and facilities for improvement, we should be unjust to the "Jury of Reward" if we failed to notice, and to record our sympathy with and approbation of, one of their numerous suggestions. We allude to the formation of a National Pension Fund for the support of invalid and veteran workmen. The project, as developed in the *Moniteur Industriel*, consists in uniting in one large club all the workmen and labourers in France, not excepting the women or children: the workmen to elect from themselves a committee of direction, whose chief business will be to collect the funds (that is, two centimes—one-fifth of a penny—forcibly retained from the wages of every member) and in paying the pensions. The club is to be quite independent of the masters, and are to receive no alms, nor contributions from any but their own members.

We confess we like the suggestion much. We admire the idea of the working classes uniting for so laudable a purpose, and supporting those who otherwise would be paupers.

There is nothing degrading or humiliating in a veteran workman receiving pecuniary assistance from such a fund—a fund towards which he has contributed, and the pension probably only the interest of his accumulated contributions.

When this really reasonable and truly noble proposition is more fully developed, we will return to the subject with pleasure.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE INFANT HERCULES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

No. II.

By Harriet Martineau.

July 7.—There is no mode of travelling in this region to be compared with the pedestrian. So think my two young companions and I, on our return from a charming trip, the best parts of which we should have lost if we had gone in any other way than on foot.

We usually set out on these expeditions after an early dinner, in order to satisfy our consciences by doing a good morning's work before giving ourselves up to play. It was therefore at three p.m. that we shouldered our knapsacks on Thursday last. I had a present of a capital knapsack lately, of a foreign make, which relieves me of more fatigue than I could have supposed possible. It seems rather absurd that while men carry weight in the easiest place, on the shoulders, women should carry it, as I did till now, on the one arm or the other, injuring the balance in walking, and fatiguing the arms. Henceforth, my pretty knapsack will save me that much drawback in my excursions. Master Bob and I thus carried all weighty articles; while Miss S. took charge of an umbrella, and a small basket containing provision for the next day's dinner, including a flask of whiskey, and a little tumbler, wherewith to drink out of the mountain streams.

A friend kindly lent us her pony-phaeton, to set us forward four miles on the highroad. From this we alighted at the Swan Inn at Grasmere and walked up Dunmail Raise, looking back on the lovely little Grasmere, which we return to with fresh affection after every absence. From the verdant and tranquil aspect of the valley, it is usually supposed to be named from its grassy slopes and shores; but its derivation is pointed out by its connexion with Grisedale, which opens laterally from it. Gris is the old Saxon for wild swine; and the lake was once called Grismere—the lake of the wild boar. A deep and still retreat must this have been in the days of wild boars. We had intended to stop for the night at the little inn at Wythburn, at the foot of Helvellyn; but we got there so soon and so untired that we merely spoke about accommodations for the next Monday night, and went on to the King's Head,—three miles further by the high road; but four or five by the bye road which we followed.

No one can pretend to have seen Thirlmere who has not travelled along its western bank. Its views are so wholly different from those seen from the high road that it could hardly be known for the same lake.

It was luxury to sit on a high grassy slope between two bold promontories, and look down upon the black and solemn waters,—the great Helvellyn, rising steep and bare on the opposite shore. The scene was so sombre, even in the fine evening light of gay July, that a white horse in a cart, moving slowly along the road under Helvellyn,—a very minute object at such a distance,—seemed to cast a light into the landscape. Then, in a few more steps, we emerged into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, retiring from the lake, and leaving a level meadow of the richest green for us to traverse. These rocks were feathered with wood to their summits, except where bold projections of grey or dun crags relieved the prevalent green with a most harmonious colouring. High up, almost at the very top, gushed out a foaming stream, from some unseen recess; and the waters leaped and tumbled in their long descent till they reached the meadow, through which they quietly slid into the lake. Our walk over the deep grass and heather must have been very noiseless; for I evidently gave as vivid a start as I received when I came upon a little clear pool in the grass, with a reedy margin, whence a heron sprang up so close that I might almost have laid hold on its beautiful wings or long legs as it hurried away, leaving the water dimpled and clouded in the spot where it had stood fishing when alarmed. Then our path lay along the margin of the lake, and then through a shady lane which opened into a farm yard. We came now near the bridge, and Bob was soon to be satisfied how a lake could be crossed by a bridge.

In one spot, about half way along the lake, the shores throw out promontories which leave no very wide space from point to point. And here there is a rising of the ground from below, so that the waters are shallow,—even fordable at times for carts and horses. Piers of rough stone are built, and piles of them raised at intervals; and these intervals are crossed by planks, with a hand-rail; so that it is a picturesque bridge enough.

Half a mile on the other side of it, we found our inn. We found also a nice, kindly hostess; but with the bad news on her tongue that her house was full,—not a bed to be had,—nor any kind of vehicle to take us on to Keswick,—nearly six miles. Room is however always found in such cases; and by putting a number of young gentlemen into one apartment, every body was accommodated; and very merry we were in our quarters.

I was here struck for the fiftieth time, with wonder at what seems to me a peculiarity in our own nation,—the total absence of either the sense of beauty, or of all cultivation of it in matters of ornament. All through this region, as in other rural districts of our country, the pictures on the walls, and the chimney-piece ornaments are of a kind which makes one wonder why they are there at all,—whether any body can possibly see any beauty whatever in them. When I was furnishing my house lately, the travelling merchant who supplied me from Staffordshire with all my earthenware appeared to have good taste about the breakfast and dinner sets with which she furnished me; and I was therefore all amazement when she pressed me to buy, for my drawing-room mantel-piece, some scarlet and green castles, four inches high, with an enormous chimney in the middle, to hold lighters for my taper-stand. Her own rapture at what she called the beauty of these castles proved to me that it was for my own sake that she wished me to buy these. In our sitting-room this evening were things even worse. A piece of earthenware in the middle of the mantel-piece represented the babes in the wood. A gaudy pair of personages lay at the foot of a hollow trunk of a tree (a sort of chimney to hold lighters), and the robin, a slim bird with yellow and lilac wings and pea-green body, was stooping over them with a cabbage-leaf in his bill as large as either of their heads. We laughed half the evening at this ornament; and, sorry as we were to laugh at the pictures, we could not help it. They were of the most serious scriptural subjects; and I will not describe them. When I think of the harm that such representations of such subjects must do to children living with them before their eyes, and when I remember how in foreign countries, the very cheapest ornaments of the very poorest houses are usually good as far as they go, it gives me concern that there should not be a better taste everywhere where people have the power of orna-

menting their rooms at all. I enjoy seeing a bunch of evergreens in the fireplace of a house in summer; and a jar full of waving grasses from the fields and hedges. A string of birds' eggs is a natural ornament; and so is a festoon of fir-cones. And I like to see a sixpence here and there spent on one of the pretty plaster casts carried everywhere by the Italian boys; or on some prints which represent some object in the natural way. The first great rule is that the ornament should be like what it professes to represent;—a robin like a robin, and Christ and his mother like such a woman and infant as one would admire out of a picture, not for their gay clothes, but for their countenances and attitude.

Next morning, we walked gaily on to Keswick. I will not dwell on the incidents of that day, because it was the most public part of our little journey, and we had a good road, and its ordinary accommodations all the way. We rested in a grove, saw Derwent Water and the great fall of Lodore in great beauty, and reached the little inn at Rosthwaite in good time for tea—about seven. We discovered that evening that the best cure for fatigue was a gentle, lounging walk. Bob and I climbed up a little mount near the inn, whence we had a view of the whole of Borrowdale, which so enchanted us that Bob ran down for his sister, who was truly glad not to have missed the sight. Our station was in the middle of the valley; and sweet fields stretched as far as the mountains on every side, while the eye rested on a farmstead here and there, or on a bold rock, and the river gushed along its winding course, in and out among the bases of the mountains on the eastern side. We sauntered long by the shoaly stream and among the lanes and gardens, and felt no more fatigue.

The next was to be our great day. We were to cross the pass of Sty Head to Wast Water. I inquired for a guide, though well knowing the road. By myself, I fear nothing on these mountains; but I do not choose to take the responsibility of guiding others in places where fog, a storm, or two minutes' heedlessness about the path might place them in danger. The guide was engaged to a funeral; but he sent a young farm servant in his stead. Wishing that S. should begin the ascent untired, I bespoke, for our first three miles of plain road, the only vehicle in the neighbourhood, called by our hostess a shandry; but to our eyes a common butter-cart. It had a seat for three, now made soft by a bolster from one of the beds. The steady old white mare looked as if she could not for her life go wrong; and so I made no objection when Bob said, on the reins being put into his hands, "I drive, of course." But my mind misgave me when I saw him nip the reins with his finger-ends, as he would a bit of paper, and found that this was his first attempt. The mare proceeded, indulging her own fancy about how near she would go to any stone wall or green ditch, till we met a few sheep, and a good many lambs, evidently inexperienced about cart-wheels. On they came—on this side and that, in and out; and S. and I desired Bob to stop. But he continued to nip the reins with his dainty finger ends, and look straight at the mountain before him, till the shepherd caught the mare's head, and stopped the shandry by main force, observing to Bob that he perceived he was not accustomed to drive among sheep. Bob declared himself aware of my decided objection to going on through the flock; but pleaded that the mare had quite as decided an objection to stop; and what could he do better than gratify us both by proceeding without hurting the sheep? However, we thought fit to call in an umpire, in the form of our guide; and Bob had to stand up behind us, like a Russian footman on a sledge. We left our equipage at a farm-house below the pass, hung our knapsacks upon the guide, and began the ascent. It was not very steep or long; but just fatiguing enough to make it a delicious moment when we threw ourselves down beside Sty Head tarn—the little clear, rippling lake lying thus high above her sister waters, like a nun retired to some convent height, to keep herself pure and still as long as it shall please God to feed the springs of her life. Sunny and dry as all was with us, it was interesting to see by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, where a cloud had lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat.

The worst of these mountain passes is, that they shut upon the sweet vale behind as they open upon a fresh scene in front. We cast glances of lingering regret on Borrowdale as, at every step, the foreground seemed to rise, the mountain sides to advance, and the sky to descend, to exclude it from our view; and then, turning round the wild crag summits, began the steep descent to Wastdale; and then Wastdale itself opened before us. Steep and stony, indeed, we found the descent; and hungry enough we were when we reached the farmhouse where travellers are favoured with a meal of potatoes, oat-cake, cheese, butter, and milk. On this fare we dined heartily, and then having bid the guide farewell, walked on for another six miles to Strands. Our road lay along the banks of Wast Water, a lake of a peculiar character of beauty, wild and most secluded. The mountains on the eastern shore, the Screes, steep, crumbling, so as to afford no footing whatever, and tinged with sombre grey and red, descend sheer into the deep dark waters; and not a sheep, or dog, or living thing but a flitting bird now and then, can be seen moving along the whole range. This lake is less known to tourists than almost any in the region, from the difficulty of access or egress at the northern end; and perhaps its wild beauty is by this all the more endeared to those who visit it as we did—dropping down upon it from the mountain height.

At Strands we took a car for seven miles to Calder Bridge; the chief interest on this bit of road being a favourable view of the Isle of Man. When I was here last October, the weather was cold, and the wind east; and the sea lay clear and grey to the horizon, the Isle of Man rising amidst it so dark and distinct that I could discern the swell of its shores, and the hollows of its hills. This time, the weather was hot, and the wind west. A summer haze hung over the blue sea, and the island was barely discernible, only its highest peaks being lightly pencilled against the pale sky. But that we were on the watch for it, we should have missed it.

After refreshing ourselves, and having tea at Calder Bridge, we set out for the Abbey, whose ruins are within a mile of the church. Our minds were full of sweet images of things seen that day; of the tarn, the descent of the pass, the wild lake, the calm wide sea with its islands, and lastly, the sweep of the clear brown waters of the Calder, under its red and tufted rocks and below the bridge, which we had been enjoying from the garden of our inn: but all these gave way before the pleasure to come.

From the road, we turned aside under an avenue of chestnuts and limes, whose shade grew deeper as we advanced, so that the green sward at the

end looked so bright as to have the effect of a gleam of mild sunshine—though it was now past nine o'clock. The scene was one of monkish quietude and seclusion. There was no sound but of the river gushing on under the trees on the one hand, and of the rooks about to settle for the night in the lofty wood on the other. The whole scene was shut in by woods, above the eastern range of which hung the golden moon, near the full, ready to give all needful light when the bright glow from the west should have faded away. This glow was still bright enough at this late hour to cast a faint shadow from our figures as we moved over the smooth sward, and to mark vividly the projections and recesses of the ruins.

When we emerged from the avenue, what a scene it was! The Abbey is built of the red sandstone of the district, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A.D. 1134) into the richest and softest tint that eye could desire. Its lofty pointed arches sprang clear from the sward in noble proportions, disclosing beyond a long perspective of grassy lawn and shadowy woods. From the roofless summit dangled the tufted ivy, waving in the gentle night breeze, while the latest rooks sailed in circles above, before winging away to the nearest wood. Almost a whole aisle of pillars is left standing on the south side, still connected by the cornice and wall which they support. Amidst the luxuriant honeysuckle and ivy which load these remains with verdure and luscious bloom, climbing up till they grow down again on the other side, these pillars are seen to be alternate clustered and hexagonal. We wandered in and out among these pillars; and into the sombre corner where the tall ash grows over towards the old tower wall, making a sort of tent in the recess; and we looked into every niche and damp cell in the conventual apartments or offices; and went down to the red and tufted and broken river banks, and watched its stream rushing and leaping along in its deep channel, under the overarching trees; and we said—what is probably always said by visitors of that spot—how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace their river bank, hidden in the shade, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by.

When, at last, we unwillingly withdrew, not only did my companions say, as is natural to the young who have seen but little yet of the broad world, that they should never forget this scene and this evening, but I who have lived beside Niagara, and stemmed the Mississippi, and floated on the canals of Venice, and walked over passes of the Alps, and penetrated the caves of Staffa and the ruins of Iona, felt that of all these none would abide more distinctly in my chamber of imagery than this evening hour at Calder Abbey.

LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By A Working Hand.

MY FIRST JOB.

Imagine, gentle reader, the delight with which, after being unsuccessful for about three weeks, I got my first job of work in the colony. At the period of my debarkation, most of the large settlers were up the country on their farms; it being the season for important farm operations—such as sheep-washing, sheep-shearing, wool-pressing for exportation, reaping, cattle-muster, &c.; and, besides, I had no acquaintances in Sydney from whom I could hear of employment, or through whom I could make myself known. My engagement at last was more a matter of accident than the result of my own endeavours. The landlord of the public-house where I went every morning to look over the advertisements, in hope of finding something that would suit me, had been brought up to the same trade as myself. Knowing what kind of work I was seeking, he recommended me to a customer of his who had come up from the Five Islands with a boat-load of cedar, and wanted a snug little hut put up for his family: they had been there some time, but had been living under a few sheets of bark hitherto.

The Five Islands (by the aborigines much more euphoniously called Illa-Warra) is a tract of New South Wales, a short distance south of Sydney on the sea-coast; and so called, from five small islands which lie a short distance off, immediately abreast of it. It may be described loosely as a plot of the richest soil, bounded on one side by the sea, and backed on the other by enormous masses of mountain, confusedly heaped together. These are covered either with dense and darkling forests or low bushy scrub, knee-high or higher; with flats of swampy table-land, and bare rock, and barren sandy plains intervening in interminable change throughout their uneven surfaces. I have heard some of the settlers say they could dig down forty feet through the soil of their farms on this sea-side tract without finding a stone as large as a pea. Little crystal brooks of the coldest and purest water, making their way out of the mountain reservoirs above, traverse the ground at all seasons of the year in their passage to the adjacent sea. It was, therefore, many years ago, one of the most amiable features of the policy of the best governor this colony has had, to give out in this district farms to a number of little settlers; for a poor man's use of land is first, of course, agricultural, and a fertile soil must be his chief advantage. Amidst the wild, dank gullies of the mountain, and along the solitary course of these cool shadowy streams, grew, at the time I write of, in great plenty, the rich and massive cedar; the price of the timber of which was so high as to counterbalance, in the minds of the hardy working men of the colony, the difficulties, toils, and perils of procuring it for the Sydney market.

My agreement with Mr. H——* was soon made; for I knew so very little of the customs of the colony, and the nature of things at large, that I saw no objections to make against whatever he had proposed. It was stated in the agreement, which was a written one, that I was to proceed to Illa-warra, and erect for Mr. H. a house of such and such timber, and so many feet in length, so many in breadth, and so many in height, &c.; in consideration whereof Mr. H. was to pay me the sum of 75*l.*, supply me with rations at a rate specified for each article, lend me one of his convict servants to assist in cutting down and splitting the timber, &c. (the work requiring two hands), and draw in out of the bush the split stuff as soon as it was ready. The bargain thus far concluded,

* I think it best to inform the reader here that I have not used the true initials of names in any case. It would not have made my account any clearer, and might probably have hurt the feelings of several who, by the period and place, would have recognised their own characters and acts. I should have been sorry to have called up the unpleasant past from its oblivion, with no motive from necessity or utility to justify me.

he told me I could have, if I chose, an advance of 5*l.* before leaving Sydney, to buy any extra tools I wanted. I then found I should need to buy a cross-cut saw and some other articles, which, however, I did with my own money, still having sufficient by me for that purpose. Having seen the tools, my tool-chest, and clothes, &c., aboard the boat, I started along with one of Mr. H.'s men, by land, for the Five Islands.

This man was the convict who was to be my mate. In New South Wales it is not thought any degradation to travel with convict-servants; in fact, it is often unavoidable. It was a very hot morning; and, as we had each a small bundle, our jackets were off before we were two miles over the red, dusty hills going out of Sydney. At one or two creeks where we attempted to drink, the water was so brackish as to be entirely too nauseous to swallow; and into one of them, from a little branch just above my head, as I was tasting, dropped a yellow snake, about a foot long, rolling himself over into a swimming attitude, and making his way to the opposite bank, apparently as well pleased to have escaped me as I certainly was to have escaped him. Finding so little relief from the creeks, we resolved to push on to the half-way house, and have some refreshment and a smoke. A good heart soon gets through its task; so in little more than a couple of hours we reached our destination. But here, instead of the refreshing beer of Old England, I found I must put up with rum and water: the rum most execrable Bengal. After stopping about half an hour we lighted our own short pipes (for such is the usual traveller's pipe in New South Wales, where everybody smokes except ladies), and started again. Less than three hours' walking brought us to Liverpool; beyond which, however, we had still thirteen miles to go to complete our first day's stage. I never wish to have such another walk. By the time we reached Liverpool I had actually ceased to perspire, and was in a high fever: moreover, as is mostly the case, long confinement on ship-board had so unfitted my feet for walking, that they had swelled even above the ancles, and to that degree, that at night I could hardly get my half-boots off.

At the suggestion of my companion, we deferred our further journey till the cool of the evening. After dinner, tired and jaded as I was, I could not help taking a stroll round the township as it was then called. Liverpool was at this time a straggling and pretty little country town, built, one might say, on a green, and with a cool stream gliding along beneath a deep sloping bank at its side. On my return to the inn we had tea, for which we were charged one shilling each, and took the road about seven o'clock in the evening.

Before our departure from the township, we heard the people talking of the fire that was burning in the bush, and saw numbers of them assembled in groups, pointing out to each other its progress across the adjacent country. In New South Wales, as the winter days are much longer than they are in high latitudes, the summer days are much shorter, so that we had been but two hours on the road, when it became quite dark, and as we were by that time intersecting a tract of bush that the fire had already swept through, I had a full opportunity of beholding this sight: one of the finest which tropical countries afford. Our road was about the width of an English second-rate turnpike-road; above, the sky was gloomy and still, and all around the far-stretching forests exposed a strange and varied pageant of darkness and fire, accompanied by the crackling of flames and the crash of falling trees. Spanning some deep creek, empty with summer drought, a bridge, with all its huge sleepers glowing in live red charcoal, was tumbling together into heaps in the channel; the burning timbers carrying down with them the top layer of slabs that, covered with earth, had been the roadway. Over these we had to leap and clamber as we could; unless there chanced to be some track down by the side of the bridge, across the creek bed. Once my companion had very nearly fallen into a burning furnace of red charcoal up to his middle; or rather he was in, for the ground sank beneath his feet; but with that admirable presence of mind which a rough life so usually engenders, he flung himself forward on his hands on to a solid spot, and instantaneously drawing his legs up after him, and sprang forward. Here, some huge old tree, burned through at last, after the patient growth of its youth and the many fire-battles of its age, came thundering down right across the road, and its boughs kindling from the opposite side were in full roaring blaze; lighting up everything nigh at hand with ruddy brilliance, and reflecting upon the dense volume of smoke above, a red semi-transparent hue. Further on again, where the wood was thinner and the material for ravage more scanty, the fire had nearly subsided, and all was obscure and silent, except some single trunk far off in the bush—hollow, and old, and headless—through whose chimney-like barrel rushed upward with fierce, steady roar, a volume of flame and showers of sparks into the blackness of night. Then, on a sudden, the fire would reach a cluster of tree heads as yet untouched, its myriad flames blazing, and crackling, and leaping through them till nothing was left for it to devour. The heat was in many places intense, and the smoke suffocating: whilst snakes, guanoes, bandicoots, opossums, &c., were escaping across the road in every direction, each in its natural dumbness of terror, or with its wild, weak cry of fear. In one place we saw a very large opossum (in the language of the country, an "old-man 'possum") on the edge of a lofty hollow tree-trunk, that had been no doubt his home; out of which, and alongside him as he moved to and fro to avoid it, the increasing fire kept ever and anon shooting up its pointed tongues. We stood watching him, till the poor animal, no longer able to endure the torture, leaped to the ground, a height of full forty feet; where, to my astonishment, after being an instant motionless, he picked himself suddenly up, then fell again, rolled over and over three or four times, and finally went off like mad across the bush. I have since found that the gift of these creatures in this way is perfectly wonderful. Certainly, if there is in this world an indomitable dare-devil animal, it is the old-man 'possum; and, indeed, all his family, mother, sons, and daughters, after their sucking days are over. Till then you may tame them. Before we got into Campbell Town (our destination for the night), we met with another and different exemplification of the effects of the fire on dumb animals. One of the commissaries of the colony had ridden his horse out from Campbell Town towards Liverpool, where he resided, to where the fire was pretty fierce on each side of the road, and for some distance onward through it. Here the horse became frightened, then restive, and at last unmanageable; and when we came up the horse and rider were pirouetting together in circles about the road; the commissary on foot, holding the bridle with both hands,

and the horse, for the most part on two legs also, leading the dance. With a good deal of exertion we succeeded in driving the terrified animal in the direction his master wished to lead him, until they were quite clear of the fire, when we left them: probably they were on the road all night.

At nearly twelve o'clock at night we reached our journey's end, a little hut by the roadside just before entering the township. There my fellow traveller had a brother living, who, his lagging (transportation) having occurred some years before, was now free, and had a job of splitting and fencing from the settler to whom the ground belonged. My companion's well known voice soon aroused the sleeper. who came to the door in his shirt; in his shirt he lit the fire; in his shirt got us supper; in his shirt joined us in a feed and in a smoke, and in his shirt made our bed and tumbled into it with us. But the mysteries of an Australian bed-making demand a somewhat explicit description. I shall not generalise, but speak here of this particular instance alone. The hut itself consisted merely of a few sheets of bark stripped from trees; each piece varying from the size of a common door to double that width by the same length, covering a single area of about nine feet one way by six the other: the roof, too, was of bark, and of the usual shape. One of the ends was formed by the chimney extending throughout its whole width; in this the fire was made, with logs of any length and thickness available, on the earthern hearth. At the other six-foot end was a sort of berth, also of bark, like the bunks on board ship, fixed at about three feet from the ground. At the nine-feet side, next the road, was the door, which was likewise of bark, and at the opposite side was a little table, also of bark: a sheet about three feet one way by two the other, having, of course, its inner or smooth side upwards, was nailed on to four little posts driven into the ground. The architect of the building had used all his materials whilst they were green, consequently, in seasoning, they had twisted into all manner of forms except planes. As is often the case, the worst example came from the most responsible quarter; so that the table was the crookedest thing in the whole hut, not excepting the dog's hind leg. Standing on end about the floor were sundry cylindrical blocks of wood, just as they were first sawn off the tree transversely; they were each about eighteen inches long, and their official rank in the domestic system was equivalent to that of the civilised chair. On these we sat down to a good supper of hot fried beef-steaks, "damper" bread and tea, which our host, who was a free hearted, hardworking bushman, gave us, with many hearty exclamations of "come, eat lad — don't be afraid — there's plenty more where that came from," &c., &c. According to the custom of the colony, and especially of his class, we then betook ourselves to a smoke of good old Brazil tobacco over the latter part of our quart pots of tea, and it was nearly two o'clock before my companion reminded his brother that it was "time to pig down." Accordingly our entertainer, clearing the floor by making us stand in the chimney, putting the blocks under the table, and giving his dog a kick (which I thought the thing least to his credit of all that I had seen him do), began to "make the dab." This he accomplished by stretching his one bed, which was only adapted for a single person, lengthwise across the hut, at about six or seven feet from the fire-place; then laying down across the hut in the same manner, between the bed and the fire-place, all the old clothes he could muster of his own, along with our jackets and waistcoats; and finally spreading over these about half a dozen good-sized dried sheepskins with the wool on. These, with a blanket spread over the whole, really made a very comfortable bed. Certainly, towards morning, I began to feel a good deal as if I were lying with my body in a field and my legs in the ditch beside: however, I have had many a worse lodging between that night and this. For pillows we each had one of the wooden blocks. The blankets were the most patrician class of the accommodations. Of these we had three very good ones for covering, but it was not long before the heat of the night compelled us to throw them off; nor much longer before the musquitoes obliged us to draw one of them on again. Small as these insects are, their sting is so annoying, that I do not think either of us would have slept till daylight, had not our host at length gone out (in his shirt as ever) and brought in a piece of dried cow-dung, which being lighted and laid at the further end of the hut, kept smouldering on and throwing out a dull peculiar scented smoke for hours. This proved a complete remedy; and one which I never afterwards forgot, to employ upon a similar occasion. Whatever may be the reason, musquitoes are proof against strong wood-smoke, but not against this; while at the same time it is not at all seriously offensive to man, though wood-smoke is. By about four o'clock in the morning we were fast asleep. Stare not, city-dweller, such often is the bush traveller's lot, and with no ill effects. I can say conscientiously, that I never felt myself any worse for the loss of a night's rest in New South Wales. Whether this be attributable to the climate, or to the less intellectual habits of life, or both, I cannot determine.

Our next stage was to Appin; which we accomplished easily by noon, the excessively hot day before, being succeeded by cloudy and rather bleak weather. Our way still lay between forests, in some places, and in others over fine, lofty, and cultivated hills; along a good turnpike road. After dinner, which we took at the little inn of the settlement, we struck off along a wild bush track direct for the coast mountain: for it should be stated, that although our journey was from one sea-side place to another, we had made it by a wide sweep inland, and not in a straight direction parallel to the coast. At this part of the coast of New South Wales, the country immediately behind is so broken and mountainous that no practicable track lies through it. Indeed, I could not but wonder how the road we were now pursuing, from Appin towards the coast, had been discovered; not being then aware that the aborigines are so well acquainted with the bush as to be able to point out the most practicable tracks in any direction. After travelling through dense and lofty forests on rich soil, dwarf brush and scrub on stony hills and sandy plains, great flags of rock, and rushy swamp; in fact, after traversing a line of country as varied in character as can be imagined, we arrived before sun-down at the entrance of the thick brush on the Illa-warra mountain above Bulli. I recollect one incident that struck me very forcibly as we made our way wards the brink of the descent. I suddenly became sensible of a most delicious perfume of musk in the air; and on calling my companion's attention to it, he plucked a leaf from a beautiful slender shrub, whose long shoots overhung our path, and gave it me to smell. It was a tree, musk scented, [illegible] to such a degree, that the leaves I put in my pocket-book retained a powerful fra-

grance when I examined them many months afterwards. We soon came to the edge of the mountain, and stood on the brink of a precipice of vast depth; where, looking down beneath us, the mighty ocean appeared diminished into insignificance, most like the waters of a lower world.

The Australian twilight is short; and it was almost dark when we reached the foot of the mountain. Happily we had but a few steps to travel before reaching our resting-place for the night. We found ourselves on that flat tract of country bordered on the one side by the sea, and on the other bounded by the mountain, which I have already mentioned as being the Illa-warra district. At this particular point it is scarcely a gun-shot across, and we could hear the measured wash of the sea distinctly through the solemn stillness of evening. A feeling of breathless awe steals over the spirit in traversing these grand and solitary forests, amidst the thickening obscurity of the closing day; and buoyant as my spirits then were, I could not help being sensible of this influence. Suddenly the quick, cheerful bark of a dog startled the echoes; and in another minute a voice of Irish accent called him back, as he came bounding towards us from behind a low square building, that was just discernible in the dark. A few more steps, and we stood at the door of the settler's habitation, where we were to stop for the night. It was one of those huts which must be ranked among the remarkable characteristics of Australian life. Situated on some main track, and alone in the midst of the wilderness, one of these little "cribs" necessarily becomes the nightly rendezvous of great numbers of travellers. If the wayfarer have no food with him, a share of what is going is always freely offered; and whether any remuneration be given or not depends entirely on the circumstances and dispositions of the parties. If he be a poor man, whose hut the wayfaring public has invested with the dignity of an inn, persons in good circumstances travelling always make him some present for the accommodation; if he be a settler in tolerably good circumstances who is thus situated, remuneration is not thought so imperative; but in either case, if the traveller be a poor man, he is welcome to share whatever food may be provided, and nothing is expected from him in return. The same hospitality is maintained in accommodations for rest: those who have a blanket with them contribute it to the general stock; those who have none have equal share with those who have. These customs lead very naturally to a great degree of frankness and cordiality among persons most of whom are thus meeting for the first time; and the evenings consequently are, for the most part, spent in cheerful conversation and merriment. The same kind of arrangement extends throughout the colony, with this mere difference, that off the main lines of road, and still more the farther you advance into the bush, the usual run of travellers are not only not expected to make any recompence, but in many places it would be treated as an insult to offer it. As full a third of the labouring population of the country are in perpetual migration, the custom is a very good one. It probably originated from the smallness of the community, almost every one knowing every other; and there is no doubt that the great scarcity of cash in the up-country parts has principally maintained it. Meantime, let us take a glance at our quarters for the night. The hut was well built of slabs split out of fine straight-grained timber, with hardly a splinter upon them; and consisted of several compartments, all on the ground-floor; the only windows being square holes in the sides of the hut. A good three-log fire was blazing in the chimney, and on stools and benches, and blocks about, sat a host of wayfarers like ourselves; several lay at their ease in corners, on their saddle-clothes or blankets, whilst saddles and packs of luggage were heaped up on all sides.

Supper was over; and the short pipes were fuming away in all directions. Our hosts were two Irishmen, brothers, who had got a little bit of good land cleared here in the wilderness, and refused nobody a feed and shelter for the night. On us they bestowed the usual fare of tea, fine corned beef, and a *damper*, or wheaten cake baked on the hearth. And here I should inform the reader how a damper is made. Flour is mixed up merely with water, and kneaded for about a couple of minutes; the dough is then flattened out into a cake, which should never be more than an inch and a half or two inches thick, and may be of any diameter required; the hot embers of the wood, which is burned almost everywhere in great profusion, owing to its plentifulness, are then drawn off the hearth, the fire being kept on the ground, not in a grate; and on the glowing smooth surface thus exposed the cake is lightly deposited, by being held over it on the palms of the hands, and the hands suddenly drawn from under it. The red ashes are then lightly turned back over the cake with the shovel, and in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour, on removing the ashes, the cake is found excellently baked; with a light duster, or the tuft of a bullock's tail, every vestige of the ashes is switched off; and the cake, if the operations have been well conducted, comes to table as clean as a captain's biscuit from a pastry-cook's shop. Merrily sped the couple of hours between our arrival and going to bed. One sung a song; another told some tale of the olden time, when but few white men were in the colony; a third repeated news he had just heard of the bush-rangers, a fourth described a new tract of land he had just found out for a cattle-run; and others contented themselves with that endless subject of dissertation among the colonists, the relative excellencies of their working bullocks. My share was to answer all the questions (or rather all that were answerable) which any and all thought proper to put to me, on the subject of affairs in England; and to pocket with the best grace I could (for most of these men had been convicts), the jokes they very unsparingly, but I must say with all good humour, cut on me for having come to the colony "to make my fortune," or for being a "free object" (subject), or for having "lagged myself for fear the king should do it for me." All these little matters notwithstanding, the evening passed away very pleasantly: if there were many things in these men that I could not approve, there was much more that I could not but admire. There was a sort of manly independence which secured truthfulness and sincerity—at least among themselves. If the penalty for the practice of that truthfulness towards the superior classes had been fixed too high, I felt that allowance ought to be made for it in estimating their character. Some time before midnight a general collection of bedding took place as usual: the customary belt of bed was constructed all across the hut in front of the fire; and as in this instance the hut happened to be about twelve or fifteen feet across, and we mustered nearly a man to each foot of the diameter, a goodly row of capless heads and bare feet soon displayed itself beyond the opposite ends of the blanketing. On blazed the merry fire, made

up for the night; loud snored those who were so disposed; and louder grumbled, ever and anon, those who were not; hither and thither bounded and barked the dog around the hut, till he thought his master was asleep and could no longer take notice of his watchfulness; dreams came and realities went, and memory ceased her task of the day.

MILITARY FLOGGING.

By William Howitt.

Anxious as we have been to unite our voice to that general voice of indignation which has burst forth from press and people from one end to the other of the empire, on the late atrocious case of military flogging at Hounslow, followed by the death of the man flogged, we have been equally anxious to be in possession of the evidence, and, if possible, the verdict of the coroner's inquest, before we commented on it. Two examinations have been made—the verdict is still reserved for a third; but we are now in possession of a mass of evidence, including that of the medical men who were called, and we believe that there is no unprejudiced mind which will not have come to a settled verdict before hearing that of the jury. Whatever that verdict may be, and it probably may be received before this article is published, to our minds, the evidence of that eminent surgeon and physiologist, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, combined with that of Mr. Day, is quite sufficient to decide the question that Frederick White died in consequence of the flogging that he received. It is true that Drs. Hall and Reid were not of that opinion; but with them, their relations to the army must be taken into the account. Mr. Wilson declared positively that he believed the man would be alive now had he not suffered this corporal punishment, and that had the other doctors made the discovery which he had, on examination of the body, they must have come to the same conclusion. Mr. Day, though seeming to disagree with Mr. Wilson in one particular, actually did agree with him. He did not think the man's death was occasioned by the blows, but might be by *the agony* of them. This, as we shall see, was the precise opinion of Mr. Wilson.

There are various points about this case which deserve particular notice, as evidence of an imperative nature for the abolition of this dreadful, brutalising, and disgraceful punishment. In the first place, it opens up to us the frequency of these disgusting inflictions; it suggests to us what numbers there may be who perish from the lash whose real fate remains unknown to the public. It appears that there had been several men flogged within a short time in this regiment, and one, Mathewson, was in the hospital at the same time as White, and had been so severely flogged for calling out carelessly "heigho" to a sergeant, and asking the officer before whom he was taken, how he ought to have answered the serjeant, that his life had been considered in danger. Since then similar barbarities have taken place in the barracks at St. John's Wood. So much for the frequency; and as to the fatal effect of this species of torture, it was by mere accident that the burial of this man was prevented, and the above revolting particulars buried in the grave with him. We owe it to the humanity and public spirit of the Rev. H. Trimmer, the vicar of Heston, that the case came out. Had he carelessly or indifferently allowed the man to be buried without an inquiry, this military atrocity might have been hushed up, and others have followed. How many poor wretches have been thus mangled within the walls of a British barracks, and then cautiously hidden in the grave.

Every particular of these proceedings should be well and most seriously pondered by the public. The public are shut out from the horrible exhibition:—the ladder on which the poor victim is stretched and tied—and the farriers with their black-handled whips alternately cutting at the writhing wretch for half-an-hour; for so long, it was given in evidence, lasted the flogging of White. None but the poor drilled military slaves are present—men who faint and fall at the sight of the horror, but dare not utter a groan lest *they* too should incur the like misery. The poor victim, when he has been conveyed to the hospital, and dressed, and fomented, and physicked for a month, dies; and the public eye and ear, as far as possible, being shut out the body of the victim is conveyed away as secretly as possible, and with false representations, to the grave. These facts show that if humanity is extinct in the hearts of the perpetrators of these deeds, fear is not. They are not so blinded by custom as to believe that they are doing God service. They are aware of the nature of the act: they are conscious that they live in the midst of a great, a jealous, and a christian people, where there is that admirable institution a coroner's inquest, and such men as Thomas Wakley to drag forth these horrors to the light.

But it is not the ladder, the lash, and the back cut to shreds, and to the very bone, which reveal to us the extent of the brutality of this punishment. Mr. Erasmus Wilson has opened up to us a deeper horror, a more terrible revelation of agony. He says, that in examining the back—

> On raising the muscles or flesh from off the ribs and spine, I found a part of the deeper layer of muscles, viz., that which lay in contact with the bones, in a state of disorganisation, and converted into a soft pulp. * * * * *The cause of the pulpy softening I believe to have been the excessive contraction of the muscles taking place during the agony of punishment.* The excessive contraction would produce laceration and subsequent inflammation of the muscles, and the inflammation instead of being reparative, would, in consequence of the depressed state of the powers of the nervous system of the sufferer, be of the disorganising kind, which results in pulpy softening.

Well might Mr. Wilson call this "a new discovery, such as he had never seen before, though he had opened more than a thousand bodies; a fact not stated in any book that he knew of extant, and which could hardly have been expected from such a cause." It is a new and terrible discovery, that such is the agony inflicted by this punishment, that it rends and reduces the muscles to a pulp! And yet this man never uttered a groan! Such is the power of the will, that the poor fellows exposed to the gaze of their comrades, suffer their very muscles to be torn with agony, yet will not yield one groan! Are such unheard of horrors to continue a day longer? Are they to be perpetrated in the midst of the British people, and on those who win with their lives those territories and those glories (so called) for which lords are created, and a nation's thanks are given?

Such is the brutality; now look at the unequal texture of our humanity. We grieve over the lashes inflicted on negroes, and purchase their exemption from it at the rate of twenty millions of money. We traverse the whole earth to christianise and humanise. We take under the protection of our tender mercies the very brute animals in our streets. If this man had been a dog, who dare have used him thus? The dog has

a whole act of parliament to himself. No man shall torture him; no man shall even draw him in a cart. The soldier of this country has not even the consideration of a dog. "Is thy servant a dog?" Well were it for the British soldier if he could claim that rank. If a set of men had taken a dog, and in some secluded court stretched it out on a ladder upon a wall, and with a relay of brawny farriers had thus mangled and slaughtered it, what a burst of execration there would have been against them! What monsters, what inhuman wretches they would have been pronounced! The Society for the Protection of Animals would have fastened upon them. Is man, then, is that noble creature, the soldier who dies under the lash without a groan, the only animal which has no protection in England? No; a thousand generous hearts rise indignant at the fact! This revolting barbarity cannot and will not longer be tolerated.

Look, again, at the inequality of our justice. In this very barracks, it is asserted, that last year an officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards stabbed the quarter-master of the regiment in a drunken spree. Was he flogged? Was he expelled? No; he was reprimanded, and advised to be more careful in the use of cigars, wine, and spirits! This Frederick White, also a little in liquor, not for stabbing a man, but for lightly striking a sergeant on the breast with a poker, is flogged; and, as it appears from medical evidence, killed. The young man is only 27: was of a very respectable family in Nottingham—I myself once knew him very well by sight: he has been unfortunate—driven to enlist, and is apt to drink. Otherwise, a writer in the *Northampton Mercury*, who knew him well, describes him as "of a kind, affable disposition, gentlemanly in his deportment, and respected by all who knew him."

And are men to be flogged to death for drinking? Let it not be forgotten, that making men tipsy is the greatest of all arts by which the kidnappers of the army entrap men. The recruiting sergeants treat and fuddle men to get them to enlist. It is asserted in evidence that this very young man was caught in this very manner. He enlisted in a state of intoxication. The sergeant knows that drinking is his failing, irritates him, and gets a blow. Is this then sufficient cause to put the man to death in this most barbarous manner? Is a man to find no palliating plea in the very weakness by which they caught him? It seems not. The offended dignity of a sergeant who kidnaps men by drink requires the blood of his victim.

Let young men remember these things in the hours of temptation. Let them reflect that the sergeant who treats and flatters them, will very likely one day, if they believe him, hand them over to the ladder and the lash. The other day, going up Holborn, I saw a number of young men eagerly reading a large placard, announcing that a number of respectable young men were wanted for a certain regiment. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I drew near, and asked why the government wanted *respectable* young men, "when they wanted them only to be shot? Were not any vagabonds good enough for that?" The question had its intended effect. The young men looked at each other. The eagerness which the offer of a good price for respectable young men had communicated to their countenances gave way to a blank expression. "Hear that!" they said to each other—"why *should* they want *respectable* young men, when it is only to shoot them." Let them remember that they may not even reach that fate, but may die at the hands of the farrier.

But the great argument for the abolition of this inhuman practice is yet behind. It should be abolished, because it is not merely brutal, but because it brutalises all those who are compelled to use it. Look at the officers of our army—men of education and family. In other respects they may be amiable, gentle, and kind; in their public and professional character they are callous as the hilt of their own swords. At these bloody exhibitions, the common men—men of blunted and ruder feelings as they would say—faint and fall; the officers fold their arms, look on in calm indifference, and, when the very farrier relents, cry—"Go on!" It is shocking to see men of station and cultivation, or at least of opportunity for it, thus placed before the whole public in this opprobrious aspect. But men in the army must do as they are commanded, be it what it will. We have seen lately in *Koubrakiewizk's Revelations of Austria*, that soldiers are there beaten to death with canes, and if they die before the prescribed number of blows is given, the executioners of the sentence strike on till the number is completed!

Institutions corrupt men. To prevent men being degraded to brutes, you must abolish brutish practices. Why have officers on this occasion displayed the most hardened indifference, and the directors of the press denounced the cruelty with a generous indignation? It is purely from the difference of the systems to which they are attached. Had the writers occupied the places of the officers, they would have been found superintending flogging with the cool stoicism of American Indians; and the officers, as writers, would have been denouncing their brutality. For the sake of officers as well as of men, we must expunge, and that speedily, this hideous practice from our military law.

EDUCATION IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Liverpool, 10, Leveson-street,
July 13, 1846.

Sir—On the formation of a local association for introducing the Ragged School System of London among the neglected poor of Liverpool, W. Jevons, Esq., the excellent and accomplished author of *Systematic Morality*, was among those who were applied to for suggestions to assist the committee. At the request of one of their number, that gentleman drew up the following remarks, which appear to the committee to be admirably suited to throw light upon the plan of instruction that should be followed out in these schools for the most neglected, We have been directed to place the paper in your hands, and by so doing we hope to ensure it an extensive and appreciating circulation.

We are, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
J. Johns.
Andrew Leighton.

Education, as generally conducted, aims at little more than imparting the *means* of acquiring knowledge. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are

the staple subjects of school instruction, and valuable attainments they undoubtedly are, to those who have the means and opportunities of applying them to useful purposes. But those who cannot afford themselves the comfort of decent clothing, can still less afford themselves the luxury of books, and without books, of what avail is the ability to read? Reading, moreover, is an attainment which requires a long and tedious initiation, and constant practice to keep it up. Numbers even of those who have spent years at school have acquired it so imperfectly as to be able only to read with toil and difficulty, and not a few have certainly lost the attainment for want of practice. How, then, can we expect a better result from our efforts to instruct the most unpromising of all pupils, in whom steady application is least likely to be found, unless we adopt a system of instruction more suitable than that of ordinary schools to their peculiar circumstances? In "Ragged Schools,"* as they are unfortunately called, reading, which holds so prominent a place in ordinary methods of education, should be less exclusively attended to, and the great object should be to impart as much useful knowledge and as many salutary impressions as possible, by *viva voce* instruction. Nor let it be forgotten that innocent entertainment is an important benefit to those who have no resources for amusement but in vice. The fact is, we must combine *entertainment* with *instruction* · we must make the school *attractive* as well as *improving*, or we shall fail of accomplishing our object; for, in the class for whom these schools are intended, we cannot reasonably expect that thirst for knowledge which would sustain their patience through a long preparatory discipline. We must endeavour to rouse their curiosity, to engage their attention, and render everything that is taught, as much as possible, interesting to them. For this purpose instruction should be conveyed by means of real objects or of pictures. Lessons on objects have already been found useful in *infant schools*, and they are capable of being adapted for young persons of more mature understanding. An immense variety of objects might be named which can easily be exhibited, and respecting which a large amount of useful and entertaining knowledge may be imparted, such as the more important metals and minerals, the most useful vegetable productions, whether articles of diet, drugs, dyes, gums, fruits, or woods; the materials of manufacture, such as wool, cotton, flax, silk, &c., or the products of manufacture, such as the fabrics of the loom, and the countless articles of dress, furniture, ornament, and convenience.

Natural history affords an inexhaustible field of entertainment and instruction, and pictures of animals are always peculiarly attractive to the young. Stuffed specimens of animals are better when they can be had; but well executed prints or pictures will suffice, and the exhibition of each picture should be accompanied with a description of the animal, and an account of its peculiarities and habits. This description and account should be short, simple, clear, and well expressed; every word that needs explanation should be explained, and the pupil should be made to repeat it after the teacher till it is well impressed on their memories. This is a point of some importance; because such repetition should be considered not merely as a means of giving useful information and impressing it on the mind, but as a means also of teaching correct English. Care, however, should be taken to prevent this repetition from becoming a mere work of the lip, by questions which the intelligent teacher will know how to vary, so as to test the pupils' knowledge, and aid their apprehension.

Art, as well as nature, supplies abundant matter of useful and interesting instruction, which equally admits of pictorial aid; and pictures of various machines, implements, and operations of art may be made the subject of lessons in the same manner as pictures of animals. From such lessons on art, an important moral effect may arise; for the neglected children for whom these schools are intended, have many of them been driven to idleness or vice by their utter ignorance of any useful art or occupation to which to turn their hands. Give them knowledge of a trade and you give them the means of honest occupations, and remove thereby the temptations to idleness and mischief. It is true, we cannot confer skill in any art by a mere description or representation of its processes. It is only actual practice and long apprenticeship that can do this; and it is to be wished that all our schools for the working class could be *industrial schools*, in which the body should be trained to labour as well as the mind to knowledge. But till this desirable result can be accomplished, something leading to the same effect may be done by means of oral instruction; for information concerning the processes of art illustrated by pictures and models may be the means of awakening faculties or talents which, once roused to activity, will soon find means of exercising themselves.

Every sort of information that tends to enlarge the mind tends also to improve the character; and for this reason Geography and Astronomy, which acquaint us with other countries and other worlds besides our own, should be included among the subjects of instruction in the schools in question. Geography should be taught by means of large maps hung up before the class, and maps expressly adapted for this purpose have been published by Chambers and others. But the lessons on this subject should be something more than a dry list of names. They should include every information respecting each country which can be made intelligible to the young by means of words on pictures—information first respecting its natural features and productions, and next respecting its human inhabitants, and their manners, dress, customs, and institutions. To do this properly requires a large amount of general knowledge in the teacher; but when such knowledge is wanting, its place may be supplied by written descriptions carefully selected from the best works, and these descriptions should be repeated till they are fixed in the memory of the pupils, care being taken by explanations and questions to make them thoroughly understood. Geography leads naturally to Astronomy; and by means of a pair of globes and an orrery, the leading truths of this interesting science may be made intelligible to the older pupils, and will be found to engage an earnest attention.

But moral and religious instruction, it will be said, is the great desideratum for those whom these schools are intended to benefit. Granted. But the question is, how is such instruction to be imparted? I answer, not so much by precept, as by example. Do not read to them sermons or essays on industry, sobriety, truth, honesty, fidelity, and so forth, but relate to them instances of these virtues taken from actual life, and show them how they have contributed to the happiness

* The name is unfortunate, because it is somewhat opprobrious in its import. If the plan here recommended were carried out, they might be called with peculiar propriety, "Schools of Useful knowledge.

and prosperity of those who have practised them. Tell them how others in the same humble circumstances as themselves have rendered themselves, by their good conduct, useful and respectable members of society: how some, by dint of untiring industry, strict honesty, and steady sobriety, have raised themselves from poverty to competence or wealth, and made themselves, by their inventions or discoveries, benefactors of their race. Relate to them the history of such men as Franklin, Cook, Ferguson, Brindley, Watt; and such examples will engage their attention and make a deeper impression on their minds for good than any precepts of duty in the abstract. It will add, of course, to the interest of such lessons, if portraits or busts of the subjects of them, or pictures illustrative of the actions recorded, can be exhibited to the pupils.

Another important mode of making good impressions on the minds of our ragged pupils is afforded by the art of singing. "Let us make the ballads of a people," said a shrewd politician, "and I care not who makes the laws!" and most true it is, that popular songs have a great influence upon popular sentiment. Let simple popular airs, then, be enlisted on the side of virtue; that is, let words expressive of virtuous sentiments be adapted to them, as is done by Mr. Hickson in his "Singing Master," and they may be made, not only an entertaining exercise, but a vehicle of lasting good impressions.*

The above subjects of instruction I consider of primary importance in ragged schools, because they are sure to engage attention and bring immediate benefit. and even if they required so much time as to leave none for the ordinary subject of school instruction, these ordinary subjects might better be dispensed with in the case we are now considering. But reading, writing, and arithmetic, are too useful, even when acquired in a very imperfect degree, to be neglected, and with judicious arrangements, they may be taught in the schools in question, conjointly with the lessons above described, provided there be more than one teacher: and here it is, be it observed, that the assistance of visitors, or occasional teachers, may be made most available. Though the lessons above described may be taught to a large class, they yet require to be modified according to the age of the pupils; and while the principle teacher is engaged in communicating instruction suitable to their age to one section of the school, the assistant teacher, or teachers, may administer the ordinary rudiments of education to another section.

The rudiments of Arithmetic should be taught to the younger pupil, as in *infant schools*, by something appealing to the senses; that is, by means of rows of balls moveable upon the bars of a wooden frame, or of counters arranged so as to exhibit to the eye the factors and aliquot parts of composite numbers. But the older pupils should be exercised in mental calculations, as practised in Lancasterian and National Schools. The power of calculating in the head is of the greatest practical use to all; but to those who have no accounts to keep, it is almost the only available way of applying arithmetical knowledge. Still, even to them, it will be of great advantage to learn the Arabic and Roman numerals, and to be initiated in the simpler rules of arithmetic; and for this purpose the school should be furnished with a large black board, on which the teacher may explain the rules or state the questions, and with slates and pencils, on which the pupils may perform the calculations. They may do this, with no other accommodation than standing room in sight of the black board; but of course it will be better, if the resources of the school admit of it, that they should be accommodated with forms and desks. The same accommodation, and the same apparatus of board, slates, and pencils, will be needed by those who learn to write, the board for exhibiting before a class the forms of the letters, or their combinations in words, and the slates and pencils for the pupils to copy what they see. Reading will be most conveniently and economically taught by means of lessons printed on large sheets, in such type as may be easily seen at a distance of several yards. A variety of such lessons, some of them embellished with well-executed and attractive pictures, have been published for the use of schools, and a progressive series should be provided for the school, and posted on boards or cards, so as to be hung up against a wall before a class, and used in the same way as in Lancasterian schools.

A school such as we have described cannot, any more than other schools, be properly managed without the constant superintendance of at least one well-qualified and experienced teacher. But the best teacher, even with a moderate number of pupils of different ages, will want assistance; and it is desirable that he should have the assistance, *provided it be regularly given*, of any of the friends of education who can volunteer their services, since nothing is so much wanted as a free and friendlier intercourse between the different classes of society, and nothing will so much lead to humanize and improve the destitute as seeing that they are really cared for by those of superior station. It is difficult to lay down any plan for conducting the business of one of these schools, till the number and age of the pupils, and the amount of assistance which the master will receive are known. But it may serve as a guide to lay down a prospective plan adapted for a small school, which may be divided into one junior and one senior class, with two teachers, who may be denoted by the letter M for principal master, and A for assistant teacher, whether paid or gratuitous. The time is supposed to be from 7 to 10 in the evening, and this interval being divided into six half-hours, the business may be arranged as follows:—

JUNIOR CLASS.		SENIOR CLASS.	
1. Object or picture lesson	*M.*	1. Reading	*A.*
2. Reading	*A.*	2. Lessons on the useful arts	*M.*
3. Moral Anecdote . .	*M.*	3. Arithmetic . . .	*A.*
4. Arithmetic . . .	*A.*	4. Moral Biography . .	*M.*
5. Geography . . .	*M.*	5. Writing	*A.*
6. Writing	*A.*	6. Geography or Astronomy	*M.*

In this scheme singing is not mentioned; but let it be understood to be the closing exercise every evening for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; and, if need be, let all the other lessons be shortened a few minutes to admit of it.

The above plan will require considerable outlay, in the first instance, to provide a stock of specimens, pictures, maps, globes, orrery, slates, and large sheet lessons; but their being once provided, the school may be conducted with less constant expenditure than other schools where books and stationary are required.

In conclusion be it remarked, that the above plan is not an untried speculation, but the result of experience, which has proved the practicability and utility of its leading principles.

* Since writing the above, the writer has had the pleasure of hearing the Hutchinson family sing, and who that has heard them can doubt that songs may be made to "mend the heart" as well as "please the ear."

THE ROBBER BAND AT TUSCULUM;

OR,

LUCIAN BUONAPARTE'S ESCAPE.

(From the Swedish of Nieander.)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ONE still summer evening, as the sun just quitted the European heaven to betake himself to America, and still over the white houses of Ostia and Fiumicino, and on the blue rippling sea, might be seen a lingering blaze of his glory, while on St. Peter's cupola in Rome, a drop of the sun's fire lay flashing, Prince Lucian Buonaparte entered the lovely park attached to his villa, called Ruffinella, situated near the ancient Tusculum, and allowed himself to be caressed by the zephyrs, which just now left the bosoms of roses, and the shades of laurels, to fly about the fields with their fragrance and their coolness. The bells were heard from the cathedral in Frascati. Many of the servants this fine evening had gone down to the city, to visit their friends and acquaintances; others were still busy with their usual occupations around the villa. Three or four were assembled round the painter Chatillon, who in a hall of the lower story was arranging the prince's pictures, and appointing to every one its proper place on the newly-painted walls. The hall-door stood open. He had just caused a fine painting of Domenichino to be hung up, and fixed his eyes long upon it, in order to convince himself whether it was fixed in its true light, when he saw the rapid shadow of a man thrown over the picture, turned round, and became aware of a tall, stalwart figure, with pointed hat, a dark mantle on his shoulder, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a bloody sabre under his arm. The figure stood in the lofty, open, doorway, and had the light-blue evening sky for its background.

Chatillon was about, in the first moment of astonishment, to put some question, but the solemn guest laid his right hand on his pistol hilt, and the forefinger of the left on his mouth, in token that he demanded silence. This dumb manœuvre, eloquent as it was, did not, however, make the required impression on two of the most daring of the servants. They rushed forward, armed with courage and strength of limb, and seized the unbidden guest firmly by the waist; at the very moment that with the outstretched pistol he felled the third servant wounded to the earth. The fourth fled; but had scarcely issued from the gate of the villa to alarm the neighbourhood, when three of the stranger's wild companions came to the help of their leader; and before the dispersed individuals of the establishment could be collected, they had all disappeared with their booty.

In vain did Prince Lucian, who by the cries of the flying servant and the report of the pistol had been put into astonishment and activity, assemble as many people in the neighbourhood as were to be found; in vain, later in the evening, did the carbineers quartered in Frascati traverse the whole tract around Tusculum. All was silent. There was no trace of the ruffians. The wounded servant, in his terror and his pain, could find no words to describe the unparalleled transaction. Chatillon was gone, and the two servants with him.

The bandit, who had found his horse in the depth of a grove near the villa, where he had left it, did not waste much time in talk. He and his two followers swung themselves up into their saddles, and each of them set before him one of their carried-off captives. The leader, who bore Chatillon with him on his steed, rode silently down a secret path past the ruins of the Tusculan amphitheatre, turned to the right below the citadel, and trotted, followed by his men, in the dawning moonlight through the valley. In a thick and leafy chestnut wood at the termination of Monte Cavo they halted a moment, and listened whether they could perceive the steps or voices of any pursuers. There the chief found not the slightest cause for alarm, resolved for the remaining way to take a more beaten track, and followed the ascent towards the convent of Palazzuola, with the view of being able before the break of day to reach his head-quarters in Macchia dell' Arianna, a wood-grown mountain height, which stretches itself in a crescent form between Velletri and Rocca Priora, and forms the south-west portion of the Roman amphitheatre of mountains. But as the horses, unaccustomed to the double burden, seemed to require one or two hours' rest, the whole company alighted by the romantic cave between Palazzuola and Albano, on the southern shore of the deep, crater-shaped Albano lake. The prisoners were led into the mountain cave, overhung with creeping plants. The leader stretched himself at his length in the mouth of the cave on a bed of broom; Chatillon was ordered to take his place beside him, and the rest of the robber band seated themselves in a group around, whilst one, with loaded piece, paced as sentinel in front. Deep in the grotto burnt a torch, whose light was sufficient to illuminate the low vault without its being seen by those who possibly on the other side of the lake might be exploring the country.

The chief struck fire into his pipe, and while the first whirls of smoke surrounded like a nimbus the pale countenance of the tobacco-detesting Chatillon, he broke the silence with the following address.

"*Corpo di Spatolino!* You are tired, Prince! and yet my steed carries one as softly as a swan's-down bed. If it is not agreeable to you to continue the journey to Arianna's wood on my colt, you may mount Ghecco's. We have now no further occasion to travel so fast, and Ghecco can walk."

Chatillon, who perceived the robber's mistake, remained silent for some seconds, as doubtful whether he ought to reveal his proper rank or not. But in the belief that he should more readily be able to withdraw himself out of the game as painter than as prince, he was on the very point of discovering himself, when one of the band who sate in such a direction that the light of the torch fell most clearly between him and the countenance of Chatillon, raised himself and said—"Per Bacco! But that is strange!" He now laid his bearded phisiognomy close to the painter's depressed head, and surveyed his features with a most expressive grin. But the chief bent his brows, and said with a commanding seriousness—"Well, well, Cenzo, be quiet, be quiet! Thou may'st turn thy long nose another way, and snuff after plunder. A prince ought to be treated with honour, especially if he be captive. Our Prince here will ransom himself to-morrow with three thousand bright napoleons in gold; for so much must a Napoleon be worth, although he be not the Great."

"Nay, captain;" answered Cenzo—"this is neither the Great nor the Little. The Great have I seen many a time in storm and in strife; and no one who bears the name of Napoleon has such a ballet-master profile as this. If there be found in this man's countenance a single line of the majestic, pure brow, of the fiery fancy of the deep

eyes, of the fine, mystically closed mouth, and the defying, upturned, rounded chin—then you are right, captain; and I will go barefoot over the thorns and through the serpent dale to Rocca Priora, in the moonlight night; for I have been wanting in veneration towards the great name, and all those who bear it."

"What sayest thou, babbler! that this is not Lucian? Not the emperor's brother!" exclaimed the leader, as he rose hastily from his place, and took the wine flask from his mouth.

"No, captain; it is no Prince Lucian that you have taken," answered Chatillon; "but if it be not the Prince himself, it is, at least, his painter, Jean Jaques Chatillon, *a votre service, Monsieur le Capitaine de brigands.*"

"Well, praised be the devil for his adroitness!" exclaimed the robber-chief; "this time the stupid Satan was cunninger than I. Ha, ha, ha! A painter I have taken, instead of a Napoleon! For a wretched colour-grinder I have broiled eight hours in the sun of a summer's day, and leaped like a deer through the woods in three hours of the night, and tasted neither bit nor sup, except a worm-eaten *finocchio*, and this sour vintage of Rocca di Papa maledetta. Up, comrades! The painter shall pay for this. Up, and forwards! March!"

Scarcely had the leader uttered these words, before all hastened out of the cave, and prepared for departure. The painter, pinioned, rode on Ghecco's white horse, and Ghecco walked by his side, holding the reins. Their course continued over hill and dale, amongst thickets and snows. An hour after midnight they found themselves in the neighbourhood of the castle of Carventana, and before the day dawned they made halt in a wild mountain tract of Ancona's wood, the head-quarters of the bold bandit chief.

Hastily was now opened a secret trap-door, artfully concealed by bushes and grass-grown earth, and they all entered a large and dark cave, on which the door was carefully closed after them. On the arrival of the leader he was surrounded by all the faithful, who during his absence had either been out on expeditions, or had remained at home. To the painter and his two fellow-captives were shown some straw beds in a remote part of the great cave. In the midst of this wild, subterranean hall, the chief seated himself on a square stone. He now wore on his head a tall pointed hat, which was called the blood-hat, because it was obliquely surrounded by a broad, red ribbon, dyed in the blood of Peroh and Wytson, which had been displayed on it ever since he carried their beautiful severed heads in the skirt of his mantle from the neighbourhood of Terracina up into the mountain during a dark night of thunder and lightning. The hat was adorned with an eagle's feather, and he always put it on when he was angry, or when he thirsted for blood.

Behind the leader stood a handsome boy with a wine bottle in his hand, out of which, time after time, he filled the chief's glass. A brass lamp burned on a stone table, and round about the leader's seat the ten tarriers at home of the band dispersed themselves in irregular groups.

The robber-chief turned towards two of the home-stayers who seemed to be on watch for the day, and demanded—"Is Ruffo returned?"

"Yes, Signor Capitano!" answered Ruffo, who raised himself, and delivered to the chief a letter —"Here am I."

When he had perused the letter, the chief demanded again—"Didst thou return alone? Does the stranger come, or not?"

"The stranger greets you; he comes to-night from Grotto Fenora," answered Ruffo.

The leader now talked a long time with some of the confederates; but partly so low, and partly in such a dialect, that Chatillon could not understand the subject of his discourse. After this they all took again their places, and laid themselves in readiness for their breakfast.

Now was held, if not council, at least judgment over the poor painter. The trial was prosecuted while they eat and drunk; and the livelier they became from the vapours of the wine, the more disposed seemed they to dispatch Chatillon full speed to the other world, that they might as little time as possible be burdened with guests from whom little gain was to be expected. Already was the chief intending to utter the last awful and fatal word, when he turned himself about to see how the painter and his companions bore their fate, and what sort of a countenance they maintained in this awful moment. He saw Chatillon sitting on his damp bed, zealously occupied in sketching in a drawing-book, which he always carried in his pocket, the whole robber-troop. Then cried the chief—"Signor painter! what are you drawing? Cenzo! take the book from the painter; I wish to see it."

When the robber-chief had taken the book into his hands, and contemplated the drawing for some time attentively, he broke out—"By Raphael's scull! the fellow has style! He has not betrayed a single tremor in his cuff, while he has looked his judges in the face and sketched them. It is like. Capo di Michel Angelo! it is like! See thou, Cenzo! There has he fixed thy long nose as it pokes into the long wine-glass. Bravo, painter! And Fabio thus, with his shaggy hair—ha, ha, ha! But where am I? Painter, have you forgotten me—per Bacco!"

"No, Monsieur!" answered the painter, in his corner—"I have not forgotten you; but you, as the principal figure, I wish to keep to the last."

"Right, right, I am the principal figure. The fellow has courage, and he has understanding. Hear, painter! will you paint me?"

"Willingly, willingly, if I may first go home to Villa Ruffinella for a stretched canvass, my palette, and my colours and pencils."

"That won't do, Signor painter! Can't you paint me without colour?"

"Yes, I can paint black. I can, with the blackest chalk, on white paper sketch your features after nature—and I will do it. But then you must sit very still."

"Very well," said the robber-chief. "Bring a large sheet of paper, Cenzo! I will sit to the painter!"

When Cenzo, after much seeking, eventually found the required paper, and on a sign from the chief had handed it to Chatillon, the latter began his work. The leader sate at first as still as a wall, that he might be transferred to the sheet of paper in all his dignity, and that no trait of him might be lost. Weariness and the wine shed a heavy sleep over his whole form, but he roused up sometimes, and even in apparent slumber there played a convulsive wildness over his naturally proud and beautiful countenance. At length he became impatient, and asked whether it were not quite finished; but there still wanted some touches, and he was obliged to subdue himself to an external patience.

When the picture was ready, he contemplated it long and with a smiling self-complacence, and let it go the round of the whole curious company,

who found the likeness striking, and conceived a real veneration for the painter. Thereupon the chief arose, advanced to the stone table, and wrote in the following style a letter to Prince Lucian:—

"ALTEZZA—The Conqueror greets you, and sends you his portrait. You will find by this that his appearance answers to his fame. If you wish to see your painter again, he will cost you only four hundred piastres. If you do not need him any more, and his life appears to you set at too high a price, then let me know it by the bearer, and I will send you his heart for nothing. SERTORIO CATILINA MORLUCCHI,
Chief of the Free in the States of the Church.

When this letter was signed as handsomely as the hand of the robber-chief, unused to the pen, permitted, he rolled it up with Chatillon's sketch, tied a string round it, and addressed it—"*A Sua Excellenza, Il Principe Luciano Buonaparte*"—seated himself again on his seat of state, and called before him Cenzo, the truest of the true.

"Listen, Cenzo!" said the chief: "this evening at sunset shave off the greater part of thy beard, and make thyself fine. Clothe thyself as a herdsman, take this roll in thy hand, and bring it to Villa Ruffinella. Then request to have an interview with the prince, or at least with his house-steward, and announce to him, that if thou dost not return hither with the sum named in the letter by sunset to-morrow,—Wednesday,—then shall my dagger kiss the heart of the captive Frenchman. If they do not trouble themselves about a painter more or less, since they have so many in Rome, but seize thee and threaten thee with death, then die like a man, or save thy life by betraying me and thy brethren. But hold thy tongue till the Ave-Mary bell rings to-morrow evening: then thou mayst speak; for after this hour the painter will be with his master and the master of all painters, Raphael, beyond the clouds, and I and my troop will no longer be found where thou leavest us. Cenzo! be like thyself in courage and truth. Remember the Ave-Mary bell; remember thy duty, and thy abiding reward. Thou hast four and twenty hours before thee. Art thou weary? then mount Rosso. Adieu!"

Without hesitation, Cenzo received his chief's command. He nodded thrice his compliant approbation, proud of his commission, and went away, and laid himself quietly down to rest an hour in an adjoining lesser cave. In the main cavern all was yet stir and life; but the general noisy joy soon gave way by degrees to some fragments of drinking songs, trolled forth with half-closed lips, an occasional oath, and an indistinct murmur, which gradually diminished and died in the arms of sleep. The sentinels went to and fro with glittering arms: but Morlucchi himself sate long awake by the lamp, with hands clasped together, and head sunk on his bosom, when he suddenly heard the sound of horses' feet, and started up. Then entered Cenzo the cave, took off his hat, and said—"Signor Capitano! I ride now to the city. I ride not because I am tired, but that I may return the sooner, and perhaps the more certainly. They may more easily seize the lightning in its flight than Cenzo on the back of Rosso."

"Good!" replied the chief, and seated himself again; but Cenzo flung himself on his steed and vanished.

Still, but sleeplessly, lay Chatillon on his bed, and contemplated by the light of the lamp the wild and picturesque scene. His two fellow-captives snored in the deepest sleep, and the rest of the robber band were also stretched in profoundest unconsciousness on their beds. The painter listened to the fragmentary song of the nightingale in a copse without the cave and to the piercing "chither" of the grasshoppers; but his eyes rested steadily on the chief bandit, whose expressive and vigorous features in the contention with sleep assumed sometimes a mingled expression of mildness and perplexity. In the meantime the eyelids fell as if to separate the only still wakeful sense from all connection with the outward world, and to let the images imbibed by the eye during the day be thrown upon the brain, and, there cooped up and thronged together, swarm in a senseless chaos. But suddenly the closed eyes flashed open again, and stared wildly at the entrance to the cave. Whilst now all was silent, there appeared a clear light in the interior of the cave, as if streaming from an open cell, but vanished again, and a female shape glided softly forward towards the restless bandit-chief, and laid her hand on his shoulder. As she stooped, as if to whisper something secretly in his ear, gleamed out the swell of the most luxuriant dark locks, and a heavenly countenance, lit up by a pair of large, bright eyes, which resembled two stars watching over a rose-garden. The bandit let his head sink softly on the maiden's bosom, put his arm round her waist, and from his lips were heard the words —"Flavia, Flavia! my own Flavia!" By this dying lamp-light there seems another light figure, and yet another, to issue with soft steps from the darkest portion of the cave, but they vanished again, and all indeed seemed to have vanished. There where yet merely low whisperings heard now in the distant part of the cave; now somewhat nearer. At length Morlucchi extinguished the burning lamp, and all was silent.

After a time Chatillon fell into an uneasy slumber, but continued not long in it before he was aroused by some one, who with a strong voice exclaimed—"*Six Carbonari!*"

He opened his eyes. In the part of the cave where he lay prevailed a busy stir, but an inner cave, of which the door now stood open, was lighted up. He there saw Morlucchi standing with bared head, and beside him sate a stranger, wrapped in a long, dark cloak, with his left arm supported on a table which was adorned by a lighted candelabra of silver. The upper part of the stranger's head was covered with a little purple calotte, and his pale, somewhat meagre countenance was finely formed, lively, and expressive. The painter lay still, and gazed on the reverence-inspiring form; he scarcely believed his eyes, for he seemed to recognise in it the highest personage of the Papal State, next to the Holy Father himself—namely the State-secretary, Cardinal *Consalvi!*

[*To be continued.*]

Poetry for the People.

SONG.

A Crown of Flowers
Thy gracious brow
No more adorns;—
And, in its place,
Sore pierceth now
A crown of Thorns.

Thine eye, once bright
With joy's pure light,
Is dim with tears;—
The voice, once strong
With hope's sweet song,
Is faint with fears.

Yes,—they are gone;—
The fond fair dreams
Of life's short spring!—
Thy fresh, young form,
Thy warm, high heart,
Are withering.

And thou must now,
With stedfast brow,
The flowers lay down;—
To wear awhile,
With patient smile,
Thy thorny crown.

J. M. W.

The People's Portrait Gallery.



FATHER MATHEW.

By H. Anelay.

MEMOIR OF FATHER MATHEW.

By William Howitt.

The most splendid triumph of mind and character, achieved by a private individual in any age over the vicious tendencies of the multitude, is that of the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew over the destructive habit of drunkenness. If any benevolent man, by a course of strenuous exertion and eloquent persuasion, had been enabled to withdraw a dozen of his fellow creatures from habits of intoxication, and restore them to a steady practice of sobriety, with all its attendant comforts and blessings, that man would have lived to great purpose. But the number of those snatched from the fatal career of inebriety, and established in permanent habits of self-command by Father Mathew, are not to be reckoned by dozens, or hundreds, but by millions.

The miseries of the later ages of the world were sown by the early ages. The praises of wine and conviviality have been the favourite themes of the most celebrated poets of all ages. In Greece they had an express god of wine, and paid him divine honours. There, Homer and Anacreon; in Rome, Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus, and almost all their respective countrymen of the classical ages gloried in the celebration of drinking revelries. In India and Persia, as in Greece and Rome, heroes drank, and poets sung the praises of drinking. From east, and south, and north, the habit and the glorification of drinking descended to us. From the tribes which from Asia followed Odin to the north; from those which overran Germany and then Britain, we had the passion for strong drink, and the impression that there was something noble and heroic in it, handed down to us. The seed sown thus sprung up thicker and more rampant in every succeeding age. As population increased, and artificial pleasures were sought to supply the place of those exhausted in field and forest, art evoked the raw spirit from the fermented liquor, and presented it fiery, maddening, and fraught with a thousand curses, to the multitude. Over land and sea flew the new genius of demoralisation and death. On city and on hamlet the still poured its terrible poison, and rage, rags, discord, and crime followed it. Wherever crowds were congregated, it spread among them like a pestilence. Wherever shops and factories arose, it came in to blast industry, and lay prostrate domestic comfort. Wherever poverty appeared, it appeared also, and made that poverty a hundred-fold more intense, more frightful, and remediless. It demonized the mass; it made the solitary retreats of its individual atoms the dens of every horrible crime, of maledictions, and murder. Suicide throve rapidly in its rear; the human frame, not less than human happiness, withered as it advanced, and children carried in the mother's arms to the gin-shop, sucking gin and not milk from the mother's breast, grew up—no, never grew up, but perished like flies in a blaze of gunpowder, or haunted the daylight of city streets, the livid, decrepit, stunted pigmies of a hideous intemperance. If any one would know what this horrible antagonist of human happiness and progress was, and what it threatened in its career, he may yet see plenty of examples of it in London, or other great towns, in the quarters of the poor. He may see the deluded wretches crowding to the gin-palaces; he may see them squalid and meagre skeletons, shivering round their doors on winter midnights, too poor to enter, yet unable to tear themselves away. He may see women come out and fall prostrate on grates and pavements, and be conveyed away bleeding and insensible. He may follow, on Saturday nights, the wives of workmen from the counting-house doors where they receive their wages, imploring money to buy food for the children on the morrow, and receive only curses and blows. He may go on amid acres and miles of crowded human abodes, and see destitution where there should be comfort, imprecations where there should be love—one wide-spread scene of wrath and misery, the fruit of the fatal passion for spirituous liquors.

But it was not alone amid our dense population that gin and whiskey, and the like cauterising drinks, spread their disastrous effects—the evil followed us to other continents, and fixing on the simple natives, raged with the virulence of a new disease, and swept them by whole tribes from the earth. In the hands of wicked men it became the most frightful instrument of aggression, extortion, and destruction. They supplied the American Indian, the Australian, and New Zealander with the irresistible fascination of the fire-water, and the coloured man perished from his ancient lands, and left them with an awful title to their possession. But the crime was pursued by its retribution. The vice of spirit-drinking took root amongst the ordinary settlers of all those countries, and raged as fatally amongst the new race as the old.

Thus the seeds of classic praises of drinking cast into the congenial ground of human indulgence had produced a monstrous crop; and serpentine natures ramped in it. That which was but a gilded basilisk in classic ages had become a hydra in ours. Its hundred heads defied the sword or the axe of modern champions. The pestilence of strong drink overgrew all other pestilences. Men contemplated its progress and effects with consternation. It bade fair to paralyse all civilising powers, to render abortive the gifts of science, and the proud promises of religion amongst the mass. The press and the pulpit assailed it in vain. Christianity, nay, natural religion, was annihilated in the hearts of thousands. Ignorance, the effect of poverty, and poverty, the effect of intoxication, looked on the misery around them, and denied the very existence of a principle of good. Those who know the real condition of the unhappier portion of the working classes know too well this melancholy truth. It is incredible how much faith in Christianity and in a Providence have died out under the influence of a condition which, though originating in the neglects and the oppressions of governments, has been fearfully aggravated by the crowning curse of intemperance.

But Providence was not slumbering. When the evil had reached such a magnitude as to defy human counsel, and to stand before the public eye in all its deformity, the Man and the Hour arrived. That man was Father Mathew. The name of Father Mathew has long been a household word. The wonderful influence he has exerted, and the moral revolution that he has effected, are known to every man. Our present purpose is to make our readers more familiar with his personal history. That and the history of the temperance cause are identical.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew is descended from a very ancient Welsh family. The records of the Principality carry the pedigree back to Gwaythvoed, King of Cardigan, in direct descent from

whom was Sir David Mathew, the great standard-bearer of Edward IV., whose monument is in Llandaff Cathedral, as also those of his grandsons, Sir William and Sir Christopher Mathew, of about the date of 1530. Edmund Mathew, Esq., the grandson of Sir William Mathew, and heir to the ancient estates of the family at Llandaff and Aradyr, was high sheriff of the county of Glamorgan in 1592. Two of his sons, George and Edmund, went to Ireland about the year 1610. Here, in 1620, George married Lady Thurles, widow of Lord Thurles, and mother of the first and great Duke of Ormonde. Thus, closely allied by blood and friendship with the Ormonde family, and possessed of the vast estates of Thomastown, Thurles, and Annfield in Tipperary, and others in the counties of Clare, Galway, Cork, and Limerick, the family continued down to the present time. Francis Mathew, son of Thomas Mathew of Annfield, was a gentleman of the highest consideration in Ireland, and became successively Baron, Viscount, and Earl of Llandaff. At his death, in 1806, the estates amounted to upwards of 40,000*l.* a-year. His successor, the last Earl of Llandaff, greatly encumbered them, and on his death in 1833, intestate and without issue, the property was entered upon by his sister, Lady Elizabeth Mathew. This old lady, who before her death was said to be not unfit for a lunatic asylum, died in 1842, and in direct violation of, and opposition to the will and desire of George Mathew, as above named, from whom her grandfather, Thomas Mathew of Annfield, had derived the estates, bequeathed the whole entirely from her name and family to a French nobleman, Viscount de Chabot, highly connected in Ireland, but in no way allied in blood to the Mathews. Thus were the estates of the Mathew family, after the lapse of centuries, conveyed away from them. What is singular enough, the old lady, who, we believe, had adopted and brought up Father Mathew, made him an executor of this very will which deprived his family of its property. He naturally declined to act. The will, it is said, can be disputed, but we are not aware of any steps having been taken by the Mathew family as yet. The castle and domain of Thomastown is regarded as one of the most beautiful places in Ireland, and is situated in what is termed the golden valley, about four miles from Cashel, in the county of Tipperary.

Thus, by one of those mysterious ordinances of Providence which occur in all ages, as if to point out the finger of God in particular events, needing nothing but its own energy to produce them—Father Mathew is deprived of the fortune which could greatly assist in effecting his work; yet he is called forth, and does it.

Mr. Mathew was born at Thomastown, on the 10th of October, 1790. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile-Borris, near Thurles, was left an orphan at an early age, and was taken under the care and patronage of his uncle, Major-general Mathew, of Thomastown. The Rev. Mr. Mathew's mother was daughter of George Whyte of Cappa-Whyte, Tipperary, who was married to the neice of the celebrated General Mathew, of whom honourable mention is made by Sheridan in his life of Swift.

Mr. Mathew lost his parents very early, and was adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Dennis O'Donnell, the respected pastor of Tallagh, county Waterford. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, where he remained seven years, and feeling a desire to enter the church, he was then removed to Maynooth to pursue the necessary studies. After sometime he returned to Kilkenny, stimulated by the example of two old capuchin friars to embrace their order, and there remained till appointed to his mission in Cork. By a rescript from the late Pope Gregory XVI. he received the degree of Doctor, with a dispensation from all episcopal jurisdiction, which permits him to possess property and enjoy an annuity as a layman. On Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, he was ordained in Dublin, by Dr. Murray, after having remained for sometime under the care of the very Rev. Celestine Corcoran, of that city.

From the moment of entering on his mission, Father Mathew displayed the sincere conscientiousness of his character. All his duties as a Christian pastor were discharged with the most indefatigable activity. In the confessional, in the pulpit, at the bedside of the departing spirit, he was ever found prompt, faithful, and sympathising. The time not occupied in those sacred duties was devoted to the poor, to the afflicted, and to the management of the temporal concerns of his flock. The presence of a generous, good, and beneficent character is soon felt. That of Mr. Mathew rapidly acquired him the affectionate confidence of all about him. Those who had no friends on whom they could rely appointed him their executor. He has filled the office for hundreds of such. The dying father committed his bereaved family to his care; the widowed mother, threatened, by her own death, with the utter unprotectedness of her children, drew composure and resignation from her confidence in him. Every day multiplied the demands on his attention, and widened the circle of his untiring usefulness. He acted as a magistrate as well as a minister, and thus composed feuds, secured justice to the oppressed, and healed the broken peace of many a family. His charities kept pace with his exertions, and were only limited by his means. Amongst other acts, seeing that there greatly wanted more accommodation for burial in Cork, and for the security of the dead, Father Mathew purchased the Botanic Gardens, and, allowing them to retain their former agreeable walks and statuary, the best specimens of the native genius of Hogan, he converted them into a cemetery, not for Catholics alone, but for members of every other Christian denomination. To the poor burial is allowed gratis, and the moderate fees derived from others are all devoted to charity. He pays a sum of two guineas weekly to the Cork North Infirmary from the burial fees of this cemetery.

About the same period he commenced building a church of the Gothic style of architecture, and expended about 14,000*l.* on it, and will require 8,000*l.* more to finish it, but the temperance cause so completely absorbs his whole time and means, that it is yet unfinished, though universally admired.

It was by his beautiful character of a genuine Christian that Father Mathew had, before the commencement of his temperance career, risen into the highest estimation amongst the people. The affability of his manners; his readiness to listen to all their griefs and cares, and, if possible, to remove them; the pure and self-sacrificing tenor of his life, were all eminently calculated to seize on the quick, warm impulses of his countrymen, and to make his word a joyful law to them. In no country had the vice of intoxication spread more devastation than in Ireland. The cheapness of whiskey, the poverty of its people, which made

them in their troubles and their wrongs fly to the temporary Lethe of alcohol, spread, says Mr. Birmingham, his biographer, like one vast sheet of water, the vice of intoxication over the land, bringing to the homes of the humble, crime, wretchedness, and degradation. Every species of guilt owed either its origin or increase to this besetting sin. Waylaying, private societies, combination oaths, plundering of fire-arms, threatening notices, &c., &c., were its detestable offspring. Projects of the darkest description were conceived by men under the influence of liquor; and in the shabeen houses—those traps for the unhappy victims of inebriety—their execution was planned. It has been known that a glass of whiskey was, in many cases, the only reward offered or accepted for the perpetration of the deadliest deed. The sad consequences of such frequent violations of all laws, were special commissions, summary executions, perpetual banishments, families left to pine in rags and wretchedness, or driven out upon the world to eat the bread of sorrow.

Such was the condition of Ireland. Benevolent individuals beheld that moral plague spreading on and on, with consternation. All efforts to restrain it were in vain. The law of the land—Sir Michael O'Loughlin's act for the suppression of drunkenness, was directed against it, but with little effect. Many of the wise and good deemed it incurable; it was said that the Irish would abandon their nature when they abandoned whiskey.

Under these circumstances, some benevolent members of the Society of Friends, and a few others, at Cork, who had formed themselves into a temperance association, but found themselves unable to cope with the mischief, implored Mr. Mathew to throw his great popular influence into the cause. One respectable Protestant of the name of Olden, exclaimed:—"Mr. Mathew, you have got the mission, do not reject it!"

Perhaps there is no man living who bears about him less of the expression of an ambitious man. Of all the distinguished persons whom I have seen, I recollect no one whose whole person, manner, and bearing, indicate such a thorough singleness of heart; such a pure and unmistakable desire to do good and leave all to God. Such a man, however arduously occupied before, could not refuse for a moment to enter such a field of usefulness. He responded at once to the call upon him; and with his characteristic zeal, threw his whole soul into it.

For a time the effect was by no means brilliant or encouraging. The man laboured, but the cause did not move. For a year and a half he had to persevere against the deep-rooted degradation of the mass, the ridicule and detraction of many, and the discountenance of those from whom he had hoped for support. It was like beginning to overturn a rock which seems rooted to the earth for ever. But a motion once effected, every fresh effort makes it more perceptible, till in gradually increasing oscillations, the huge mass at length gives way, and rolls rebounding from you. From this time the cause of temperance was triumphant. The wonderful spectacle which has astonished the whole world, of men renouncing the old clinging vice, which nothing before could tear from them, renouncing it not by dozens or by scores, but by tens of thousands, commenced. "In a place at Cork, called the *Horse Bazaar*, he held his regular temperance meetings twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays. The members of his society increased—the most obdurate drunkards in the city enrolled themselves in the Cork Total Abstinence Association. Along the banks of the Shannon, his fame began to travel. First the men of Kilrush came in to be received; then some hundreds from Kerry; then from Limerick; until sometime in the month of August, 1839, the system burst into a universal flame."

The first great demonstration of the effect which he was producing showed itself at Limerick at that time. He had gone to that city to preach on some charitable occasion, at the request of Dr. Ryan, the Roman Catholic bishop. Such was the state of the population there, as it regarded the abuse of spirits, that he received a communication from Mr. Fitzgerald, the mayor of Limerick, to this effect.—"I have held about a hundred and fifty inquests since the 1st of October, 1838, and I can safely affirm, that one half of the number were caused, directly or indirectly, by intoxicating liquors. There were eight cases of death by drowning; several by burning, and many from apoplexy, while in a state of intoxication; and within a short period, four individuals committed suicide while under the hellish influence of strong drink."

No sooner, however, did the poor people, burthened with the weight of their own weakness, hear that the moral regenerator had arrived in the city, than they began to pour in in myriads from the neighbouring counties. In a short time the streets became filled with dense masses of the populace, and so great was the rush of temperance postulants, that the iron railing opposite to the house of Mr. Dunbar, the reverend gentleman's brother-in-law, where he was staying, were carried away, and a number of persons were precipitated into the Shannon. Fortunately, they were all safely picked up, and no further accident occurred. Some of the Scotch Greys, who attended to keep order, were occasionally lifted with their horses from the ground, and borne on for a short distance by the rushing multitudes; and so densely were the people crowded, that several, in their eagerness to approach Mr. Mathew, ran along quietly and securely on the heads and shoulders of the vast assemblage to their destination.

To trace the progress of Mr. Mathew's wide-spreading success from this period would far exceed our limits. He proceeded to visit Waterford, Lismore, Ennis, Clonmel, Thurles, Cashel, Templemore, Castlecomer, Rathdowny, &c., &c., where the same scenes of tens of thousands thronging to take the pledge were witnessed. At Parsonstown, the scene was most interesting. On entering the area in which stands the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel, the spectacle impressed bosoms not very susceptible with feelings of intense interest and awe. In front of the chapel was stationed a large body of police, presenting a very fine and well-disciplined force. Outside these were the Rifles, on bended knee, with bayonets fixed and pointed, forming a barrier to oppose the rushing multitudes; whilst within and without this barrier, to keep the passages clear, the cavalry, with flags waving to the winds, moved up and down in slow and measured pace. Beyond, and as far as the eye could reach along the streets, were the congregated masses, swaying to and fro with every new impulse, and by their united voices producing a deep, indistinct sound, like the murmur of the ruffled waters of the sea. Within the vicarial residence, and in strong contrast to the stirring scene without, sate the mild, unassuming, extraordinary man, round whom had collected this display of martial pomp, and numerical force.

To give an idea of the most extraordinary im-

pulse which he had communicated to the public mind on this subject, we may state that in one day, at Nenagh, 20,000 persons took the pledge; in Galway, in two days, 100,000; in Loughrea, in two days, 80,000; between Galway and Loughrea, and on the road to Portumna, from 180,000 to 200,000; in Dublin, during five days, about 70,000! There are few towns in Ireland which Father Mathew has not visited, and with the like success.

But it may be said that he had a very impulsive public to deal with; a people that actually, spite of his own protestations, believed that he could perform miracles, and touched his clothes in the assurance of some virtue flowing to them; and that the fire once kindled in Irish bosoms would burn on like a blaze in a tropical forest. True, they are impulsive; but let it be recollected, that no man, nor any combination of men or efforts, could be found able to stir this mobile mass, to kindle this inflammable material before. Father Mathew did it. He effected a change more intense, extensive, and extraordinary, than was ever before witnessed; and had this great moral revolution gone no further; had the stupendous multitudes of people melted gradually away, and in time even become what they were before, the marvel would still have been great, and the temporary arrest of misery in many thousands of human abodes, a great gain. But spite of what has been said of relapses, and of cooling down, there is no reason to believe that the effect will not be as permanent, as it has been striking. And it has not stood still. It has crossed the channel; spread over England, France, Germany, and even into the Scandinavian nations, whose northern winters have generated habits of excessive use of brandy. In the United States of America, as we had lately occasion to show in our notice of John Gough, the eloquent advocate of Temperance there, its success has been little short of that in Ireland. There the drinking of spirits had attained a terrific height in both town and country, but the doctrine of Total Abstinence has been zealously preached all over the States, and hundreds of thousands have been rescued by it from the horrors which habitual intoxication with ardent spirits inevitably entails. In 1844, Father Mathew visited England, and in London and other cities the enthusiasm with which he was received, and the thousands who hastened to receive the pledge, testified equally to the need and the progress of the remedy.

It is not here the place to discuss the points which are every day raised regarding Teetotalism —how far it is necessary for persons to take the pledge who are not intemperate; how far total disuse of fermented liquor is hurtful or otherwise to the general health; how far it is necessary for those who have taken the pledge always to maintain it. There are, very likely, some of these points on which we might differ from the Apostle of Temperance himself. But one thing should be understood, and that is, that the pledge binds no man to perpetual abstinence; he may give it up if he pleases. And these are the two main points on which we entirely agree with Mr. Mathew; that they who are temperate, but feel that they can strengthen the hands of their weaker fellows by abstinence, perform a generous and a Christian deed; and that every man who has forfeited his power of self-command by indulgence, ought to go down into the A B C school of abstinence till he can regain the dignity and comfort of temperance. The success of Father Mathew's practice is the best test of its soundness. By that he has stemmed a greater torrent of crime; has averted a greater mass of calamity; has, like a messenger of the Almighty, introduced a greater amount of love, peace, and prosperity into human dwellings, and into dwellings full of wretchedness and bitterness that had the taste of hell, than any man before. This he has done. He has stopped up the road to ruin—vanquished despair—given hope, and faith, and happiness to thousands whose lot and whose bosoms were dark as death; and for this—long as men worship God and honour virtue —long as the spirit of Christ breathes on the earth, inciting good men to deeds of divinest charity—shall the name of Theobald Mathew ascend daily from the dwellings of the poor, amid their prayers and thanksgivings.

When we see what is yet to be done in this particular department of social reform; when we see how thousands of the poor still curse their poverty with the inflictions of drunkenness; how they brutalise their temper, waste their resources, sink their wives and families into a limbo of every plague of human life—hunger, nakedness, hopelessness, exasperation, and despair; when we see, in fact, how the steps of intemperance are dogged by ignorance and every crime, we must hesitate, with a jealous caution, to whisper even a word which might check in the remotest degree this beneficent reformation. We hail it as a magnificent gift of Providence. In this *Journal* I have lately been demonstrating to the working classes how they may convert Labour, which is their master, into their invaluable servant. But in this glorious work there is nothing so essential as temperance. "The time wasted and money spent," writes to me at this moment a philanthropic friend from Birmingham, "by thousands of the working men, on beer, spirits, and tobacco, would, if employed and otherwise directed, be enough to establish their comfort and independence for life." Honour then to Father Mather! and to every man and woman who assists in the great cause of emancipating the million from the despotism of bad habits.

It remains only to state that in Father Mathew the Catholic priest is completely lost in the Christian. To him Catholics and Protestants are of equal interest. They are men. Again, no man ever evinced a more disinterested zeal. He has spent all that he had of his own, and reduced to bankruptcy a brother-in-law who was a distiller. His own brother, also a distiller, died suddenly in the prime of life, leaving a large family to be provided for. His death is said to have been hastened by the reduced state of his business through this reform. Yet this man, and other branches of the family, which was particularly connected with the wine and spirit trade, supplied Mr. Mathew with large sums of money for the prosecution of his work! The circumstance is beautiful beyond expression. Mr. Mathew holds the distillery and lands of about 500 acres of his late brother. He has had many offers for the building, at a large rent, for a distillery, which he has refused; but he hopes to let it soon for a cotton or carpet manufactory.

Thus, suffering himself, and causing his nearest connections to suffer, Father Mathew goes on his way as if there could be no care in his heart while he is expelling it from others. Some time ago, on hearing that Mr. Mathew had incurred debts on this account which hampered him, a subscription was raised with creditable alacrity, and these were cancelled. But he is still at work without sufficient means, and without a provision for his old age.

As you sail up the Cove of Cork, a tower raised in honour of Father Mathew, or rather of those who have honoured him as he deserves, arrests your eye. This tower was built by a most respectable and high-minded merchant-tailor named O'Connor, as a mark of gratitude and respect to the noble-hearted people of England, for their kindness and hospitality to Father Mathew, on his visit to them in the cause of temperance. It was designed by Mr. O'Connor, and is a beautiful and chaste specimen of the florid Gothic, interiorly being emblematical of both countries in armorial bearings, medallions, and emblems. It commands a view over sixty miles, taking in the Bantry chain of mountains and the harbour of Cork, with the wide Atlantic: the tower cost 2500*l.* Mr. O'Connor also gave Hogan 350*l.* for a monument placed in Father Mathew's cemetery. The tower was built at the sole expence of Mr. O'Connor. Let the British public imitate the public spirit of Mr. O'Connor, and a tower of strength, in the shape of an annuity, will be speedily raised to the honour of the Apostle of Temperance, and which will enable him to go on with an unencumbered mind and a glad heart with his great work.

Such a one is already proposed; and the particulars may be obtained from Mr. Luke Hansard, or Mr. S. C. Hall, at the Temporary Office, 3, Hare Court, Inner Temple. Such a man must and will be supported in his benign mission. It is the nation's business; it is the business of every true-hearted man.

Our Library.

THE SCENERY AND POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LAKES—A SUMMER RAMBLE.*

By Charles Mackay, LL.D.

A book bearing the name of Charles Mackay comes at once recommended to us; and it is truth to say that we have accompanied him on this his summer ramble with great pleasure; the only drawback being that we were unable to shoulder our knapsack, and take our staff in hand, and tread in his footsteps. However, let all those who like us are compelled to abide at home this pleasant summer weather, read the book as a refreshment, and let those who can command leisure for a ramble to the land of lake and fell, stow in this book among the contents of their portmanteau, carpet-bag, or knapsack, and take our word for it that they will find it a pleasant suggestive companion as they journey along, whether aristocratically in a lordly carriage, or simply on foot.

Mackay, a true poet himself, has the most enthusiastic reverence for his art, and hence his volume might be called a pilgrimage of love in the footsteps of poets. Every rock, and waterfall, and mountain, which has been sung, becomes to him a sacred thing, independently of its own intrinsic beauty, and this, in fact, gives the peculiar charm to the book. As its title indicates, it is as much a handbook of the poetry of the lakes as of their scenery.

But our readers shall judge of the style and matter of the book themselves. He is speaking of the Lake poets—Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and of Southey's remark that there existed no resemblance between his writings and those of Wordsworth—and he says very justly—

Yet when we come to reflect upon the subject, we find, notwithstanding this protest on the part of two of the illustrious trio, that there are points of similitude between their works, and that, although they differ in their most obvious characteristics, they bear a strong resemblance in one—and that a most essential one. Each of the three was of the romantic, or, more properly speaking, of the natural school, as opposed to the classic; and in this particular, each rendered no small service to literature and poetry. The world had had too much of super-refinement—too much of mannerism—too much of mere copying of antique models,—when all at once, these writers appeared, and following up what Cowper had begun, performed for English poetry what Burns had done for that of Scotland. They went back to Nature, and took her for a model instead of convention. They restored the ancient simplicity. Wordsworth, more especially, excited for poetry what has lately been excited for religion in another part of the country—a *revival*,—the effects of which are still to be traced, and will doubtless be traced for a long time yet to come in the literature of the country.

In the midst of thoughts something like these, I arrived at Grasmere, with its green and solitary but beautiful island in the middle; and began to conjure up recollections of a certain Wishing-gate, which poets had sung of. Lovely is the vale of Grasmere; worthy is it of all its renown—and holy will it ever be in the lays of the bards who have delighted to sing of it, and in the recollections of those who love the bards. The lake is of an oval shape, about a mile in length, and something less than half a mile in breadth. It it completely surrounded by mountains, the chief of which are Silver How, Butterlip How, Seat Sandal, and Helm Crag, the latter famous for the rugged stones on its top, which bear a fantastic resemblance to an "aged woman," or, as some say, to a "lion couchant," and as others say, to a "lion and a lamb." At the further extremity is seen the road to Keswick, stretching high above the bare hills, and called the Raise Gap. Most of these hills are mentioned in Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite verses on the "Naming of Places," in the poem entitled *Joanna*:—

> "When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,
> Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
> That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
> The rocks, like something startled from a sleep,
> Took up the lady's voice and laughed again.
> That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag
> Was ready with her cavern; Hammar Scar,
> And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth
> A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
> A Fairfield answered with a mountain tone."

A portentous laugh for a lady, but nevertheless very beautiful to read of. The descent from Langdale into the Vale of Grasmere has been described very accurately by Mr. Wordsworth in another poem; and Professor Wilson, in his *City of the Plague*, has described the church of Grasmere and the surrounding scenery. The Laureate says, with all the graces of poetry, and with much truth of description:—

> "So we descend, and, winding round a rock,
> Attained a point that showed the valley, stretched
> In length before us; and not distant far,
> Upon a rising ground, a grey church tower,
> Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
> And towards a crystal mere that lay beyond,
> Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
> A copious stream with boldly winding course,
> Here traceable, there hidden; then again
> To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
> On the stream's bank and every where appeared
> Fair dwellings, single or in social knots,
> Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
> On the hill-side; a cheerful quiet scene,
> Now in its morning purity arrayed.'

Professor Wilson's Daguerreotype is slightly different:—

> "There is a little churchyard on the side
> Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere-lake,—
> Most beautiful it is; a vernal spot
> Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves
> Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm;—
> Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot
> Is bright with sunshine.'

The latter part of this description must of course, in such a climate as that of England, be taken as a mere poetical heightening of the effect which the writer intended to produce, but not strictly true. On my visit, however, it tallied remarkably well, for the sunlight streamed over the simple and beautiful church-tower, and lighted up the whole surface of the lake in a blaze of glory. Another poet of an earlier date, when Grasmere was not visited by the tourists as now, speaks with rapture of its charms; Gray says of it, "that not a single red tile, no flaring gentle-

* Longman & Co. 1 vol.

man's house or garden-wall breaks in upon the repose of this little unexpected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire." The happy poverty, it is now to be feared, was as problematical then as it is now; but in other respects his description appears to have been of such a place as his brother bard, Wordsworth, would wish to have preserved in its pristine state until now. "It is well for the undisturbed pleasure of Gray," says the latter, "that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place; and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what *was* depended on what *was not*, would of themselves have preserved the franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass, or (shall I dare to say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation." For my part I could see no profanation. The vale of Grasmere, if fuller of life than it was in Gray's time, was not, to my mind, the less full of beauty; and even the homœopathic establishment, which has lately been opened in a large and comfortable-looking mansion upon the shore of the lake, did not, in my idea, detract from its charms, but rather added to them; and I found many a melancholy invalid wandering by the side of its placid waters, or toiling up the green mountains that swathe its loveliness about, gathering recovery in the breezes that blow into it, and learning to love nature and mankind the more as his health and strength increased.

At Keswick of course he visited Greta Hall, the late residence of Southey. It is the pilgrim's visit to the shrine of one of his poetical saints, and must be given entire.

The house, which we soon came in sight of, is named from the river Greta Hall, and is situated on a gentle eminence, at a considerable distance from the road. The entrance is a rustic wicket-gate—on opening which we found ourselves in a narrow avenue of trees, at the extremity of which we saw the house. We walked down to it leisurely, devising, as we went, how we should procure admission, and whether we should content ourselves with an outside view of a place so celebrated. On arriving at the door we found neither bell nor knocker. Some of the shutters were shut, and all were newly painted; and on looking through one of the windows, we saw a newly painted and papered room, without furniture, and as if it had been but a moment before evacuated by painters and carpenters. This gave us hope that we could procure admission without disturbing any one, or appearing guilty of intrusiveness or incivility, of which there would have been some risk had the house been inhabited. As, however we were not certain that there was any one inside, all our efforts to procure admission by knocking with our hands on the door and windows having failed, we walked through the garden at the back of the house—reflecting reverently that we stood on hallowed ground.

The reflection was mournful. The garden was neglected; it showed that he, and she also, the amiable hostess who had loved to tend it, had departed. It was uncropped, and going into the rank luxuriance of weeds, and showed at every turn the want of the hand of its former mistress. In the midst of our stroll amid its deserted walks, we saw a workman with a key in his hand coming up the avenue, and, proceeding to meet him, we asked whether we could procure admission. He replied in the affirmative, and offered to conduct us over the house, which he informed us was to be let. As he seemed to think that we had come on business, and had a desire of looking at the house for the purpose of hiring it, we undeceived him in this particular, and told him that curiosity alone, and respect for the memory of its late illustrious occupant, had induced us to trouble him. The man was intelligent and very obliging; and though but a journeyman painter, seemed as fully impressed as we were with the claim that Robert Southey had upon the affectionate reverence of posterity. He told us that very many persons visited the house solely on this account, and that there was, he thought, scarcely a tourist to the lake districts who did not make a point of coming into the garden at least, though most of them lacked courage to demand admission into the house. The garden, he said, had suffered severely from the reverence of travellers; and the ladies especially, carried away flowers and leaves of shrubs to preserve as mementos; so that he feared, if the house were not let in a year or two, there would not be a shrub or a flower left. This worthy fellow led us over the building, which was large and commodious, showed us the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the study; each of which recalled painfully to our minds—at least, they did so to mine—the bodily absence of one whose spirit yet spoke to mankind, and exerted an influence upon their thoughts. The room that had been the library, was especially painful to reflect upon. The marks on the walls where the shelves had been fitted were still uneffaced by the painter's brush; but the beloved books which it had been the pleasure of his life to collect were all dispersed; and not one, or a shred of one, was left behind of the many thousands that had formerly made the spot a living temple of literature. It would have been worth preserving these for Keswick; and I thought, and still think, that if the town had been rich enough to make the purchase of the whole property, it would have conferred upon itself not only honour, but advantage. We were afterwards led into several smaller apartments, and, among others, into a room of a very peculiar shape—a long, narrow parallelogram, with a door in one corner, and a solitary window looking into the garden at the other, and allowing, from the thickness of the foliage outside, but little light to penetrate into the interior. I asked for what purpose this room had been used, and was told that it been a bed-room. "He died there—exactly where you are standing;" said the painter. I felt my cheeks tingle as he spoke. I drew back involuntarily from the spot, with a feeling of awe, and as involuntarily, for I did not know or think at the time what I was doing, took off my hat. I saw my companion doing the same. The painter, moved by our example, took off his paper cap; and so we all stood for some minutes, with a reverence which I am quite sure was sincere on the part of myself and my friend, and which, I verily believe the painter at the moment felt as much as we did.

The following is a curious little sketch from the life of a couple of enthusiasts, sowing, as they thought, good seed by the way-side:—

At this last-mentioned place (Bolton Gate), an antique but miserable-looking corner of the world, we found a considerable uproar in the street (considerable for such a small place), occasioned by the arrival of a smart carriage drawn by four horses, and containing an elderly gentleman and a young lady. Both of them were busily engaged in throwing from the carriage-windows great numbers of religious tracts, to gather which all the ragged children of the town had congregated. The weather being somewhat windy, many of the tracts were whirled into the air above the chimney-tops, while as many were driven down the road into the gutters; and there was great hooting, and shouting, and hallooing, and merriment from the elder people, to see the children scampering after them in all directions. The occupants of the carriage seemed to have no knowledge of the mischief the wind was working among their tracts, but at intervals of a minute poured out fresh supplies from both sides of the carriage. As they rolled on before us towards Carlisle at a rapid pace, I could every now and then see a fair hand emerging from the carriage-window, with a packet of tracts, and the next moment the whole cargo fluttering, and flying, and whirling in the air, among the hedges, or sticking fast in the puddles of the road. How long they continued at this rate I know not; nor how many hundred-weights of paper they thus distributed during their journey I cannot say; but I know that our coachman amused himself all the way to Wigan by pointing out the paper relics that this eccentric couple had left behind them.

To add to the attractions of the book, there are a great number of illustrations, many of them extremely graceful and well-executed. Altogether, this volume cannot fail of finding favour with the public.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.*

BY ROBERT BELL.

(Author of the History of Russia, &c.)

This supplies a vacuum in British biography. There was no life of Canning, and Mr. Bell has now presented us with one of the very best kind. It is full of evidences of research, and of wealth of original document, yet it is not loaded, as biographies of recent personages usually are. It forms one compact and handsome volume, of a most readable character as well as size. It is clear, able, and impartial. We regard it not only as the very best volume which Mr. Bell has yet presented to the public, but as one of our very best specimens of biography. The character of Canning, with his virtues, his talents, and his faults, is drawn vigorously and fairly; and the liberal sentiment pervading the whole impresses us with a great respect for the author. Had it fallen earlier into our hands, we should have indulged in considerable extracts; as it is, we recommend it cordially to the perusal of our readers.

* Chapman and Hall. 1 vol. 8vo.

MADEMOISELLE RACHAEL AND CLASSIC FRENCH TRAGEDY.

By Angus B. Reach.

Mdlle. Rachael is the animated spirit — her soul is the very Promethean fire of that stilted, ranting, eminently heavy, yet eminently empty thing—the French classic drama. Inspired by her the outworn creature still walks from its sepulchre—the shadowy ghost of a reality long gone to its rest. For we have outgrown the literary taste of the age of the fourteenth Louis. It was a cold artificial era—stilted, monotonous, and unnatural. True, it gleamed and sparkled with its own peculiar light. What courtly wit flashed along the marble galleries, and amid the trim cut groves of Versailles — and with what diplomatic fencing the cavalier, radiant in his embroidery and lace, conducted the matter-of-course intrigue with the court dame, a gorgeous, rustling thing of satin, and hoop, and high-heeled shoes, and powdered periwig, and sprinkled beauty-spots. How exact was the etiquette—and how gloriously gaudy the pomp of the *Grand Monarque's* court—how elaborate in its affectations—how stiltedly insipid in its never ending still beginning circle of ceremony and form. These were the days when intrigue was the business of life—and empty pageantry its soul. They had nothing of heart, or earnestness, or sincerity in them — they shone like bad fish from their very dead rottenness. The court was everything, the people nothing. New pleasures, ingenious refinements of enjoyment, were sought with all the energy which enervated invention could bring to the task. Men ranked in the same category a new sauce and a new mistress. The only portion of the national mind stirring was of the court, courtly. It moved in circles, of which Versailles was the centre, to a low rustling of silks and velvets, and waving plumes. The very poets were half gentlemen-ushers — the official wand and the pen alternated in their grasp, and they wielded the one with as stately an air as they waved the other. Presentations, and masques, and pageants made up the palace life of the period. The people were plundered, insulted, and oppressed. Feudal law was still administered in the chateaux of the old *noblesse*. The farmers of the revenue wrung every sou they could muster by fair means or foul—the government exacted its tribute of forced labour as well as extorted cash. The elements of the fearful social eruption, which was, as it were, to put a new face upon Europe—were brooding in ominous silence, or with low half-suppressed grumblings. But the court — the gay, glittering, folly-loving court, did it trouble itself with these plebeian mutterings? Not one whit, so long as they did not interfere with today's levee of Madame Maintenon or the tomorrow's *fete champetre* at the Trianon.

The French tragedy, then, is the child of these and of successive days, distinguished for the most part by the same characteristics. It was written for courts—played in courts—and its characters seem abstractions from courts. They never descend from their stilts. They appear to be above speaking aught but bombast—the men must be heroes, even to their *valet-de-chambre*—the women angels, even to their maids; calm, cold, chilling cold, most colourless, most insipid in character, sentiments, and actions. We have no men and women in these plays. We are in another region, a domain of frozen demigods and goddesses — all is marble-hued, rigid, unwinking; you look in vain for flesh-colour. The very stride across the stage must be as the colossal march of a tremendous or a beauteous life-endowed statue—the most ordinary sentiment must have its garb of rounded, rolling, and rhyming phraseology. Where the men and women of the world chat—the men and women of Corneille and Racine make shorter or longer orations. To be natural is to be undignified, mean, unheroic, plebeian. Never must the characters of the Andromache, or the Horaces, or the Cid, lay aside their moral socks and buskins; they must never descend to vulgar earth; they must ever loom largely grand upon us. Corneille and Racine knew the true stature by which to gauge the dignity of humanity. God's men and women were not dignified enough for them. To be the size of life was to be a stunted dwarf. The colossal only soared into their notions of the elevated. The bombastic only came up to their idea of the sublime. So they laboured to place humanity on a higher level; and the result is, that the personages of their plays always remind us of the shadows of real men and women—something very big—very vague—very cold—very untangible—moving yet lifeless—visible but substanceless—the fleeting phantasma of a twilight land of dreams.

Glory then to the genius which shall succeed in putting life into the lifeless—nature into the unnatural—which shall give colour to outline—vigour to weakness—freshness to decay—living bone and muscle and nerve to mere dead blubbery flesh! Glory to the genius which can thus snatch what it will from decay—which can thus from those most raw materials of stilted tragedies, effete and worn out, fashion creations which live and move and glow with a human warmth before us. True, that genius might be better employed; we admit it—we lament that it is not so. We would see it working with living authors upon living subjects —creating not revivifying—looking forward to the future, not with a crick in its neck back to the past: but it is genius, nevertheless—rare, wondrous genius; and, as such, we bow to it, honour it, reverence it.

Some ten or twelve years since, the *habitues* of Parisian *cafes*—that is to say, the whole male and a good slice of the female population—were often amused and annoyed, as the case might be, by the music of a vagrant minstrel girl. She stood timidly by the door, her battered old guitar in her hand, her dress neat but poor, sometimes scanty. Privation and meek woe were written on her classic features; but she quietly achieved her musical task, and then gratefully received the contributions of the listeners. They were not probably much, but they supported the minstrel's family. Years slip by, and she is missed from the Boulevard to be found in the Theatre. The street-singer is a chorus-girl in the Gymnase Playhouse. Here she makes her first hit. Her voice, her carriage, the soul she throws into her humble part, attracts attention. She is noticed—patronised. Judges begin to mark wondrous talent, power, in the poor, unknown actress. One gentleman, connected he was, we believe, with the Theatre Francais takes her by the hand. She is educated—her powers developed—her taste cultivated and refined—a short noviciate of successful *vaudeville* acting succeeds. But it is the old tragedy to which she leans — it is the cold heroics of Corneille and Racine which she feels that she can give most living warmth to. The Theatre Francais receives

her; and in a few short years the nameless singer of the *cafe*—the fameless Mdlle. Felix of the minor theatre—bursts out in her own name of Rachael to astonish, to electrify Europe—to revivify, by the pure power of genius, a dying school of art—to drag at her chariot wheels the admiration, the wonder of the civilised world, freely, enthusiastically bestowed upon the greatest tragedian alive.

The last character in which we saw Rachael was that of *Virginie*. It has been fully and justly criticised by the daily press, and we need not here attempt anything like an analysis of that wondrous performance. Can any who saw it ever forget it? Who can forget the first act—the sweet artlessness of the Roman Maiden bending reverently to her household Gods? And when the well-beloved *Icilius* is treacherously slain, the burst of agonised grief, then the cold despair, the desolate majesty of a crushed heart which succeeded, who shall describe? And still climax follows climax. The tender Roman virgin becomes the heroic Roman matron. Oh, for power to tell the fierce agony of scorn with which she turns on the villain Appius Claudius, with which she spits her words of freezing contempt into his very face! It was terrible that scene; and not more so than that which followed, when she stammers out in broken, almost wandering words, the history of the foul attempt of the tyrant upon her honour, closing with the glorious burst of triumph, the perfect shout of jubilee which proclaims her still spotless innocence. We may be thought enthusiastic—more enthusiastic than critically calm in our judgment. It may be so; but Rachael's voice is yet ringing in our ears, in our brain; and if she fire not enthusiasm in men's souls, then it is because they have neither enthusiasm nor soul to be fired withal.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

NO. II.—CUTTING IN AND TRYING OUT.

After capturing a whale, the next proceeding is to get it alongside and "cut in," which we set about in the following manner:—We worked the ship up to windward some way and then stood down till within a few yards of the whale. Everything is let go "by the run," and the head-yards braced aback to stop our way. The boat, letting go of the fish, passes the line made fast to it on board to us; it is soon hauled alongside, and a chain having been passed round the small part of the flukes (by means of a line with a buoy and small weight attached to it, which is sunk under the whale and hooked up the other side), it is passed forward to the bows through a hole made for that purpose in the side, and made fast for the night. The sails were left just in the disorder they had "run down," and nothing broke upon the calm stillness of the night, save a casual splash and silvery ripple of the water in the bright, cold moonlight, as some hungry shark gnawed a tough supper from our prize, or the wild shrill cry of an albatross as scared from its meal of blubber it wheeled away, flapping its wings and screaming, but still hovering near for another gorge.

At early daylight next day we turned to in earnest to *cut in* the whale. Two heavy purchases were rove from the main-mast-head, where blocks (pulleys) are always kept lashed for that purpose, and the "falls" led forward to the windlass, by which the fin and the head are first hoisted up on deck. The head of a "right" whale presents a very curious appearance, something like a small cavern, formed by the slabs of black bone which are fixed in a kind of enamel round the jaws, and gradually increase in height from six inches to ten feet (in a large fish). The slabs are covered with hair on the inside, which, when the whale is lying feeding, answer the purpose of a sieve for the animalculæ which form its subsistence. This is the only part besides the blubber which is preserved. The captain takes his station in the main chains. the second mate goes to his on a little stage further forward, and the "tackle" being hooked on to the blubber, we man the windlass and heave away, whilst the captain and officers cut away upon the whale with their sharp, broad, steel *spades*, marking the width of the piece and cutting it from the ribs of the fish as it is turned round and round in the water. We heave away till the blubber is as high as the mast-head, and then "bringing to" the other *purchase*, cut the piece off level with the gangway, and one piece goes up as the other is lowered down into the blubber room; keeping the whale turning round and round till it is all off, just as one would peel an orange.

Built upon the deck of a whale ship are two brick furnaces, over which two large iron cauldrons, each holding about fifty gallons, are fixed; this is the boiling or "trying out" apparatus. As soon as the last piece of blubber is hoisted in, the tail is severed from the carcase, the chain of course slipping off, and it floats astern, marked for miles by the crowd of albatrosses hovering over and perched upon it.

The order is given—"*start the works,*" and the little fuel necessary being procured, the fires are lit (after the first starting, the blubber, when the oil is extracted from it, is used entirely for fuel.) It is by this time almost night, and we are divided into two parties, each to stand six hours while the others sleep. The watch on deck have their several stations allotted to them, one down below in the blubber-room, who is employed cutting the blubber up into small square junks and pitching it up on deck into a tub, from whence another carts it forward to the "works" in a smaller tub; then two are employed mincing it in small slices into a large tub from which the pots are filled; the boat-steerer, who has charge of the fires, when the oil is properly boiled, bales it into a large cistern called a "cooler," from which the casks are filled when necessary.

Occasionally we had all the tubs filled up and ready before the pots were boiled; then we clustered round the fires, whose brown, smoky glare, shone fitfully upon the queer habiliments and motley group around them.

Old Leigh, in his red flannel shirt, and his tall figure leaning on his fork, looked well as the presiding genius of the scene. The wind came with a melancholy *sough* amongst the spars and rigging, and as he stirred the fires to a brighter blaze it shone upon thousands of albatrosses, hovering and swimming round the ship, and fighting to the death for every morsel of offal as it floated by. "Come Harry, spin us a yarn," cried one of us, as the cold wind swept round us, and we crowded nearer warming our greasy hands.

"Well," replied Harry, "What shall I tell you of. The good old days when *spouts* were as thick

off Nantucket as *spouters* are now, and no man thought of being over ten months on a voyage, or having to come this side of East Cape to fill up. Ah! them was the days when every whaleman wore his *long-tailed swinger cut bird-fashion*" (anglice, tail-coat).

"But Harry," interrupted I, "spin us one of your man-o'-war yarns."

"I am afraid they are all spun to oakum, but (give us a chaw—thankee Jack) howsomedever" said he, "I suppose some of you have seen these islands, St. Paul's and Amsterdam." "Oh! yes, yes," cried one or two. "Well it don't make much odds if you haven't," continued he, "but the last time I saw them was in the frigate "Constellation," bound to Chiney, and we had what the officers called a 'tween-two position of providence there.—

"I guess you mean an *inter*-position," said I.

"Well, you might be right, I reckon," replied he, "but I know it meant it was pretty near a *case* with us, as I'll tell you: we were somewhere about these latitudes, and the fog was so thick, you might almost hang your hat on it, 'twas the third day we had had no sun, and we were bowling along about five knots an hour with a light breeze and a smooth sea, steering of course by dead reckoning, by which one of the midshipmites told me we was fifty miles off St. Paul's. The log was hove every hour, and the board marked, quite regular; but, nevertheless, I knew there was a screw loose somewhere, for I had the *gravy-eyed* trick (from four to six) that morning at the wheel, and I see'd something that scared *me* and that a'nt done so *dreadful* easy, I tell you. One bell had just struck (half-past four), and the first faint symptoms of daylight were appearing. Our first leftenant was leaning dozing against the mizen-rigging, and everything still and quiet. 'J—— C——! Harry, look there!' cried Bill Jones, the quartermaster at the *conn*, catching me by the arm. I did. There was another "Constellation" booming along at a rate o' knots, with royals set; but what *paulled my capstan* was, that she was bottom up, and sailing a darned sight faster than we was. We watched it for five minutes, and it gradually faded away."

"By gracious! I can't suck that in," interrupted one of the *green hands*.

"Look here!" said Harry, turning round to him, not a little *riled*—"get somebody to learn you the big-gun exercise, and remember the first command."

"What is it?" said he.

"*Silence!* you gawgaw!" replied Harry, and renewing his quid, he continued his yarn as follows:—"Bill Jones and I agreed to keep it dark, and not to let on a word to anybody. However, I was sure it warn't no sign of good weather, anyhow. We got our forenoon below all right, and in the afternoon 'twas our watch on deck. I was sitting in the waist, grafting a block strap, and quietly humming the 'Star-spangled Banner' to myself, when Jem Bowline, one of the fore-top-men, who was 'making a sloop' of her 'dodging' round the 'fore-mast,' bellows out 'land ho! land right ahead', and sure enough the fog hauled up, just like the gauze of a fairy bower in a play, only not quite so pleasant, and showed us St. Paul's, high and barren, standing out as clear and bold as if there was no such thing as fog in creation, and right under our bowsprit too. 'Man the lee braces—Down with the helm, Sir,' roars Commodore Barnes through his trumpet. As the frigate luffed to the breeze the fog settled down again over the island, and as I watched the mist closing over it, ten minutes more, thinks I, and the saucy 'Constellation' would have been nothing but an 'eternal smash.' 'It came on to rain too, and blew a screamer, and 'twas 'all hands' all night, taking in sail and working ship through the channel betwixt the islands; and if that a'nt a 'tween-two-position, I hope to hollor. It blew a steady gale for two solid weeks, and we showed not a rag more than a close-reef'd topsail to it, which Bill and I chalked down to the 'Flying-ship.'

"Call the watch, said Mr. Studson, rousing up off the windlass, where he had been nodding, and rubbing his eyes, as he looked at the time; the larboard watch made their appearance, and 'starbowlines' descended; and if ever poor, weary, greasy fellows enjoyed sleep, they did."

THE POET.

If we could assign to the poet any definite aim or object, we should say that it was to proclaim the existence and to produce the acknowledgment of Truth and Beauty in the most perfect forms in which they make themselves clear to his own mind. And the mind of the genuinely inspired poet is ever seeking for the most perfect forms of things, ever striving to represent his *ideal* as the only *real*. He is always a looker forth into the future; because his hopes are placed in the realisation of higher forms of truth and beauty than have ever yet obtained full recognition; perhaps than have ever yet been at all perceived. The poet is, therefore, essentially a believer in the world's progress, and a minister of that progress to the world. Hopefulness is an essential element in his composition. It seems almost impossible for the true poet to form a low estimate of human capability: to have a low conception of man's ultimate destiny. For him to lay hold upon the lower incentives to action, to be guided by inferior motives, to be bound by the obligations, and to be a slave to the prejudices, the strength of which men of the world feel so powerfully, seems an impossible thing. Freedom from the prejudices and conventionalisms of common life is the poet's charter. Cast in a finer mould, more delicately organised than industrious men, he is dissatisfied with a state of things which appears good enough to others. He can hardly tolerate the coolness of calculation and the quiet endurance of existing evils, which may be observed in many who really wish to be reformers of wrong as well as he. He is impatient of the continuance, even for a day, of anything which opposes his ideal. Hence he is generally almost unfit to mix in the world's affairs, and to reduce to practice those principles of right which he can in words so powerfully and lucidly enforce. He is too much absorbed in the thoughts which belong to his own world, to do well the stern rough duties of every-day life. He is called a visionary by those who attend to nothing but the stern rough duties of every-day life. He would fain bring men up to the level of his own thoughts, but failing to do so, and finding, by actual contact with them, how low their ideal is compared with his own, he retires into himself, he lives amidst his own bright thoughts and glowing fancies. He does not lose his love for man; he does not resign

his hope of his future glorious destiny; he does not despair of the realisation of his ideas of the true and the beautiful; but he directs his gaze into the future, and transfers his hope of the actual performance of great things, of the clear perception of good and beautiful things, to that future, which his own vivid imagination renders bright, and which his faith in good makes him feel the utmost assurance will be bright, notwithstanding the darkness which surrounds the present. Then, too, although the actual condition, and immediate projects, and general views of men, are not such as to feed his mind with happy thoughts, or to furnish sufficient stimulus to his hopes, he can always have recourse to the world of nature, to renew the light of life within him. *There* he sees God's working unopposed: there he finds confirmation of his loftiest ideas. There he perceives endless harmony amidst endless variety; the most perfect beauty combined with the utmost simplicity. There he has an inexhaustible store for the enrichment of his mind, and a never-failing soother of his perturbed soul. His hope of man is strengthened, his doubts are removed, by quiet commune with nature. The poet is nature's interpreter to man. He opens out her beauties to the common eye; he it is that perceives "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Every object in nature is to him a source of the truest delight; and the simplest things received through the medium of his representations of them, acquire new beauty, are invested with hitherto unknown charms. A meaning, a signification is given to things by the poet's description of them, which would have escaped common observation. Hence the poet is justly called a creator or maker, as well as a seer; for he does create for others new forms of beauty which they had not of themselves seen, but which his keener sight enabled them to see. Many a time might we have noticed an object in nature, without connecting with it any particular thoughts, without its calling up any emotion. The poet throws over it the light of his quicker perception, and more vivid imagination; and ever after, the same object is no longer dull and tame, but full of the sources of tender and elevated sentiments. We might often, for instance, have trodden the daisy under foot, or plucked it from its stem, or upturned it with our spades, without thought; but who (as Thomas Carlyle, in his masterly essay on this poet, has asked) after having read the exquisite lines by Robert Burns on "The mountain daisy," could behold "the bonnie gem" with careless eye? The poet has made that little flower teach a grave, sad lesson to our hearts. Henceforth it is endeared to us by the associations with which those lines connected it. It needs not that I multiply examples. Study Shakspeare, and find them there in rich abundance: read Shelley, and learn to love nature, and appreciate truth and beauty the better for the reading.

What then shall we say is the proper influence upon society of the poet? It is eminently of a refining and softening character. The poet is the revealer of the harmonies of the universe, of the harmonies of man, as a being "touched to fine issues." The true poet himself personates, and in his writings portrays, those sentiments of man's nature, which are at the same time the purest and the most impassioned. Everything coarse and *vulgar* is essentially unpoetical, though *not* everything *common*. In so far as the poet is himself under the influence of gross sensual passions, in so far do the lower propensities of his nature overlay the poetry of life that is in him; in so far he is untrue to his mission as a poet and reformer. Poetry is the world's deeper soul; the utterance of man which brings him most nearly towards God; and raises, the most surely, all who receive such utterance into their hearts. The poet is the world's prophet, her seer, her inspirer. The noble soul, the feeling heart, if it find expression, will find it in poetry: though it do not, its life will furnish sources of inspiration for other poet souls that can give utterance. The writer, as poet, was one of the earliest agents of civilisation: he will also be one of the latest; for in this world, at least, there will never be a time when expectation will be lost in possession.

THE ROBBER BAND AT TUSCULUM;

OR,

LUCIAN BUONAPARTE'S ESCAPE.

(From the Swedish of Nicander.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Continued from page 84).

"That is well, Morlucchi!" said the stranger, with a clear, well-toned voice; "that is good! Thou hast discovered a conspiracy, and thou hast taken prisoners the heads of it. The six most dangerous Carbonari are already in good keeping in the Angelo. I will reward thee for thy zeal; but still thou art a weed in the state; thou art a terror to the country where thou dwellest. Thou plunderest the strangers, and takest vengeance on the innocent. Lay down thy pistols and thy pointed hat; submit thyself to the laws, and all that is past shall be forgotten. Thou shalt acquire honour and consideration. Strange being! thou hast rendered to the state and to me important services, and yet must I pursue thee as the state's antagonist."

"Your Eminence will be pleased to recollect one thing," answered Morlucchi; "I detest the power of the Pope like a genuine Roman, but I reverence you, as a man of heart, honour, and genius. Did not you sit on the highest step of St. Peter's chair, I would storm Rome."

"Nay, Morlucchi!" exclaimed the cardinal, and his cheeks kindled as with flame, "as certainly as I am named Ercole Consalvi, thou hadst better let that be. Presume not too much on thy power; for there are yet living in the country they who are mightier than thou. Though I may be in some danger here, I am safe enough from thee in Rome."

"Your Eminence has come hither upon my word of honour, and so long as that is effectual, and Morlucchi lives, not a hair of your head shall be touched," said the bandit.

"Neither do I fear anything," answered the cardinal, "but should anyone here forget himself, and seek my life, I shall not fall unavenged, and thou knowest, Morlucchi, that I always keep my word in life, and I shall do it also in death."

The bandit-chief made answer to this only with a bow, but he filled a silver goblet with wine, brought a basket of fruit, and bade the cardinal, with a deep token of reverence, to refresh himself.

The cardinal took from the basket an orange, which he long held in his hand; afterwards peeled and eat it, but he did not touch the wine.

Chatillon, unobserved, contemplated all these movements, and listened to this conversation. From time to time he felt a burning desire to spring forward, fling himself at the cardinal's feet, and implore his help; but he again subdued this longing, from fear of disturbing the important conference, the result of which he awaited in silence. The cardinal sate some time, as it seemed, sunk in deep reflection, and Morlucchi, always standing, awaited what he would say. At length the cardinal lifted up hastily his head, and fixed on the bandit a sharp look.

"This very evening, and almost under my own eyes, hast thou perpetrated a robber-exploit, Morlucchi."

The chief of the bandits replied with an apparent embarassment, "Merely a little trick, your Eminence. But in the game I have come off the greatest fool."

"You meant to seize Prince Lucian, and took his painter by mistake? Eh, was it not so?"

"Yes, that was it, your Eminence," said Morlucchi. "But I hope in the morning that he will be ransomed for four hundred piastres."

"And if he is *not* ransomed, what then?" demanded Consalvi.

"Then he must die, according to our laws."

"Dost thou talk of laws, thou lawless one? Thou shalt feel the State's laws. And woe to thee if thou fall under them contrary to thy own will. This night canst thou be seized by my carbineers."

"Nay, your Eminence! I rely on my lucky star; and when the painter is ransomed, I shall be no longer to be found here. Your Eminence, yourself, led hither by a blind road, could not again find your way to this grotto. For another four and twenty hours I am secure in this fortress."

The painter, who perspired on his bed, felt himself now strongly tempted to storm the cardinal with his prayer for rescue; but curiosity and prudence made him still pause.

The cardinal asked—"Is the robber-gang of Capozzi dispersed?"

"Yes, your Eminence! Capozzi was yesterday made prisoner in Velletri, and his people are fled hither and thither. I have four in my power."

"Is it quiet in Frosinone? Is the Carbonari club yet held in Anselmo's house, behind the church?"

"It is quiet in Frosinone. Spatolino's widow betrayed the gentlemen of the club. They are safe within four walls."

"Thou liest, Morlucchi!" exclaimed the cardinal, striking the table violently with his fist. "Two of thy own gang were in league with them, and they would have escaped through thy protection, and Frosinone would have been in fermentation now were it not for *me!*"

"Yes, your Eminence! yes, yes!" answered Morlucchi, with vehemence, "two of my troop were in the league, Paolo and Ricco; but they are no longer. Look into the cave there, your Eminence! there hang their heads to the terror of others. I caused them to be cut off because they broke my laws, and acted contrary to their duty and my will."

Morlucchi took the candelabra from the board, and directed its light into the roof of the cave. The cardinal involuntarily followed him with his eyes, but turned them again away, seized with a sudden horror. A deep silence, which continued some minutes, followed thereupon.

"Thou art wild, Morlucchi," at length said the cardinal, "and yet there lies in thy tempestuous heart a germ of something good and great. I will counsel thee, for thy name's sake, for thy father was a noble and esteemed Roman, and for thy own sake, since thou wert destined by nature for something better. But with one business beyond all others am I come hither to reproach thee. Thou hast plunged into grief and misfortune a noble father and a nobler mother, whom thou hast bereft of their only child, a beautiful daughter, who was innocent till she knew thee, but now has branded with disgrace her hereditary name, by a criminal flight and a more criminal connection with a robber-chief. Where is Flavia? Hast thou murdered her too? In the name of the eternal Avenger; in the name of the Holy Church, whose purple I wear; in the name of the unhappy parents, whose tears I witnessed; I conjure thee to restore her whom thou hast carried off, to the light of day, and to her sorrowing relatives, if they yet live. And if she be dead, or detained forcibly by thee in this den of darkness, then receive here my irrevocable, burning, and invincible curse!"

"Flavia! Flavia!" cried Morlucchi. "Flavia, come hither!" And in a few seconds afterwards he led towards the cardinal the beautiful maiden who had presented herself to the eyes of Chatillon at the commencement of the night. She now appeared still more beautiful. A modest blush tinged her cheeks, and the lustrous, dark hair fell in luxuriant curls round her shoulders. She knelt before the cardinal and kissed his dress; but as he sought to avoid this, she kissed his hand, and raised towards his countenance her beaming eyes. The cardinal was in the very act of commencing a speech of reproof, but when he saw the lovely girl's fresh and joyously-smiling face, and her unconstrained yet modest carriage, the judge was disarmed, and he could only admire and be silent. He laid his hand on her pure brow. Thus lay she still, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, as if imploring a blessing. But Morlucchi, who hitherto merely enjoyed the appearance of Flavia, and let his eyes wander between her and the cardinal, now demanded with a certain, proud joy—"Does she look, your Eminence, like a prisoner? Does she not look as glad and fresh as a rose in the May sun."

"Art thou happy, Flavia?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes, I am happy in my Carlo's love; and I belong to him for ever. It is no crime to be faithful to one whom you love; the more unhappy and persecuted my Carlo is, the more faithful will I be; and could he only once be calm and happy, I should be the happiest wife on the earth."

"Thou thinkest no longer, then, on thy duty towards thy deserted parents? Thou costest them, with this thy happiness, many a bitter tear. Wilt thou not return to their arms?" inquired the cardinal.

"Day and night do I think of them with filial affection," replied Flavia; "and I pray for them in my warmest prayers. But they know that I am happy, and return to them can I not now. Your Highness, be pleased to hear me. Carlo has released me from shame, from death; he has long faithfully sought my affections. Cast from the bosom of society, he has had much to contend with, and to suffer; all this he has suffered for me. Should I, can I, ought I, to desert him? Oh! God himself would answer 'No! no!' if he were

to speak from heaven; and I read in your countenance, gracious sir, that 'No! no!' is the true answer to this question."

The cardinal struggled with a deep, inward emotion; but as he raised himself silently, Morlucchi also flung himself on his knees beside his Flavia, seized vehemently the cardinal's robe, which he pressed to his lips, and they both cried —"Bless us, bless us!"

"May God, who searches all hearts, bless you, if he see it good in his wisdom," said the cardinal, with a low and trembling voice, "I have now not the power. But I will not forget this moment, nor you either. Stand up. Flavia; be as noble as thou art true: and thou, *Carlo Astolfi*, for I will now call thee by thy father's name, think on my words! Restrain thy wild passions; be as humane as thou art manly; and cherish thy duty to thy fellow-men and the State, as thou cherishest thy Flavia. The hope of thy return to a worthier life reconciles Cardinal Consalvi to the otherwise humiliating consciousness that he entered, a voluntary guest, into a robber's dwelling."

Chatillon, who with a beating heart beheld and listened to the whole of this scene, now uttered a hasty cry, and would rise to hasten forth to the cardinal, but he was seized by a pair of strong arms, which thrust him down upon his bed; a cloth was thrown over his head, and a huge hand clapped upon his mouth; and when, after a short time, he was liberated from this painful constraint, he found himself in pitch-black darkness, and a silence as of the grave.

After a long conflict with disquiet fancies and confused thoughts, he sunk into a leaden stupor; and when, late on the morrow, he awoke, trembling equally from the outward chill of the damp place and the inward frost of fear, the gloomy cavern was almost wholly empty. One of the robber-band stood at the same time by the main entrance, and conversed with a second without. The two of Prince Lucian's servants who shared the painter's fate still slept; for the uneducated human nature has, for the alleviation of its care and pain, and, as it were, in recompense of its paucity of ideas, received all the richer store of sleep. At intervals they raised themselves up, shook themselves, and again laid themselves down on the other side, while through all this their sleep suffered little or no interruption. At noon, for the first time, entered Morlucchi himself, advanced to Chatillon, and gave him his hand, while he asked if he were of good courage. "Before night," added he coolly, "you will either be free or dead."

"And therefore *free* in any case," answered the painter. "Here I am not dead, but only something worse; I am buried alive."

"The grotto is somewhat cold, that is true," said the bandit-captain. "If you wish to breathe the fresh air, and are not weary of my company, we will dine on the green sward."

Without waiting for the painter's reply, Morlucchi took him by the hand, and led him out of the cavern. A warm gale met them at the entrance, and the midday sun shone so clear and burningly, reflected from the stones and from the very turf, that the eyes of the painter were nearly blinded. By a narrow untracked path he was conducted by Morlucchi up to a height, surrounded by the mountains, and fenced in by old trees with gnarled and grown-together branches, and by wild thickets and bushes; but whence on one side opened out the most splendid prospect upon Grotta Ferrara, over the Campagna, with the winding Tiber, a part of Rome, and in the far distance the blue sea, melting into the heaven. Here they seated themselves on the grass, and the bandit's young and handsome cupbearer followed them shortly with meat and a wine flask, which he placed between them on an outspread rosy cloth, and withdrew.

The aspect of nature in so glorious a shape, in a southern, calm, and voluptuous pomp of noonday, thus displayed before his eyes, and the thought that he now perhaps saw it for the last time, subdued Chatillon's hitherto proud and renunciating mood, if not to pusillanimity, at least to a bitter feeling of regret over his fate, and kindled in his soul a clinging love to life and nature, blended with the want of their free enjoyment. Some large, solitary tears dimmed his eyes, and through them the picture of the landscape gleamed forth, as if trembling beneath a transparent veil. He quickly, however, wiped away these escaped tears, and regained the same calm and unencumbered aspect as before, but seemed to forget himself, his companion, and the viands before him. Morlucchi, who had begun to eat, and from time to time admonished Chatillon to follow his example, now seized the wine bottle, filled a glass, and handed it to his taciturn guest. Unconsciously Chatillon received it, but the robber filled also for himself a large glass, and when he had waited awhile in vain for the painter to drink, he exclaimed impatiently—"Signor painter! at the table of Prince Lucian, at Ruffinella, abounded without doubt more luxurious dishes than these which are offered you on this table of nature; but I defy the Prince and all his family to produce a nobler, purer wine than that which now sparkles in this glass, and is pressed from Monte Giovi's most precious grapes. Drink, Signor, to Cenzo's happy return, and a prompt release!"

Chatillon lifted the glass to his mouth, emptied the glass at a draught, and set it before him on the ground.

[*To be continued.*]

Poetry for the People.

REGRETS FOR JUNE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

I'm sorry dear June, that thou art gone,
Though thy sun at times too friendly shone,
Thou month of roses, wild and sweet,
Whose petals now lie in the grass at our feet;
Whose deep grass waves and swells like a sea;
O many a boon we owe to thee,
Month of the early and lingering light,
Of the warm dry turf and the balmy night,
Crown of the year, and nature's delight!
I'm sorry, dear June, thy days are over,
Thou month of blossoming beans and clover!
That thou to July thy being must yield,
With a sadder hue on hedge and on field;
Whilst the whetted scythe as we make it ring,
Cries, "gone is the spring—gone is the spring."
Gone are the days so precious and few,
A time which I all too imperfectly knew;

And the sense to my mind with sadness is fraught,
That I prize not the season half as I ought.
'Tis true that I cherished it all that I could,
With its verdure deep in valley and wood,
The wealth and the grace of its gems in the dew,
Now to feel how its value in part I but knew.
I plucked its sweets in copse and in glen,
And hauntings of Eden were with me then.
I called them the gladness and beauty of youth,
The light of life and the rays of truth.
Bright fays of the sward, that sprung into birth,
As the smile of Jehovah illumined the earth:
And are they not these, and more than these,
That laugh with the sun and dance with the breeze.
They come with a mission of love from on high—
Of goodness they tell us that never can die.
Beauty may flee as beauty has fled,
But the odours will live when the flowers are dead;
Therefore, thou season, precious and sweet,
Though thy roses lie dead in the grass at my feet,
Thou hast passed from the outward into the soul,
And now of thy value I know the whole.
To know thee whilst here was a vain endeavour,
But now thou hast passed the bourne of *for ever*,
Thou art set apart in a heavenly light,
For death is the teacher that teaches aright:
A memory thou! as the best must be—
And so I no more will be sad for thee;
For things of the soul are precious, if pure
And more than for one brief season endure.

A PRAYER

(By Children of a "House of Charity" for their Unknown Benefactors.)

From the French of Lamartine.

O Thou! who to the sparrow's nest,
And herb upon the hill,
That pineth for the water-drop,
Thine ear inclineth still!

Who them consolest, and who know'st
What humble hand hath shed
The secret charitable mite
Which buys the poor man bread!

Who holdest in thy diverse hand
Plenty and Poverty,
That from their union may be born
Justice and Charity!

Let it be thine, O Lord! to know
Our friends' beneficence,
And from the treasures of thy gifts
Restore their recompence.

Our heart, which prays to thee for them,
A stranger to them lives;
For never does their left-hand know
That which their right-hand gives!

But let the boon, which 'neath Faith's cloak
Hides in humility,
Cling to their pious hands, and so
Betray them unto thee!

And let each wish within their hearts,
Let their most secret sighs,
Be answered in thy clemency
Before to thee they rise!

Bow not, till full of ripened years,
Their mothers to the grave!
Their sons—the children of their youth,
From orphan-sorrow save!

And let their race be like the oaks
Of Membre, which to time
Yield not the aged trunk, before
The young are in their prime!

Or like the sources, always full,
Whence Siloa's waters flow
Where not a wave deserts the fount
Till other waters grow!

Liverpool. J. E. H.

A FIRESIDE SONNET.

By Patric Alexander,

(A Working Man.)

The pleasant purring of my lonely fire
As of a creature pleased, to me this night,
Beloved of gentle thoughts, hath strange delight;
And as its voice and warmth do win me nigher,
Forth from my breast is gone all vain desire,
Which souls will cherish in their own despite,
Of fame, or meaner wealth, or worldly might;
And I have breath in humbler air, yet higher.
A world of household peace is in this sound,
A sound in many a home now sweetly heard,
Like intermitted warbling of a bird,
Between the shouts of the fair children round:
Let not in *me* so stern a heart be found,
But listening thus, it shall be gently stirred.

SERVICES.

6.—Worship

Ever be raising
The join'd hands of prayer!
Prayer, which is praising:
Heavenward bear
The prayer of life-service!

Pray for thine own need!
Modestly zealous:
Scatter the good seed:
Pray for thy fellows
The true prayer of service!

True aspiration—
True word—true deed—
Are right adoration:
Heaven hath need
Of such real service.

W. J. Linton.

He had said—"Before its shadow reaches the bush, I will meet you beside the Kafir plum-tree," —for it was a spot where they had often met before, and they should then ride home together. The long shadow of the tree had not reached the fringing bushes, but it was advancing to join them; and though time seems long while waiting, yet she fancied it neared them rapidly. So still she sat, that the occasional flutter of a bird's wing, or buzzing of an insect, told alone of life; even the pony, accustomed to obey the slightest touch of her hand upon the rein, stood quiet as a scout in ambush. At last the lengthening shadow fell on the outermost leaves of the sunlit shrubs, and still no one was visible—no horse's tread struck on her ear. Why did not William come? he was not usually behind his time. The deep silence around seemed fraught with visible and tangible oppression, and for the first time in all the years that she had roamed unaccompanied through those solitudes, the sense of utter loneliness weighed painfully upon her spirit.

Yielding to the feeling, though half smiling at her folly in so doing, Amy resolved to delay no longer, but to ride home at once; so breaking off a small bough, and casting it on the ground, a frequent sign between herself and William, to indicate where one had been and passed, she jerked her pony's rein, and the delighted animal, weary of loitering, sprung forward at a canter. It was, as we have said, on a kind of ledge half-way down the hill that she had halted. and she had to proceed some little distance along it ere reaching a spot where further descent was practicable. But she had not gone twenty yards when she heard a rustling among the dwarf trees and brushwood, which bordered and concealed the precipice below, at that part exceedingly abrupt. Yet despite her recent uncomfortable sensations, Amy was not frightened by the sound. She thought it most probably a wolf, (to speak more correctly, a hyena, which commonly bears that name at the Cape,) which her sudden passing had startled; but as these animals rarely attack human beings, never by daylight, unless under extraordinary circumstances, there was little in that supposition to alarm, even had she not been mounted. She rode on, therefore, without bestowing a second thought upon the matter; and as she proceeded, her heart grew lighter, and the temporary chill which had stolen round it during the interval of inaction passed away, until, after walking her sure-footed pony down the steep and rugged descent, and gaining the "untrodden way" which wound back along the base of the hill, beneath the very ground she had so lately passed, the astonished girl beheld a form lying on the earth at some distance before her. It was no European, nor was it Hottentot, but a Kafir, she saw at once; most probably one from over the border, for but few were employed as herdsmen by the settlers, and she knew of none in the neighbourhood. What could have brought him thither? and how came he to lie there? Was he some unhappy wanderer whom accident had laid thus low? or was it a cunning device to entrap the unwary traveller? or had he but flung himself down to shun the notice of the passer-by? Scarcely the last, however, for the tangled thicket close at hand would have afforded a secure and unsuspected cover. Amy hesitated. Many a girl in her place would have fled from the spot without pausing to investigate; and for a moment she was inclined to obey the impulse which bade her do the same. But in the next instant, the thought came over her of what might have been that lonely being's sufferings, if disabled by accident or illness; how long might he not have lain there, with the burning sun-rays beating on him, without a drop of water to cool his lips, or a friendly bough to shelter him? perhaps with the wolf and the jackal howling and barking round him in the darkness; for Amy had gone from home by a different way, and she knew not when last any person might have passed in that direction. But she knew well the dangers attendant on such misfortunes far distant from the haunts of men, and she remembered much of what she had heard of the anguish of the victim thus left to perish unaided and alone, with the wild beasts of the forest, and the no less ravenous vulture, the sole companions of his latest hours. As these ideas crowded on her mind, the doubt of what the stranger might already have endured, and fear lest assistance, if longer delayed, might be too late, supposing him still alive, immediately nerved the young girl for the effort to advance; an act indicative of some courage, when the craft of those Arab-like plunderers of the far South is remembered, as well as the caprice which so often marks their very frequent ruthlessness.

Amy rode up at once to the Kafir, and in a moment was bending over him, wondering whether he yet lived, for insensibility was obvious: the total immobility of form and feature, and the livid hue gleaming through his dark skin, proving that life, if it had not fled, was dormant. Almost shuddering at the contact, she timidly laid her finger on his wrist, but either there was no pulse, or she knew not where to seek it. Then recollecting there was a small vlay, or pond, a few yards farther on, which recent rains had filled, she hastened thither for water to sprinkle with no sparing hand upon his face, feeling all the while an exceeding repugnance to touching the object of her care, a well-looking youth—that is for his race—of eighteen or nineteen. The aspect of things around,—small stones evidently lately fallen, and earth still cool and damp, part of which was scattered over his sheepskin karosse, or mantle,—proved he had not lain there long; and a glance at the steep hill which rose perpendicularly as a wall beside him, convinced Amy that she beheld before her the cause of that rustling in the bushes which she had remarked while passing that very spot above; that startled by the sudden tramping of her horse so nigh him, the young Kafir, in seeking shelter, had fallen over the edge of the precipice. This accounted for all, especially for his present unconscious state. Indeed, one might have guessed that a fractured skull, if not immediate death, would be the consequence of so hasty a descent; but Amy knew so well the difficulty of fracturing the skulls of those of his complexion in that part of the world, that she never dreamed of the fall having a greater effect than temporarily stunning her charge. And she seemed right, at least in part; for after a while the Kafir opened his eyes, and fixed them in evident amazement on the bright and youthful face bent over him. Had such visions formed any portion of the creed of the Amakosa, he might have fancied it was a houri that looked on him in paradise: as it was, he smiled, and an expression of dreamy happiness stole over his features. Slowly the knowledge of where he was, and what had occurred, seemed to return, and recognising in his fair attendant the daughter of that race whose property his own nation were so well-inclined to share, he addressed her in words she could not understand, though they were evidently of gratitude. But when he endea-

voured to rise, pain prevented him, and he found himself unable to move—a broken arm and other injuries having been the result of his fall. Then making the youth comprehend that she would soon send him further assistance, Amy mounted her pony, and galloped off towards her home, whither the Kafir was conveyed ere sunset, to remain there many weeks, before recovery permitted his rejoining his tribe on the other side of the Keiskamma.

William Hunt's absence from the trysting place that day was fully accounted for, by a daring attack which had been made on his father's cattle while grazing at mid-day on the plaats, a large number having been driven off, and himself occupied in a fruitless endeavour to track them further than the Fish River bush. This seemed to suggest some evil motive for the presence in that part of the district of Kuma, as the young Kafir was named, and he had doubtless gone thither with some view to other depredations; but when a neighbour proposed to him to question the youth, old Barker negatived it at once. "The stranger was beneath his roof," he said—"entitled and welcome to his hospitality, and he would not hear of his being betrayed into any admission which might do him injury." Kuma did indeed receive from his hosts much of kindness, and all in the way of hospitality which his savage breeding would permit him to regard as comforts; and as week after week passed away, it seemed more apparent that his treatment had made a favourable impression on the Kafir's mind. He had made some progress also in facility of understanding English, and of expressing himself in a manner which those accustomed to exercise ingenuity on such points found tolerably intelligible: perhaps he succeeded all the better for Amy being his frequent instructress. But when his kind protectors strove to push their advantage so far as the conversion of their guest, they discovered it far beyond their skill, with the time allowed them. To talk of a "God made without hands" to the Kafir, who had never bowed before an idol, if it opposed no idea previously entertained, could awaken no conception of the immensity of that intended to be conveyed; and say what they would, he could not be brought to comprehend wherefore an unfortunate woman should not be tortured to death with fire, and ants, and every other imaginable torment, because accused of witchcraft, nor wherefore rain-doctors should not be implicitly believed in. At length the time came when Kuma bade farewell to the Barkers, and to William, who had been almost as one of the family. He intimated that he should never forget their kindness, and it might be that they believed he would long remember it among the plains and mountains of the interior, but they thought not of his ever having an opportunity of proving his sense of the obligation, even should he be so inclined.

Several months had passed by since then, a year almost had gone round, and Amy Barker sat alone one evening, gazing from the window of the little chamber which had been hers from childhood. Though it was the hour for sleep, she could not rest; though her lover was beneath that roof, dearer, if possible, and even more devoted than of old, her heart was heavy, herself a prey to despondency and fear. The spirit of destruction was abroad; unprovoked, and unsuspected, the demon of savage warfare had scattered his children over the land, and the brand and the assegai* were ravaging the country in every direction. As yet, the foot of the Kafir had not left its track in fire and blood on Barker's farm; but could she hope such exception could be for long, that the tales of horror she was for ever hearing, would not soon find a parallel in the fate of her home or its inhabitants? That very day, also, William had been attacked by a small party of invaders, and escaping only by the fleetness of his horse, had reached her father's house severely wounded, and well nigh lifeless from loss of blood—could she then rejoice at his presence, though thankful that in his hour of danger she was so near? The moonlight shone brightly, silvering the thick woods, the broad flats, and the graceful outline of the distant hills. It was a fair and peaceful scene —alas! that the hand of man, his hard heart and evil passions, should bring ruin where all appeared so calm and beautiful! So thought Amy, and so probably are many thinking at this moment beneath that very sky. But now she started, a handful of dust had been thrown against the window. She rose and looked down, for though on the ground floor, if so it may be called, the house being raised several feet, brought the window a considerable distance from the earth; and before her stood a Kafir with karosse and assegai, plainly visible in the moonlight. A scream of terror nearly broke from her lips, as she retreated precipitately; but the next moment a soft voice whispering, "Kuma, young missis, Kuma!" recalled her to recognise the young Kafir whom she had tended in suffering, and instantly open the window to learn what had brought him thither. We will not attempt to repeat what he said in his scarce intelligible language, from which Amy gathered, that a party of his countrymen were advancing to the destruction of the farm, and that, having discovered their intent, he had hastened on to warn the family, and, if possible, to save them.

In a few moments all were aroused. Kuma proposed as the only practicable expedient, their retiring some distance up the hill behind the house, where, hidden in the bush, the Kafirs would never dream of seeking them, or suspect them of loitering so near. There was no time to save a single article, every thing must be abandoned. Kuma offered to drive off the cattle, where his countrymen—they were not his *tribesmen*—would not find them, and he would bring them back when all was quiet. Barker placed no great reliance on the latter promise, but as their loss was otherwise inevitable, he readily agreed. William Hunt was carried up the hill to the proposed shelter, and if for a moment the Kafir repented what he had done, it might have been while witnessing the tenderness with which Amy kneeling beside the wounded youth, sought to minister unto his comfort. A fierce expression gleamed from his eyes, as though considering, "If I would, I might,"—but when William, to whom his betrothed had told how much they owed him, pressed his hand feebly, and strove to murmur a few syllables of gratitude, the cloud passed from Kuma's spirit, and his better nature regained its sway. One of the herdsmen assisted Kuma to open the kraals and drive the cattle towards the dense woods near the junction of the Great Fish and Kap rivers; the other Hottentots dispersed as they would among the jungle; and the Barkers, sitting beside their half unconscious friend, awaited the destruction of the dwelling of so many happy years.

They had not long to wait: but first came

* Long iron-headed spear, used both as lance and javelin.

within their view others, at that anxious moment even more unwelcome than the savages to whom Barker had resigned so much of his worldly possessions. Without any calling to oxen, or cracking of the long whip, which sounds so often give early notice of their approach, two wagons emerged from the dark trees which shielded the road until very nigh the house. Quickly, yet as quietly as those lumbering vehicles could move, they advanced, a strong Bechuana leading the first of the seven pair of oxen drawing each. It was the Hunts; danger had seemed gathering round them very closely, rumours had reached them every hour of some fresh outrage; at last the farm next to theirs was attacked, when feeling that their own turn would follow instantly, they had the wagons "inspanned," and knowing that William was at Barker's wounded seriously, they set forth with their three younger children, still of tender years, to join him there, resolved to brave peril, or enjoy security together. They had but found the path into the lion's den! Scarcely were they full in sight, their white wagon-tents gleaming in the trembling moonbeams, when about a dozen Kafirs rushed at once, like a pack of wolves, up from the garden-kloof upon the scene, and in a moment all was horrible confusion—screams of terror from the women and children, savage yells, and cries of mortal agony, such were the sounds which broke on the still hour of loveliest midnight; and of what was done, the clear moonlight revealed much to the sorrowful spectators, who, grasping each other's hands, looked down in silence. They could not aid the victims, for they were powerless to interfere, and they dared not give any expression to their feelings lest it might betray the actual truth to William, who half bewildered by recent hurry and bodily weakness, lay at their feet, in total ignorance of the destruction of his family, dreaming not that ought was then occurring more painful than the expected demolition of the house he had so lately quitted.

One Bechuana fell beneath the assegai, the second fled. Hunt was stabbed to the heart, as he sprang up in the front of the wagon to learn what was the matter, and his wife and a Bechuana female speedily shared his fate. The children were not killed; but the Kafirs beat the unfortunate little beings fearfully from head to foot with the wooden part of the assegais, and their cries of suffering under the infliction were distinctly audible to the Barkers. Every article in the wagons was immediately destroyed, the feather beds thrown in to make travelling more easy, being cut open in fruitless search for arms and ammunition, as was everything else in which they could possibly be secreted. The deserted house was next ransacked, and yells of anger spoke their disappointment and indignation at it as well as the kraals being tenantless, and had there been a single loiterer in any of the farm buildings, he would soon have been discovered and sacrificed to their vengeance. All the moveables were literally broken or cut to pieces, flung in a heap before the door, and set on fire; the brand was at the same time applied to the dwelling and outbuildings, and smoke and flame soared into the air on every side, telling afar the tidings, that there the hand of the enemy had been. The red glare fell on the dark forms and fierce countenances of the savages, as they flitted like evil spirits round the fires, revealing each wild gesture and triumphant expression with startling distinctness. What a contrast did not that scene present to the sketch we formerly outlined of that very spot! Yet such contrasts were but too frequent then; and have again arisen, and are possibly still arising, to fill the spectator's heart with sadness.

The work ended, the Kafirs departed, carrying with them the trifling booty of the Hunts' two span of oxen. The following morning Barker sought the children, whom the Kafirs had let wander into the bush to die of hunger and cruelty, or become a prey in their helplessness to the tiger or the wolf. One was recovered alive, but terror and suffering had killed the others: better far that the point of the assegai had cut short their lives at once, than that they should be left to perish as they did. True to his promise, Kuma returned with the herd, which now formed Barker's only wealth: did the chiefs of his nation but keep faith as well there might be peace on the borders of Kaffraria. But they respect not treaties, nor regard their word being pledged, however solemnly: and though it is said that against each other they declare war before proceeding to hostilities, with us they tarry not for any such ceremony; but the hour that is most tempting, is that in which the tide of desolation is poured over the white man's frontier.

After a few days' longer lingering in the bush, the Barkers and their young friends made a hasty journey into Graham's Town, unmolested by any of the flying parties of Kafirs that were scouring that part of the country. From that time their fortunes were blent with those of others in like circumstances. William joined the forces employed in repelling the faithless invaders of the colony; and for the rest there was the same doubt and anxiety as to the result of the struggle. At length it was ended, and there seemed a promise of more tranquil days; for a new boundary was established farther into the interior, which by widening the distance between the Kafirs and the white people, and thus by lessening the facilities for plundering the latter, would most probably have secured peace to the colonists—though, unfortunately, that boundary was not long retained.

During the following year, the Barkers raised another dwelling above the ashes of their former home; and soon afterwards Amy became the mistress of a house built on the site of the elder Hunt's residence, which, like its owner, had been overwhelmed by the tide of war. Industry and perseverance, undismayed by late misfortunes, strove to repair the evils, and conceal the damages of the past, and beneath the smile of the deceitful tranquillity spread over the land, happiness was once more making its home beneath their roofs, and hope casting its sunny glow around the future. Thus it was when last we heard of them; but who can say what now may be their lot? what fearful change the last few months may not have wrought? whether at the very moment we are writing, the horrors and the sorrows of bygone hours may not have been equalled or exceeded, with no friend amid the foeman's thousands to shelter them from danger by an unwonted evidence of gratitude? For, alas! the instance we have recorded is one of too rare occurrence: there are but few opportunities ever afforded the colonists, as individuals, of evincing to their savage neighbours that kindliness which the merest accident (humanly speaking) placed it in the Barkers' power to show to Kuma; and though we would not willingly permit a murmur that the pleasant remembrance of a good deed should be its sole reward, for none ought to demand other, yet we cannot refrain from censure when the recipients repay with evil, or when the Kafir leads a destroying

band to the village, where as an unsuspected spy he had sojourned, and within the walls where kindness had been his portion, leaving few witnesses of their passage, save blackened ruins and lifeless forms. To strangers, perhaps, those occurrences, far over the deep waters and the burning Line, may possess less interest; but to those who, though personally untouched by loss or injury, know many of the sufferers; at whose table some of the treacherous chiefs have sat; who remember the several roofs beneath which they have spent days of festivity, and the home of many happy months, reduced to ashes; and who have known what it is to expect the current of destruction to roll its dark billows over themselves; these scenes stand forth in terrible reality, awakening the prayerful hope that lasting tranquillity may ere long be insured by a sufficient barrier against the inroads of those whom favours cannot bribe, threats deter, nor treaties restrain, from mischief. We do not desire the wolves to be killed for worrying the sheep, but the fold to be securely closed against their entrance, by the re-establishment of the former broad band of Neutral Territory which is all that is needed to render the colony a delightful residence.

BROWNING'S "BELLS AND POMEGRANATES."

(Colombe's Birthday.)

By Henry F. Chorley.

Perhaps, on returning to the "Bells and Pomegranates" of Mr. Browning, for the purpose of showing to a public, yet insufficiently acquainted with these poems, how rich they are in pictures—it will be best to alight upon some other number than that containing the story of Pippa's mission; for, since her Innocence is set against Crime, to complete the tale of her holiday might lead us through scenes so exclusively gloomy, that our friends might thereby receive a false impression of their friend, the Poet, and imagine him one skilled only in painting sorrow, martyrdoms, wounds, and cruel sacrifices. Not even to teach the lesson of "overcoming Evil with Good," ought those who deal in imaginative creation "to dwell for aye 'mid images of Pain." Callousness, need of stronger excitement, morbid curiosity, and the like, may be encouraged and increased by such a mistaken course. It is often the refuge and relief of those made selfish by suffering. And the healthy and the hopeful will love to fulfill their duty by exalting yet more than by depressing the spirits of those who trust in them. Let us see if this is not done, and well done, in the dramatised tale of "Colombe's Birthday."

It is a question whether any creation exists more chivalrous in its tone than this legend; that is, if we somewhat refine the epithet, and (by courtesy of poetical fiction) admit it to include loyalty, delicacy—a recognition that there are few who have not some touches of a higher nature than distinguishes the churl and the worshipper of Mammon. "Colombe's Birthday" is a tale of humanity, and grace, and poetry, vindicating themselves in that place where of all others it has been deemed the least possible to find them—a Court:—of Ambition in the moment of its triumph compelled to confess to itself and to the world its own haggard weariness—its inability to rest, its indifference to attempt new conquests—written with all the noble generosity of youth, and all the ripe experience of middle age. This and "The Blot on the Scutcheon" are the only two of the dramas in Mr. Browning's "Bells" which could be made available on the stage—as the stage stands. "The Blot," which was tried, failed, in part, owing to some untoward circumstances attending its production; and the story of Colombe, to *secure* its audience, demands what no longer exists in England—a dramatic company of gentlemen and ladies. But *finely* acted—that is, with an appreciation of the lights and shades of its characters—I have a firm belief that its success would surprise the Author himself—having a no less firm belief that our great Public can hardly be too largely credited with power to enjoy the most highly-toned poetry, or to sympathise with the most delicate and generous emotions. "Colombe's Birthday," too, needs less *clearing* than any other of this series of dramas.

It appears—from the play—that sometime in the seventeenth century, the Duchy of Juliers and Cleves fell for a twelvemonth under the government of a young and fair lady; supposed to be rightful heiress to the little kingdom. She had been brought up at Ravestein, an old castle down upon the Meuse: her youth, it would seem, left to its own guidance and innocence. And so she had taken state upon her lightly—had enjoyed, like an innocent girl who has seen few pageants, a gay reception which her subjects of Cleves had prepared for her—and had queened it so brightly and gently, that her presence seemed to throw something of grace and humanity over the faded formal functionaries of her little court—the *Sieurs* Guibert, Gaucelme, Maufroy, and Clugnet; insomuch that it was with something more than selfish anxiety for their wands and gold chains—with a touch of regret—that they received the tidings how Duchess Colombe's claims to her inheritance were disputed by a wise and powerful rival, Prince Berthold; who was on his way to Juliers to maintain his rights. Rumours of such a revolution had been for some time menacing them; but the bolt fell (so to say) in the tidings of the immediate coming of Prince Berthold, on no luckier day than the gentle Colombe's birthday. Little conscious of such instant peril, that gracious and delicate Lady was preparing to hold her court, and to receive the good wishes of her subjects. The drama opens at the moment when the four courtiers were waiting in the anti-chamber—at a loss how to break the calamity to their mistress—saving themselves the while. A coarser chronicler would have forgotten their reluctance in their selfish uneasiness—have made the troop all equally mechanical. But Mr. Browning knows that there is a difference even among automatons. Sir Guibert had a touch of better nature than his fellows. Some slight intercourse with the people, it may be, had rendered him a trifle less wooden and metallic than his mates. He had had dealings in Cleves, had been beholden to one Valence, an Advocate there, in winning some contest which involved his property; and was disposed to be as generous, and considerate, and pitiful—as a weak and mean man can be. At that precise moment of his perplexity, that very Advocate just mentioned had come to court on the Duchess's birthday; all her old flatterers being kept away from her presence by the rumour of her tottering fortunes. And Valence, even, was come to sue, not to congratulate: to present a memorial on the wretchedness of Cleves, not to soothe fair Colombe with sweet wishes of many

happy returns of so fair a day. Now Valence was a sour, thin man of common presence, in a threadbare coat; and too full, it seemed, of his business to have studied the right way of presenting himself. The ushers would not let him enter the corridor, and had driven him back again and again; till espying Sir Guibert, Valence forced his way in, and claimed the offices of the courtier whose estate he had saved to bring him to a speech with Duchess Colombe. A bright thought struck Sir Guibert, how to pay his debt of gratitude, and relieve himself of an unpleasant responsibility in one and the same moment. He undertook to present Valence, on condition that the latter would place in the Duchess's hand the memorial of Prince Berthold's claims! The anxious Advocate of the people—unsuspecting, and absorbed in his own duties—fell into the trap. The doors were opened, and the four courtiers, and with them Valence, passed into the presence-chamber.

There was waiting the sweet Duchess Colombe, —and with her one faithful bower-woman, Sabyne. She must have been more, or less, than woman not to have been vexed at the thinness of the rank who came to pay court to her, as compared with the throng of the past year. Her strugglings with her misgivings—her consciousness that once having been made a ruler, she can no more return to the pleasures of girlhood—are beautifully expressed.

> Well, sunshine's everywhere, and summer too;
> Next year 'tis the old place again, perhaps—
> The water-breeze again, the birds again
> ————It cannot be! It is too late to be!

And then the sudden heartening of herself up to believe what she wishes, when she sees the courtiers enter!

> *(Aside)*—The same words—the same faces—the same love!
> I have been over-fearful. These are few—
> But these, at least, stand firmly—these are mine!
> As many come as may, and if no more,
> 'Tis that these few suffice—they do suffice!
> What succour may not next year bring me! Plainly
> I feared too soon!

It was new for Advocate Valence to be dazzled by an apparition of such youth and graciousness! He had much to do, when permitted to speak, to plead the cause of the starving people of Cleves before her! But though bewildered, he was not silenced. Out spake he: told that fair and dainty lady, that the dream in which she had lived, and the pomp in which she had moved abroad, had hidden from her the misery of her people: prayed her to redress their wrongs—and moved by his own earnestness, though still confused by so fairy-like a presence, placed in her hand—not the petition of the starving sufferers of Cleves—but the memorial of Prince Berthold! The Duchess read: too proud to own herself insulted—too young and delicate not too confess her loneliness, and to ask upbraidingly why had her courtiers brought her from Ravestein, if their loyalty could protect her no better than this!—She ended by taking off her coronet, and thanking God she was no longer Duchess of such a heartless people! At the sight of her nobility flashed out the generous spirit of the People's Advocate—more courteous in all his uncourtliness, than any of Colombe's cowardly followers. "Sir Guibert,' said he, advancing indignantly—

> Sir Guibert! knight they call you!—this of mine
> Is the first step I ever set at court.
> You dared make me your instrument, I find;
> For that, so sure as you and I are men,
> We reckon to the utmost presently:
> But as you are a courtier, and I none,
> Your knowledge may instruct me. I, already,
> Have too far outraged, by my ignorance
> Of courtier-ways, this lady, to proceed
> A second step, and risk addressing her.
> I am degraded—you let me address!
> Out of her presence all is plain enough
> What I shall do—but in her presence, too,
> Surely there's something proper to be done!
> *(To the others)*—You gentles, tell me if I guess aright,
> May I not strike this man to earth?

This burst of a generous spirit stirred Sir Guibert, mean as he was, to make humble apology, on bended knee, to the Lady. It did yet more—it stirred the young Duchess to feel and to know that loyalty might mean a nobler thing than observance out of book, and flattery of the lips, not from the heart. She bent at once an eager and respectful ear to her new champion and counsellor—listened to his eloquent tale of the woes of Cleves; and absolving the cowardly, half-penitent courtiers from further suit and service—declared that, so long as such men as Valence were among her subjects, she would *not* yield up her Duchy till the right was tried!—and there and then invested him with all the offices her servants had laid down!

While these things were passing, Prince Berthold arrived, unguarded;—having left his men-at-arms at Aix, and being only accompanied by Melchio, his philosopher-in-ordinary. For Prince Berthold, though an ambitious man, marking Juliers as one step to be gained towards

> Aix, Cologne, Frankfort, Milan, Rome:

was not the common vulgar usurper—half swordsman, half sensualist—by aid of whom, one poorer or coarser in imagination than Mr. Browning, would have wrought out his contrast. He had a taste for what was refined and beautiful—when young, had wooed a rosy maiden, Priscilla, under a grey convent wall:—and had not forgotten, even now that he was a hard, experienced statesman, how he had wooed in vain! Further, though desirous of conquest, none was readier than Prince Berthold, to despise the courtier crew, who, appalled by his presence, and each man anxious to hold fast his place — welcomed him obsequiously; and told him with a sneer, that Duchess Colombe denied his claim, and defied himself—advised doubtless, by "that blustering Advocate." These glimpses of a brave spirit in the lady suggested, with lightning quickness, a measure to the Prince, who had never forgotten his love failure. Why not woo and wed this high-hearted Colombe? —why not win the Duchy without discrowning its gentle Duchess? The thought pleased; and ere it had passed, the Lady had entered, with Valence at her side:—her pride and the new interest which the Advocate's noble words had awakened, making her beauty more beautiful. But so courteous was Prince Berthold, as at once to deprive her of half her indignation. Almost he seemed to apologise to her; he, who could have *enforced*—for preferring—his claim; put aside, with disdain, the intervention of the cast-off courtiers; and listened with grave deference to the strangely-won friend to whom the Duchess referred him. Well might he listen when Valence could speak for his Lady and himself so nobly as he did speak. I know of few things in *heroic* poetry finer than the following appeal:—

> *Berthold.* Where
> Stand those should answer?
> *Valence (advancing).* The Lady is alone!
> *Berthold.* Alone, and thus? So weak and yet so bold?
> *Valence.* I said she was alone—
> *Berthold.* And weak I said.
> *Valence.* When is man strong until he feels alone?
> It was some lonely strength at first, be sure,
> Created organs, such as those you seek,

By which to give its varied purpose shape—
And naming the selected ministrants,
Took sword, and shield and sceptre,—each a man!
That strength performed its work and passed its way.
You see our Lady: there the old shapes stand;
A Marshal, Chamberlain, and Counsellor.
Be helped their way, into their death put life
And find advantage,—so you counsel us!—
But let strength feel alone, seek help itself,
And as the inland-hatched sea-creature hunts
The sea's breast out,—as, littered 'mid the waves,
The desert brute makes for the desert's joy.
So, I am first her instinct fastens on,—
And prompt I say, as clear as heart can speak,
The people will not have you: nor shall have!
It is not merely I shall go bring Cleves
And fight you to the last, though that does much,
And men and children,—aye, and women too,
Fighting for home, are rather to be feared
Than mercenaries fighting for their pay,—
But, say, you beat us, since such things have been,
And, where this Juliers laughed, you set your foot
Upon a steaming bloody plash—what then?
Stand you the more our Lord, as there you stand?
Lord it o'er troops whose force you concentrate,
A pillared flame whereto all ardours tend—
Lord it 'mongst priests whose schemes you amplify,
A cloud of smoke, 'neath which all shadows brood.—
But never, in this gentle spot of Earth
Can you become our Colombe, our play Queen
Whom we, to furnish lilies for her hair
Would pour our veins out to enrich the soil!
Our conqueror? Yes!—Our despot? Yes!—Our Duke?
Know yourself, know us!

The remainder of the tale must be told more briefly: since the characters are now set in all their many-coloured hues before the reader, and he will be able to follow out the story without minute explanation: or, what is better, he is by this time eager to turn to the book and read the rest for himself. Enough to say, that Prince Berthold courteously entrusted to Valence the examination of his claims: and that these, alas for Colombe, were proved to be valid! That the Prince also confided to the Advocate's skill his project for repairing the Lady's losses, by offering to her his hand and the Duchy. But the Lady meanwhile had discovered, not only that her new chamberlain was loyal to his Duchess—but that the man of the people—who could speak so gloriously, think so nobly, was devoted to the woman who could meet danger so heroically! Somewhat of the Duchess-training clung to her—somewhat of the girl's wilfulness. Prince Berthold's noble offer flattered her fancy and soothed her pride, for Youth is more dazzled by grandeur than Age, which has learned its utter hollowness. And then, it was sweet to try how noble her pale, earnest servitor *could* be! What living being thus enforced, would not have wavered? The victory had been nothing without the struggle. And Colombe *did* waver for an hour. But there *was* victory; and after having fathomed to its most secret depths one of the truest and noblest hearts which ever God created—finding at every touch, a new and answering fountain of high thoughts and unselfish purposes up-springing in her own—Colombe, the Duchess, ended her birth-day by choosing the better part—yielding up empty power, and embracing Life with its duties, Love with its rewards. Prince Berthold went his way, leaving a "black Barnabite" behind him as viceroy, to enforce from the courtiers the duty they were in such agonies to tender—and the Advocate returned to Cleves, with a fond and fair lady.

The closing act of this beautiful drama, rich in the loftiest poetry, could have been dwelt and drawn upon, to the pleasure of every one: most of all my own. But enough has been said to indicate—and that is the purpose of these poor sketches. There is small hope of any one's progress in appreciating poetry, if, after having made the slight effort which Mr. Browning's style demands, he, who has began "Colombe's Birthday," can lay it down till the play be played out and the curtain has fallen. I repeat, that if it be too fine for the stage, the fault is that our actors are too coarse, not that our audiences are incapable of relishing fancies so "chaste and noble."

THE STORY OF A PENNY.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

That money is the base of respectability, and the great engine for achieving happiness, were paramount impressions on the mind of Charles Warrender, when, as a young mercantile speculator, he entered life; to a worldly education, and the influence of mercenary home precepts and example, he owed these impressions, which, like most derived from that source, and imprinted at the dawning time of life, are received without examination, and acted upon without reflection. An early marriage had surrounded him with a family, and in thus giving hostages to fortune he added spurs to his passion for gain. Day after day he plodded into the city; night after night he wended his way home with anticipations of fortune and projects for its realisation fermenting his brain. A pleasant unpretending suburban residence, with all the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life, to which a gentle agreeable wife and blooming children gave a thousand charms, almost vainly solicited a heart resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than the golden lure which dazzles the multitude and those glittering distinctions to which they defer.

It rarely happens that industry, determination, and perseverance, fail entirely of their object. a few years and incessant toil and anxiety effected some success; he saw incipient fortune rising round him; that which had been so long looming in the distance was drawing gradually near; he began to feel a growing importance; he occupied a large house richly furnished, he commanded a suitable number of servants, his wife moved amid a wealthy circle, was adorned by the costly fabrics of the looms of fashion, and she and his children enjoyed all that "attendance and observance" which opulence so easily commands. Yet even now he did not pause in his career—there was a vista beyond to which he still pressed forward. The avarice of gain, the ambition of ostentation, grew by what they fed on. Speculations, like spectres, haunted his path, scarcely standing in abeyance during the hours of domestic enjoyment, or amid the societary splendour in which he loved to indulge; for he continually called crowds to his brilliant drawing-rooms, feeling thence at once the gratification of displaying present opulence, and, by keeping up and extending congenial connections, strengthening the schemes that were to enlarge his resources. Still he would promise himself, still more he would promise his wife, (a being of a milder character and more moderate ambition), that he would bound his aims; that there was a point, which, once attained, should find him satisfied; that he would then seek in love, leisure, and social friends, the bright fruits—the real rewards of all his toils and tortures in the pursuit of wealth and station.

Circumstances at length introduced him to a coadjutor—a man plausible and prepossessing, whose intimate knowledge of human nature and extensive experience of the world, gave him the

key to Warrender's character, and very soon complete command over his mind. To meet a being who thinks with us, adds intensity to our opinions; to meet one who will act with us, gives acceleration to all our movements. Warrender had hitherto pressed forward in the race of fortune with sufficient ardour, but now, under the stimulus presented by the new prompter and promoter of his views, he hurried on with dangerous rapidity. He was becoming fast infected by that common insanity which mistakes the means for the end, when he received a sudden check. There is a fable which will briefly and aptly illustrate his position: we will adopt it for the purpose. A goat and a fox, under peculiar circumstances, got into a pit from which they found it impossible to emerge; at length the latter proposed that the goat should allow him to mount upon his head, and that having thus secured the means of escape for himself he would in turn assist his friend. The goat consented; Reynard got out of the pit, but forgot his partner and deliverer, leaving him to bewail the common error of deficient forethought and an unfortunate faith in a selfish ungrateful animal. In short, Warrender lost his friend and found himself in the *Gazette*. These unlooked-for events acted upon him with a stunning effect, but the pungent circumstances by which he was surrounded, recalled him to feeling and reflection. His family, flung from the pinnacle on which he had sought, and, for a time, succeeded in placing them, inflicted deep pangs upon his spirit; with an anxious eye he looked forth from the wreck for some friendly bark to come and assist him to save them—none such appeared. Of the many who had drank champagne at his dinner-table, none came to partake of his cup of affliction; those who had danced at his balls, assembled at his *soirees*, lounged about his lawn when he gave birthday-breakfasts and picnic-parties, were far too busy at similar scenes elsewhere, to think of him and his in their reverse of fortune. He might have felt all this less bitterly had he considered what it was that in the days of his prosperity he had sought—just that which he had found—the hollow display and cold glitter which pays ostentatious vanity and ambition with the semblance of friendship. But his hour of self-examination and moral conviction was not come, and in awarding blame we seldom turn first to where it is in general most merited — ourselves. His sufferings made him severe in his strictures; the subversion of the long-cherished dreams and arduous endeavours of past years threw his mind from its balance, and rendered him insensible to the good that yet clung to him — personal liberty and the love of one devoted heart. As Mrs. Warrender had never felt an excessive exultation in their prosperity, she did not sink unduly in the hour of their adversity; yet a thousand fears more dreadful than any that mere poverty could inflict, possessed her heart. She trembled lest despair should precipitate her husband into some measure of desperation. When he left her a coroding anxiety preyed upon her spirit, and when he returned to her the joy of beholding him again almost neutralised the pressing sorrows of her position.

One evening Warrender had gone forth in a mood of more than usual melancholy; dissatisfaction with himself and disgust with the world imbued his feelings with bitterness and invested his thoughts with gloom. He bent his steps to Waterloo Bridge, where the comparative solitude and silence favoured his disposition to meditation. He paused to gaze upon the scene, once pregnant for him with far other thoughts than those it now engendered, and as some wild impulses rose upon his spirit he hurried on again to banish them. It is doubtful how far he might have been successful had not his attention been arrested and the current of his feelings changed by hearing a violent altercation as he approached the toll-bar. A gentleman sought to pass, but having no coin less than a sovereign, the toll-collector, who could not give him change, was opposing his way. "Permit me" said Warrender, who was remarkable for a ready and courteous address, "to settle this little difficulty," and as he spoke he put the penny into the toll-keeper's hand, and at the same moment both parties passed on. The stranger, now free to pursue his course, turned to Warrender, exclaiming, "you have done me a great service. I have a very important engagement, which but for your timely appearance I could not keep. I thank you heartily. Here is my card. I shall be glad to be allowed an opportunity to acknowledge your courtesy." Bows were exchanged, and they parted. Warrender put the card in his waistcoat pocket and walked on.

There was nothing in this little adventure that would have awakened him, whilst in his former position, or in a healthy state of mind, to more than a passing thought for the moment, but depressed by despondency, and shunning old associates, he immediately caught, as a drowning man is said to do at a straw, the new direction into which his thoughts had been invited. Again and again he took out the card and looked at it, and reviewed the circumstances which had placed it in his possession. A few evenings after the event, as his thoughts again dwelt upon it, he suddenly resolved to call upon the stranger, and very soon after found himself standing before his door. To the inquiry as to his name, when his summons was answered, he replied, "my name is of no consequence; tell your master that one of his creditors wants to see him." The servant hesitated, looked surprised, and declined to take the message till it was accompanied by one of Warrender's cards. In a few minutes the man returned and said that there must be some mistake, that his master had no creditors, and did not know the name on the card. "Present my compliments," said Warrender, "and tell your master I am *not* mistaken, but that I am in no hurry and will wait his convenience for the satisfaction of an interview." A quick decisive step was soon heard along the hall, and a gentleman with displeased inquiry in his aspect appeared, demanding the object of his visit, and declaring that he did not know him. Warrender smiled as he said "What! then you have forgotten the man who purchased your liberty when you were kept prisoner on the surrey side of Waterloo Bridge?" "God bless my soul! I remember you perfectly—pray come this way;" saying which, he ushered Warrender into a handsome dining-room. Dinner was over, but the wine was still upon the table: fresh glasses were ordered, and Warrender soon found himself embarked on the tide of a pleasant conversation, in which, under the effect of the stimulants presented, he bore no inconsiderable part. Mr. Staunton, his host, was struck by his happy address and powers of mind, and, by the potent influence of sympathy, soon engaged Warrender in a development of his past history and present affairs. The result of this interview to the unfortunate speculator was gaining a friend, one highly calculated to restore his feelings to healthy action, and direct his mind to higher and better views than it had hitherto enter-

tained. But Mr. Staunton was no mere theorist; as soon as he found the poverty into which Warrender and his family were sunk, he exerted himself to do them service, and ere very long had the satisfaction of placing his new friend in a respectable employment on the Birmingham railway with a moderate income; nor was that all, aided by the experience of the past, he succeeded in giving him more rational views as to the objects of happiness and the aspiration worthy to animate a rational being. The change from distress and anxiety to peace and comfort operated like a kind of magic on the once would-be-millionaire. The same man who used to measure his daily way in feverish dreams of speculative wealth and pompous parade, now dwelt with satisfaction on the surrender he had been compelled to make of vulgar vanities and their attendant struggles and mortifications, and the estimate he had learned to make of the real constituents of respectability and enjoyment.

Time flew round, and one morning as he sat at breakfast, the current of the events which had marked his life past in vivid review. He surveyed his home, in which the activity and economy of his wife had realised so much of graceful comfort —the nicely-kept parlour—the snowy table-cloth, with its array for the morning repast—the bright fire, with the kettle humming on the hob—Frank, his little son, installed upon his knee—the baby sprawling on the carpet, rearing its rosy face with a loving look of recognition at its mother, who, amid all her duties at the breakfast-table, had a large reserve of watchfulness for her nursling—and his breast heaved with the emotion that moved his heart. "You recollect, I see, Charles," said his wife, whose ready sympathy divined the course of his thoughts, "that this is one of our red-letter days — the anniversary of your meeting Mr. Staunton, and that we are to dine with him."

"I remember it," he replied, "and I wish I could make a sufficient record of all I owe to *you* and to him." Warrender drew her to his bosom, and kissed her tenderly. A few minutes after the omnibus which carried him every morning into the city stopped at the door, Emily Warrender, with her babe in her arms, and her boy by her side, stood at the window to watch his departure with feelings of devout gratitude at the moral change which change of fortune had effected in his character. Swiftly flew the day, for it was a busy one; but at the appointed hour, Warrender, and his wife and children, assembled at Mr. Staunton's. Neatness and simplicity marked their appearance; gentleness, cheerfulness, and good sense their bearing. The cloth drawn, the first toast was "Waterloo Bridge," when Warrender, animated by the present, and stimulated by the recollection of the past, turned to the company; but directing his eyes especially to his children, said—"Under the influence of an erroneous education, I entered life seeking enjoyment and happiness in selfish pleasure and splendour of position: in their best results, when success was at its culminating point, I found them powerless to satisfy my heart, and subversive of all the best attributes of my mind. In their loss (still under an ignorant estimate of their value), I experienced a frightful revulsion of feeling: I sunk, as I thought, to rise no more; but I *have* risen"—and his eyes beamed as they rested on Mr. Staunton. "I now enjoy friendship, affection, competence, and, for the first time, independence—independence of external circumstances, of class opinions. In the comparatively humble sphere I now occupy, I am rich in the wealth of moral association: the strain which broke other bonds, have only tightened those of real love and true friendship. The secret of happiness is to limit our individual wants, extend our moral sympathy, and strengthen our religious feelings and intellectual powers. I have arrived not merely at the conviction of these facts, but at their practice; and may hold myself to be an exemplification, though not in its usual sense, of the old adage—"A penny wise and a pound foolish."

Our Library.

LABOUR'S WRONGS AND LABOUR'S REMEDY;

OR, THE AGE OF MIGHT AND THE AGE OF RIGHT.

By J. F. Bray.*

This little volume, which appears to have been sent to us in consequence of Mr. Howitt's "Letters on Labour," and which, so far as labour is concerned, advocates partly the same doctrine, is a work by one of the people themselves, and should be read by every man who is interested in the people's cause. It is long since we read a work which displays so vigorous, great, and cogent a reasoning power. The logic of the author is the weapon of a master; the style is bold yet temperate, clear and comprehensive. Had the writer issued from the middle classes, and advocated the conventional philosophy of the day, he would have been pronounced at once a great philosopher, and have been quoted as infallible authority. As it is, if his fellow workmen do their duty by him, as he has done his by them, he will become universally read, and will every day exert a more decided influence on that current of progression which is now setting in so strongly. There is nothing which is so full of assurance of the future position of the masses, as seeing such works as the present issuing from their midst.

Before giving further account of the work itself, let us give a brief one of the author, furnished to us by a competent authority, and full of instruction.

John Francis Bray, author of "Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy," was born in the year 1810, in the United States, of English parents; his father brought him to England in 1821, and soon after died. John, now an orphan, henceforth resided with his aunt in Leeds. In 1824, he was put apprentice to a printer at Pontefract; his master failed; John was released; but afterwards served out his time at Selby. In the office at Selby was a man of original mind of the name of Dodsworth, a brother to Dr. Dodsworth of Leeds; this man taught young Bray to think. Dodsworth was zealous not only in teaching Bray all that he could concerning his trade, but also to instil into his mind his own notions of right. If they were such as John Bray has since enunciated, they must have been most sound and excellent. No doubt he saw that he was casting his seed into the right soil, and thus it is that men whose names never appear on the surface of the world's doings, are often busy at the very roots of the world, preparing the instruments and developments of the next generation. John Bray became an earnest and profound thinker for his age.

His apprenticeship expiring in 1831, he made a ramble through the country, after the fashion of the German journeymen, in order to see something of the world. In 1833, he was employed on an unstamped periodical at Huddersfield, called "The Voice of the West Riding," and it was at

* Published by David Green, Briggate, Leeds.

this time that he conceived the idea of writng a work on labour and capital. He wrote papers on this subject in the newspapers, which were well received, and after spending some time in York, he returned to Leeds. He soon after took an active part in forming "The Leeds Working Man's Associatien." In this association, he delivered a set of lectures on his favourite subject, Labour and Capital, which met with the warmest approbation. He now resolved to write his book, which being completed, it was published by Mr. David Green. This effected, he made a trip of a few weeks to Paris, and then prepared to quit England for America. There he worked at Boston, at his trade, living at the house of his brother, who is a respectable store-keeper there. He worked also at other places; and saving some money purchased a farm, and was joined in the cultivation of it by another brother. In order, however, the sooner to redeem the whole, he again let his farm, and worked at his trade. We hear that he has now saved the sum wanted, and has sate down on his own little estate with his wife.

Such is the history of a working man, who, having equal ability in trade, and with his pen, has secured by the age of 36, a comfortable property, and made the world his debtor for an excellent book. It is another proof what a working man may do by resolution, industry, and sobriety. One great secret of John Bray's success, lies in the expression of one who knows him well,—"Ay, John Bray was always economical and opposed to drinking habits."

The work of Mr. Bray deals, first with fundamental principles, and then, taking up the doctrines of the political economists, shows most forcibly how those doctrines have been perverted or glossed over in order to favour the present unequal condition of society. The scope and bearing of the work may be pretty well imagined by the heading of several of its chapters. The Wrongs of Man, and their Origin; The Conditions requisite for Individual and National Prosperity; The Consequences of neglecting First Principles; The Government Burthens of the Working Classes of the United Kingdom; The Social Burthens of the same Classes; The inutility of the Remedies at Present contended for, The Requisites of a Social System; The Difficulties attendant on a Change of System; The Nature and Uses of Money; An outline of a Social Movement, &c.

To give a comprehensive account of Mr. Bray's work, would far exceed our space. Every man anxious to see the rights of labour, and of the great class which live by it, clearly understood and gradually asserted for the good of the whole community should read this little book. Its great text is adhere to first principles, and it most ably demonstrates all the evils which have flowed from the neglect of this practice. We should find it difficult to point out one chapter more important than another, for every one is full of the most important matter. We would have every one particularly read that on banking; but we must make only a single extract, and we take it from the chapter in which he deals with the economists. Having shown that their whole fabric is built on three principles or laws, viz. :—

1. There shall be labour.
2. There shall be accumulations of former labour and capital.
3. There shall be exchanges :—

he then shows that as labour is the basis of all capital; and as exchanges mean barter of things of *equal* value, it is impossible that the capital accumulated in the world could be in other hands than those which labour, except unfair exchanges had been made.

"Those three conditions, be it remembered, are those laid down by the economists. Had these conditions been fulfilled by men, as they ought to have been, there would now be no occasion for forming associations to obtain political rights, or trades' unions to protect the employed from the merciless exactions of the employers. But these conditions have been neglected, or only partially observed, and the present condition of the working-man and society at large is the consequence.

"From the very nature of labour and exchange, strict justice not only requires that all exchangers should be *mutually*, but that they should likewise be *equally* benefitted. Men have only two things which they can exchange with each other, namely, labour, and the produce of labour; therefore, let them exchange as they will, they merely give, as it were, labour for labour. If a just system of exchanges were acted upon, the value of all articles would be determined by the entire cost of production; *and equal values should always exchange for equal values.* If, for instance, it take a hatter one day to make a hat, and a shoemaker the same time to make a pair of shoes—supposing the material used by each to be of the same value—and they exchange those articles with each other, they are not only materially but equally benefitted: the advantage derived by either party cannot be a disadvantage to the other, as each has given the same amount of labour, and the materials are of equal value. But if the hatter should obtain *two* pair of shoes for *one* hat—time and value of material being as before—the exchange would clearly be an unjust one. The hatter would defraud the shoemaker of one day's labour; and were the former to act thus in all his exchanges, he would receive for the labour of *half a year*, the product of some other person's *whole year;* therefore, the gain of the first would necessarily be a loss to the last.

"We have heretofore acted on no other than this most unjust system of exchanges—the workman having given the capitalist a whole years' labour in exchange for the value of only half a year—and from this, and not from the assumed inequality of bodily and mental powers in individuals, has arisen the inequality of wealth and power which at present exists around us. It is an inevitable condition of inequality of exchanges — of buying at one price and selling at another, that capitalists shall continue to be capitalists, and working men to be working men to eternity. By *equality* of exchanges, however, no able-bodied individual can exist, as thousands now do, unless he fulfil that condition of the economist, 'that there shall be labour,' nor can we class appropriately the produce of the labour of another class, as the capitalists now appropriate and enjoy the wealth which the powers of the working man daily call into existence. It is inequality of exchange which enables one class to live in luxury and idleness, and dooms another to incessant toil."

As has lately been explained in the "Letters on Labour," it is because the working classes were, till lately, too ill-informed of their rights or of the great principles of social life, that they have not been able to secure the fair exchange of their labour. This state of things is fast passing away. Intelligence amongst employed as amongst employers will produce its natural fruits. There will be a more equal exercise of the faculties of business, which will secure justice to all parties. If the workers will qualify themselves to promote this better condition of things, let them diligently study *this political economist of their own order*—this Adam Smith of the producing class.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

By Elizabeth Piddocke Roberts.

This is a pleasing volume, and evinces much good feeling and considerable descriptive power. The authoress is evidently an admirer, not to say imitator, of Eliza Cook. As a favourable specimen of the whole, we give the following graphic sketch of

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

How loud the pond'rous hammer rings,
How swift the bright sparks fly,
As to the bellows' heavy groan
With the smith his stout arms ply!

* Darton & Clarke. 1 vol.

Though glad and loud may be the strokes
With which his anvil rings,
Yet as loud and glad the simple notes
Which echo as he sings.
Oh! dismal may the evening be
When for cheery thoughts we stop,
And listen to to the clanging din
That fills the blacksmith's shop.

'Twas the nursing home of scandal,
At the corner of our street;
And ever 'neath its dingy walls,
The gossips used to meet:
'Twas there the village idlers
Were certain to be found;
And there the loud and merry laugh
In boisterous fun went round;
And many likely tales were framed
As, by accident, they'd stop
To catch the news that ne'er was scant
Within the blacksmith's shop.

'Twas he, the smith, who practised
As a dentist there in truth,
Wrenching with iron hand and tool
The luckless aching tooth;
Such exploit would the bumpkins' heads
With wild amazement fill,
In wonder that an unlearned man
Could boast such doctor's skill;
While many a woful visage there
For sure relief would stop
Beneath the blackened roof which rose
Above the blacksmith's shop.

There long, in loud prosperity,
May that stout anvil ring;
And long as light of heart may he,
Its stalwart owner, sing:
For I love to hear the hammer's clang—
To see the bright sparks fly
In ruddy columns through the gloom
Of a December's sky,
As, mid the dreary evening's gloom,
For cheery thoughts we stop,
And find them in the boisterous warmth
That fills the blacksmith's shop.

THE ROBBER BAND AT TUSCULUM;

OR,

LUCIAN BUONAPARTE'S ESCAPE.

(From the Swedish of Nieander.)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

(Completed from page 97.)

"So! now begin you again to please me," said the bandit chief. "Wine, says Solomon, gladdens the heart of man, or some other old wise man of renown; but I say, that he who cannot, were it in the very moment of death, empty a good glass of wine when it is offered, is not worthy to tread the ground where the grape grows. Yet," added he, and again poured wine into his glass, and tossed its contents into the bushes, "we can love and enjoy so charming a gift of God without being drunkards. *Capo di Bacco!* how would it go with me and my whole troop, whom I guide and govern with my nod and my word, if I were a drunkard? Clear head, open eyes, and active limbs, are for my position and my fortune equally necessary, as the girl that I love, the air that I breathe, and the food that I partake."

Here Morlucchi drank another glass, and continued—"Formerly, when I was younger, and lived happy days in my father's house in Narni, without strife or care, and without any desire but that of my Flavia's love, then was my mind much weaker than now. Then could I, like you, shed tears of joy at the sight of a beautiful landscape, or of sorrow over a lamb or a goat, which my father's herdsman lost in the wood. But fate, which rules our affairs, found probably that this weakly, pensively-weeping life, did not befit Sertorio Morlucchi, and ordained it in his wisdom that I, one evening, struck down with my dagger a young noble, who like me, but with baser views, burned for Flavia, Narni's sweetest flower. Then was it no longer good to linger in my father's house and my father's city. So I took to the mountains, and in this country I have already ruled two years; yes, to-morrow, exactly to-morrow, is completed the second year of my freedom. For six months I have been the happiest of mortals; for so strong was Flavia's love, so victorious over all doubts and fears, that she followed me hither into my new kingdom. My old pious father is dead, and they say that my mother weeps herself blind over her lost son, but I know that she has been nerve-sick these eight years, and in that case the old lady can get the cataract into the bargain. But she lives comfortably on my property in her old age, and I shall love her till the grave takes her away from me, and longer.

"My power is not confined to this little troop which you see around me here. I am the captain of many bands, which spread themselves from Gobbio in the Appenines to Cosenza in Calabria, and obey my commands. The celebrated hero and detester of the French, *Stefano Spatolino*, who occasioned General Miollis and all your countrymen so much trouble, made, with his astonishing deeds, a deep impression on my mind from the earliest years of childhood. It cut me to the heart that such a man should fall by the bullets of French executioners before the Temple of Vesta; but many who followed him now follow me, and numbers besides, Signor Painter!"—here Morlucchi drank again—"As often as I, watchful and full of courage, wander through these glorious woods and mountains, and now, when I look forth on all this wide expanse, bounded only by the great sea, then I think—this is mine—mine. I am the lord of this country—am mightier and happier than the crowned priest there below, who slumbers or broods over his plots and manœuvres under the laurels and cypresses of the Quirinal; the old despot whose mandate is for me as the wind which roars past, or powerless blaze of lightning in the clouds of the far horizon. But see! there is a man called Cardinal Consalvi; for him I would go through burning furnaces of brimstone, although he does call me a weed in the state, and perhaps would send a ball or two through my temples if his trackers should have the luck to seize me—and all for the sake of love to the fatherland. Never mind! I am glad to-day, and let fate provide for the days to come."

As the robber thus talked, continually growing more elevated with his transport and the vapours of the wine, Chatillon fixed at one moment an admiring and reproachful glance on the speaker's countenance, and he was silent, as if he hoped to hear a word out of the mouth of his hitherto dumb listener. But when Chatillon continued silent, he resumed more slowly and with a sort of solemnity—"It is true, Signor! I know it well, that I have done much wrong in my time, but I have likewise done much good. More than one useless thread of life have I cut asunder; many a rich man have I relieved from a cumbrous burden; to many a one oppressed by the law, have I, the lawless, done justice; to the hungry I have dealt out bread and wine, and I have wiped many a sufferer's tears; I have adored the Madonna and the saints with rich gifts, and I have loved my Flavia. Signor! Will you take Flavia's portrait? But no! you shall not do it. I will scarcely allow you to see her. I know you artists. It would be much

better for our lovely little fools if it were not for such numbers of foreign artists. But enough of this. Never mind, sir, I am not so wild and grim as people think, perhaps; not so severe as I ought to be. I am better than many a canting idiot who never in his life crushed a caterpillar. And who is the man, even if he be in his own opinion the most virtuous of mortals, who shall dare to reckon up all his thoughts, words and actions, and then say at the confessional or before God—'Behold, how pure I am?'"

"No, Signor! that can no man do. He is what he is, and it cannot be helped, if, in the exercise of his free-will, and carried forward by his strength, he upsets some of the way-marks and the scarecrows upon life's path, which the Jesuits have raised to terrify children with. It is only for the cowardly and awkward wretch that the present life is, and the next becomes, a misty and miserable hell. See, there you have in a few words my history and my creed."

The robber now assured himself that he had said enough to inspire the painter with a proper respect, or to excite him to a correspondent familiarity. He stretched himself out on the ground carelessly, pulled his shaggy hat over his face, as a screen against the sun, which, silently descending, darted its hot beams between the trees' thickest boughs. He then laid his arms beneath his head, as if he meant to sleep, or by his pretended sleep to put his prisoner into a state of self-security, and to see what he would do if left to himself.

Without doubt there darted many a time through the painter's brain, like a warm flash of lightning, the thought that he ought, win or lose, with one hasty leap to fling himself over the declivity, and then amid the snows and thickets to seek his escape, for never is the captive's love of life greater than when he is led out of the gloomy dungeon, and catches a view of the wild face of free nature. But also as rapidly as the lightning-flash is extinguished, died again this thought in its birth. The hope of Cenzo's return, and the fear lest by a premature step he might rob Prince Lucian of his money, and himself of his life, chained him to the spot. His eyes rested fixedly on the sun-burnt Campagna below, on the lofty cypresses round the convent of Grotta Ferrata, on the scattered ancient tombs, on the far-stretching aqueducts, with their arcades vanishing within the walls of Rome, and on the glittering strata of clouds which in the western horizon piled themselves over the sun like a chain of radiant Alps. Not a breath of air stirred, there was now one general voluptuous siesta. All was hushed and reposing, fragrant and languishing. The spirit of the emptied wine-glass fluttered and played in Chatillon's brain. His eyes were closed, and his circling thoughts were speedily entangled in a web of fantastic dreams.

When he awoke, the sun was already gone down behind the light chain of clouds, and transfixed it with a shifting play of colours. A clear rosy radiance lay over the landscape, and the leaves were softly lifted by the warm evening breeze. Morlucchi stood beside Chatillon with a gloomy solemnity in his countenance. He lifted frequently a small spying-glass to his eye, as to explore the country, and after every fruitless attempt to discover what he wanted, he knit his brows, so that they almost wholly concealed his deep eyes.

"You have slept long," said he, at length, with a downward glance at Chatillon, who was now quite awake.

"Yes!" answered he, "I dreamed that I went in my sleep over a high and long heath, and a light form went by my side, and said—'Take care that you do not wake, or you will fall into a dark gulph.'"

"Cenzo does not come, and the sun will immediately set," said the robber.

"And that means," added the painter, "that I shall soon sleep the last sleep."

There rustled something in a lofty tree near them, and the boughs of the tree moved. A large eagle floated with powerful pinions forth into the wide space. Morlucchi snatched a pistol from his belt, took aim, and fired, but the proud sailor of the air swept aloft, made some beautiful circles in the blue heaven, soared on tranquil wings higher and higher, and disappeared in the sky.

Morlucchi bit his lip and was silent. His cheeks became red as blood. He soon afterwards whistled three times. Two of his band stood in an instant before him, to whom he said—"Conduct the prisoner to the cave; let him remain undisturbed to make his peace with God. If Cenzo be not here when the bell rings for Ave-Mary in the convent, he must die. This is my will. And to Chatillon he said, "It grieves me; but so commands our law, and I cannot do otherwise."

As Chatillon, between the two bandits, slowly descended the stony path towards the cave, he was met by the handsome boy, who came with a basket on his arm to collect the remains of the meal. The boy turned up his large tearful eyes, stole to Chatillon's side, and whispered in his ear—"Pray for me when thou comest into Paradise," and then hastened on.

Returned into the cavern, the painter seated himself on his straw bed, and calmed as much as possible his soul, depressed with anguish and contending with the terrors of death. Several of the robber-troop were within, but they kept themselves quiet and at a distance; but their whisperings fell more loudly on the prisoner's ear than their loud murmur of the preceding night. The minutes went heavily and slowly; every crack or noise awoke an involuntary shudder in Chatillon's vitals, and a bitter division between hope and fear; for it might be Morlucchi who came to announce his death, and it might also be Cenzo who came to save his life. Then heard he one of the banditti say, Ghecco! dost thou hear the bell? It rings Ave-Mary;" and as he said this, they fell on their knees, clasped their hands, and murmured, as with one voice, "*Ave-Maria! Ave-Maria! Santa Madonna! Ora pro nobis!*"

Then streamed a flood of the evening's rosy light from the interior of the cave, and Morlucchi stood in the light, which as quickly vanished again, as the door was closed through which he issued.

"It is certain," said he, "that Cenzo is taken: we are betrayed. If Lucian places no higher value on the painter's life, why should I value it more? And Cenzo! my faithful Cenzo is worth more than the life of the painter and all his tribe. Ghecco! lead the painter out; give him his exit, and God be merciful to him."

Chatillon sprung up from his feet, cast a look on the two servants who silently wept in the corner, advanced, and said—"Here I am! Do with me what thou wilt? My sufferings will speedily be over, but out of my innocent blood shall spring a tormentor for thee that thou canst not murder!"

Ghecco bound his hands, and the wild troop collected round their prey. But behold! once more gleamed a light from the secret vault, and the lovely female, who on the former night had appeared like an apparition to the painter's eyes,

sprung, pale but lovely as a Magdalene of Guido, forward to the immoveable robber-chief, embraced his knees, and with a moving voice exclaimed—"Carlo! Carlo! thou shalt not kill him. Ah, no! spare us this innocent blood! at least, kill him not at this moment, when the whole earth, at the sound of the bell, prays to heaven for a still and happy night!" And as the door was opened through which the prisoner should be led to his death, the last sounds were heard of the Ave-Mary bell from the convent in the valley.

There followed a long and deep silence; and all stood as if changed to stone by a supernatural power. The lovely Flavia seemed glorified in the inbursting evening splendour. Morlucchi stooped, raised the beloved form, and held her long to his bosom. He then said—"The time is out, my Flavia! Our safety depends on the death of the prisoner, and our hasty flight, but we will wait another hour!"

A murmur arose amongst the bandits awakened out of their momentary stupor. One of them went out, but the rest awaited the further commands of the chief. Chatillon, bound and devoted to death, but with perfect self-possession and a calm look, turned and said—"Madam! I am weary of life, and with the living I have nothing further to do; but for thee will I put up my last prayer!". And some tears gushed from his eyes.

"Signor Capitano! Cenzo is here!" cried now the in rushing robber. "Cenzo is here! I hear the sound of Rosso's gallop!"

Flavia uttered a cry of joy, and Chatillon's two fellow-prisoners darted up from their straw beds, in the full transporting conviction that they should quickly set out on their return. At a sign from the chief, and at his exclamation, "Cenzo or traitors!" the whole troop stood in arms, and betook themselves to their several posts, to defend the community or to fall with honour. But it was Cenzo in his own person, and no other. Rosso snorted in front of the cave and shook his trappings, while his rider entered the grotto, and advanced to Morlucchi, who stood yet with Flavia at his side, apart in the cavern, and he greeted the leader at once with familiarity and respect. Morlucchi gave him a stern look, and said, "Cenzo! thou wert long away. Hast thou the ransom!"

"Yes, Signor Capitano! the ransom is yours!" replied Cenzo. "Two of the Prince's people wait at the skirt of the wood by the well, to pay over four hundred good and full-weighted piastres on receipt of the painter. I have been long away, but not dallying. Think only, Captain, Lucian was absent when I arrived in the night at Ruffinella. Away had he sped, with his heart in his mouth, to Rome, or heaven knows whither, to set the bands of all the so-called officers of justice in motion, and to remain in the most sound security. Humph! the letter was read by the Maggiordomo. Then posted the man, like a flash of lightning, down to Frascati; moved heaven and earth—and wait, wait, must I: but no one touched a hair of me. I thought the fellow would remain in Frascati to all eternity. At length he returned. Prince *Santa Croce* (God bless him for his Christian name) laid down the ransom for Lucian; I took the [illegible] me and rode away. But when I heard the [illegible] the Ave in Rome, and in Frascati, and in Marino, I thought my heart would burst. Here I am, however. If the painter live yet, it is well; give me then a draught of wine, Capitano! If he be already in the other world, then send a bullet through my head, and that promptly!"

"My lucky star has prevailed," said Morlucchi, "Cenzo! the painter lives, as thou seest. Thou art worthy of thy reward, and thou shalt have it."

"Signor Giattalino, or Schiattaleme, give me your hand!"

Chatillon, like one dreaming of death and blood, and daggers and bullets, stretched towards Morlucchi both his hands, for they were bound together. Smiling, Morlucchi loosed them himself, and then said—"Let all be good between us! You are a noble man, go in peace; but when you hereafter relate to your listening friends your adventure with the grim mountain-chief, Morlucchi, and they are horrified and cross themselves, then tell them, in conclusion—'He is hard and wild occasionally, but he is better than his fate.' If any fall into my hands who are your friends, and mention your name, it shall have the weight of a ransom. Farewell!"

With joy over his repurchased life and his freedom, but not without a certain emotion, Chatillon, followed by his companions in trouble, quitted the powerful bandit's retreat. When he looked back at the door, he sought the presence of Flavia, to utter a grateful word, or at least once more to take a parting glance at that enchanting form which had been his guardian angel. But Flavia had vanished.

In the bright moonlight, the liberated party was conducted by three of the bandit-troop to the appointed place, and exchanged for the ransom-money. The bandits returned with the gold to their cave, but Chatillon now mounted the horse brought for him, and trotted homewards in better company and with a lighter heart than he came. Before night they arrived at the villa; he entered his room and his bed, where his soul, weary and yet tossed on a swell of conflicting emotions, only towards morning sunk into a refreshing rest.

The wonderful affair spread rapidly from mouth to mouth in Frascati, and thence far around through the whole Roman territory. Carbineers, for many successive days, traversed the whole country, and explored every hiding-place in the wood of Arianna, and the mountain district of Albano, but in vain. Not a trace of the terrific band was to be found. Prince Lucian abandoned his beautiful villa from this time. He sold it to a Marchioness Chambeiet, on whose death it fell by will to the King of Sardinia.

The grim bandit-chief, report says, has withdrawn himself to the mountains of Calabria, and is equally powerful and impossible to be taken as formerly. But there circulates also another report—that with his Flavia he took ship for one of the Greek isles, where he reposes amid his bloody laurels, on the beloved bosom. But many a Roman whispers a good friend in the ear, that Morlucchi took the advice of Cardinal Consalvi, dissolved his robber-band, and lives in retirement and peace on an estate near Macerata, with his wife Flavia, and their child. It is certain that he never fell into the hands of justice, although the portrait which he himself had sent to Villa Ruffinella, in numberless impressions was posted up in city and village, on all walls and church-doors; accompanied by the apostolic government's fatherly exhortation to seize and secure, wherever he should be found, the hardened disturber of the public peace.

Still and peaceful is Tusculum again, and all the country of which Morlucchi was the terror. Its Elysian beauty blooms now chiefly for the antiquity-loving traveller, the honest countryman, and the innocent nightingales, which morning and evening, sing unmolested in the deep groves, their joyous hymns to nature.

The People's Picture Gallery.



FAUST PERCEIVING MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By Ary Scheffer.

Holidays for the People.

HARVEST-HOME.

By William Howitt.

In the old agricultural times pleasure gave way to business, and summer being the bustling season, the holidays of the people were fewer at that period. With the exception of the summer solstice, or feast of St. John, which corresponds to the ancient festival of Baal, when fires were lit on the mountain tops, and the people danced round them, there was scarcely a holiday of any account till harvest was in. Then broke forth the great holiday, not of saints but of nature, when the heart in its gladness at the bounty of Providence, and at that bounty all secured from the elements, all laid up for enjoyment, spoke out in songs and shouts all the country over, and young feet merrily answered it in music. Many a brave old harvest-home has there been held in brave old England. Master and man, youth and maiden, every creature which had laboured in the scorching sun to cut down and bring in, now assembled to the common feast. The last load has been brought home covered with boughs, and attended by all the ceremonies which ages had prescribed. Many are the traces of the antiquity of this feast of Ceres, which have lingered to a late time, and which he who would know may find recorded in Brande. The last handful of corn, called the Maiden, has been cut from the field, the harvest queen, that representative of mother Ceres, has been dressed in wonted gaiety; the cross of woven wheat-ears has been suspended with reverence from the farmer's ceiling, and "hockie! hockie!" has resounded round the cart bearing home the last load, with bagpipes playing, and youths and maidens dancing. And now the hour of household joy is come. The old farmhouse presents its lowly porch, through the open sides of which, roses and jasmines peep and nod to the blithe incomers. In the stables, the stout horses who bore the corn all home, have their mangers heaped with plenteous oats, for the waggoner remembers all their good deeds, and would scorn to eat his plum-pudding if he could not think that they too are having their well-merited feast.

In the low and shady house-place, or great sitting-room of the farm-house, the huge and sturdy table is spread for a large company and a large repast, and in drop by twos and threes all the hands that made "rid work" in the corn-fields. Old men who have seen many such a sight, young men who hope to see many such; maidens sweet as the jasmines that nodded to them in the porch, and blushing crimson as the roses that they plucked, are seating themselves at the master's hearty bidding.

> Here once a-year distinction lowers its crest,
> The master, servant, and the merry guest,
> Are equal all; and round the happy ring
> The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
> And, warmed with gratitude, he quits his place
> With sunburnt hands, and ale-enlivened face,
> Refills the jug his honoured host to tend,
> To serve at once the master and the friend;
> Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
> His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
> Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
> When pride gave place to mirth without a sting.

But stop. There is a sort of fatality which attends our rejoicings and our quotations. The picture is beautiful, but when we contemplate it, we find a part of it torn away. It is a fragment. The present is always wanting to the happy scene. The poet Bloomfield, whose lines we have been reciting, goes on, and he knows well what he is saying—

> Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
> To violate the feelings of the poor;
> To leave them distanced in the maddening race,
> Where'er refinement shows his hated face:
> Nor causeless hated;—'tis the peasant's curse,
> That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
> Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
> That rank to rank cements, and man to man:
> Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns;
> Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Too true! Yet even Bloomfield tells us how common such things once were in England. How the jolly old farmer and his kind motherly wife sate down with all his harvest band, and

> Though not one jelly trembled on the board,
> Yet Plenty reigned, and from his boundless hoard
> Supplied the feast with all that sense could crave,
> With all that made our great forefathers brave,
> Ere the cloyed palate countless flavours tried,
> And cooks had Nature's judgments set aside.
> With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore
> The mansion echoed.

Thus it was for hundreds of years. There is a satisfaction in thinking of it. There is a pleasure in living in a land where men have been happy, and pious, and thankful. Ah! what is it that made England what it is but these good old plenteous times, which nerved the arm and fortified the heart with rich blood to do, to dare, to win, and enjoy. It was not by poor-laws and unions, and beef at a shilling a pound, and wages at seven shillings a week, that our power grew like a true British oak, and stretched its branches to every quarter of the globe. No; it was in these old, hospitable farm-houses, where

> ——The sound oak-table's massy frame
> Bestrode the kitchen-floor;

and simple and rejoicing souls sate round its roast-beef and plum-pudding, with the richest sauce in the universe—a hearty welcome! Here it was English vigour grew; here the Briton's manly nature was perfected. Here the lowly son of the plain still felt that he was a son and a brother, for he was treated with a brother's kindness. There has been a bitter winter since then. The blast of a frosty famine has swept across our fields, and the poor man knew no joy in the harvest home. Corn was taxed, and labour was taxed—there was that ugly caterpillar, taxation, gnawing the tree of life at both ends. As for corn—

> Once the happy cottaged poor
> Hailed it, as it gloomed their door,
> With a glad unselfish cry,
> Though they bought it bitterly.

But even that sharp time had gone by; they had "bought it bitterly," till they could buy it no longer, and they became bitter themselves. Rich men—rich, and full, and happy—had shut it out. The poor man abroad grew it, and would fain have sent it to the poor man in England, but the rich and the happy shut it out from the poor and the miserable. Ah! then was the harvest-home over to the poor! They had no harvest, and they had no home, save that which they would rather die than enter.

But Englishmen had for ages eaten the bread of joyous gladness, and its strength was still in them. They were not thus to be cooped up like rats in an empty corn-bin. They arose, and broke down the rich man's famine pallisades. Hurrah! there is again a harvest-home! Never was there such a

coming home of corn as there shall be now. To the four quarters of the earth the winds have born it, that the corn law is abolished. In America, in Egypt, in Poland, and Germany, it has sent a shock of gladness into millions of hearts. Corn is free! It seemed at the sound to wave and nod in billowy gladness on a thousand golden plains. From every plenteous shore it shall pour in upon the hungry man. To town and village, to country cottage and city den, it is the tidings of peace and plenty. The free-trade festivals in every part of England are the feasts of the great harvest-home of 1846! Honour to all the brave harvesters who have cut and carried, who have crowned the cart of plenty with the green boughs of rejoicing, and danced it home! Honour to Colonel Peyronet Thompson, with his catechism, which has been so bravely got by heart by so many thousands: honour to Ebenezer Elliott, with his rhymes sharp as Sheffield razors: honour to Richard Fryer, of Wolverhampton, the first man, stout old conservative as he is, who brought in a bill for the abolition of the corn-law: honour to Villiers, the man sent up by Richard Fryer: honour to the League, with its Cobden, Bright, Wilson, and the Fox with a fire-brand at his tail that burnt up, not the *corn*, but the *corn-bind*—a dreadful weed, as every farmer knows. Hurrah for every mouth which spoke, and every pen which wrote—and they are legion—to bring about the great harvest-home of 1846—the harvest-home of the world!

This is, in truth, a Holiday for the People! It is the first glorious step towards the rational old state of things when there was enough for every man and to spare; and there was nothing that we could spare so well as the corn laws! If ever there was an occasion when a whole nation should turn out and keep holiday, it is this; for the word is now spoken by ministerial lips—monopoly is a curse and must go down—free-trade is the life-blood of the constitution, and must live, grow, and become co-extensive with the earth.

The great battle of despotism is fought and won. If the country is not cleared of the old troops of the myrmidons, yet they have learned that they are not invincible. The popular power is confessed to be in the ascendant, and has only to go on in the dignity of strength demolishing and renovating. In order to know where we really are, we ought every now and then to cast a retrospective glance to the dark days of the Castlereagh dynasty, and then look around us on the cheerful face of present things. What a glorious, inspiriting contrast! Instead of the iron strength of government employed to crush, to starve, and to reduce us to a nation of serfs, the Men of the People are shouting on the mountain of success; and government paying homage to divine principles of freedom, progress, and kindly knowledge! It is the first grand harvest-home of the sheaves of a people's greatness. No bloody revolution, fraught with more miseries than Pandora's box; no triumph in which the groans of innocent victims are drowned in the frenzied uproar; but the beauteous scene of Truth, and Gentleness, and Moral Power preparing the feast of nations, and the reign of Mind.

Let the people, then, turn out, like the Teetotallers, with banner and with music; on village greens and in city areas, beneath the stately oaks of stately parks and on the breezy heath and hill, let them assemble to shake hands and mingle hearts in joy. Let the steamer sail, and the train run, to all pleasant places with all pleasant people. Let tents be spread, and the cheerful banquet within them, and let the dance and the merry game go on before them on the green. The temperance associations have approached nearer to the ideal of a popular festival than any other body yet. They are finding out the art to be glad and social, merry and wise. Such be the harvest-home of 1846—the prelude to a thousand others, each more free, refined, and hopeful than the rest.

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Sir—Many of the ideas which I put forth may perhaps not harmonise, fully at least, with yours, or with those more generally received. But in so important a cause as that for which we contend, any frankly-spoken, honest, conscientious word is, at least, deserving of a hearing. Every thought that rules the life and guides the efforts of a certain number of our brethren, under whatever degree of latitude and longitude God has called them to seek after truth, has its importance. Now it is precisely the thought which, particularly in the last four years, has begun to direct the democratical movement on the Continent, that it is my object to state. See if that suits you, and believe me,

Yours respectfully,

August 1. Joseph Mazzini.

No. I.

The democratic tendency of our times, the upward movement of the popular classes, who desire to have their share in political life, hitherto a life of privilege—is henceforth no Utopian dream, no doubtful anticipation: it is a fact, a great European fact, which occupies every mind, influences the proceedings of governments, defies all opposition. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one, now-a-days, sees in the ever increasing voice of rising nations, of generations desirous of laying the foundations of a better future, of oppressed races claiming their place in the sunshine, nothing more than the vain imagination of a writer, or the cry of an agitator thrown out haphazard among the crowd. No, it is something more serious; it is a page of the world's destiny, written by the finger of God in the heart of these generations whose movement hurries us away. It is the development of that law of which we are but the agents—the law of continual progress—without which there would be neither life, nor movement, nor religion; for there would be no Providence. Friends and enemies begin to own this. And yet, if the former salute the development of this fact, with hymns of joy, the latter persist in regarding it as something abnormal, as a scourge acknowledged to be inevitable, but against which the human heart is irresistibly impelled to struggle. They are corrupted, you will say, and governed by egotism. This is true of many; but in their ranks are to be found upright men, hearts capable of feeling, who were evidently under the yoke of mistaken convictions: even among the friends of democracy there are men who put their hands to the work with hesitation, and who sometimes appear seized with vague terror. One would say, that the echo of that wild cry uttered some ten

years since by a statesman speaking of the working classes, "*the barbarians are at our gates*," still rings threateningly in their ears.

Whence comes this? Do we not all applaud, as did the Romans when they heard in their theatre the prophetic verse of the freedman—"*Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto;*" when through the vista of history, we see slavery and its pagan theory of two races fall before the holy word of Jesus—"*All men are children of God?*" Do we not hail, as another great conquest of the divine spirit that ferments in the heart of humanity, that other era in history, when before the Christian doctrine, *we are all brethren*, serfdom disappeared and made room for the free communes? Why, then, instead of rejoicing at the good news of millions of our brethren demanding to join with us in accomplishing the world's work, do so many among us turn pale with terror at the signs of the coming future? Do they not call themselves Christians? Do they not repeat, as formulæ of their belief, these words of the only prayer taught us by our Lord—"*Thy kingdom come, O Father, thy will be done on earth as in heaven?*" And what is the present movement but an attempt at the practical realisation of this prayer? We are labouring that the development of human society may be, as far as possible, in the likeness of the divine society, in the likeness of the heavenly country, where all are equal, where there exists but one love, but one happiness for all. We seek the paths of heaven upon earth; for we know that this earth was given us for our workshop, that by it we can rise to heaven, that by our earthly works we shall be judged; by the number of the poor whom we have assisted, by the number of the unhappy whom we have consoled. The law of God has not two weights and two measures: Christ came for all: he spoke to all: he died for all. We cannot wish the children of God to be equal before God, and to be unequal before men. We cannot wish our immortal spirit to abjure on earth that gift of liberty which is the source of good and evil in our actions, and whose exercise makes man virtuous or criminal in the eyes of God. We cannot wish the brow that is raised to heaven to fall prostrate in the dust before any created being; the soul that aspires to heaven to rot in ignorance of its rights, its powers, and its noble origin. We cannot admit that instead of loving one another like brethren, men may be divided, hostile, selfish, jealous, city of city, nation of nation. We protest, then, against all inequality, against all oppression, wherever it is practised; for we acknowledge no foreigners; we recognise only the just and the unjust; the friends and the enemies of the law of God. This forms the essence of what men have agreed to call the *democratic movement*; and if anything ever profoundly surprised me, it is that so many persons have hitherto been blind to the eminently religious character by which it is distinguished, and which it is sooner or later destined to put on. Whence comes then, once more, that instinctive mistrust and even hostility which here, as elsewhere, accompanies every step of its progress? I think it comes in part from terror at the past, in part from the anarchy of the present, but above all from a false or, at least, very imperfect theory which the democratic party themselves have mainly assigned as the basis of their activity.

There are men who no sooner hear the name of democracy than the phantom of '93 rises immediately before them. With them democracy is a guillotine surmounted by a red cap. This is just as though we were to judge of monarchy by the horrors recently committed by the Austrian government in Gallicia, or Christianity by the St. Bartholomew, or the cold-blooded cruelty of the Inquisition. Others cite the ever-recurring agitations of the small Italian democracies of the middle ages; as if there could be any historical analogy between the representative democracy of future times, with its interpreters intrusted with the application and development of a fundamental law, and that of towns where the principle manifested itself only in the election of chiefs, where there existed no constitution directing and binding together citizens and chiefs, and where, consequently, insurrection was the only remedy against abuse of power. The union of the democratic principle with representative government is an entirely modern fact, which throws out of court all precedents that might be appealed to; they have nothing but the *word* in common; the *thing* is radically different. And as for the horrors which signalised the upstarting—for it was by no means the organisation but the upstarting of democracy in France—they were exceptional facts which cannot occur again. To say nothing of the progress made in fifty years, and the wholly different temper of the men who now plead the cause of democracy, there was then a feudal system to be destroyed, of which the characteristics no longer exist except in the north of Europe—a struggle between federalism and the principle of national unity, which has long since been settled in all settled states—and what is now impossible, a war of all Europe against the country which first hoisted the standard of democracy.

What is real at the present time, and infinitely obstructs the progress of the principle, is the anarchy which prevails in the camp of its apostles. The democratic party is, perhaps, the only one in Europe which is without a government, which has no directors, and no moral centre in Europe to represent it. We are believers without a temple. We have imbibed from the past so much fear of authority, we dread so much being formed into regiments on the high road, that each throws himself into a bye-path, to the great danger of going astray. Liberty, which is but a *means*, has become an *end*. We have torn the great and beautiful ensign of democracy: *the progress of all through all under the leading of the best and wisest.* Each has snatched a rag of it, and parades with it as proudly as if it were the whole flag, repudiating or not deigning to look at the others. One has fallen upon an exclusively political idea. He has his ten pound franchise, or his five points, or something else of the sort: to this he clings: he regards, often with hostility, always with disdain, those who propose another measure, even if that measure appear to him good in itself, because he is afraid it may divert the public attention from his favourite plan. Another, seizing the merely *economical* part of the question, calculates progressively by the number of railroads about to open, of steamers which afford new means of transit, of new markets gained for the national industry: he calls himself a *practical* man, and laughs at political questions and idea-hunting. A third, disgusted with our existing social organisation, but disgusted like the child who breaks his toy because he has knocked his head against it, desires to suppress, to annihilate, all which he thinks mischievous. He has drawn from his brain a model republic of beavers or of bees; he calls upon the human race to come and frame itself therein, and remain there for ever. Others, again, choice spirits who have intuitively discovered the truth,

without troubling themselves much how to impregnate the masses with it, feel great pity for all this: they say—"Man is now sick; above all things he must make haste to get well: he is egotistical; he has only to become again affectionate and devoted: he is sceptical, he has lost the light of faith; he must recover it as soon as possible under pain of death: when he has once recovered health and sight all will go on well." So on, and God knows how many different plans and points of view I could enumerate in the party to which I think it an honour to belong. Below all this the people, without leisure to compare, to study, to pick out, amid these conflicting intellects, that which is nearest to and contains most truth, become accustomed to doubt. For the people there is but one thing certain—their own misery, and the feeling of distrust and reaction produced by them—a feeling which the spectacle offered by their teachers is not calculated to diminish.

Among all these fractions of a party, there is not one completely right, not one completely wrong; they are all fragments of democracy, they are not Democracy. Give the suffrage to a people unfitted for it, governed by hateful reactionary passions, they will sell it, or will make a bad use of it; they will introduce instability into every part of the state; they will render impossible those great combined views, those thoughts for the future, which make the life of a nation powerful and progressive. Develope as much as you please material interests; if moral advancement does not outstrip them, it is probable you will increase the already too great riches of the few, and the mass of producers will not see their condition improved; or even you will increase egotism; you will stifle under physical enjoyments all that is noblest in human nature: material progress alone *may* end in a Chinese society. As to the Utopists, they forget that we are here below, not to create human nature, but to carry it forward; they forget that all the elements of human activity, individual property, riches, &c., are in themselves neither good nor evil: they are instruments with which we may do good or evil. We should anathematise none of them; we should find out how to direct them aright. And as for the moralists, the philosophical writers, who would begin by transforming the inward man, they are undoubtedly right in theory; but the labouring man, who works fourteen or sixteen hours a day for a bare subsistence, with no security for the morrow's existence but the labour of his hands, has not time to read and reflect, if he knows how to read: he drinks and sleeps. It is very difficult to find the *ubi consistat* of the lever of Carlyle, Emerson, and all the noble minds which resemble them, to act on the Glasgow weaver, the *canut* of Lyons, or the Gallician serf.

And yet the suffrage, the progress of industry, the increase of comfort, the co-partnership of labour with intelligence and capital; all these are good, all these will enter into the future, either as the application, or the consequence of the great democratic idea which guides the world. The evil is, that each of us having discovered one face of the polygon, one aspect of the human problem, endeavours to substitute it for the entire problem; it is, that we persist in endeavouring to amend the details, without troubling ourselves about the principle which governs them; it is that we all, while endeavouring to perfect the instruments and to multiply, as I may say, the materials of life, resemble the economist, who should think he had assured the physical well-being of nations by teaching them how to increase production, without in the least thinking of the distribution of the produce. The threads which should form the social web become like lost spider's threads, crossing and striking against each other in the air, and at length carried away by the wind.

I have often dreamed of a state of things in Europe when every intellect, alike loving, alike devoted, alike penetrated with the necessity of a creed of fusion—of a general doctrine that might correspond with the now undeniable movement that is hurrying Europe, and with Europe the world, towards new destinies—should act upon the duties imposed by such a conviction. Instead of all these associations organised for one special branch of teaching, or of activity, and which are now separate, strangers to each other, not only in different countries, but in the bosom of the same country, of the same town, there should be one great philosophical—I might say religious—association, to which all these secondary associations should be united as branches to the parent stem, each bringing to the centre the results of its labours, of its discoveries, of its views for the future. Instead of all those teaching bodies, those academies, universities, lectureships, without mission, programme, or extended views—and in which, as if to engraft doubt and anarchy upon instruction itself, a materialist professor of medicine jostles a mystic metaphysician, a course of individualist political economy follows a course of history or public laws based on the principle of association—there should be one real apostolate of knowledge, starting from the small number of fundamental truths henceforth secured to the human race by the evidence given to them by a few men of genius, but still needing to be made popular. Education would be laid down; the balance-sheet of our acquirements would soon be struck; and this balance-sheet being synthetically drawn up, soon and welcome would come forth the programme we are all seeking.

At present we are very far from those councils of the intelligences of Europe. But methinks the time is come to remind the men who desire the general good of a few simple fundamental principles, which they are in danger of forgetting while carried away by secondary questions and by party spirit.

The suffrage, political securities, progress of industry, arrangement of social organisation, all these things, I repeat, are not Democracy; they are not the cause for which we are engaged; they are its means, its partial applications, or consequences. The problem whose solution we seek is an *educational problem*; it is the eternal problem of human nature: only at every great era, at every step we ascend, our starting point changes, and a new object, beyond that which we have just attained, opens to our sight.

We wish man to be *better* than he is. We wish him to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great, the true: that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul. We wish him to have, in a faith freely adopted, a Pharos to guide him, and we would have his acts correspond to that belief.

On this object being proclaimed, Democracy says to us—"If you wish to attain it, let man commune as intimately as possible with the greatest possible number of his fellows." She enlarges upon these words of Jesus—"When three or more of you are assembled in my name, the spirit of truth and of love shall descend upon you." She says—"Labour all to unite. Invite all to the

banquet of life. Throw down the barriers which separate you. Except those of intelligence and morality, suppress all the privileges which render you hostile or envious. Make yourselves equal, as far as it can be done. And that not only because human nature has everywhere the same *rights*, but because you can elevate *men* only by elevating MAN, by raising their idea of life, which the spectacle of inequality tends to lower. All inequality brings after it a proportional amount of tyranny: wherever there has been a slave, there has also been a master; both distorting and corrupting in all those who see them the idea of life. This idea can only be pure and complete where, taken in all its aspects, it offers nothing abject, nothing vicious, nothing maimed. The Spartans diverted education from its true purposes, and condemned their republic irreversibly to death, on the day when to teach their children temperance they showed them a drunken Helot; as we divert it from its purpose when, to teach the inviolability of life, we show to our youth an assassin slain upon the scaffold by society. When all men shall commune together by their families, by property, by the exercise of a political function in the state, by education—family, property, country, humanity will become more holy than they now are. When the arms of Christ, even yet stretched out on the cross, shall be loosened to press the whole human race in one embrace—when there shall be no more pariahs nor brahmins, nor servants nor masters, but only *men*—we shall adore the great name of God with much more love and faith than we do now."

This is democracy in its essentials, if it is not a petty revolt, a reaction able perhaps to destroy, but impotent to reconstruct. I know no one bold enough, corrupt enough, to protest against such a programme. But if this programme is indeed that of democracy, is it that of the majority of democrats? Are they, generally speaking, on a level with their cause in their starting point, in the object they aim at? I think not; and I propose to show this by reviewing the principal schools which guide the movement. It may be well, after fifty years of struggles, of victims, of sacrifices, to consider a little where we are, to reconnoitre the ground well, and to examine whether we have not chanced to go astray.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MISS CUSHMAN'S "ROMEO."

I asked a lady, on her return from the Haymarket Theatre one evening, what was her opinion of Miss Cushman's performance of *Romeo*. The answer I received was, a pause, a light laugh, and —"Oh, Miss Cushman is a very dangerous young man." The lady's manner recalled to my mind those words of Racine—

> Car la parole est toujours supprimee
> Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.*

I felt curious to see this actress, and went to the theatre the next time she played *Romeo*. At first I was struck by her likeness to Macready, both in person and manner; afterwards I became convinced that this likeness was entirely the work of nature; and that Miss Cushman does not *imitate* Macready.

* For our words are always suppressed
When feeling transcends expression.

Before the close of the second act the conviction was forcibly borne in upon my mind that this was not *a clever woman merely*, but one that comes before the world in a more questionable shape—*a woman of genius*. Wanting in harmony, perhaps—in that lowest sort of harmony which is *soothing* to the mental faculties—but endowed with another and a far higher harmony, which rouses them beyond their ordinary quickness, and dilates them beyond their ordinary compass; a harmony like that in Beethoven's wildest passages, which are a wonder and a mystery, and a most vehement discord to the vulgar ear, but which speak the veriest heaven-music to the "fit audience."

Judging of her as an individual from her appearance on the stage, I should say that she is irregular, inharmonious, vehement, awkward—thus, *in one sense*, unfeminine: that she is grand, large-souled, and strong-passioned; a scorner of petty vanity, earnest, unconscious, and full of rich tenderness that lies not on the surface—thus, *in another sense*, unfeminine.

What Carlyle says of Cromwell's personal appearance may be said of Miss Cushman's—she is not "beautiful, not at all beautiful to the man-milliner species." Her voice is deep-toned, and with that *timbre sonore* which a high authority tells us is not the "most excellent thing in woman." Her figure, her gait, her gestures, are manly; at least, they are so in *Romeo*. Had I not known that the part was played by a woman, I do not think I should have suspected her sex. Whether all this be the effect of the transmuting power of genius, I know not, but am inclined to believe that it is. I should not be at all surprised to see her play *Juliet* as well as she plays *Romeo*—to see her womanised into the impassioned girl.

With regard to the character of *Romeo*, it is one that has been neglected for many years; I believe since Charles Kemble gave it up for that of *Mercutio*—when *Mercutio* became the first male character in the play. Miss Cushman has made *Romeo* a first-rate part, as Shakspeare made it, equal in interest and power to that of *Juliet;* which has always been filled by great actresses, and considered a touchstone of excellence in a peculiar department of acting.

In Miss Cushman's personation of *Romeo*, she gives all the vehemence, the warmth of passion, the melancholy, the luxuriant imagination, the glowing yet delicate vitality, the quick, lightning splendour of the Italian boy-lover. This is the *Romeo* of Shakspeare, is it not? She presents to us this youth, so graceful, fiery, and rich in tenderness; and makes us see him *beautiful* with the passionate beauty of a southern clime. But—yes, there is a *but* in my admiration of Miss Cushman's embodiment of the character which Shakspeare drew. She has not omitted anything Shakspeare created, but she has added somewhat.

To the southern temperament and its characteristics, as shown by *Romeo*, Miss Cushman unites the strong earnestness of purpose, the steadiness of will and the power to work out that will in spite of all obstacles, which belong to the northern nations. There is English or German *steadiness* below the Italian passion in every look and movement.

Hence came to my mind a perception of inconsistency. Had the real *Romeo* looked, moved, and spoken, as Miss Cushman looks, moves, and speaks, at the opening of the piece, when he is in love with *Rosaline*, there would be no play of *Romeo and Juliet*. His love for *Rosaline* would be based on surer ground than mere fairness of

external form. Being thus based, he could and would strive earnestly to raise himself nearer to the excellence he adored. He would suffer during his probation, as none but passionate and affectionate natures can suffer, from "hope deferred," but he would wait—ay, years, if needful—till *Rosaline* should "grace for grace, and love for love allow," which she would do most assuredly, were she the noble being *Romeo* supposes. *Rosaline*, like all living things, must love "after her kind;" and *Romeo*, Miss Cushman's *Romeo*, is of the best, the most noble kind—that which is gracious, loving, strong. Yes, the lady was right—"Miss Cushman is a very dangerous young man."

J. M. W.

WHO WAS DENTATUS?

As this is a question which will probably be asked by some of the readers of the *People's Journal*, to whom the means and the opportunity for a perusal of the classics has been denied, perhaps I may be allowed to say a few words on the subject of the engraving from poor Haydon's fine painting of the death of this illustrious Roman, given at page 57.

I have called Sicinius, or, as he is sometimes termed, Sicius Dentatus, illustrious; and so in truth he was, and is, notwithstanding that little is known of him, save that for the space of forty years he was actively engaged in the dreadful work of slaughter and destruction carried on by the armies of Rome. He is said to have been present in one hundred and twenty-one battles, and to have obtained fourteen civic crowns, three mural crowns, eight crowns of gold, eighty-three golden collars, sixty bracelets, eighteen lances, and twenty-three horses with all their ornaments, as rewards for his uncommon services: he could point to the scars of forty-five wounds, all on the breast, and received principally while defending the Capitol against the Sabines, and proudly say—"Here, Romans, are the marks of my adherence to the Great Republic, our common mother; here, deeply engraven around my heart, in unmistakable characters, are the evidences of my life-long fidelity and devotion to her interests and her laws!" It was thus that he might have said, and perhaps did say, when amid the rude clamours of a people incensed beyond endurance by the exactions and tyrannical acts of Appius Claudius and his fellow Decemvirs, he stood up before those haughty patricians, to enumerate his wounds and his services, and to claim for himself, and those of his plebeian order, a share in the division of land won from the enemy, a fuller recognition of their rights, and a more due consideration of their wants and wishes, from those who had constituted themselves their lords and rulers. Here we have the old story, the prominent characteristic of every epoch of the world's history—irresponsible power improperly and wrongfully used for the benefit of its possessors, the *few*; and the struggles of the down-trodden *many* to relieve themselves of the intolerable load of oppression beneath which they groan and suffer:—the old story of insurrection, and tumult, and bloodshed resulting from the opposition offered by selfishness, and cupidity, and pride, to the progress of popular improvement, and the full development of the grand principles of man's equality, and God's eternal justice. Agrarian tumults, Magna Charta insurrections, French revolutions, Anti-Corn-law agitations, and other movements and upheavings of the ground-works of society, have all this common origin; their different degrees of violence and forms of operation are but the modifications of time and circumstances; to-day it is the moral power and stedfast courage of a people, determined yet patient, earnest and energetic, yet unwilling to shed blood or to destroy property, that shall give the victory over wrong and oppression; yesterday it was physical force and impetuous valour—threats, and denunciations, and sturdy blows—only that could be employed with advantage to the popular cause; and especially was this the case in the old time of pagan darkness, when martial qualities were those held in greatest esteem; when valour and virtue were considered synonymous terms, and bodily strength was of more account than intellectual and moral power. Then it was that Dentatus flourished, and the Roman Achilles, as he was called from his uncommon bravery, was of that age one of the most illustrious. And here we see him, like a lion at bay, selling his life as dearly as may be, and bestrewing the rocky defile into which he had been enticed, under a vain pretence, with the bleeding forms of his adversaries, a body of one hundred assassins in the pay of the Decemviri, to whom his popularity and freedom of speech had rendered him odious. So, with his back to the mountain, and his scarred breast and weather-stained, time-wrinkled face turned towards his foes, stands the aged, but yet athletic and undaunted veteran; swords flash around him, and javelins, thick as hail, are showered upon his ever-extended shield; he has surrounded himself with a wall of dead and wounded, fifteen of the latter, and thirty of the former, attesting that his resolution is as undaunted, his eye as quick, and his arm as vigorous, as ever; but now on his devoted head huge masses of the rock above him, detached and hurled by the hands of some of his cowardly assailants, begin to fall; he sinks, and dies; the victim of treachery most foul, and malice most detestable: he, the favourite tribune of the people; he, the bold denouncer and opposer of the proud and arbitrary Decemviri; he, the patriot and the true man, who had fought Rome's battles, and borne himself so nobly and uprightly according to the light that was within him and around him, here perished miserably, as a wild beast caught in the toils of the hunters, without one friendly voice to cheer him in his death-struggle, one sympathising eye to look upon his last agonies, or one gentle arm to raise and protect his mangled remains, which, oh, mockery of mockeries! were afterwards, by the order of those who had caused his death, placed on the funeral car, and conveyed with all the pomp and circumstance of military honour to their final resting-place. But the people were not deceived by this pretended grief for the loss of a brave citizen, and feigned respect for his memory, by which their rulers hoped to blind them to the truth; their hatred and desire for vengeance was but increased by this act of duplicity, and soon after the corrupt and tyrannical Decemviri, having filled up the measure of their iniquity, were driven from their high places, and forced to render up into other hands that power of which they had made so bad a use. Appius Claudius, a name rendered infamous by its connection with the untimely death of the beautiful Virginia, and another of the deposed ten, called Oppius, destroyed themselves in prison, and the remaining eight went into voluntary exile, to escape the consequences of

their evil deeds. These events happened at somewhat more than four hundred years before the Christian era, during one of the most turbulent periods of the history of the Roman Commonwealth.

H. G. ADAMS.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. V.: *July—August.*

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I. In reading the newspapers regularly, I find nothing more striking than the number of odd mortals that come under the coercion of the law, or the notice of public opinion. Some instance of what is called unaccountable propensity is for ever occurring, causing sometimes a laugh, but much oftener sighs and soul-sickness. This last word is not too strong. It was nothing short of soul-sickness that I felt, now many years ago, when a friend, who had been visiting the prison in Cold-bath-fields, told me that he had seen there an unusual spectacle. An elderly lady, of good station, fortune, education, and, on the whole, character, had been brought to this place by a propensity to steal lace in shops; nothing but lace: but she had a passion for lace, and appeared wholly unable to keep her hands off any piece that took her fancy. The case was too flagrant to be hushed up; the attempt to set up a plea of insanity failed; and my friend saw this elderly lady on the tread-wheel, in the prison dress, and with her hair cut close. Such a case startles us all into a conviction that there is something wrong in our methods. What this wrong is, we cannot well find out if we confine our attention to the single case. It is clear that there must not be one law for the rich and another for the poor;—it is clear that if this lady's punishment is more shocking to us and to her than that of her companions on the tread-wheel who committed their offences under the pressure of want or in the imbecility of ignorance, her offence was greater from the higher quality of her fortune and education. No just person can desire that such offenders should be bought off, or let off, to spare the fine feelings of society, at the expense of the feelings of the many who cannot buy or beg off the sinning members of their own family or class. So that if we stop at the contemplation of this single case we dare hardly complain of it, because we cannot lay our finger on the precise wrong. Perhaps we may find it by looking further.

The propensity to steal is found in individuals of all orders in society, and has often nothing to do with riches or poverty, want or plenty. It is very well known that a late peeress was accustomed to steal sugar and silver spoons at almost every party she went to, being compelled by her family to return in the morning what she had brought home over night. Within a few weeks, the wife of a commercial clerk in a good situation was detected in the act of secreting a bedgown of the value of ninepence, in a shop where articles had before frequently been missed after visits from her. She implored forgiveness, and entreated that her husband might be sent for, in order to hush up the matter with money. A lady, handsomely dressed, stole on the same day a pair of tortoiseshell combs, value 2*s.* 6*d.* She gave them up, when taxed with the theft; offered double the money to be let off; confessed the act before the magistrate; *could not account for committing it;* begged hard to be forgiven; and refused to render any account of herself, lest the disgrace should be the death of her sick mother.—Allied to this propensity is the inclination to smuggle. Ladies who would, the next minute, lavish more than the amount of duty on some needless purchase, indulge their fancy for a mystery and an adventure by winding lace round their bodies, carrying trinkets in their shoes, or hiding gown-pieces or shawls in the skirts of dresses in their trunks.—More flagrant instances of mischievous and dangerous propensity have occurred lately, and are always occurring. Here is the case of a man, once an opulent jeweller, who cannot be prevented from sitting on his bed-room window sill, and balancing sometimes a knife, and sometimes his little children on one finger, to the terror of the passengers below. Four medical men pronounce him perfectly sane.—We all remember the boy Jones, who has such an incurable fancy for haunting the Queen. He is a youth so overcharged with activity, and so fond of notice, that no punishment can deter him from his tricks. He contrived, in spite of all watching, to get in at windows, hide under sofas, enjoy his frolic, and then be caught, to set people wondering. And now that he is sent to sea and kept abroad, he can no more be quiet than at home. He climbs where nobody else thinks of going, balances himself in air, and flings down his clothes on deck, to make every body look up and wonder. He makes a capital seaman; and it is a fine thing for him that he was young enough when caught to be sent where his propensities find innocent scope, instead of being brought under penal infliction, which may crush the hearts of a whole family without curing the propensities of the sinning member. Then again, look at the frequency of cases of atrocious mischief-making by throwing gates or other obstructions on the lines of railways. This wicked kind of vague malice defies all our reasoning to account for. When I was in Kentucky, in America, I wandered for many miles, during two days, in the largest known cave in the world; a cave which branched out in so many directions, and was so vast and dreary, that the guides who live on the spot would not venture to lead strangers in, if the right direction were not indicated by arrows marked in black and white on the walls of the passages. Some years ago, a person or persons unknown reversed all the arrows; and guide and visitors would undoubtedly have perished in the heart of the mountain, if the family of the guide had not become alarmed at the length of his absence. This has always appeared to me one of the most diabolical acts I ever heard of; and it is so wholly without motive, so wholly devoid of wit or of promise of amusement, that we can only set it down to the score of propensity.—I cannot but think the same of the dreadful case of the Happisburgh murderer which has appalled the country within a few weeks. Here is a man who for a long course of years has gone quietly about his business, conducted himself decently, and talked soberly about God and goodness and sin, who has stealthily taken off by poison, probably his father and mother, and certainly his wife, daughter, and eight grandchildren,—looking on upon their agonies, attending their death-beds and their funerals,—and, when anticipating discovery, taking the same poison himself, bidding an affectionate farewell to those about him, declaring that he has made his peace with God, and dying in such a frame as to leave the beholders deeply impressed by his piety and resignation. In this case, there was a passion for murder; for the

destruction of human life, without any view to any advantage whatever.

Other cases of propensity are before me; but none can be looked at after this extreme one. Now comes the question—what is to be done? The first thing necessary is for men to be convinced that there are cases, and not a few, where one faculty so predominates over others as to become, in its exercise, a propensity. If we study human nature with sufficient care, we shall find that among the infinite variety of human brains, there are some which have a single portion so immoderately large or active as to overpower in its action all which should work with it. When immoderate action is caused by disease of the substance of the brain, it is called insanity. When it occurs naturally, and remains unchecked, it is called guilt, and is treated by inflicting pain on the other faculties—a process which may yield more or less discipline to the offending faculty, but in a very roundabout and uncertain way. We must not begin by complaining of the operation of law on such occasions. Law is made for the protection of society; and the law must protect shopkeepers from thieving ladies, and railway travellers from obstructions on the line, and families from domestic murder. The question is educational, and the object is to keep such cases out of the track of the law. When we see the culprit overwhelmed with despair, so as to be incapable of any future moral effort—a whole family suffering under the anguish of exposure—so many innocent punished for the offence of one—when we see (as usually happens in these cases of propensity) that the sinner is otherwise endowed with some fine qualities which, apart from the fatal propensity, would have made him a valuable and happy human being, we cannot avoid feeling that our methods are wrong, and that the training of these victims is in fault. Wise guardians would have early perceived the immoderate tendency of one faculty, would have exercised its opposite so as to keep it in check, and have employed its activity on innocent objects. If taken in time, the passion for lace might have been directed upon some beautiful fabric of nature, or other object which did not involve the rights of property. The propensity for theft or for smuggling might have been exercised on some harmless mystery, and have shown itself in some useful form of ingenuity and acquisition. Even the murderer might have been an innocent member of society, if a wise parent, seeing probably an early tendency to watch pain and destroy life, had cultivated to the utmost such human affection as he was capable of, and diverted his destructive tendencies on something which ought to be destroyed. If he could have been made nothing better, he might have been a harmless rat-catcher. The more we look into this matter, the more we shall see that the correctional work required is not to be left to the late and hard operation of the law. A nobler justice than can ever be embodied in law—justice to the individual (which, if practical, must ensure justice to society)—demands that he should not be doomed to guilt, and misery, and ruin, by the exuberance of one faculty, if that faculty can be trained to purposes of harmlessness and good. As to the question whether it can be so trained—only let us try. No harm can come of any amount of experiment of this kind. By all considerations of conscience, of prudence, and of love, let every parent try.

II. In a rough sort of way, society seems to be making out the process of repressing certain mischievous tendencies in individuals by exercising the opposite faculties or feelings. I remember that some years ago there was a rage in France for picturesque suicide. Vanity is so immoderate a tendency in our time and stage of society, that every public act which makes an individual an object of interest of any kind is sure to be imitated by some sufferer under a morbid vanity. So, when a pair of lovers destroyed themselves, and the story was pathetically told in the newspapers, and repeated from mouth to mouth, another pair of lovers destroyed themselves, improving on the first scene by tying their pistols together with pink ribbon. The new sensation incited a third pair to drown themselves, tied together with blue ribbon; and then followed a fourth, who stifled themselves with the fumes of charcoal, dressed in green, and clasped in each others' arms. It became necessary to stop the infection of this fatal nonsense; and it was done by suppressing public mention of the cases where possible, and by ridicule where the notice could not be avoided. The scene was spoken of with pity and disgust, as one of childish pettishness and theatrical bad taste; and it was very encouraging to see how soon there was an end of such exhibitions. King Louis Philippe has now been seven times attacked by assassins. Serious as is the folly, in this case as in that of the suicides, it is folly; and may be stopped, it is thought, somewhat in the same way as the other. People who shoot at sovereigns (setting aside the mere insane) are of two classes—those who are vindictive from private wrongs, real or imaginary, and those who use a pretext of political opinions for cutting a dash in the eyes of the world as patriots and martyrs. Both kinds of people are likely to be tempted and stimulated to the crime by the prospect of being tried by the peers of France, of making a prodigious hubbub all over Europe, and dying in the presence of an admiring crowd, to have their last looks and words printed in all the newspapers of the world. Propositions are brought forward, at length, to treat the affair rather in view of the despicable quality of the offender than the solemn importance of the King's life. If the importance of the King necessitates the telling of the story in the newspapers, and the hurry-scurry among ministers and peers, let this be made up for by the degrading nature of the punishment. A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that such offenders should be whipped at the cart's tail once in three months for a few years; by which time it may be supposed the romance of the matter will be pretty well worn out of diseased imaginations.—One cannot but wish that some agency of ridicule could be brought to bear on the practice of duelling. The law fails in regard to it; because the law and public opinion are at variance in regard to the practice; and where that is the case, the law is sure to give way. The law treats the duel as murder; and no conviction ever takes place. It seems time to try the effect of presenting the other aspect of the matter, and treating it as an absurdity. Whatever may once have been the reasons, as well as feelings involved in the practice of duelling, the reasons have so nearly evaporated that it is difficult to trace any remains of them, and the feelings alone stand out to be treated. Let the absence of reasons be laughed at, as absence of reason ought to be, and the feelings will presently change. One of the latest cases of duelling affords good material, if society would use it. At Munster, in Westphalia, two officers of the Prussian army squabbled over the billiard-table, and used bad language; one being especially in-

sulting in his expressions. His adversary brought the case before the Tribunal of Honour. No reconciliation could be effected, and they were authorised to endeavour to kill each other by a method which endangers the life of the man already injured as much as that of the greater offender. A fine show was made—platform, lists, military guard, an immense crowd, judges in uniform, the combatants choosing their sabres with bandaged eyes, &c. They stabbed and cut each other to a certain extent; the surgeons dressed their wounds; they were called upon not to cut and stab each other any more; and they not only left off, but rushed into each other's arms, amidst the applauses of the multitude. It is fair to ask whether the chief railer repented of his bad language; and, if he did, why he could not say so without all this homicidal preparation: and if he did not repent, how he could embrace his adversary, and pledge himself to future friendship. The answer is clear; that it was the homicidal preparation that prevented his declaring any repentance that he might have felt, lest he should be supposed to fear the danger of the combat. As to his adversary, we cannot but remember that no word of insult is ever forgotten (however it may be forgiven) and wonder how he could cordially embrace a man who chose, but a few minutes before, to abide by his expressions of insult. The whole affair is hollow or absurd: and the scene should be treated with the contempt due to hypocrisy, or the ridicule with which we regard the quarrels of grown children whose levity makes them forget their violence, as soon as uttered.

III. On the 23d of July, an observer of the heavens saw nine shooting stars from between two constellations, in the course of half an hour. This reminds me of the approach of the seasons during which, for some years, we have been accustomed to watch the silvery rain of the August and November asteroids. Whatever be the true account of this spectacle, it is one which cannot be anticipated without a thrill of awe and delight. It is glorious to be borne along in a ship amidst the phosphoric lights which break out over the surface of the sea on summer nights; a glorious sight, which the few boast to the many of having enjoyed. But all of us have the privilege of sailing, in our great unpausing vessel, the globe, through the boundless ocean of space, and watching these swift sparkles which glitter on its deeps. Let us hope for fine weather, and be up and awake to enjoy the sight.

IV. In the midst of the vigorous beating up for troops in the United States, for the Mexican war, the most warlike city, New Orleans, puts forth a caution against all talk of employing free people of colour in a war of invasion, though these people be patriotic and substantial citizens. The objection is that if men of African complexion are employed as soldiers now, the Americans would have no plea against the employment of a similar force by Great Britain, in case of a war between the two countries. "It is distinctly understood," says the newspaper, "that if ever the English land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can grant no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, marked with blood at every step. And we must be careful how we set the precedent, when we march into the territory of another power." Here is the downward course of error and sin marked with a clearness not to be mistaken. There was first the error of transporting men from their natural circumstances for the convenience of men more powerful: then slavery becoming more aggravated with the advance of time and civilisation: then the necessity of a tyranny at first unthought of: then the natural consequence—fear; and from fear a contemplated cruelty and savagery under which society dissolves itself into its elements, and states become the lair of ferocious beasts. The first step in wrong should be dreaded as fatal, as much by society as individuals.

V. We are accustomed to look back upon the old world and its people as if they belonged to us little more than another planet and its inhabitants who have no more connexion with us than swimming round the same sun. But every now and then some link glitters, in the polishing up of our knowledge, which discloses to us, in a startling way, our connection with the past. "It is a singular fact," we are told, "that the pattern now most common upon Paisley shawls, and which has always been a great favourite, was in use among the Hindoos three or four thousand years ago." In an Egyptian vase, 2844 years old, discovered in a mummy pit, were found, among some dust, a few peas. Three of these were planted at Highgate in a soil resembling that of the banks of the Nile. Of the three, one sprouted, producing nineteen pods; and from these has grown a plentiful crop of seed. Thus, an Egyptian of nearly 3000 years ago has directly handed over to us a harvest of peas, and we seem brought face to face with him. Among the picture writing of the Egyptians, there are records of the curative use of mesmerism by the priests—the physicians of their time. It is believed that printed calicoes were worn at the date of some early portions of the Old Testament: and that the self-moving vessel in which Ulysses traversed the sea was nearly related to our steamboats; and there are some of our countrymen now to be met with in London, who have seen medallion likenesses of the Pharoahs who knew and did not know Joseph, and of the lady to whom Solomon's song was addressed. These things are useful, as well as curious, to ponder. They make us descend humbly from our proud position as tenants of a very old and wise world to inquire whether we are not, in fact, yet in the infancy of the race, with almost everything that is most weighty yet to learn. Putting together what we know and our deep instincts of what we do not know, such might appear to be our rational conclusion.

LETTER FROM THE "OLD HOUSE."*

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—I am the oldest house in my neighbourhood. When I was first built (A.D. 1598,) there were three dwellings standing within two hundred yards of the site chosen for my foundation, which had been reared some dozen years before, and which affected to treat me disparagingly in consequence, and to turn, if I may use the expression, the cold gable-end towards me. Upwards of a century and a half ago they disappeared, to make room for improvements. Yes, they were deemed

* Favoured by Thomas Campion.—ED.

unsightly. I am not naturally malicious; but I confess that in every brick, from basement to roof, —not omitting my stack of chimneys—I felt over-joyed at their downfall.

And now my own lease of existence is fast drawing towards its close. The house-leek on my roof is sere with length of years, and I am so smoke-incrusted, so defaced by the attacks of time, and the inroads which the seasons have made upon my constitution, that the masons who erected me would not recognise their handiwork. My old age, moreover, is not honourable, for I was once the abode of nabobs, and the wits of the seventeenth century knew every chamber I possess, while now——

Stay! Upon due reflection, I acknowledge my old age to be more honourable than I am willing to admit; I was about to express myself like a silly, conceited pile that had just been reared for the habitation of some rich aristocrat, and felt very giddy in its upper storeys in consequence. I looked back (through a retrospective telescope) to the days when the rollicking nobles of Elizabeth's and the Stuarts' eras paid constant visits to my owners. My rooms—stripped of their gaudy hangings—their walls all blotched, disfigured—are now let out singly to artisan families, whose paternal representatives—aye, and the maternal, likewise—can exhibit, in attestation of their nobility, only the armorial bearings of labour—the horny palms of five-fingered hands. A little bird that constructed its nest in the spring, beneath my eaves, said in my hearing, that those same horny palms were considered highly honourable in the New Herald's College. In that case, I am not degraded. If any doubts thereanent still cling to me—if I yet indulge my regrets for the Past—it must arise from the fact that I am stationary while all around me is moving onward.

But oh, the vastness of the change! All my timbers groan when I reflect upon it. When I was first built, I commanded a prospect that extended for miles across the open country on one side, while on another I surveyed London and its river without being unpleasantly neighboured by its hubbub. I had a rich garden of my own, which increased my consequence, like a fine lady's page. *Now*—I frown from all my windows at the affront—I stand in a crowded, feculent court, down which no decent individual hurries without holding his nose. The habitations of the poor have sprung up, fungus-like, around me. I am buttressed by vile tenements. The hinges of all my doors creak at the abomination.

You will observe, that in the depth of my reverses my notions are still genteel. 'Pon'my —— I was about to swear by my tapestry, forgetting that it disappeared whole generations ago. Well, on the word of a dwelling that once entertained Old Rowley within its walls, I would make an effort even now to be respectable, if you could give me the faintest hope of success.

But you cannot. No. I am doomed to end my days in what my former owners—especially the mad bloods of Rowley's time—would term shocking vulgarity, unutterable degradation. At least, then, let me be wholesome. Let the untainted breeze of heaven visit me, as of yore. Purge me of the foul odours which my threshold every day snuffs up. I hear my inmates—the horny-palmed—say that the Press, now-a-days, can accomplish what it pleases. If the assertion be correct, I trust to you for the purification of the neighbourhood in which I have had the misfortune to grow old. My age and experience, not to speak of my having seen better days, are my apology for thus taxing you.

Not to trespass too long upon your space, I will relate an incident which occurred in one of my apartments only the day before yesterday. The child of an honest journeyman, in the bell-hanging trade, had fallen ill, and was unable to quit its little bed, though its weekly earnings were of sufficient importance to the family to make its health a matter of some consequence towards the attainment of a due supply for their wants, independently of all tender considerations.

He was a very young child to be already a labourer in the rough paths of the world. When he first came to dwell under my roof, I beheld his pretty pale face with an interest that I never felt before. I saw the angel looking through his eyes. Oh, that his lot had transported him to the Antipodes, rather than that he should have been brought to inhale the noxious miasma of this terrible spot.

He was very meek, and displayed towards his parents, and his brothers and sisters, an attachment which I contemplated with admiration. The feelings it occasioned thrilled my rafters. On no former occasion have I experienced equal emotion. I observed him sink by slow degrees, and grow more and more to resemble the dead that I saw borne from my door at the time of the Great Plague. Strange, that I could note what his parents had not eyes to see. He went to his work regularly yet—day by day. At night he crawled to his home more enfeebled than when he set forth in the morning. The final change was coming on —hour by hour it was drawing nigher. Death, the deliverer, had kissed his cheek. "You must get a doctor for the boy," remarked the occupant of the adjoining room, a lucifer-match vendor. The child's parents shook their heads—"He will soon be better," they said; "poor folks, like us, can't afford to have a child ill."

And still he declined—still grew worse and worse. One morning, about a week ago, he turned his beautiful eyes upon his mother, and said plaintively—"Mother, dear, I cannot get up to-day." "Not get up to-day!" The woman was alarmed. She bent over him. She had travailed for that child, and he was dying. She saw it now, and cursed her short-sightedness and selfishness. Dying, and but the other day she refused him a doctor, lest they should lose the weekly stipend he earned, by his having to absent himself from work!

"I do think, mother," he said, "that it is this close room, and the nasty smells that come from the court below, which have made me ill."

I thought so too, or rather I KNEW it.

He died the day before yesterday. And how many other human beings, adults as well as children, has the fetid atmosphere around me hurried to a premature grave. Mortality is so frequent in this court as to occasion no surprise; yet a man said jestingly on my threshold this morning—"No old people die here." He was right; for none live to grow old. If I might be permitted to express an opinion, as a house of grave character and considerable experience, I would suggest that there must be something frightfully 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' as Will Shakspeare says.

But you know best. Perhaps it is a part of the economy of governments to kill off their poor as rapidly as possible. I would ask the question, however. May not the fevers, and other contagious diseases, begotten in my vicinity, spread to the dwellings of the wealthy, and breed sad havoc

there? Altogether, I must beg leave to doubt the policy of such legislative neglect. The very first thing which I would do, if I had the power, would be to improve the dwellings of the poor; and wouldn't I look after the drains and sewers? and wouldn't I widen the narrow thoroughfares, and pass an act for the abolition of courts and alleys? By my—my tapestry again! I would invite the sweet breath of Heaven to visit the poorest chamber in the metropolis, without risking its pollution by the allowed presence of any typhus-engendering filth. Perhaps government may be contemplating something to this end. You know best. Allow me the (rightful) privilege of subscribing myself,

AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION.

Poetry for the People.

ODE,

Addressed to the Montagues and Capulets, by Friar Lawrence.

The Dead are wise in Heaven!
They know the truth of all things on the earth:
The immortal morning's birth
To them is given,
That they may see and feel
Life's ever-widening wheel
Is never downward driven;
But upward burns and beams,
Scattering no glorious dreams—
No hearts, asunder riven.

The Dead are wise in Heaven!
Their worldly knowledge they review with sighs:
It shades the fields and skies
Of morn and even;
And their ancestral feuds—
Hate, and revengeful moods—
Are by a sun-beam cloven,
Whence peals the quire above—
"Pure Wisdom is pure Love;"
Inseparably enwoven.

R. H. HORNE.

SONNET.—GOLD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The deep damnation of the crowd, O Gold!
Heapeth reproach upon thy innocent dust!
"Evil's prolific root,"—"Bribe of the just,"—
"Strength of the false and cruel,"—"God, extoll'd
By priests, by whom heaven's pardoning grace is sold,"—
Such are thy titles! while, with covetous lust,
Men hoard the very ore they have befoul'd
With the tongue's obloquy of wordy rust.—
Yet thou art sinless, Gold! and bright, and bland,
And fit for glorious offices; and blest,
When put to uses holy. Oh, be sure
The curse is not on thee; for 'tis the hand
That toucheth thee doth thee with stains invest,
Or maketh thee beneficent and pure!

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Winter—A Street outside an Alehouse—A Working Man, his Wife, and Child.

Oh, don't go in to-night, John,—
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know—
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow:
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember—
And, John, I can't forget—
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you:
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go!—John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong or step as firm
Or cheek as red as you:
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night?

You'll not go in?—Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought:
You won't go in to-night?

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay;—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.—
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

Greenwich.

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR

FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—SEPTEMBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 13 min. past 5, and sets at 45 min. past 6, on the 1st; and on the 30th, rises at 6, and sets at 39 min. past 5.—*Moon* rises at 56 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at morn *; and on the 30th, rises at 12 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at morn. *Moon's Changes* —Full on the 5th, at 6 min. past 1, afternoon. Last quarter on the 12th, at 42 min. past 11, morn. New moon on the 20th, at 34 min. past 3, afternoon. First quarter, 28th, at 27 min. past 7, morn.—*Mercury* a morning star throughout the month.—*Venus* a morning star throughout the month. *Mars* invisible till near the end of the month, then a morning star.—*Weather.* Mean temperature, 57 deg 8 min.: highest, 76 deg.; lowest, 36. The reduction of the temperature, though sensibly felt, is less so during the night than in the day. The equinoctial gales may be looked for either at the end of this or the beginning of the next month. The changes of the barometer are great and sudden.

1, Tuesday.—*St Giles*, the patron of cripples and beggars. Abbot of Nismes, martyred A.D. 717. He refused to be cured of an accidental lameness, that he might mortify himself the more; but, according to tradition, he cured others, and had an amiable fashion of disrobing himself in order to cover the necessitous. Except in the northern counties, corn-harvest is now over, but hop-gathering is more general than in the last month, and in Kent and Sussex, to quote from Howitt's sweet *Book of the Seasons*, "long groups are everywhere to be seen pulling down the hop-poles covered with the bine in full flower, picking them into the bins, and conveying them away to the drying kilns."

Biography.—Edward Alleyn, the actor, and founder of Dulwich College, born 1566. He realised a large fortune by theatrical and other speculations, and was a most successful caterer of amusement for the public.

Events.—The British Museum closes. Partridge-shooting begins. First day of hunting.

Fair.—Bristol; miscellaneous articles; it lasts ten days.

2, Wednesday.—*St. Stephen* (King and Confessor). Golden-rod dedicated to him.

Events.—The fire of London, 1666, broke forth at the king's baker's (Faryner), in Pudding-lane, and being carried by a strong wind, extended to Pye-corner, near the Temple, where it terminated; having destroyed 400 streets, 13,200 houses, 89 churches, with four of the city-gates, besides hospitals, the Guildhall, schools, libraries, and a number of other stately edifices. From its ashes sprang up wide and regular streets, and some of our finest public structures. It completely put an end to the plague, which in the previous year had swept off 68,590 persons. Lilly, the astrologer, foretold this event fifteen years before its occurrence. This day the Julian year expired in England, 1752.

3, Thursday.—*St. Bartholomew's day.* According to the old distich—

> "All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,
> St. Bartlemy's dusty mantle wipes dry."

"The three days' amusement at the fair in Moorfields," says Paul Hentzner, in his Itinerary, 1598, "was wrestling, shooting, and hunting a number of rabbits which were loosed among the boys." The lord-mayor and 12 aldermen presided at the games; it was proclaimed at noon, at Cloth Fair, and closed at six in the evening. Yellow fleabane, dedicated to St. Simeon (*styliter junior*), flowers abundantly.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest of Englishmen. He was the son of a private gentleman at Huntingdon, and from being member for Cambridge during the Long Parliament, gradually rose to the post of Lieutenant-general under Fairfax, and ultimately became *Lord Protector* of the commonwealth, exercising under that title greater power than had ever been possessed by royalty.

Event.—New style introduced, blotting eleven days from the English calendar, this, the 3rd, being accounted the 14th day, 1752.

4, Friday.—Chequered meadow-saffron sacred to St. Rosalia, flowers. The redwing and fieldfare return to us, linnets congregate, and owls utter their shrill hootings more frequently than at any other period.

Events.—Queen Elizabeth grants a patent of twenty-one years, for making of glass in England, to two Flemish merchants named Dolland and Cary, 1573; they being ignorant of their art, leased their privilege to two Frenchmen, who broke the covenant, and the patent was rescinded: but in 1588 there were fifteen glasshouses in England. Previously, this useful article was brought from Lorraine. Riots at Manchester, 1830.

Fair.—Monmouth; wool.

5, Saturday.—Mushrooms, dedicated to St. Lawrence Justinian, now abound, and most species of the fungus tribe are now in perfection.

Events.—The first American congress held 1774. Jonas Hanway, the philanthropist, and introducer of umbrellas, died.

Fair.—Barnet; sheep, Welsh cattle, and horses; it lasts three days.

6, Sunday.—13th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, 2 Kings, xix., Matt. vii.; evening service, 2 Kings, xxiii., Rom. vii. Autumnal dandelion, sacred to St. Pambo, and large purple starwort (*Aster speciosus*) flowers abundantly.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Mrs. Hannah More, 1833: her useful writings on Female Education and Manners are well known and justly appreciated.

Events.—One of a most interesting description, the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of Shakspeare, takes place, 1769, under the guidance of Garrick. On this and the 13th (the two Sundays before the 15th), lists of objections to county electors, and also claims and objections respecting borough lists to be affixed to church doors.

7, Monday.—The golden starwort, sacred to St. Cloud, now fully flowers; and, in average seasons, Forster, in his *Rustic Calendar*, notices green-gages, peaches, and nectarines, as being about this time most abundant. The singular forwardness of the present season, however, renders all reference to the subject useless.

Biography.—The birthday of Queen Elizabeth and Doctor Johnson. The former at Greenwich, 1533; the latter at Lichfield, at which place his father was a bookseller, 1709. History has chronicled the doings of the one, and the doctor's memory survives in his works. His reputation for learning and scholarship did not prevent his suffering all the difficulties and poverty attendant on the profession of literature, unaided by other resources. We are told that he was often without a shilling to procure him bread during the day, or a lodging to lie down in at night. Yet these circumstances did not prevent his ultimately working his way to literary distinction, and for some years before his death he was in the receipt of a pension from the Crown of 300*l*. *per annum*. For his elaborate dictionary of the English language he received 1500 guineas, but it was spent long before the completion of the work.

8, Tuesday.—*Nativity of the Virgin Mary.* The origin of this festival, which was instituted 695, is said to have been as follows. A devout person, accustomed to pray at night, was annually entertained on that of the 8th of September by a concert of angelic music; and on praying to have the mystery explained, learned that it was the solemnisation of the Virgin's nativity; whereupon Pope Servius founded the festival. Late-flowering crocus (*crocus serotinus*) dedicated to this day.

Events.—Town-clerk, in boroughs, to cause the burgess-lists to be fixed in some public place in the borough, from this day till the 15th. British Museum opens from ten till four; the reading-room from nine till four.

9, Wednesday.—Canadian golden-rod, sacred to St. Omer, flowers. The autumnal season now commences; the mornings are cold, sometimes frosty, but the days generally mild and calm, with a delicious clearness in the atmosphere. The leaves assume their richest hues; long silky threads of gossamer float in the still air, or cling to the grass and hedgerows; the robin chirps his solitary note, and nature wears an air of universal and solemn tenderness.

Event.—The death of William the Conqueror, 1087. Sismondi relates a curious incident in his *Histoire des Francais*, relative to his burial, at which a peasant stepped forth, when the priests were about to lower him to the earth, and with maledictions forbade their right to do so, saying that the ground was part of his patrimony which the Norman had wrested from him; nor would he suffer them to proceed until they had purchased the monarch's resting-place. How strange a scene in connection with the history of a tyrant who depopulated a country to convert it into a hunting-ground, driving out the inhabitants to replace them with wild beasts, and destroying not only the houses and villages, but even the churches, for thirty miles around.

10, Thursday.—The leafless autumnal crocus, dedicated to St. Pulcheria, blows. Blackberries are plentiful in the hedges, and the fruit of the elder-tree hangs in purple clusters, ready to be gathered by the rustic housewife, and converted into a pleasant cordial for Christmas cheer. The brown wood-nuts are ripe, and sloes and bullaces begin to show themselves.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Mary Wolstoncraft (Godwin), 1797, best known as the author of the *Rights of Women*. She married the celebrated novelist and political writer Godwin, and died in giving birth to the second wife of the poet Shelley.

11, Friday.—*St. Hyacinthus. Tremella purpurea* found.

Event.—Alexander Selkirk, whose life suggested to De Foe *Robinson Crusoe*, sailed from Kinsale in Ireland, 1703.

12, Saturday.—Semi-lunar passion flower, dedicated to St. Eanswide, fully flowers.

* By reference to the notice of the moon's rising and setting, in the last month's calendar, it will be found that on the 31st of August the moon set at 56 min. past 11 (within four minutes of 12 at night), which is synonymous with the morning of the 1st of September, consequently no time is given.

Event.—Columbus sails from St. Domingo; this great man's last voyage. His worn-out body, like his shattered bark, anchored at St. Lucea on the 7th November, 1504.

13, Sunday.—14th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Jerem. v., Matt. xiv.; evening service, Jerem. xxii., Rom. xiv. In the floral calendar for this day we find officinal saffron, dedicated to St. Eulogius.
Event.—Edward Alleyn establishes his "College of God's Gift," at Dulwich, and becomes, as master of it, his own pensioner, 1619.

14, Monday.—*Holy-rood Day.* Passion-flower, sacred to the exaltation of the cross, in full flower. The Emperor Heraclius having recovered the true cross from the Persians in 629, determined on placing the relic on Mount Calvary, and attired in his imperial robes set about it; but though only a small piece (for the Bishop of Jerusalem had the principal part of the wood, which he annually exhibited at Easter), it was found impossible to raise it, till, says the legend, it was remembered how meek and lowly Christ entered the city, whereupon the Emperor cast off his royal robes, and the cross was easily lifted: in this way its genuineness was ascertained.—The boys of Eton School were allowed to go a nutting on this day.

15, Tuesday.—*St. Nicetas.* Rough rudbeckia flowers.
Events.—Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, performed the first ærial voyage in England, from Moorfields to Ware, 1784. The same day of the month, 1830, the Manchester and Liverpool Railway for carriage by steam opened. Its inauguration was rendered tragic by the death of Mr. Huskisson, the member. Claims of persons omitted in the burgess lists, and objections to persons improperly inserted therein, to be given to the town-clerk in writing on or before this day: notice of the objection to be also given to the person objected to.

16, Wednesday.—Sea star-wort, dedicated to St. Editha, blows.
Event.—A conjunction of all the planets in Libra took place at sunrise, A.D., 1186. Great calamities had been foretold by the astrologers in consequence, but their predictions proved false.

17, Thursday.—Rue-flower blows again on the anniversary of St. Lambert.
Events.—The Equitable Labour Exchange opened in London, 1832. On this day, which is the 19th of the month Thoth, the Egyptians held the feast of Hermes, or Mercury—its simple mystery, honey and figs, with one mutual and indissoluble sentiment, "how sweet a thing is truth."

18, Friday.—Pendulous star-wort, sacred to St. Thomas of Villanuova, blossoms fully.
Biography.—On this day of the month, 1768, died Lawrence Sterne, the witty and original author of *Tristram Shandy*, some excellent sermons, and *A Sentimental Journey*. Garrick, who was his friend and admirer, thus comprised his qualities in his epitaph:

> Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise
> Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
> And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn
> Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne?

Event.—Lord Anson unfurls the broad pennant at Portsmouth, after his circumnavigation of the globe, 1740.
Fair.—Bury (Lanc.); cattle, horses, and woollen-cloths.

19, Saturday.—Devils-bit scabious flowers; consecrated to St. Lucy. Martins begin to congregate, preparatory to their winter flight.
Events.—On this day, 1471, the first book printed in the English language, the *Recuyell of the History of Troy*, issued from the press at Cologne.
Fair.—Atherstone; horses, cows, and cheese.

20, Sunday.—15th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Jerem. xxxv., Matt. xxi.; evening service, Jerem. xxxvi., 1 Cor. v. The anniversary of St. Eustachius: common meadow-saffron sacred to him.
Events.—The Edinburgh Exchange founded, 1753. Robert Owen's first memorial to the governments of Europe and America, 1818.

21, Monday.—St. Matthew the Evangelist slain by some infidels at Nadabaer, about the year 60: the festival instituted, 1090. He wrote his gospel in Hebrew, for the use of the Jewish converts, and it was afterwards translated into Greek. In the Catholic Florilegium, ciliated passion-flower is dedicated to this martyr.
Event.—The anniversary of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, 1550.
Fairs.—Reading, cheese, hogs, &c. Naumbury; manufactured goods.

22, Tuesday.—Saffron, so useful in medicine and dyeing, is gathered and prepared this month. It is principally grown at Saffron Walden, in Essex. The tree boletus, sacred to St. Maurice, and numerous other fungi abound. About this time the autumnal equinox takes place, and heavy storms of wind and rain are felt, as well as at the vernal equinox. The oak sheds its acorns, beach nuts fall, and the hedges are bright with wild fruits and berries.
Events.—The new Post-office opened, 1829. On this day, 1597, a dreadful pestilence broke out at Penrith, in Cumberland, which destroyed in 15 months 2,260 persons.

23, Wednesday.—White star-wort blows, sacred to St. Thecla. The estimation in which vows of celibacy were held cast a sort of sanctity over the obsequies of unmarried females, which has descended to our own times; hence the custom of strewing the corpse with flowers, the white-glove suspended in many a village church above the grave of a virgin, and the custom of young girls clothed in white accompanying the funeral procession.
Fair.—Swindon; cattle, sheep, and pigs.

24, Thursday.—Guernsey lilies, sacred to St. Gerard, and other amaryllides, blow in the green-house and garden.
Biography.—Samuel Butler, the inimitable author of *Hudibras*, demised this day, 1680. The erudition displayed in this work is not less extraordinary than the master-strokes of wit, and intense, but humorous satire with which it abounds. Butler lived some time as steward with Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's commanders, whom it is thought he caricatured in the character of *Hudibras*; but though the royal cause was much advantaged by his poem, and royalty itself was said to have got the greater part of it by heart, the clever author was permitted to live in obscurity and die in want.
Events.—The Sunderland Iron Bridge founded, 1793; opened, August 9th, 1796. Lists of claimants, and of persons objected to, to be fixed by the town-clerk in some public place of each borough from this day till the 1st of October.

25, Friday.—St. Welfrid's flower, helianthus, with various species of coreopsis, rudbeckia, and other late æstival plants, in blossom. Wasps still continue very troublesome, and their sting produces intense pain. The most simple, and at the same time effective remedy I know of, is to apply sweet oil immediately, taking care that the sting (they sometimes leave it in the wound) is withdrawn.
Biography.—Mrs. Hemans, the English Corinna, whose memory, crowned with the flowers of her own poesy, will live as long as taste and elegance have place in our literature, was born on this day, 1794. It is likewise the anniversary of the great Greek scholar's (Professor Porson) death, 1808. His skull is said to have been one of the thickest ever observed, but it contained a more than ordinary amount of learning.
Fair.—Howden; horses; for six days.

26, Saturday.—We count gigantic golden-rod on our floral rosary for St. Justinian, whose day this is. Heath now fades on the waste, the fern leaves are changing brown, and the harebells, though still seen, are by no means abundant.
Event.—The inauguration of Rufus at Westminster, with circumstances of exceeding magnificence, 1087.

27, Sunday.—16th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Ezek. ii., Matt. xxviii.; evening service, Ezek. xiii., 1st Cor. xii. Many-flowered starwort, sacred to St. Delphina, in full blossom; the berries of the dogwood, of a bright crimson tint, are now highly ornamental in the hedges, and contrast prettily with the dark green of the leaves; a solitary bunch of honeysuckle is sometimes still found in shady places.
Biography.—Richard Brindley, the engineer, born, 1716; died on this day, 1772. His great work was the construction of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal: began 1758, opened 1761.
Fair.—Leipzic; books, Russian and Polish produce, manufactured goods, &c.; it lasts three weeks.

28, Monday.—Evergreen golden-rod, sacred to St. Eustochium, in full flower. About this time the swallow (*hirundo rustica*), migrates, though a few remain, in mild seasons, till the middle of the next month.
Events.—Nearly the entire of Flanders immersed by a storm on this day, 1014. The Mosaic year commences.

29, Tuesday.—*Michaelmas*, or *Quarter-day.* Michaelmas-daisy, sacred to St. Michael and Old Angels, is now in full flower; an old custom prevails of eating goose on this day. Brande suggests, from the circumstance of geese being eaten by the ploughmen at the feast of harvest-home; and others, because it was a fashion with landlords to entertain their tenants on quarter-day with roast goose (Martinmas, Nov. 11th, being the old rent-day). In Denmark, where the harvest is later than with us, it is usual with every family to have a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin's eve.
Events.—Captains Parry and Franklin reach the Admiralty from the Arctic expedition, 1827. The act of King James against witches came into force on this day, 1604.

30, Wednesday.—*St. Jerome.* The whole of the aster tribe, and golden amaryllis, sacred to this father of the church, are now in flower. Apples are gathered this month; to keep them, this should be done when they are quite dry, and they should be laid with clean chaff or straw in casks, and closely covered; by this means, if placed in a cool cellar, they will keep twelve months.
Event.—The Empress Maude lands in Suffolk, with her handful of knights, 1139.

The People's Picture Gallery.



DUKE ADOLPHE OF GUELDRES

By Rembrandt.

DUKE ADOLPHE OF GUELDRES.

By Rembrandt.

The picture from which the subject in our first page is taken is one of Rembrandt's, which is very little known in this country. It is in the picture gallery at Berlin; and is to be found in no catalogue of Rembrandt's pictures published in this country, so far as we have been able to discover. It is an historical piece, the subjects of it having lived in the fifteenth century—*i. e.*, about two centuries earlier than Rembrandt.

This Adolphe, Duke of Guelderland, was the son of Arnold, Count d'Egmont, and Catherine of Cleves. He most unnaturally revolted against his father, and drew to his party all the towns of Guelderland. He took his father prisoner at Grave in 1465, and shut him up in the castle of Buren. Arnold was compelled by him to cede all his territory and estates to him, but being set at liberty, he did not keep the treaty which he had thus been forced into, and being again arrested, was conducted to Courtrai, where he remained till 1473, when he died on the 3rd of February, and his body was buried in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Grave.

Adolphe, Count d'Egmont, married Catherine de Bourbon, by whom he had Charles who succeeded him, and two daughters, Philipine and Catherine de Gueldre. The cruelty with which he had treated his father drew down upon him the excommunication of Pope Paul II., and the arms of many other princes. He consented, at length, to liberate his father at the earnest entreaties of Charles the Hardy, of Burgundy, who soon afterwards made himself master of Guelderland, and also of the person of Duke Adolphe. In 1473, Charles the Hardy obtained from the Emperor Frederick, at Treves, investiture of the Duchy, after having purchased it of Arnold for the sum of 92,000 Rhenish florins, by a treaty concluded at St. Omer, the 7th of September, 1472.

Adolphe remained in prison till 1477, when Mary of Burgundy drew him forth to give him the command of her troops, with which he attacked Tournai, but was killed at that siege, and his body buried in the cathedral church of that town.

The point of time seized on by Rembrandt in this history seems to be when the unnatural son descends into his father's dungeon, followed by two black pages, and menaces the old man, in order to compel him to surrender his domains and authority to him, or taunts him with seeing him again in his power, and threatens fresh cruelties and revenge. The whole constitutes a good specimen of Rembrandt's admirable arrangement of light and shade, and of his expression of strong, stern passion. As is common with his pictures, we see his name and its date inscribed on the base of a clustered pillar on the right hand of the piece.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. III.

THE NATURAL POSSESSIONS OF MAN.

What are the powers of the human being? I speak of those powers only which are the object of education. There are some which work of themselves for the preservation of life, and with which we have nothing to do but to let them work freely. The heart beats, the stomach digests, the lungs play, the skin transpires, without any care of ours, and we have only to avoid hindering any of these actions.

Next, man has four limbs. Of these two have to be trained to move him from place to place in a great variety of ways. There are many degrees of agility between the bow-legged cripple, set too early upon his feet, and the chamois hunter of the Alps, who leaps the icy chasms of the glacier, and springs from point to point of the rock. The two seem hardly to be of the same race; yet education has made each of them what he is.

The two other limbs depend upon training for much of their strength and use. Look at the pale student, who lives shut up in his study, never having been trained to use his arms and hands but for dressing and feeding himself, turning over books, and guiding the pen. Look at his spindles of arms and his thin fingers, and compare them with the brawny limbs of the blacksmith, or the hands of the quay porter, whose grasp is like that of a piece of strong machinery. Compare the feeble and awkward touch of the book-worm who can hardly button his waistcoat, or carry his cup of tea to his mouth with the power that the modeller, the ivory carver, and the watchmaker have over their fingers. It is education which has made the difference between these.

Man has five senses. Though much is done by the incidents of daily life to exercise all the five, still a vast difference ensues upon varieties of training. A fireman in London, and an Indian on the prairie, can smell smoke when nobody else is aware of it. An epicure can taste a cork in wine, or a spice in a stew, to the dismay of the butler, and the delight of the cook, when every one else is insensible. One person can feel by the skin whether the wind is east or west before he gets out of bed in the morning; while another has to hold up a handkerchief in the open air, or look at the weathercock, before he can answer the question—"How's the wind?"

As for the two noblest senses, there are great constitutional differences among men. Some are naturally short-sighted, and some dull of hearing; but the differences caused by training are more frequent and striking. If, of two boys born with equally good eyes and ears, one is very early put, all alone, to keep sheep on a hill side, where he never speaks or is spoken to, and comes home only to sleep, and the other works with his father at joiner's work, or in sea-fishing, or at a water-mill, they will, at manhood, hardly appear to belong to the same race. While the one can tell veneer from mahogany in passing a shop-window, the other cannot see any difference between one stranger's face and another's. While the sleepy clown cannot distinguish sea from land half a mile off, the fisherman can see the greyest sail of the smallest

sloop among the billows on the horizon. While the shepherd does not hear himself called till the shout is in his ear, the miller tells by the fireside, by the run of the water, whether the stream is deepening or threatening to go dry. Of course the quickness or slowness of the mind has much to do with these differences of eye and ear; but besides that, the eye and ear differ according to training. The miller, with his mind and ear all awake, would hear, with all his efforts, only four or five birds' notes in a wood, where a naturalist would hear twenty; and the fisherman might declare the wide air to be vacant, when a mountain sportsman would see an eagle, like a minute speck, indicating by its mode of flight where the game lay below.

Man has a capacity for pleasure and pain.

This is an all-important part of his nature of which we can give no account, because it is incomprehensible. How he feels pleasure and pain, and why one sensation or thought delights him and another makes him miserable, nobody ever knew yet, or perhaps ever will know, in this state of existence. It is enough for us that the fact is so. Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this—the right exercise and training of the sense of pleasure and pain. The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought, above everything—whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two, or three, or more people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labour at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a whole nation and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave. Any man who is capable of this joy, and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of. He is also the happiest. It is true that his capacity for pain is exercised and enlarged, as well as his power of feeling pleasure. But what pains such a man is the vice, and folly, and misery of his fellow-men; and he knows that these must melt away hereafter in the light of the great ideas which he perceives to be in store for them: while his pleasure being in the faith of a better future is as vivid and as sure as great thoughts are clear and eternal. For an illustration of this noblest means of happiness, we had better look to the highest instance of all. I have always thought that we are apt to dwell too much on the suffering and sorrow of the lot and mind of Christ. Our reverence and sympathy should be more with his abounding joy. I think those who read with clear eyes and an open mind will see evidences of an unutterable joy in his words—may almost think they hear it in his tones, when he promised heaven to the disinterested and earth to the meek, and satisfaction to the earnest; when he welcomed the faith of the centurion, and the hope of the penitent, and the charity of the widow; when he foresaw the incoming of the Gentiles, and knew that heaven and earth should pass away sooner than his words of life and truth. The sufferings of the holy can never surely transcend their peace: and whose fulness of joy can compare with theirs?

Before man can feel pleasure or pain from outward objects or from thoughts, he must perceive them. To a new-born infant, or a blind person enabled to see for the first time, objects before the eyes can hardly be said to exist. The blue sky and a green tree beside a white house are not seen but as a blotch of colours which touches the eye. This is the account given by persons couched for cataract, who have never before seen a ray of light. They see as if they saw not. But the power is in them. By degrees they receive the images, and perceive the objects. A child learns to receive sounds separately, then to perceive one voice among others, then to distinguish one tone from another—the voice of soothing from that of playfulness—the tone of warning from that of approbation; then it receives thoughts through the sounds; and so on, till the power is exercised to the fullest extent that we know of—when distinct ideas are admitted from the minutest appearances or leadings—strange bodies detected in the heavens, and fresh truths in the loftiest regions of human speculation. It depends much on training whether objects and thoughts remain for life indistinct and confused before the perceptive power, as before infant vision, or whether all is clear and vivid as before a keen and practised eye.

We know not how memory acts, any more than we understand how we feel pleasure and pain. But we all know how the power of recalling images, words, thoughts, and feelings, depends on exercise. A person whose power of memory has been neglected has little use of his past life. The time, and people, and events that have passed by have left him little better than they found him: while every day, every person, and every incident deposits some wealth of knowledge with him whose memory can receive and retain his experience.

Then there are other powers which it will be enough merely to mention here, as we shall have to consider them more fully hereafter. Man has the power, after perceiving objects and thoughts, to compare them, and see when they differ and agree; to penetrate their nature, and understand their purpose and action. It is thus that he obtains a knowledge of creation, and the curious powers, whether hidden or open to view, which are for ever at work in it.

He can reason from what he knows to what he has reason to suppose, and put his idea to the proof. He can imitate what he sees; and also the idea in his mind; and hence comes invention; and that wise kind of guess into what is possible which leads to great discovery; discovery sometimes of a vast continent, sometimes of a vast agency in nature for men's uses, sometimes of a vast truth which may prove a greater acquisition to men's souls than a new hemisphere for their habitation.

Man has also a wonderful power of conceiving of things about which he cannot reason. We do not know how it is, but the more we dwell on what is beautiful and striking, what is true before our eyes and impressive to our minds, the more able we become to conceive of things more beautiful, striking, and noble, which have never existed, but might well be true. None of our powers require more earnest and careful exercise than this grand one of the imagination. Those in whom it

is suppressed can never be capable of heroic acts, of lofty wisdom, of the purest happiness. Those in whom it is neglected may exercise the little power they have in a fruitless direction, probably aggravating their own faults, and certainly wasting the power on ideas too low for it, as the voluptuary who dreams of selfish pleasure, or the despot, grand or petty, who makes visions of unchecked tyranny. Those in whom it is healthily exercised will become as elevated and expanded as their nature admits, and one here and there proves a Mohammed, lifting up half the human race into a higher condition; or a Raffaelle, bringing down seraphs and cherubs from heaven, and so clothing them as that men may look upon them and grow like them; or a Shakspeare who became a creator in that way which God thinks no impiety, but, on the contrary, the highest worship. Men are apt, in all times and everywhere, to blaspheme, by attributing to God their own evil passions and narrow ideas. It is through this power of the Imagination that they rise to that communion, that fellowship with God which is the truest piety. They rise to share his attributes, the prophet seeing "the things that are not as though they were," and the poet creating beings that live and move and have their being immortal in the mind of man. Such a power resides more or less in every infant that lies in the bosom of every family. Alas for its guardians if they quench this power, or turn it into a curse and disease by foul feeding!

Then, the emotions of men are so many powers, to be recognised and trained. Of the power of Hope there is no need to speak, for all see what it is as a stimulus, both in particular acts, and through the whole course of a life. Fear is hardly less important, though it is intended to die out, or rather to pass into other and higher kinds of feeling. A child who has never known a sensation of fear (if there be such an one) can never be a man of a high order. He must either be coarsely made in body, or unable to conceive of anything but what is familiar to him. A child whose heart beats at shadows and the fitful sounds of the invisible wind, and who hides his face on his mother's bosom when the stars seem to be looking at him as they roll, is no philosopher at present; but he is likely to grow into one if this fear is duly trained into awe, humility, thoughtfulness, till, united with knowledge, it becomes contemplation, and grows into that glorious courage which searches all through creation for truth and God. Out of Fear, too, grows our power of Pity. Without fear of pain, we could not enter into the pain of others. Fear must be lost in reverence and love. but reverence and love could never be so powerful as they ought to be, if they were not first vivified by the power of Fear.

What the power of Love is, in all its forms, there is no need to declare to any one who has an eye and a heart. In the form of Pity, how it led Howard to spend his life in loathsome prisons, crowded with yet more loathsome guilt! In other forms, how it sustains the unwearied mother watching through long nights over her wailing infant! How it makes of a father, rough perhaps to all others, a holy and tender guardian of his pure daughters! and how it makes ministering angels of them to him in turn! How we see it, everywhere in the world, making the feeble and otherwise scantily-endowed strong in self-denial, cheerful to endure, fearless to die! A mighty power surely is that which, breathing from the soul of an individual man, can "conquer Death, and triumph over Time."

Then there is in man a force by which he can win and conquer his way through all opposition of circumstance, and the same force in others. This power of Will is the greatest force on earth—the most important to the individual, and the most influential over the whole race. A strong Will turned to evil lets hell loose upon the world. A strong Will wholly occupied with good might do more than we can tell to bring down Heaven into the midst of us. If among all the homes of our land, there be one infant in whom this force is discerned working strongly, and if that infant be under such guardianship as to have its will brought to bear on things that are pure, holy, and lovely, to that being we may look as to a regenerator of his race. He may be anywhere where there are children. Are there any parents who will not look reverently into the awful nature of their children, search into their endowments, and try of every one of them whether it may not be he? If not he, it is certain that every one of them is a being too mysterious, too richly gifted, and too noble in faculties not to be welcomed and cherished as a stranger vouchsafed by God. How can we too carefully set in order the home in which it is to dwell?

THE ORGAN AT GREAT MUGGLETON.

By Joseph Goslick.

There are two Muggletons, and, as usual, the village on the top of the hill is styled the "great," though it is, in fact, less than its "little" neighbour down in the valley. On this one might moralise: but it would be out of place in a story.

Muggleton generally enjoys a profound quietude. The rector keeps his garden in good order, and never changes his views of religion. The churchwardens are also quiet men, agreeing with the rector in all things. One of them, old Timothy West, is a retired grocer, and has some musical taste; for, in his youthful days, he presided in the Muggleton singing-loft, and played the hautboy.

But no place is secure from change and commotion in these eventful times, and even Muggleton has lately been disturbed by the introduction of a barrel-organ into the church. Great has been the popular excitement attending this innovation, and it is, certainly, remarkable that such a measure should have emanated from such quiet men as the rector and his churchwarden. We must explain how their minds were led to contemplate such a movement.

It is well known that singers are a quarrelsome race of people. While Mr. Timothy West conducted them, they were kept in good order; but when he became too apoplectic for playing the hautboy they were left without a respectable leader, and have consequently had quarrels at the rate of about one every month. The last quarrel was, as might be expected, a noisy one; for it was between the "Old Serpent" (that is the old man who plays the serpent) and the Wild Duck, or Clarionet. The consequence of this *fracas* was that, as all the trebles sided with their leader, the Clarionet, the "Old Serpent" was left to perform a solo on his instrument, only assisted by two or three bass voices. Then, for two Sundays, the singing-loft was deserted, and when the Serpent and his friends, the bass-singers, carried their services to Little Muggleton, our Clarionet and three young girls were left to fill up sacred harmony as well as they

could. Little Muggleton soon began to boast of musical superiority. This would not do. The rector and Mr. Timothy West agreed together that such a state of things was disgraceful to Great Muggleton.

During some consultations as to the best mode of reforming the singing-loft, several quarts of the rector's old beer were consumed. At last the great original idea which has made such a movement in our parish dawned upon the mind of the rector. "I have it!" he exclaimed—"Mr. West, we'll be independent of all the lot of them! We'll do it all for ourselves!" "How?" said Timothy—"how, sir?"

"How!" exclaimed the rector—"*so*, Timothy, *so!*"—and, explaining his meaning in pantomime, he imitated the action of a barrel-organ with his right hand—"yes, we'll do as they have done at Grindaway—we'll have a barrel-organ!—one with ten tunes will do for us!" "But the money!" said Mr. West, with a calculating look. "Fifty pounds will do it!" said the rector—"I am *five*. You will be *five*. The squire always hated that 'wild duck,' as he called the clarionet—he will be another 'five.' Turner likes sensible music in a church—he will be 'five.' We shall do it easily. But keep this a secret. It shall be done among ourselves."

This consultation led to action. In the course of a fortnight the rector and his friend went to London and bought a barrel-organ for fifty pounds. In spite of the secrecy with which the affair was conducted, rumours of the innovation were spread through the parish, and great was the excitement when the new article of church furniture arrived. The squire and all the great men of Muggleton met in the church to witness the putting-together of the instrument. The rector and his stout friend, West, were almost intoxicated with delight at beholding the realisation of their scheme.

At last all the pipes were arranged and the wonder-working barrel was fitted in its place. "Mr. West, we are ready for action," said the rector. "Are we, indeed?" said Timothy, putting down the jug of beer. "Now, as we had the first thought of it, it is only fair that we should have the first tune," said the rector—here is No. 1.—the "Old Hundredth" psalm—we cannot begin with a better. I will turn and you shall blow—just up and down, gently—the action is very simple—silence, gentlemen, if you please." Accordingly the united exertions of the rector and Mr. West brought out the "Old Hundredth" in a very fine style. "Eh, squire?" said the rector, when the tune was ended, "that is something different from the music we have had in Muggleton for the last twenty years!" The squire did not profess to understand music, but confessed he liked it better than the "wild-duck."• The organ-party then adjourned to the rectory. There the builder was complimented, the rector even brought out wine in honour of the occasion, and the evening was passed pleasantly.

When the other guests had departed, the rector said to his friend, West—"Now we'll enjoy ourselves. We will go into the church and try all the tunes over quietly." The churchwarden, who had an ear for harmony, agreed to the proposal, and they immediately went to the organ-loft. The door was opened; the stops were drawn; Mr. West supplied the bellows with wind; the rector moved the barrel to No. 2—"Shirland." "A very pretty tune," said he, as he began to turn the barrel. But how can we tell his consternation when, as he turned, no sound would emanate from the instrument but a long-drawn, discordant bellowing—"boo—bo-o-o!"—turn as he might it came to nothing but "bo-o-o—bo-o-o!" In his consternation, Timothy West fell backwards from the stool on which he was sitting to work the bellows. "Be calm!" said the rector, "here is something wrong; but think how fortunate we are that none of our enemies have heard it!" "But if it gets out of order in this way," said Timothy, "it will be worse than the 'Old Serpent!'" "Never mind," said the rector, "it has happened well, as it must have come out some time—let us go to the man who put it up." Accordingly, they hastened to the inn where the organ-builder was staying, and told him the extent of the calamity. "Nothing to be alarmed about, gentlemen," said the practical man—"perhaps a small chip has fallen into the valve of one of the bass-pipes." So it proved, and great was the delight of the rector when the obstacle was removed, and that "pretty tune—Shirland" came out sweetly at the turning of the barrel. "I could stay and listen to it all night!" said Timothy West.

For the following Sunday the rector had prepared a sermon from the text—"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." From this he intended to prove that as an organ has breath, it is properly employed in the service of the church. Unfortunately, however, the sexton's son, to whom the barrel-turning was confided, had very loose notions of time, and hurried over his performance in such a style that the girls had still a line of the first verse to sing when the barrel was beginning the second verse. It was a race, and the grinder seemed proud that he had got to the end of the psalm before the singers.

In this style our music still continues at Muggleton. If the organ has been of any service, it is in having furnished the village with a topic of Sunday conversation. In coming from church, you are sure to hear such remarks as the following:—"What was the matter with the *grinder* today?" "Some of the valves are out of order, they say." "It will be locked up, at last, I suppose; and a good end of it!"

Let this be a warning to all rectors and churchwardens like ours, who would try to improve sacred harmony by the introduction of a barrel-organ. We have no pique against an organ in itself, like the Jewish law, it is a good thing if a man use it lawfully, but in our parish-churches it is often used *unlawfully*, as a monotonous, wearisome substitute for good vocal harmony. It is better to teach the people to produce good harmony *for themselves*, than to have it done for them *by machinery*, and accordingly we say, success to Hullah, and to all who imitate his measures to promote music *by*, as well as *for* the people!

AN APPEAL

TO THE BETTER ORDER OF MEN IN BEHALF OF THE WOMEN OF THE FACTORY DISTRICTS.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

It is a striking and happy characteristic of England, that what has been effected for the people has been done by themselves, or, which is the same thing, by those who have risen from them. Patronage has ever been partial, and while it is exercised in the small spirit in which it has ever been in this country, the smaller the better. The sun of royal and aristocratic favour has rarely

done more than call forth an ephemera—than raise an idol for fashion to flock to for a day, and when that day is done, leave the idol to fall from its pedestal into neglect and obscurity, all the more bitter and hard to bear from the temporary blaze by which caprice had surrounded it. There is a power seated in the people that is above all patronage. Let them sustain each other; evolve their own energies, not with selfish but with social purpose, and the world is their own. In the outset their course may be slow, as compared with what a paternal government and liberal aristocracy with the large appliances of power which they command might effect; but that which the people accomplish for themselves is sure, and untrammelled by the conditions and consequences which other aids entail. There is great movement among them—a great revolution in progress; like the process going forward in the human frame—old particles flying off and new fibre being formed, with this difference, that notwithstanding this continual change the body grows old and decays; but the reverse will be the case with nations who will renew their youth with every improved generation. Self-culture is doing its salutary work in classes amid which, a few years since, cultivation was deemed an absurdity in itself, and an insult and an injury to their conventional superiors, while in periods yet more remote it was proscribed as a crime. It is recorded of "the good old time," in Henry's England (book 5, chap. 4), that "It was not till the reign of Henry IV. (1399—1413) that villeins, farmers, and mechanics were permitted by law to put their children to school; and long after that they dare not educate a son for the church without a license from the lord." And still

> There are
> Who say that this is well! As God has made
> All things for man's good pleasure, so of man
> The many for the few! Court moralists,
> Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
> Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
> Shall have their wealth hereafter; and though now,
> Toiling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs
> That from the rich man's table fall, at length
> In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
> Themselves meantime secure the good things here
> And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!
> Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
> All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
> No brotherhood.

The improved portion of the people who are themselves becoming an aristocracy of self-developed talent and advancing energy, must be upon the watch that the vices of superiority do not steal in among its better fruits—that *they* do not forget the brotherhood which links them to all men, and still more to those from whose level they have so meritoriously risen. Many there are incapable of self-culture,—not from the absence of natural ability, but from an attendant laxity—a deficiency of the braced will which is the high pressure of talent, and carries it forward with so much force and facility. Neither must the power of circumstances be forgotten; especially the circumstances which encompass those younger sons of civilisation, the poorest orders. They who have been born among them, or in the contiguous classes, possess a knowledge of the disadvantages that hedge them in, which, while it yields the strongest motives for turning to them with the helping hand, deprives their more favoured brothers of all excuse for neglecting so to do. The princess may propose pastry, when corn is dear, as a substitute for bread, and severity itself can do no more than smile; but the compatriot and class-fellow of the poor, who have partaken their porridge and potatoes, or known what it is to want even such humble fare, must give sympathy and, if they can, assistance, or stand morally and consciously convicted of injustice as men and of hypocrisy as christians. "To be weak is to be miserable;" then let the strong rally round the feeble, and, if true reformers, feel that none may rest while there remain any who require to be raised or held from falling. This state of kindly vigilance and activity will, while it awakens the principle of good in others, keep it alive in themselves: it is like the toil of the husbandman, which not only crowns his patron's fields with harvest, but invests his own frame with health. What is the history of but too many of the labourers—the wealth producers of this wealthy land? The little offshoot of humanity, in the very first weeks of its tender life, is torn by a stern necessity from its toiling mother's care, who must refuse it the succour and soothing of her breast in order to secure bread. Sometimes her place is ill supplied by a poorly-paid hireling; sometimes unsupplied, leaving the little being under the dreadful deterioration of opium, locked up and doomed to privation and imprisonment, till its mother's returning hour of brief leisure restores it to liberty. The next stage of this young creature's existence finds it a denizen of the common streets, with concomitant dirt and disorder, often with squalid lineaments and distorted limbs, the consequence of every species of neglect. Yet, notwithstanding injuries thus early commenced and uninterruptedly continued, tenacious of life, it rises through childhood into youth—such youth as it is permitted to know—when it is seized upon, and fastened a slave to the monotonous toil of the factory, where, amid the dizzy whirl of machinery, the power of thought is neutralised, and the Creator's child, with all its moral and mental nature not merely undeveloped, but arrested, becomes the mere creature of this semi-barbarous world—an animal—ofter a very repulsive one.

With all that Owen, Wilderspin, and others have done, this is a brief memoir of the life of too many of the people. Notwithstanding all that Christianity counsels and common justice calls for, this is the desecration of a portion of God's highest work going on from day to day, and mankind are not shocked at the spectacle, because it is common and but partially perceived and comprehended. Could the circumstances of the happier classes be placed in juxta-position: the tended, joyous child—the caressed, the cared-for, the carefully cultured—the creature sunning in the beams of parental love, and lighted up by surrounding sympathies—led up the graduated scale of knowledge with all the appliances with which the wise condescensions of genius and science now serve at the altars of education: could we bear the contrast? Should we dare to look up to our common Creator, and, with the children of wealth and comparative wealth by the hand, behold the squalid crowd of the wretched, who are His children if they are not ours? No! we should return from our churches and chapels, and say we have work to do before we again assemble here: he harvest is not yet—the sacred harvest-home must be held when we have reaped our fields and garnered their produce: let us go forward to the work with the heart-prayer that will speed it. No! the classes of the privileged and the powerful, with all that habitual luxury does to sloth their energies and neutralise their perceptions, save in those matters which solicit them through the medium of selfishness, could not and would not see these parallels unmoved. Unfortunately, these contrasts cannot

be brought into the concentrated and comprehensive span necessary to catch the contracted vision of the great, and their copies in the other classes. To them, in behalf of the proscribed, the painter, the poet, and the dramatist must address themselves. We are not without examples of genius dedicated to such noble efforts, and the names of Norton and Jerrold stand forth in lustre peculiar to themselves.

But to pass from the artificial heights of society, let us see what can be done upon the levels, where the thick phalanx of an improving people are spreading in moral force, and fixing the attention and firing the hopes of nations; on whose banner is emblazoned progress, and who are yet destined to prove that in the development of the inner man in all ranks, not in glossing and adorning the outer man in a few, rests the hope of carrying the great objects of society to consummation. Amid these national legions—these files of moral warriors—let the small voice of childhood, and of brethren like unto children—who are in fact children of a larger growth—be heard: let them listen to them the more because the speakers can say so little and speak so ill. Dr. Carus, a pendant, I believe, of the King of Saxony, in visiting our factories in 1844, says—

It is an important question, will any great or original mind ever be developed from amidst these congregated masses? If that be the case, it will furnish a striking proof that the spirit of humanity can break a way for itself through all this early and monotonous slavery; but if this is not the case (as I fear), it will show that even great talents (for some such there must be among these vast numbers of toiling people) may be depressed and destroyed by this system. It is easy to conceive how a Pope Sixtus V. could arise from a poor swineherd, reared in the open air and in freedom; but it is hard to expect any development from those condemned to this slavish uniform and mind-destroying process.

It is literally wonderful, and it attests the mental germ with which humanity is instinct, that so much of the beauty of human nature survives amid such a system of toil, and such a state of society.

But, I would ask, how is it that from this background, dark, drear, and disgraceful, that woman stands out so much less deformed than man, for that she does so is an incontestible fact? Looking into the manufacturing classes, especially those in the descending scale, could their moral statistics be strictly ascertained, the amount of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters who well fulfil their domestic duties—who amid the claims of factory labour discharge scrupulously the claims on their affections and finer feelings—would show an array, beside which the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers would shrink into moral bankruptcy. Our factory system, commercially advantageous, but morally most injurious, gives preference to the labour of women and children, and throwing men upon short hours of labour, thus places the strong in the painful and unnatural position of dependence upon the weak. This is the misfortune of these men; but if they are the martyrs and and victims of national cupidity, the ambition of wealth at the expense of worth, the preference of extended commerce to happy social communion, need they still further aggravate the evil—still further debase themselves? Are there not other duties for man, as well as woman, besides that of the manual industry by which he earns his bread? Because denied sufficient occupation for his hours, need he voluntarily give them, when thus left vacant on his hands, to smoking, drinking, and lounging about, habits which are in themselves innocent compared to the habits to which they lead—to indolence, injustice, unkindness, indifference, frequently brutality, to the heaping of further and bitter ills on his already overburthened wife, and adding to the injuries of his children the evil of a bad example. "Extreme physical dependence, the claims of instinctive life, which once more revert to dependence," says Michelet, "*moral impotency*, and *the void of mind*, these are the causes of their vices." It were as useful to appeal to their iron coadjutors, the machines—those "Briareuses of Industry," as Michelet well calls them—as against the system, which, scattering good on other classes, as it does, is not evil in itself, but in the manner in which it is worked out. Thus, morally helpless as appear too many of the men of these districts, and miserable, in consequence, as are the women, hope, and appeal in their behalf, can only lie to such spirits as every now and then, blessed and blessing, spring up in the drear tracts of the world, carrying light into darkness, as Wesley did among the miners—Howard into prisons—Pestalozzi and Wilderspin among neglected children, and Mrs. Fry into the cells of Newgate. Many may at this moment be waiting their vocation, waiting for the voice to which their hearts will echo. Oh, that it might be mine to call these gentle ministers to the aid of the poor factory women, yet more to the aid of many of their unawakened, self-wanting husbands. Here is a work for which you want no funds but the moral wealth you carry in your own breast. If you can induce gentleness where there now is rudeness; forbearance where there now is ferocity; willingness to help in promoting home comforts where there is now reckless indifference in spoiling the little decencies that the poor domestic drudge has achieved: if you can convert contempt for female intellect and prejudice against its improvement into opposite impressions, more would be done for the happiness and progress of these people than any amount of money could effect. Young Ministers of Education—you who give up your Sabbath to the ragged schools—who forego rest, recreation, and the privileges of devotion on that day, to breathe amid an atmosphere crowded by little outcasts whom all the rest of the world forget or shun—inspire some spirits like your own to make a pilgrimage among the people of the factories. Remembering who it was that sat among publicans and sinners, go to them in their homes and hours of idleness, strike upon the inert breast, and call the heart within from callousness.

Let me select a case from the suffering crowd; for I know it is necessary to individualise, to concentrate attention. The field of battle, the ravaged city, the scene of flood or fire, present calamity in masses which call up vague images, and strike the mind rather than move the heart: to do the latter, attention must be fixed on a peculiar point. Look, then, at that poor girl hurrying from the mill; she is just nineteen, and already a wife and mother; with that old shawl wrapped round her bent shoulders, and bowed form, would you recognise a being in the spring of life? Her husband has aroused her before six to go to her work at the mill, whither he need not proceed till some hours later; yet, when she returns to breakfast, though having her child to fetch and nurse, she has the fire to light and the meal to prepare—again, when she comes home in the evening, though her husband has been released from labour three or four hours earlier, again the household toils fall wholly upon her. And the Sabbath—surely, it will be said, *that* is a day of rest? Alas! it is the hardest day's work of all—she has her house to clean, the clothes, perhaps, to wash; and, be it remembered, that all this is not *occasional*

exertion, but goes on from week to week, from year to year, with no vista through which reward gleams in the distance. Amid all this, which is slurring her youth and beauty with the "defacing finger" of premature age, what is her sustainment —what her recompense? Indifference, selfishness, brutality, are the leading characteristics of her husband. He sees in her, not the helpmate that Heaven has bestowed upon him, but the drudge that law has allowed him to appropriate; his conscience, so deplorable is his ignorance, is neither offended at her doom or his own deficiencies. Without any idea of woman but as a subordinate agent in all the meaner tasks of life, he insults her helplessness instead of assisting it; whilst she, hurt and outraged, often surrenders the kindlier feelings of her nature in natural self-defence; hence, there is a mutually mischievous reaction, in which their miserable child is a partaker, to its indelible injury.

Is there no remedy for this state of things? Are there no ministering minds that will go forth and teach and save these unhappy people, and many like unto them—women whose work is wearing out their strength, and men whose strength is rusting, or worse, for want of work. Where woman is degraded man ever becomes debased—all his injuries to her re-act upon himself with severe and just retribution. I believe the secret of the rapid and easy extinction of all savage tribes is, that there is no conserving power among the women; and the slow progress of civil life may be traced to the neglect which has been the lot of that portion of the human family. It will be seen, that since woman has unfortunately been removed from her proper sphere, home, I think man might there, in some degree, supply her place. Here I feel that a difficulty is to be met. The exigencies which the changes that machinery has effected, and will probably still further effect, call for a moral progress of which there is little appearance or promise. The kind of man now under observation, and of whom all his better and nobler brothers must be most heartily ashamed, would deem himself more disgraced in doing the work, from which circumstances have removed his wife, than in beating and bruising that poor helpless being, whom before God's altar he vowed to love and cherish. He does not see that these prejudices are the same from which he himself suffers—that difference of employment is ground enough for men to erect distinction upon, and visit each other with honour or contempt in consequence. In this respect, how little has the equalising spirit of Christianity effected, but how easily fashion can settle the question. I remember some years ago it was the mode for ladies to make shoes—the awl and the last were not then deemed to desecrate the drawing-room—I never heard that like immunity was extended to the cobler himself. There is no hope for the world but education—the teacher must go forth, and plant and spread great principles, and gradually the weeds of opinion, and prejudice, and all the poisons proceeding from them, will die out.

COUNTRY HOUSES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

By Andrew Winter.

There are many, no doubt, who upon reading this title will shrug their shoulders, and wonder what mad scheme we are about to suggest. "Country houses for the working classes, indeed! what next? Carriages, we suppose, for them to ride home in!" And the idea does look absurd enough at first sight, we admit; but it is strange how many things which have been snubbed down by steady-going people in one age, have become good-working universal facts in the next. How the great barons of the middle ages would have stared, and pshawed, and curled an incredulous curl in their lips, if anybody had told them that the time would come when the greasy burghers and the "gripple merchants" would keep their country houses. Yet this piece of audacity has long since come to pass. At the present moment it is the exception rather than the rule for the tradesmen (in the City, at least) to live at their places of business. As for the merchants—great swinging cranes and many-storied warehouses have long usurped the sites of their urban palaces. London proper at night, as far as the houses are concerned, is nearly deserted. Daniel Whittle Harvey gives this very fact in one of his late reports as a reason why so many robberies are committed in this district with impunity.

Many begin to ask if the time is not come when the working classes should follow the good example set by their superiors in the social scale. Good air, water, light, and food, are the materials out of which the poor man builds up his only capital—the labour of his hands. To give him cheap food, the legislature has wisely interfered; but "we live not by bread alone"—there are other elements quite as essential to the health and strength of the labouring man, and let us consider how they are at present supplied. Let us roll out the map of London, and take a glance at its terrible physiology. These fine streets that we trace are but the frontier of a kingdom of which the upper classes know as little as of the interior of Japan. By the intersection of streets and alleys, the metropolis is cut up into countless blocks and squares of houses, in the centres of which, as if ashamed to show their misery, crowd together the wretched camp-followers of our social strife. Fleet-street, the Strand, Cheapside, &c., are the broad dykes which dam back the wretched sea of our poor and artisan population: the densest and most squalid neighbourhoods marked by the increased brilliancy of the gin-palaces—those sinks of iniquity, which seize upon the corners of the streets and alleys, like some scrofulous disease that preys upon the joints of the human frame.

In these miserable retreats, shut out from light and air, and by far too poor to tempt the water-pipes, our artisan population is caged. Look at them as they come to work in the morning. Are they not like ghastly vegetables which have sprung up in the dark? Are they not stunted in growth, debilitated in body, and demoralised in mind, by the foul influences which surround them? And what we see in London, be it remembered, is but a type of the condition, in this respect, of the poorer classes in all the manufacturing towns in the kingdom.

Forty thousand people live in cellars in Liverpool! In Manchester, fifty-seven per cent of the population die before the age of five years! Sir James M'Gregor, Director-General of the Army Medical Board, says that out of 613 persons who enlisted in Birmingham, 238 only were approved. Dr. Mitchell, medical officer of the district of Spitalfields, says of the workmen—"They are decayed in their bodies. The whole race of them is rapidly descending to the size of Lilliputians. You could not raise a grenadier company among them

all." These are a few of the facts out of many thousands bearing upon the physical degeneration of the working classes, which are stated in "The Sanatory Report of the Poor-law Commissioners," published in 1842. Under this state of things, how is it possible to begin with effect the education of the people? You may take the child of the mechanic into your ragged schools, and teach him for eight hours a-day the beauty of moral rectitude, and the brightness of truth, but one hour spent amid the squalor of his home will drag him down to the level which surrounds him. The physical must precede the moral light: we must lay down water-pipes before attempting good principles: the man, as an animal, must be attended to, before the man as a spiritual being.

A careful woodsman thins the trees of the plantation, when they are grown so closely together as to obstruct the passage of the light and air. Surely, men in this country are of more value than trees! Cannot we, then, with advantage, transplant them from the St. Gileses, the Clerkenwells, and the Spitalfields of the metropolis, where, like overcrowded trees, they pine and die?

A little pamphlet published by Mr. W. B. Moffat, the architect, has thrown out many hints towards the accomplishment of this idea. He proposes the formation of a society, to be called "The Mutual Philanthropic Investment Society," the object of which is the building of villages for the working classes upon the various lines of railways, at a distance of not more than ten miles from the metropolis: each village to contain about 5,000 cottages. Now taking the average of each cottage to be about seven inhabitants, this gives a total of 35,000 to each village. Ten cottages per acre he considers will be sufficient to insure space enough for garden-ground, and for a thorough ventilation. The erection of lecture-rooms, public libraries, baths, and wash-houses, such as at present exist at the workmen's village of Swindon, on the Great Western Railway, are to form part of the plan. These cottage residences are designed to be of three classes. The first class to contain six rooms and upwards at a yearly rental of 30*l*. The second class to contain five good rooms, varying in rent from 15*l*. to 30*l*.; and third-class houses, containing four, five, and six rooms, at a weekly rental of four, five, and six shillings a-week; these rents giving the privilege of *a free passage by the railway to and from London;* to the two first classes at any time in the day, and to the third class by stated trains in the morning and evening. Arrangements have been made, we understand, with Mr. Wilkinson, of the London and Croydon Railway, to carry passengers, provided they are in sufficient numbers, at the same price as goods, which thus enables the proposers of this scheme to include railway carriage in the rentals of the houses, and at the same time to provide habitations better in every respect than those in town at a reduced rate, it being a well-known fact that the poor at present pay from 15 to 20 per cent to the landlord for the use of his money.

To work out the scheme, it is proposed that the Association shall find the capital, which is to be divided into 5*l*. shares, the rent being so arranged as not to allow more than 6½ per cent. dividend upon the capital, 1½ of which is to be set aside as a reserved fund for repairs, and for the benefit of necessitous widows and orphans. One of the best features of this scheme appears to be the proposition, that after the payment of the necessary deposit of ten shillings a share, the remaining 4*l*. 10*s*. shall be taken in monthly instalments. Thus every man of sober and industrious habits might, by a series of payments (which from being spread over a long period will come light to him), become possessed of his own freehold; his instalments, until all paid up, bearing an interest of 5 per cent., or 1½ per cent. more than the only safe investment now open to him—the savings' bank—affords. The habit of saving once induced by this means in the working classes, would be of incalculable value to them in many points of view. A class of small proprietors would arise, which seems now so much wanting to fill the gap which exists between the middle classes and the workmen without capital—it would be building an arch by which even the very poor might cross the cold river of caste and take his chance onward in our social hierarchy. The proposition of having three classes of houses in these villages is good, as it would give variety to the internal life of the community, and the highest classes would transmit to the lowest that cultivation which as a rule ever attends advancement in social position.

It is for the vast mass of mechanics, however, that we are chiefly interested, and to these we think Mr. Moffat's plan might be more particularly directed. St. Giles's and the Almonry have been destroyed by the "Woods and Forests," like so many wasps' nests, and the queen's commissioners glory in having done so for the sake of "improving the neighbourhood."* The victims of these so-called improvements, in which man is sacrificed to fancy street-architecture, are now flooding the miserable courts and alleys of the metropolis with (if possible) a more deeply-dyed squalor. It is from these haunts that we must rescue the mechanic, for misery creeps upon him like the piercing cold, against which in time he ceases to exert himself, and asks only to be let die in peace. For this class of the population, then, we turn again to the calculations of this pamphlet, and we find that it is possible to provide a six-roomed house and a garden attached for six shillings a week, inclusive of a free passage by the railway to and from town. We have been making some inquiries about the rents of rooms in the neighbourhoods occupied by our working population, and find that this is the average sum paid for *two rooms.* And if six rooms should be too much for him, a four-roomed cottage, with fresh air, water, and garden, could be provided at two shillings less than he is now giving for his wretched couple of apartments in Town! Well, indeed, might the committee of the London Trades' Union speak of this scheme as "one which would realise more than their fondest hopes."

London is continually pictured as "the great heart of England;" how much healthier would be the action of that heart, if its life-blood, instead of stagnating in its meanest depths, should, by those great arteries, the railroads, be pulsed forth every night, and brought back purified in the morning to the performance of its vital labours. The poor weavers of Spitalfields keep up a memory of the country in their hearts by the geraniums and green flowering plants which make even their garret windows cheerful. How strong must be that yearning after nature which keeps alive such a taste in a poor man struggling for his daily food!*

* We are glad to find that the new Chief Commissioner (Lord Morpeth) has humanely considered the hardship to the poor caused by this clearance system of his predecessor, and has, within the last few days, given notice in parliament of his intention to bring in a bill, in the next session, for a public grant of ground for the erection of houses for the working classes.

But there is a moral as well as a physical scurvy in man—as the lime to the sailor in the great ocean, so is the smallest plant, speaking of the freshness of nature, to the poor mechanic shut up in our vast brick-and-mortar Babel. Trees, flowers, and "the green garniture of fields," are the natural companions of man, and in proportion to the length of time which you banish him from their society, so will he be distorted from the true image in which he was originally made.

It was no idle saying—

God made the country, but man made the town.

Society, in its upper phases, has long been practically learning its truth, and it only remains for the masses of the population, profiting by the last word of practical science, the railroad, to learn it also. It might be, perhaps, at a far distant period, but we think it not very unreasonable to suppose, that a time will come when cities, instead of containing stagnating multitudes, will resolve themselves into vast bazaars — crowded or deserted, as the hours of labour began or ended for the day. If such a state of things should ever come to pass, it will be brought about by such a scheme as the one we have alluded to, and it is our earnest wish that the experiment should be tried, as we believe it would result in working a most favourable revolution in the habits of the working classes, and thereby make firmer that broad base by which the social pyramid is supported.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

By William Howitt.

One of the most important events which has for a long time taken place, occurred on Monday evening. It was the formation of an Anti-Slavery League. A public meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, at which this fact was announced, and where the large and highly respectable assembly was addressed by those brave men, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, Henry C. Wright, Frederick Douglas, James Haughton, of Dublin, Henry Vincent, and others.

It may be asked why this League is now formed; and why formed here? It may be said, we have no slavery, we have no slave-trade; we have abolished and discountenanced these things as far as in us lies, and what have *we* to do with an Anti-Slavery League? These are the very questions which want well answering in England. Spite of all that has been done, said, and written; spite of all our enactments, preventive fleets, and the expenditure of 40,000,000*l.* of money to put an end to slavery, it is wonderful that so little is known by the British public of the actual state of things at the present hour! Do people know that, after all that has been done, slavery and the slave-trade have quadrupled themselves? That the monstrous evil has grown over the heads of its opponents, and threatens to go on, and produce the most frightful consequences to the world? These facts ought to be known, and must be known; but at present I desire to turn the public attention to the state of things in America—that state of things which has rendered necessary the present step. In the United States of America, slavery is producing the most frightful and revolting consequences; it is destroying the constitution, undermining liberty, and filling the social system with every element of future discord and horror. It is threatening to break up the Union, which cannot take place without the most dreadful civil war which ever raged in any nation. It is corrupting morals to the very core; turning completely upside down every ancient and established principle of human action. It is reducing religion to the same deplorable state, and infecting with moral cowardice its ministers; thus adding one more great triumph and occasion to infidelity. So far has this spirit gone, so far has the pestilence spread, that it has divided the very host of the anti-slavery advocates. A very large body of them now content themselves with faintly pronouncing slavery wrong, but protest against urging its abolition, because that casts a stigma on the holders of slaves, and disturbs the peace of society. The holding of slaves is openly defended from the pulpits of churches and chapels, as a necessary evil; as an evil which England has entailed upon them; and one now so firmly rooted, that it cannot be meddled with without the most offensive and uncharitable imputations on their neighbours. This is, in fact, to give up the question, and let it go on for ever. But to this moral delinquency, to this base desertion of all that is sacred in human rights, and in the doctrines of Christianity, there is still a faithful band which will not consent. From the first, these brave and true-hearted men and women have stood firm by the standard of sacred and universal liberty and human right. They have never ceased to call upon the people of the United States to root out of their system this prolific source of every moral, social, and political evil; this condition of things which gives the daily lie to the grand doctrine of their declaration of rights —that all men are born free and equal. At the head of these staunch and uncompromising champions of humanity stands William Lloyd Garrison, a man who has put his life in his hand for his principles, and has actually had the halter round his neck, and been dragged by it along the streets, to be swung up to the first tree. A man who, for his daring to tell his countrymen that the black citizens have the same rights as the white ones, has a reward of 5,000 dollars offered for his head by the senate of Carolina. With him George Thompson, when in that country, ran equal risks; and the names of Miss Martineau, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Chapman, stand connected with the tale of riot, outrage, and danger, which the faithful preaching of truth and humanity has called forth in that country.

But though a large and influential body of abolitionists have thus stood firm, and in the true martyr spirit—though they go on with indefatigable energy, speaking, writing, and acting for the happiness of the oppressed, and the honour of their country, a far larger class has given way to the corruption of principle, and the cowardice of social effeminacy. These, with a pitiful selfishness, are contented to be at ease, and let their fellow-men suffer, and truth and religion suffer with them. They wish to rest with a fire eating into the very centre of their social system, and like men stupefied with the smoke of a burning house, denounce those who would rouse them up and drag them out. The slaveholders of the Southern States, alarmed at the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, alarmed at the doctrines on this subject which England is zealously, and from year to year promulgating—alarmed at the outcry and exposure which these abolitionists are making in the Northern States, are exerting every means to per-

petuate their tottering system. They coerce their slaves with redoubled rigour, they keep out from them with jealous care education and the bible; they exercise that influence in the Northern States which borrowed capital, and the intimation that it is in danger, can so effectually exercise; they menace and bully the government. The consequences of all this are what I have mentioned—a wide-spread, and every day still wider-spreading, torrent of corruption of principle, and distortion of all the sacred truths of religion. Men and ministers of religion, who are not holders of slaves themselves, abet and gloss over the crimes of those who are. The name of Christianity is prostituted in the vilest and most shocking manner, to countenance the existence of this monstrous custom of slavery. The prejudice against colour is carried from the steam-boat, the railway carriage, and the inn, to the private house, and to the very house of God, and the table of his communion. The people of colour, whether slaves or free, whether rich or poor, are not allowed to sit at the same table, or in the same pew, as the whites. Ministers who come over here, and take the lead in Peace and Temperance Conventions, and preach in the pulpits of all sects, at home are mixed up with this *laissez faire* system; and dare not lift up their voices in a single syllable against the crying monstrosity of treating a coloured Christian, and that in the very presence of their common God, as a branded and contemptible helot. But this is not the worst. Our ministers and our delegates who go over thither to inquire into this very state of things, or to preach the truths of christianity, fall into the same cowardice of heart; bow to the same prevailing Baal of public opinion; become participators in the American crime against God and man, and thus add fresh scandal to the Christian name, and fresh authority to the rampant evil. Thus it is that this sable curse is stretching itself over the Atlantic to us, spite of our belief that we had cast it out. No sect or party is free from its bewitching effects, except—and let it be spoken to their eternal honour—the Catholics. Even the members of the Society of Friends, those steady, noble, and, till lately, ever consistent champions of the black man's cause, have given way. In America a large body of the Friends are amongst the most creeping cringers to the great doctrinal abomination of the day. A large party of them have formed themselves into a separate body (a separate yearly meeting) because they are not allowed to speak out on the subject of slavery; and the English Friends, as a body, and the Anti-Slavery Society have sided with the temporisers, and refused to correspond with those who have determined to stand fast by the right of freedom in all men, and freedom of speech. Into the very Friends' meetings this leprosy of caste has penetrated, and the monstrous sight is seen of white Quakers sitting in one part of the meeting and black Quakers in another. I speak of what I know, for Mrs. Howitt's sister, who resides in America, near Cincinnati, in Ohio, on first going into the Friends' yearly meeting for that state, and seeing this repulsive sight, took her place boldly with the despised blacks, and, spite of all invitations to quit it, and sit with the whites, steadily refused. Loving her as she deserved before, how I honour her now for this piece of genuine female heroism.

Now, all this succumbing to the despotism of slaveholders is very deplorable; but even here it does not end: it attacks our national honour, and strikes at the dearest of our national rights—the personal inviolability of the British subject. In all the slave-states of America exists a law, that on any vessel entering their ports from any free state or country, the harbour-master shall, with sufficient force, board that vessel, and seizing on every man and woman of colour, be they seamen, passengers, or gentlemen and ladies, shall commit them to the common prison during the stay of the vessel in that port; and on its being about to depart, should the charges for this piece of personal outrage not be paid, shall sell them at the auction-mart for slaves! There is no more question about this law, or its regular enforcement, than there is of the reign of Queen Victoria here; the object is to prevent the free blacks from the free states spreading the contagion of freedom.

It is these considerations which have made the leading abolitionists of America feel it imperative to hasten over, and make the British public aware of these facts. The first result of their communication has been the formation of the Anti-Slavery League; to which the response on the part of the numerous audience present was of the most enthusiastic kind. The addresses of Garrison, Henry Wright, and Frederick Douglas, the last an escaped slave, produced the most unprecedented effect. The formation of this League must be an era in the anti-slavery history. We shall watch its progress with the deepest interest: and shall proceed, forthwith, to give some accounts of the actual condition of the slave population in the southern states of America.

In these remarks it will be seen that we are no enemies to the American people. On the contrary, while denouncing a grievous evil, a huge offence against humanity, while uttering the stern truth, we feel that we are uttering it for the good and honour of America. We love and honour America and its people on many accounts. We have great hopes of the future from the blood and spirit of Great Britain planted in that great new land; and it is *therefore* that we are intensely anxious that this fair world of our younger brethren should not injure its own career, should not deceive the hopes of its best friends, realise those of its worst enemies, and mar that prospect of glory and happiness which is opening before it, by clinging to a canker and a curse. In America we must do as we have done unflinchingly in England, blow the trumpet against slavery, as the delusive crime which enriches no man, and saps the strength of a nation like a dry-rot.

TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

By Henry F. Chorley.

No. III. DANCE-MUSIC.

On one of the hottest evenings of the past July, I came upon a rather uncommon sight, in the wildest wood scene which we have in the neighbourhood of London—I mean Burnham Beeches. Half the rural folk of the parish were out in a spot not far from the Great Beech (of which I cannot but fancy, that Hobbima must have had a vision)—to enjoy the cool of the twilight and to entertain themselves; the middle-aged men with a good game at skittles—the children with a swing, hastily fastened up to two of the high branches: and the boys and girls (N. B. age not very strictly limited) by dancing to a fiddle. Some friends from Italy, who had that profound idea of English

sombreness which residence in the South is apt to engender, would hardly believe but that it was a *fete* bespoken—as such a thing might have been in Old France—by the Squire and the Squire's Lady, for their express edification. Could this have been so, the good people who were enjoying the fresh air would have been thrice as conscious (not to say awkward), and the show nót half so pretty.

What was done among the Beeches is, of course, being done elsewhere: on the Berkshire village-greens; and in Sherwood Forest, and in the Lake district—to say nothing of country-dances after temperance tea-parties, and other town festivities. Whether we English shall ever again make much out "as a dancing people," who can say?—but a notice or two, from a looker-on, of Dance-Music and some of its peculiarities, at home and abroad, may not be unamusing.

The subject, indeed, is one of more importance to the history of the art than has been conceded to it. I believe, that close examination would prove that regular tunes (as we understand the word) have sprung up to time the motion of feet,—in many cases at a period anterior to their accompanying the ballad of the old wife at her wheel, or of the wandering minstrel at the Lord's gate or the people's fair. Wherever dancing exists—even in its rudest form, not getting beyond the up-and-down thump of piston rods—there *must* be rhythm; whereas that is, in some measure, a trammel rather than an aid to recitation. Even the aimless and irregular twirlings of the East Indian Bayaderes (as we saw them in England) were accompanied by a regularly-recurring tune: though the melody was so stifled by the tom-tom or drum—as fervently beaten by an old gingerbread-coloured patriarch as though he had been brought into the world for that express purpose—that it required a very painful effort of ear to discern and follow it. Wherefore, with some, the rhythmical instinct should seem to prefer odd numbers—or triple time —as in the *Waltz* of Germany, the *Bolero* of Spain, *the Sarabanda* and *Tarantella* and *Furlana* of Italy, —wherefore to others, even numbers—or common time—appear no less essentially congenial—as in the *Gavotte*, the *Bourree*, and the *Galoppe*, of France,—are matters not easily to be explained, howsoever amusing to such speculators as are fond of spinning theories, while the nimbler are spinning figures. My fancy has long been, that some natural sound, or some habitual act of labour, has influenced the primal forms of national melody. At least, we find traces of the hill-echo in all the Swiss and Tyrolese tunes—the rowing measure in most of the airs of Venice and of Naples. We get a grain of testimony from the first line of one of our very old English songs—

Will you dance to the shaking of the sheet?

in aid of the known fact, that among all savage nations the Dance has been the rude dramatic form in which the common evolutions and occupations of daily life have been first presented. These, however, are scattered hints, rather than facts, for the value of which I am by no means disposed to do battle, if anyone will suggest a better reason for the recurrence of particular fancies in particular districts.

I do not think that the English men, as a nation, ever were or *are* fond of dancing. Those who work their hands, as Dickens has shown us, would rather lean against posts,—those who work their heads, are with difficulty got up out of a snug chair and a sofa corner, and the dear discussion of the last political grievance,—"to tread a measure." Now a Scotsman is rarely to be seen —however grave or learned or political, however weary after a day's desk-work or a day's shooting —whom the sound of a fiddle or bagpipe striking up a reel tune does not set-a-going at once, with some hours of work in him! And assuredly there is nothing so provocative—nothing that so curiously suggests perpetual motion—as a hearty lilt, such as "Tullochgorum," or "Lord Macdonald's Reel," or others of Neil Gow's collection. While I write, a whimsical testimony to their "fancy and spirit" rises up before me, like a picture, the scene being a place no less outlandish —for a reel—than the Grand Canal at Venice!

We had been passing a long morning in the palace belonging to the family of Catarina Cornaro, the beautiful Queen of Cyprus. Small vestiges of her beauty, or her empire, are, however, now to be seen there. The sumptuous building is occupied as a school under the direction of those Armenian monks of the island of San Lazzaro, with whom Lord Byron used to study, and who prepare persons about to travel in the East with instruction in Oriental languages. A simpler-hearted, more gracious gentleman than Father Raphael, my friend ——'s preceptor, one would not wish to meet. As our visit chanced at holiday time, when the pupils were gone home, he good-naturedly indulged my curiosity, to study from garret to *well* (the Venetian houses have, of course, no cellars), the interior details and arrangements of one of those grand palaces about which we have read ever since we were children. His own room was entered among the rest—an airy apartment, scantily furnished; with bookcases, globes, and a quaint old grand piano with spider-legs, such as may be seen sometimes at the door of a broker's shop,—ready, apparently, to walk out into the street by itself. He asked me to try it; and, of course, such bad music as I could make was readily attempted. Father Raphael wanted a Scotch tune: for, on the Continent, the prevailing notion is that we have nothing of our own save Scotch tunes. I tried to play a reel; and never did reel, ten times as nimble as mine was crippled, produce a more lively sensation. Such a gaiety leaped into the good man's face, that I thought he would end in dancing himself. He timed the tune with his wagging head, and those inimitable southern gestures of arm, shoulder, and elbow, which put an Irishman's pantomime to shame! It was "*Bello! molto bello!*" he exclaimed, his eyes glistening with mirth and eagerness. He would hear it again and again: and presently, two or three other serge gowns, and coal-black beards, and eyes like burning coals, were seen at the door. The attendants, who were waiting in the corridor for the end of our circuit, with coffee and sweetmeats (after the fashion of the hospitable East), were also caught by the tune, and crept in to enjoy, to smile over their bushy beards, and nod, and keep time. Nay, on descending to the gondola at the water-gate, I found that Damiani, the gondolier, had been listening too, and was trying with all his might and main to get hold of the jerks and jiggings of the tune—the furthest thing in the world from the smooth-water ditties he was accustomed to sing, without knowing it. Never had exhibition a better contented audience. Every musician has heard of Pierre de Castelnau, the Troubadour, who, once upon a time, when attacked by banditti, moved them to save his life by singing a hymn to the Virgin. But, except upon such sentimental high-way and bye-way rogues, as are now only to be found in old-fashioned

romances, I cannot but think that in nine cases out of ten the Reel Tune would have the better effect!

The Welsh (I can speak from experience of those in South Wales) are untiring, when they once get upon their feet. I made one at Christmas, 18—, at a tenants' merrymaking, far up the Neath Valley; where a venerable tune called "Sweet Richard" was played for five hours, without one pause. There were two harpers, and the fresh player slipped his arms into the harp-slings before the weary one could draw his out, that no time might be lost, nor interruption take place. "Sweet Richard" was a country-dance: which measure belongs, I think, more or less to all countries, since it admits every step, whether jig, or waltz, or that marvellous hornpipe shuffle which makes sitters-by so ache to see and hear! But beyond "Sweet Richard," and other tunes of the kind, the Welsh have little or no dance-music, to match with the reels and strathspeys of Scotland, or the jigs and rants of Ireland. The Principality is richer in marches: indeed, to nine-tenths of its airs a procession might step with great stateliness and satisfaction.

I question whether we English have any dance-music which, strictly speaking, we are justified in claiming as our own, save it be the Hornpipe; which, too, is rather a show-dance, in which the one or two parade for "the fathers and mothers on benches" (as the Norway dancing song has it), than "a merry measure" which all can tread. The *rub-a-dub* accent of this tune makes one stroke succeed another too closely and rapidly to admit of such elasticity as gives elegance to melody and to motion. As for "Sir Roger de Coverly"—let not the shade of *the Spectator* rise against me, if I say that I as little think it "pure Saxon" as his style. There is more of the Italian harlequin's fling in it, than any "lively trippings" of our Cicelies and Marions who used to dance round maypoles. But this, I am afraid, is a sore subject. We have never been sufficiently willing to own how very much of our music we owe to Italy; and now that the South is falling into discredit, who knows but that some "repudiator" may rise—if claims are not rightly registered from time to time—and deny our obligations altogether?

Truce, however, to this trifling; if too long indulged in unbefitting to the subject of dance-music; for that has its stately and solemn, as well as its brisk and entrancing side. The Minuet, for instance, displays a certain graceful pomposity of measure, which has led to the introduction of its style into music written for music's sake alone, and not for kings and queens to dance. The Spaniard, too, boasts some very pompous dances, in triple time, as well as his more luxurious and flowing *Jaleo*, and *Jota*, and *Cachucha;* while the *Polonaise*—which, however, is a tune for parade rather than for figures of the feet—is so convertible to the musical composer's uses, as to have become a favourite movement with some of the most solid and severe thinkers, whose sobriety would be disconcerted were they reminded that it is to dancing they are indebted for a form so adaptable to some of their best inspirations.

I think I have indicated that Dance-Music is worthy of examination on other grounds than those which merely associate it with popular festivity. I have purposely refrained from cumbering this sketch with examples, yet it is still incomplete; and there is left matter and to spare for another ten minutes' talk.

SUBJECTS FOR POETS.

TO MARY HOWITT.

The following Tale (the style of which was suggested by her beautiful translation of a tale from the Danish,) is respectfully inscribed by The Author.

It was a bright summer night, the young moon had sank to rest, and the glorious stars were thickly spangled over the deep blue vault of heaven. I sate in my lonely chamber, gazing on the sky, and wishing I was one of the planets above me, to look down upon the world, and into the quiet chambers of those I loved, to see if sleep had fallen on eyes that seem brighter to me than the noonday—and if happy dreams gladdened the slumber of the beings who are far dearer to me than my own life. And then it seemed to me that my spirit broke from its covering of clay, and soared to join those joyous creatures of light, and then I heard sweet music as they journeyed onward, and a single voice spake in low tones of such deep harmony that I drank in every word with a delight that knew no bounds. And that voice seemed to say thus:—

"I am the Spirit of a Star—guiding and controlling it—and I can whisper strange things to thee. I have looked on some whom thou dost love and honour, and can tell thee of them, and of other things. I know, too, where thy thoughts often fly to, and I will reveal what passed there a few days since; for though, when the sun shines, human eyes see us not, we never quit our appointed places, day or night.

"I stood over the vast metropolis, and near a dome beneath which were gathered groups of people, gazing at paintings upon which skill and science had exerted their utmost powers; and on marble groups, and statues of rare excellence. An aged lady stood by the side of one statue, which won even my notice by its exquisite proportions, accustomed as I am to see forms of angelic loveliness.

"It was evidently intended to represent a young and dying girl. Never was sorrow so truly, yet so beautifully, expressed—while the yearnings of the spirit for its better home were clearly defined in the countenance, mingled with an expression of the most perfect confidence in God, and of resignation to His will. For a moment—the only moment since I was created—I wished to be a human being, and to have wrought that statue. Then a thrill of delight shook my soul, and I exulted in the thought that the spirit of the Sculptor who executed such a work must be congenial with those of a higher sphere—full of lofty and holy thoughts, of earnest piety, and great purity of feeling, or he could never have imagined so true and perfect a representation of *soul* loveliness. The attitude of the statue told of suffering and wearying bodily pain; revealed also by the drooping eyelid and the manner in which the head lay on the pillow; her hands were clasped in prayer, and she was gazing upward, as if some vision was flitting before her sight. She seemed wasted and weakened by long illness and secret grief.

"The aged lady gazed until the large tears fell silently down her cheeks, even to the floor; she was too much absorbed to know that she was weeping; she felt not the touch of the passing crowd, she saw not the wondering looks of those at a distance, who could see *her* face, but not the statue; they knew not that her thoughts had gone back to long past days, when she stood by the bed of her dying child. Nor did they dream that when she aroused herself from her reverie, after some time had elapsed, that in the secret recesses

of her heart she breathed a blessing upon the gifted Sculptor, whose peerless work had thus awakened feelings that had slumbered—not decayed. As she knelt in prayer, ere she sought her rest, a stranger's name mingled with her petitions to the God of Mercy.

"The man who could thus win for himself a blessing and a prayer from one who knew not even his name until that day, may well look forward to the highest degree of fame that can be attained.

"As the aged widow withdrew, a young girl took her place near the statue. Her dress and appearance indicated high rank, and there was a quiet dignity in her manner that told of an innate consciousness of the respect due to her as a woman. At the same moment, another female of her own age, but of a much lower rank in society, approached on the other side. Her dress was neat and clean, but of coarse material. She came near timidly, lifting her eyes to the countenance opposite her, which was turned upon the statue. The humble visitor saw nothing repelling in that fair young face, and she advanced closer, and when she stood by the statue, she, too, forgot that others were present, and gazed long and earnestly on those exquisitely chiselled features. Thus they stood for half an hour, till the cottage maiden, unable longer to control her emotion, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. She felt a gentle pressure on her shoulder—she heard a sweet voice speaking kind and soothing words, in that low tone that wins so much upon the heart. She looked up, and that look met the answering glance of the dark eyes that were watching her—those of the high-born girl she had just seen beside the statue. There does not need *words* to make hearts understand each other, and from that moment the Lady —— became the *friend*—I use the word in the most extended sense, and as kindred minds would employ it—of the humble cottage girl.

"'Well may the sculptor be proud of his work when it serves to connect the highly and the lowly born together, by proving that the same feelings exist in the hearts of each, and thus linking them together by the best and purest affections of the soul.

"Two manly forms took the places lately occupied by those young girls. One was an old man, the other of middle age. The latter bore on his brow the impress of strong and wayward feelings, of ill-repressed passions, and bitterness of heart. His dark eyes flashed with scorn, as he looked on his new companion, whose gaze was upon the face of the statue. I could read the hearts of both, and I knew that the thoughts of the elder one were in a far-off, quiet village, where as a Pastor he had lived many years, honoured and beloved. His fancy bore him to the bed of the sick and the dying, as that marble face recalled the countenances of those who had 'died in faith,' trusting in their Redeemer; and his own features became lighted up with an expression of serene piety, and fervent gratitude to God. His long and earnest gaze directed the haughty glance of the younger man to the statue. Gradually his look became less scornful, then a convulsive motion of the mouth betrayed powerful feelings, and his brow gathered into a frown, one of those frowns that accompany the effort to restrain strong emotion. It was in vain, and when he raised his eyes to see if any were watching him, they 'were full of 'unshed tears.' The throng had dispersed; those two men were alone. Again the younger gazed, until a groan broke from his lips, and the elder one looked up. Their glances met, and in a moment they recognised each other, though long years had passed since they last met. They had parted with words of forgiveness and warning on one side, with angry and scornful replies, even curses, on the other. There was guilt on the soul of the younger man. A young and lovely girl, the sole child of that aged man, had died of a broken heart in the arms of her father; while one—alas! dearer still—heeded not her earnest petition to see him once more, and mingled in scenes of the wildest riot, even while he knew that he had caused her early death. He had scoffed at the mild rebuke of the father, he had mocked at the sacred words of religion; he had insulted the bereaved parent, even when his only child lay dead before him—even as that marble form now lay like a thing that had once had life between those two men. But she had been avenged! Let scoffers deride as they will, there *is* a 'still, small voice' within, that *will* be heard.

"And now as they stood thus, what a host of conflicting feelings rushed through the betrayer's heart. I said their glances met; and the old man had too long studied the human countenance not to read rightly the heart of the now penitent offender. With a mournful, but a kind look, he held out his hand, uttering the name of the other. That hand was grasped between those of his companion, an anxious look turned upon his face, and then rapidly-uttered and low-toned words broke from the full heart of the guilty one, and revealed a tale of secret suffering and remorse, that it were well if many of his sex had heard.

"*We* cannot feel sorrow in our high place, but we sympathise in all the happier and holier feelings of the human race; and my spirit rejoiced as I heard the reply of the good Pastor, and watched him leave the room with the repentant one, and I knew that his last days would be soothed by the knowledge that the sinner had not died in his sin.

"Oh! happy must the gifted Sculptor be, to know that his matchless statue has been the means of leading the hardened heart of the wicked to pause in his mad career of vice; and that the holy calm and patient resignation he has so beautifully pourtrayed in those marble features, have brought thoughts of peace to the wounded heart; while by the side of the same statue the injurer has done justice to the injured, and holy feelings have bound their spirits in the universal bond of charity.

"There *must* rest a blessing upon the labours of men like him, and, blessed be God! there are many noble and gifted spirits among the human race, both in the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor.

"As I thought of the good already wrought by the Sculptor's works, and of the glory that shall attend his future career, I thought I should like to look on such a man. On the night of the day which had been thus hallowed, I looked through a half-shaded window of a house in a large manufacturing town in one of the midland counties. There I saw the Sculptor sitting, intent upon modelling two figures. They represented Edward the Sixth, in the act of delivering to Archbishop Cranmer, who knelt to receive it, the charter which gave to Birmingham its Free Grammar School."

The voice ceased speaking, and the same sounds of rare harmony that had before entranced me again fell on my ear, and in the exulting joy of the moment I uttered a cry of pleasure and *awoke!* I had fallen asleep at the open window, and my imagination had pictured the Spirit of a star repeating the anecdotes I had heard during the day of the effects produced by a beautiful marble statue, lately exhibiting in the Royal Academy, and executed by one of our most gifted sculptors.

The People's Portrait Gallery.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By H. Anelay.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newbury-Port, Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston, December 10, 1805. His maternal grandparents were English emigrants of the name of Lloyd, resident in Lower Canada. His father was Abijah Garrison, the captain of a vessel which traded to the West Indies; he was a man of excellent abilities; a good navigator and fine poet. All his noble qualities, however, natural and acquired, were negatived by an unfortunate passion for liquor, which ruined all his prospects in life, caused him to abscond from his family while his children were quite young, leaving them in a state of utter destitution. The mother thus deserted, and left to struggle with adversity, was one of God's noblest creatures. Her beauty of person was remarkable, and accordant with her character of mind. She was of a tall, majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich, that when she unbound it, like that of Godivâ of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic nature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great: he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a precept of her's was ever lost—his young heart treasured up all—unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action. To illustrate the conscious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighbourhood where she lived that one of these despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff one remained to pray; this was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spake kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind; she would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that despised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice, but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated—she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptised, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much.

At the time of her husband's desertion, Mrs. Garrison was left with five children, two of whom died soon afterwards. When her son William was about seven, she found it necessary to remove from Newbury-Port to Lynn. She was in very low circumstances, and having taken upon herself the profession of a sick-nurse, was induced to remove to Lynn, in the hope of better success in her calling. She took with her her eldest son James, a boy of extraordinary promise—wonderfully gifted like herself, and, like her, remarkable for his handsome person. James was her favourite child, and she looked forward to his being the stay and comfort of her declining years. Her son William, and her only remaining daughter, then quite young, she left at Newbury-Port, both of them under the care of good people of the Baptist persuasion. William was placed with one of the most excellent of men, although he was poor, and had no better means of gaining a livelihood than by setting the edges of saws, and splitting wood for fuel. This good man was a deacon in his church, and by name Ezekiel Bartlett. The boy was in the place of son to him; and both he and his wife, who had the utmost veneration for his mother, assumed at once the paternal character towards him. Now and then his own mother came over to see him and his sister; and those visits were joyful holidays of the heart to all parties. If the poor can afford fewer indulgences than the rich, there is perhaps all the greater zest and intensity about that few which may make the balance somewhat even. So was it in the case of these good but poor people.

It was fortunate for the children that in the houses of their protectors they received sound religious and moral instruction; and though in after life William found many an early-taught dogma to reject, and some sectarian shackles to shake off, yet the good teaching of those years has given a tone to the whole life of the man.

He remained with the kind-hearted deacon until he was eleven, when his mother took him to live with her at Lynn. He had, however, during these years been to school, had learned to read and write, and in the intervals of learning had helped the good old man to split wood for the inhabitants of the town. During the last six months of his abode here he was put to a grammar-school, which appeared to him a magnificent school, and where he was enabled to learn something of arithmetic, grammar, and geography. It is astonishing, however, how little scholastic knowledge is needful for the greatest and best men of the world, and for those who are the soundest benefactors of their race. Greek and Latin, however much they may improve the head, do but little for the heart. William Lloyd Garrison took no degrees in any university.

At eleven years old, to his sorrow, he left the grammar-school, and removed to Lynn, to his mother. She had apprenticed her beloved son, James, to the trade of a shoemaker, in Boston; her second son, also, she put to the same business. He was extremely small of his age; so small, indeed, that his apron seemed bigger than himself, and the people laughed, and said he was no larger than a last. We will take this opportunity of saying something of the elder brother, the beauty

of whose mind unhappily was early dimmed. James, when he went to Boston, had the utmost aversion to ardent spirits; but being the youngest apprentice, was sent to fetch into the workshop the liquor for the men. He was laughed at, and subjected to persecution, because he would not drink: the trial, unfortunately, was too great for him; in a few years he drank with the best of them. One temptation led to another; and before his apprenticeship was completed he ran away and entered the United States' navy, where he led a most irregular life. In the end his conduct broke his mother's heart. Many a time has she said—"Nothing less than a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Lloyd;" but the misconduct of this beloved son did it. Poor James, even in his fall, had great pride of feeling, and always hoped the day would come when he should return home a reformed and altered man. He was naturally brave, and full of generous sentiments, and was fond of an adventurous life, which he hoped to enjoy on the seas. He enlisted after some time in a British ship engaged in the pursuit of pirates in the West Indies; but such were the horrors practised on board, by inhuman floggings and other modes of punishment, that he and two others deserted. They concealed themselves in the woods for some time, but were then taken and carried to the Havannah, where they were sentenced to receive three hundred lashes each, to be given in sight of the whole fleet. His two companions died under the sentence; he survived, a spirit-crushed man. After he had been gone ten years, and when all supposed him dead, his brother William received a letter from him, written from a hospital, asking if he could bear to come and see him. William visited him. He now hoped to atone for the past; he was repentant, and full of tender affection. Misfortune, however, pursued him to the last, spite of all his better will; for scarcely had he left the hospital, when he fell in with a gang of ruffians, who made him drunk, stripped him of all he had, and betrayed him again into the navy. The case was one of clear outrage and wrong; and his brother, through the help of some influential men, obtained his liberation; but body and soul were alike subdued, and in less than twelve months he died.

We now return to the little boy William, working at the shoemaking trade, which he very much disliked. His mother, soon after this, removed to Baltimore, in Maryland; and, the poor lad grew more and more unhappy, homesick as it were, pining for the society of his sister and those dear good people at Newbury-Port from whom he was separated. This being the case, his mother, who had no other wish than the well-being and happiness of her children, consented to his return there. It was a joyful day to old deacon Bartlett and his wife when he came back to them; he seemed doubly their own child. He made no secret of his dislike to the shoemaking business, so the deacon put him apprentice to a cabinet-maker in the town of Haverhill, about fourteen miles from Newbury-Port. The boy, however, was hard to please; this trade suited him no better than shoemaking; he was very unhappy, and again grew so homesick that the dear, kind old man consented to humour him once more, and bring him back under his roof.

Again he was sent to school, and again he helped the deacon to split fire-wood. In the meantime the old man was thinking anxiously what trade must be found for this boy, who would neither be a shoemaker nor a cabinet-maker. Fortunately, he hit upon the printing business; *that*, perhaps, might suit him, if nothing else did; and, for the third time, he was put apprentice. There is a proverb which says that the third time pays for all: it was verified here. The boy at once was in his element—this was better even than the grammar-school, which he had mourned so at leaving. He wanted nothing which the printing-house could not afford him. In October, 1818, at the age of thirteen, he was made perfectly happy, by finding himself the articled apprentice of Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the *Newbury-Port Herald*. He was now in his element: he felt an inspiration about the business which seemed to call forth all the powers and energy of his soul; he found also, through newspapers and journals from every part of the country, that information after which his mind was craving. He had always had, even when quite young, a perfectly ravenous appetite for knowledge of all kinds, especially such as presented itself in a narrative form. A book was at any time irresistible; and in his intervals of wood-cutting and running errands, he was always absorbed in the marvels of some romance or other of the Mrs. Radcliffe school. Now, however, a wider and much higher sphere of knowledge was opened to him, and he availed himself to the utmost of every means which the printing-house afforded for the improvement of his mind. Fortunately for him, Mr. Allen was a man capable of appreciating the character of his studious apprentice, who, at the same time that he seized every opportunity of gathering up information, was steady, industrious, and remarkably apt in the mechanical part of the business. William Garrison was a born printer; and so great is the pleasure he takes even now in the mere manual labour of printing, that, when at home, he devotes two days each week to setting the type for his *Liberator*. The very handling of type, he has been heard to say, is perfectly delightful to him.

The *Newbury-Port Herald* was a weekly paper, and it was his business to work both at the case and the press. No youth was ever happier than he was at that time. At the age of sixteen he made his first essay in authorship, in the form of a communication to the paper. It was written in a disguised hand, and the circumstance was known only to himself. It was a humorous article on some subject of local interest, and was signed "An Old Batchelor;" and, though trifling in itself, was an event of deep interest to the young author, whose heart beat strongly when he saw the editor enter the office with the communication in his hand. Several gentlemen of the place happened at that moment to be in the office where he was at work, an object of little interest to them. The editor, who probably had already made himself acquainted with the communication, read it aloud to his friends: all commended it highly, and it was immediately handed to the boy for him to set up. This was excellent; he needed no more encouragement—a perfect *cacoethes scribendi* seized upon him. Week after week communications flowed in from the now highly-respected A. O. B. (the initials of his first *nom de guerre*); and under this signature he wrote for some years, receiving from the editor himself letters through the newspaper complimenting him on his abilities, and requesting "a continuance of favours." No one suspected the printer's hard-working apprentice to be the remarkable correspondent who wrote alike poetry or prose, but principally political articles of a bold, uncompromising character, which were particularly acceptable in a town where party politics assumed a very violent tone. Even the

he was the great champion for liberty, wherever he saw it struggling against oppression. Wallace and Tell were the heroes of his ardent imagination; and he longed to signalise himself as they had done, in some great outbreak for freedom and mankind. So enthusiastic did he indeed become on the subject of national liberty, that every struggle for it, however remote, fired his very soul; and when the Greeks were combating for their liberty, he could hardly restrain himself from setting off and joining their armies. Indeed, such at this time were his views, that he seriously contemplated entering Westpoint Academy, the great military school of the United States; but, fortunately, he stayed by the printing-press, and prepared himself still more for that great and noble struggle for humanity in which he was to become the heaven-appointed and heroic leader.

Whilst yet a mere printer's boy, he established a debating society among the apprentices, at which they assembled weekly, for the presentation of original articles, and for discussion and debate; all which has been greatly beneficial to him in his after career. This debating society was the means of inducing him to give up his meditated martial expeditions; for it was deeply interesting to him, and without his presence it must infallibly have gone to the ground.

For several years Mr. Allen never detected his unknown correspondent, and his apprentice gloried in his profound secret. It happened, however, that Mr. Allen retired from the editorship for a short time, in consequence of illness, and Mr. Cushing, at that time a barrister, took his place as editor *pro tem.* This gentleman has recently been the minister to the Court of China, and is a man of splendid endowments, an eloquent orator, and member of Congress. During his editorship he detected the apprentice Garrison under the signature of A. O. B., but said not one word of his discovery until Mr. Allen's return, when, to the astonishment of all parties, he announced the "respected correspondent" and the industrious apprentice to be identical. Mr. Allen, instead of being annoyed at the trick that had been put upon him so long, at once joyfully acknowledged the talent of his young assistant, most kindly encouraged him in every way, and henceforth associated him in the editorship of the paper—being glad, like a wise man, to avail himself of the talent which was so near him; and such, indeed, was the confidence that this excellent man placed in him, that when he was but nineteen; during the absence of Mr. Allen for some time in Alabama, the editorship of the paper, and the entire management of the printing-office, was confided to his care. It was an honourable testimony to the young man's integrity and talent; and he vowed within himself to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. His powers seemed increased by the demand made upon them; he believed nothing beyond his attainment, and was inconceivably happy. At that time sleep seemed hardly requisite for him; he worked all day at the printing-office—not only attending to the editorship, but even taking part in the manual labour—and devoted the whole night to writing and study. His political models were Junius and Fisher Ames, one of the most beautiful and noblest minds of America, and one who died broken-hearted, because his country fell short of the celestial height to which he aspired for her. The character of this great and good man was the youth's admiration, as his essays were his models for composition. He wrote at this time, under the signature of Aristides, a series of Essays on National Affairs for the *Salem Gazette*, which were immediately copied into *Walsh's National Gazette*, the most distinguished literary and scientific paper of America, accompanied by highly eulogistic remarks. This was the greatest triumph the young writer had yet received; and, to enhance it still more, the authorship was attributed to the Hon. Timothy Pickering, one of the greatest minds of his country, and one who takes rank with the most distinguished revolutionary heroes and statesmen of his native land.

In December, 1825, having served upwards of seven years, his apprenticeship terminated, honourably to himself, and after having given the utmost satisfaction to his master. As might be expected, poor old deacon Bartlett had felt the greatest pride in his career; it was a supreme happiness to him that the first gentlemen of the town, and great politicians in the country, took notice of his young *protege*. Nor was it Ezekiel Bartlett alone who rejoiced in his well-being. Through his whole course his mother, the poor sick-nurse of Baltimore, was his councillor and friend. From his letters she was aware of the moral and intellectual advance of her son, and her spirit became his onward and upward companion. Like a guardian angel, she was ever with him; her letters were as talismans about his heart. The mother, at the distance of six hundred miles—the poor woman—the sick-nurse, whose offices of love had not, even for her, the luxury of free gifts—was forming the while the spirit of one of the noblest, purest, truest disciples who ever trod in the footsteps of Him who died for mankind. Blessed be such mothers, for they make the benefactors of the world!

A short time before young Garrison's term of apprenticeship expired, his mother, who had long spoken of her failing health, wrote, begging that she might yet once more see him in the flesh before she died; and his master kindly gave him permission to make this long journey. The mother and the son met; but what a change in the appearance of that mother! When he parted from her she was in her full strength and beauty—now he did not recognise her: sorrow for her unhappy son James had brought her to the brink of the grave. It was a heart-rending meeting to him; the effect upon her, however, was otherwise, and scarcely had he been five minutes with her when she seemed his own beautiful mother again; for the glorious mind was not dimmed—her noble heart was not chilled—and the countenance again beamed with the light as of youth. His visit seemed to infuse new life into her; and the few days they spent together were days of unclouded happiness—days which left an influence upon his being that time could never efface. Scarcely had he left her, however, when the flame of life, which had for a moment brightened into such clear splendour, again sunk to revive no more, and in six weeks she died. His sister, who had been sent for by his mother, had died also of the yellow fever, twelve months before her own death.

After leaving Mr. Allen, and probably induced to the step by the great success which had attended his writings whilst with that gentleman, he purchased, and mainly through the pecuniary assistance of his friend Mr. Allen, a newspaper, the name of which he immediately altered to that of the *Free Press*, altering at the same time its politics to those held so conscientiously by himself. This was a great undertaking for so young a man; and if industry and ability could have ensured its success, it must have succeeded. The whole of the editing, and the greater part of the manual labour,

were performed by himself alone; he worked through the whole of most nights, and his editorial articles were set up in type without ever being committed to paper. This, great as was the labour, was of infinite service to him, by compelling him to a rapid and clear style of thought. The character of the paper soon attracted the attention of the editorial fraternity; but they, unfortunately, could not alone support the paper. Various adverse circumstances warred against it: agents were dishonest, and the young editor could command no capital to meet losses; in six months, therefore, this first effort of his laudable ambition was given up, and he found himself burdened by what was to him a large amount of debt.

Life had now assumed a gloomier and more earnest character; and the first page of this new chapter opened with a sorrowful leave-taking of his dear kind friends of Newbury-Port, and the setting out to Boston to seek employment as a journeyman, whose earnings, alas! could no longer be considered his own. To Boston he came, with high and honourable aspirations, but still with a depression of heart which was not lightly to be overcome. It was humiliating to the pride of one who had been a successful editor to solicit work as a journeyman; and then the debt, and the journeyman's small wages, were for ever associated in his mind. He was no longer the free and happy youth that he had been!

In Boston he knew but one person, a printer, who kept a boarding-house; but he fortunately was a kind-hearted man, who cordially received him under his roof, and assiduously sought for employment for him. Several weeks, however, elapsed before any employment was found, and then he was engaged as a journeyman by David Lee Child, the husband of the excellent Mrs. Child, who at that time conducted a tri-weekly paper. Here he laboured with unremitting assiduity, again working both by night and day, and had at length the happiness of disburdening himself of some of his debt. In the course of 1827 he was engaged on the *National Philanthropist*, a paper devoted to the subject of *total* abstinence, and the first paper in the world which was the advocate of this cause; and here it was that he became himself, from principle, a tee-totaller. After working upon this paper for some time as a journeyman, it passed into another proprietorship, and he became its editor. Whilst occupying this situation, providence was gradually leading him through a chain of circumstances to the commencement of that great labour of love in which he should stand forth like his great Master, to preach liberty to the captive—to bind up the broken-hearted, and let the oppressed go free.

A little quaker, hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, labouring likewise under the infirmity of deafness, Benjamin Lundy by name, was the first man in the United States who devoted his life to the abolition of slavery. Small as was his outward frame, he possessed a soul of large capacity; he was gifted with great power of endurance, unquenchable zeal, wonderful perseverance, and the utmost disinterestedness of purpose. This man was the editor of a paper called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore, and devoted wholly to the abolition of slavery. Garrison read this paper. Hitherto he had not turned his mind to this subject, but at once the enormity and folly of this great national sin of slavery, and the outrage practised through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woe was laid upon him, and he vowed henceforth to consecrate his life, as far as practicable, to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen. Whilst this new path of duty was opening before him, in 1828, a deputation was sent to him from Bennington, in the state of Vermont, where the fame of his singular devotion and great talent had gone, to request him to go to that town and establish a paper there, mainly with a view to the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States. He went there, and started a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*, which, whilst it warmly espoused the cause of Mr. Adams, was mainly devoted to the promotion of Peace, Temperance, and Moral Reform, including the Abolition of Slavery. Shortly after his coming to Bennington, also, he ventured to call a public meeting for the purpose of sending petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery; and in the course of a few weeks had the happiness of sending the most numerously signed petition that had ever been presented to Congress from any state on that subject. This activity in his favourite cause, together with the extraordinary talent exhibited by this young co-worker, attracted the attention of Benjamin Lundy, who immediately made a journey from Baltimore to the Green Mountains to visit him. Personal knowledge only increased his admiration and respect, and he most earnestly requested that he would join hand and heart with him in this great cause, and become joint-editor with him in the management of his paper. In compliance with the good man's earnest wish, and in order, likewise, to find a vent for that tide of slavery opposition which was vehemently struggling within him, Garrison consented, and in the autumn of 1829 removed to Baltimore; and from that day devoted himself to the cause for which God had so evidently appointed him.

[*To be continued.*]

FAUST PERCEIVING MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By William Howitt.

Popular as is Goethe's *Faust*, there are still, we have no doubt, numbers of our readers who are strangers to it, and, therefore, a brief explanation of the cut we gave two weeks since from Scheffer, a celebrated Dutch artist, we are persuaded will be welcome.

The *Faust* of Goethe, one of the most wonderful productions in the whole world of poetry, is a drama founded on the old legend of *Dr. Faustus and the Devil.* Marlow had long ago dramatised this legend in our own country; but it remained for the accomplished and life-exploring genius of the German poet to seize upon it and shape it into a great national poem, reflecting on all sides the national modes of existence, the national sentiments, and in them a great moral lesson. The old story is, that Dr. John Faust, or Faustus, a learned man who lived in the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, sold himself to the devil, for the purpose and on the condition that he should possess all magical knowledge, and enjoy all the delights of this world. That the devil, in the shape of his servant Mephistopheles, accompanied him everywhere, and enabled him to perform the most

extraordinary feats, and to revel in all manner of dissipated pleasures, till the term agreed upon arrived, when he carried him off bodily.

It is easy to see that this strange legend arose out of a real man and a real fact; that this Faust was one of those clever and probably ambitious men, who in all ages have used the credulity of the ignorant public to build a fortune and a reputation upon. The scientific integrity of a Friar Bacon, or even of a Galileo, have not prevented the people of ill-informed ages from fixing on them the charge of magic, and dealing with the devil; how ready then was the way for a clever character to work on that credulity, by a mixture of knowledge and of legerdemain, so as to acquire a full hold on the wonder and the purses of the multitude. To the dealers in the black art the credulous have always run, to obtain that knowledge and those advantages that nature and truth have refused them. Such fellows have, like our famous Lilly, been always better paid than honest men. Faust, be he what he might, certainly acquired a wonderful reputation. He has often been confounded with Fust or Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, as this Fust lived at nearly the same period—in fact, a little earlier—and was also charged with practice of the black art, on the issue of his and Gutenberg's printed books. But the Faust of the legend is another man. He was born at Kundlingen, now called Knittlingen, in Wirtemberg; is said to have studied magic in Cracow, and to have taught it to his amanuensis Wagner. He is said to have sold himself to the devil for twenty-four years' run of fame and pleasure, during which time he filled the whole country with amazement at his doings and achievements; and then, in the village of Rimlich, was carried off between twelve and one o'clock at night, in the most approved style of tempest, outcries, and horror. So vast became his fame, that everything of witchcraft, black art, and legerdemain, which had appeared in any age, was now heaped upon him, and his feats and miracles were promulgated far and wide. By the people he was held up as the great hero of magical skill; by the clergy he was preached as a warning against meddling with too much knowledge, and as a horrible example of a sensual life. His history was one of the first printed, so early as 1434, as *Faust's Forced Going to Hell, or the Black Raven*. Then there was *Weidemann's Real History of the Horrible Sins of Dr. John Faust*. It became in various shapes the subject of the People's Books, and was translated into every European language. The poets then seized it, and besides the drama of Marlowe, already mentioned, in this country, in Faust's own wonder-loving land, there was a whole host of such things in elegiacal poems, pantomimes, tragedies, and comedies, made out of it. Amongst those may be named, Lessing's masterly fragment of *Faust and his Seven Spirits*; Müller's rude, but vigorous and genial, dramatic work, *Dr. Faust's Life*; Klinger's *Life, Deeds, and Descent to Hell, of Faust*; Count Soden's *Dr. Faust, a Play for the People*; Schink's *John Faust, a dramatic Fantasy, after a Legend of the 16th century*; and Klingemann's *Faust, a tragedy*. Besides these, Grabbe, Lenau, Braun von Braunthal, Rosencranz, Stieglitz, Raumer, and others, have made Faust the subjects of their pens. His history has been equally the subject of the most celebrated painters and engravers. Rembrandt, Cornelius, Retzsch, and Christoph von Sichem, have been amongst these; and last, and not least, Ary Scheffer, a Dutch painter of high merit, but who has lived and painted chiefly in Paris, has illustrated various scenes from the *Faust* of Goethe, which have been made widely known by engravings.

Notwithstanding all that has been written, painted, or engraved, however, Goethe has made the subject almost exclusively his own. He has wrought up the popular tradition with such masterly skill, has welded it, as it were, into the very heart of German life, has connected it with so many scenes, has filled it with such a host of genuine German characters, and animated it so vividly with human nature, that everywhere it is read with an intense delight; but in Germany you seem to see in the people and scenes which pass before you continually actual portions of it. Who can visit the Hartz, mount the Brocken, or eat larks in Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic, without thinking with wonder of the *Faust* of Goethe? The events and persons of its narrative, the music of its versification, the wit and life-knowledge of its author, haunt you everywhere.

No part, however, of this celebrated poem is so deeply, sorrowfully, painfully absorbing as the story and fate of the beautiful Margaret. All innocence, loveliness, nature, and affection, she is wooed, heart-wrung, and ruined. In her chamber, in the church before the shrine, at the fountain, and in the prison, you wonder over and weep over her. A more beautiful creation never crossed the brain of man.

The artist has in this picture taken the first sight of Margaret by Faust. She is descending the steps of a church. Behind her are crowding out the people, every figure and face of which are full of appropriate character; but Margaret is like an angel of beauty and tender innocence. Before her stands Faust, in a wonder of passion, and Mephistopheles, the leering fiend who has bought him. The scene is thus given in Dr. Anster's translation of the poem—one out of a dozen English translations, none of which are at all worthy of the original.

THE STREET.

Faustus, to Margaret passing on.

Fair lady, may I offer you my arm:
And will you suffer me to see you home?

Margaret.

I am no lady, and I am not fair.
I want no guide to show me the way home.

Disengages herself and exit.

Faustus.

By heaven, she is a lovely child!
A fairer never met my eye;
Modest she seems, and good, and mild,
Though somewhat pert was her reply.
The red lip bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite!
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away!

Mephistopheles enters.

Faustus.

Hearken here, sir! get me that girl, and fast.

Mephistopheles.

The girl!—what girl?

Faustus.

She that this moment passed.

Mephistophiles.

What! she? She was but now at church,
At her confession. I was there,
And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing!—she is all innocence—
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

Well had it been had the devil for once spoken truth; but, alas! he did not. He had power to destroy, though not to corrupt.

THE ITALIAN GRATUITOUS SCHOOL,

No. 5, GREVILLE STREET, HATTON GARDEN.

By W. J. Linton.

Few, perhaps, of the readers of the *People's Journal* know anything of the "Italian Gratuitous School." They should know of it; not only because such knowledge may enable many to assist, but also because it is always well to make the world aware of the many springs of worth and beauty abounding in its dark corners. Some time back I was invited by my friend Mr. Toynbee (the indefatigable promoter of the health and comfort of the London poor), to attend the annual distribution of prizes at this Italian School. Accordingly I went. The school-room was on the first-floor of a house in Greville-street—two rooms thrown into one. In the smaller room were assembled the pupils; in the larger the friends of the school, mostly Italians, tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, but with a sprinkling of higher personages — Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson, Mrs. Macready, the Countess Pepoli, Sir James Clark, &c. There was not much outward grandeur: two mean rooms, with a few chairs for the more distinguished visitors, and forms for the rest, with no ornaments, except a few maps hung on the walls, and a bust of Dante over the fire-place. And yet there was not wanting the true grandeur of earnestness, of faith, and gratitude. Clearly the directors of the school saw that their work, however small, was good; and as clearly might the first glance of the stranger see the same in the bright, grateful faces of the scholars, the poor organ and image carriers, young and old, whose whole souls seemed absorbed in the evening's business. The meeting was eloquently addressed, in English by Mr. Toynbee, in Italian by Messrs. Mazzini, Mariotti, and Pistrucci (the director of the school); the prizes (books and medals) were distributed—one prize, for reading, was given to an old grey-headed man; and then Mr. Pistrucci improvised a Song of Italian Liberty, and one and all joined in with him till the place rung again. It was a fine thing to behold the love so evidently existing between the teachers and the taught; to note those handsome faces of the Italian music-boys, lit up with intelligence and gratitude, the clapping of hands when some modest-looking boy stepped back from the table with his prize, the eyes kindling at Mazzini's speech, and at Pistrucci's more than fervent speech and song; and that all were somewhat more enthusiastic than we Saxons are wont to be.

From the school we adjourned to a public-house in the neighbourhood, kept by an Italian, where, by the time I arrived, some 70 or 80 of the scholars were already seated at supper—roast beef and potatoes, porter, and abundance of macaroni. All was gaiety, jollity; but nothing of coarseness, nothing of rudeness, though one might think a lower assemblage could scarcely have been picked out. But there they were, the wives and daughters of Italian tradesmen sitting with them, the lady-visitors in the room, and not a word or gesture to offend. Presently Pistrucci came into the room, half-forcing his way through the crowd of Italians, who seemed disposed to carry him in triumph on their shoulders. *Viva Pistrucci!* burst from all the revellers, macaroni dropping from their mouths; and to stay their gratulations, the old man, his eyes brightening through tears of joy, gives out another verse—*Viva Italia! Italia bella;*— and the boys, with mouths half filled, join in chorus. *Viva Mazzini! Viva Toynbee!* The night grows late; one by one the boys leave, to dream, in their hard, miserable homes, of one evening's happiness; to look forward, when they are turned into the streets next morning, to their evening-school. Some few of the older Italians, friends and supporters of the school, stayed a few minutes later to sing some national song—not to drink; and so terminated the anniversary of the "Gratuitous School." A more convincing proof could not have been afforded me of what can be done by a few earnest men under the most disadvantageous circumstances. But I must now give some account of the school, as I did not intend this paper to be merely a notice of its jubilee day.

The school was opened on the 10th of November, 1841, at 5, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, where it still is. It was established, I believe, mainly by the exertions of Mr. Mazzini. The course of instruction pursued comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, architectural and ornamental drawing, and (to those who wish for it) the English language. The time for instruction is from half-past six to half-past eight every Sunday evening, and from eight to half-past ten every other night, except Monday. In addition to this, there is a lecture every Sunday evening, at half-past eight, generally by Mr. Mazzini or Mr. Pistrucci, occasionally by Mr. Mariotti, Dr. Giglioli, Dr. Gonzales, &c. &c. These Sunday lectures embrace a variety of subjects—Italian history, lives of great men, astronomy, morals, &c. But whatever the subject, whether astronomy, history, or anything else, the teaching always tends to one end, the inculcation of the religious principle. From the works of God, from the laws of his world, the mind is always drawn up to God himself. Science is pointed out, not as an incitement to curiosity or vanity, not as the mere husks and outside of information, to cram the mind like a bookseller's shelves; but as the way leading to the better and progressive understanding of God's design, according to which man must act, to shape, as far as possible, this world of ours in harmony with that design.

The school is supported partly by monthly subscriptions from Italians, and a few annual subscriptions from English friends, partly by occasional donations. But the main resource is a concert given about the end of June in every year, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The yearly expenses of the school are about 120*l.*; and the cost of foundation (furniture, books, printing circulars, laying gas-pipes, &c., &c.) amounted to 67*l.* More than 300 boys and men have, at one time or other, been taught in the school. The average number at present attending is somewhat under 60; of course, not the same boys every night, but coming in turn, as they can get time—the greater number on Sundays. Two-thirds of those attending the Sunday lectures are of another class—working men, shopkeepers, apprentices, and others, who have already had some education.

All sorts of obstacles have from time to time stood in the way of the directors of the school.

First, because they would not teach Roman Catholicism the priests attacked them, threatening the boys with excommunication, and denouncing the masters from the pulpits of the chapel of the Sardinian embassy and of that in Lincoln's Inn-fields. However, the calm and firm behaviour of the direc-

tors, with the assistance of the press, silenced the pulpit, though the private interference of the priests still continues. On the other hand, the directors were opposed by an English party, because they would not make the school a means of converting the boys to protestantism. Again, the masters of the boys, with one or two honourable exceptions, set their faces against a likelihood of making their slaves in any way less dependent upon them. It need hardly be said how strenuously they would oppose such a school. Then, again, the late hours to which the boys are compelled to work, their fatigue after carrying their heavy organs during a long day, their habits of mental inactivity; all these were serious obstacles. Then there was the unavoidable complication of the teaching, the impossibility of forming regular classes—the boys coming in at all hours, wanting to be taught immediately, and to get home to bed—the number of teachers required by this *individual* teaching: these were obstacles only to be overcome by the generous devotion, not only of those who had established the school, and who regularly taught, but also of the better educated of the Italian working men, who, after their day's work, would come to give their assistance in instructing their more ignorant brethren.

The result of this labour and devotion is most gratifying. The boys are more intelligent, better fitted to go through life. Their nobler feelings have been roused, as evidenced by their love and reverence for their masters: all distrust between the two classes has been destroyed. The hostile feelings so sedulously fostered by the Italian governments have disappeared from amongst them; and perhaps this is one reason why those governments look on the school with so little favour. So strong was this feeling at first, that the Lombard would not sit by the side of the Genoese, nor the boy from Parma by the side of the boy from Lucca. Now, the moral teaching they have had—the map of Italy, with its Alps and sea, speaking eloquently of unity—have made them brothers, as liberty would rapidly make all Italians. And so grateful are they, that one of them went to Genoa in search of Mazzini's mother, to tell her what had been done for him in her son's school.

I must say one word on the religious teaching in the school. The directors—wisely, I think—do not meddle with particular creeds. The boys are all Catholics; all theological teaching would, therefore, be an invasion of the province of the priest. On the other hand, they do not consider themselves bound to convert the boys to protestantism. In the one case they would meet with no support from the English public; in the other, they would give just reason for the interference of the Italian governments. I think they take the right course. In their historical teaching, they comment as freely on the Pope as they would upon other men. They lecture, as occasion requires, on such subjects as Galileo's condemnation, or the ferocious hypocrisy of the Inquisition; they expound the Sermon on the Mount, and other parts of the Gospel. They teach the boys at all times, and in every way, to revere God, to understand and follow his laws; they teach them the nature of duty; and show them continually that they are responsible creatures, consequently free, and summoned to exert freely their divine gifts: and so, as one of the masters said to me—"We have step by step succeeded in convincing them that they may apply free examination to everything; and we leave the [illegible] to themselves and to God."

Poetry for the People.

HOPE FOR THE POET!

By Mrs. Craven Green.

No! *not in vain* has Heaven bestow'd
 The gift of Poesy!
Tho' all unhonour'd be thy Lyre
 By earthly praise or fee;
Humble and rude perchance thy lot,
 Unmark'd, unknown thy name,
And songs that thrill thy secret heart
 Perish without their fame!

The unheeded wild flowers, idly crush'd
 Amid the vernal rain,
Give up their perfume to His Throne
 Who made *them* not in vain.
And not one pure or glorious thought
 The Poet's heart may frame,
But is an incense offering
 To the Eternal Name.

A YANKEE'S NOTION ABOUT ENLISTING IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

Thrash away! you'll have to rattle
 On them kettle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowing kind o' cattle
 That is ketched with mouldy corn.
Put it stiff, you fifer feller;
 Let folks see how spry you be;—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
 'Fore you git a-hold o' me!
That ere flag's a leetle rotten,
 Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
 To stuff out a soger's chest.
As for war, I call it murder,—
 There you have it plain and flat:
I don't want to go no furder
 Than my testyment for that:
God has said so, plump and fairly;
 It's as long as it is broad;
And you've got to git up airly
 If you want to take in God.
'Taint your eppylettes and feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a-folloring your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight:
If ye take a sword and dror it,
 And should stick a feller through,
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.
What's the use o' meeting goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
If it's right to go a-mowing
 Fellow-men like oats and rye?
I don't know but what it's pooty (pretty)
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
 To be cuttin' folks's throats!
Want to tackle *me* in, do ye?
 I expect you'll have to wait;
When cold lead puts daylight through ye,
 You'll begin to calkylate.
Jist go home and ask our Nancy
 Whether I'd be such a goose
As to jine ye—guess she'd fancy
 The etarnal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
 Let alone the hay's to mow—
If you're arter folks o' gumption
 You've a darned long way to go!
Come, I'll tell ye what I'm thinkin'
 Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't as quick as winkin'
 In the days of seventy-six:

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The traducers of our people,
The enslavers of our own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this message loudly
In the ears of all the South:—
"I'll return ye good for evil,
Much as we frail mortals can,
But I won't go help the Devil
Makin' man the curse of man;
Call me coward, call me traitor,
Jist as suits your mean idees—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
And the friend of God and Peace!"

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

No. III.

By Harriet Martineau.

As we paced homewards to our inn from Calder Abbey, we little dreamed of the contrast the next day would afford to that which was now closing.

Hitherto, the weather had been perfect for our purposes. While there was no threat of rain, the heat of the sun had been tempered by partial clouds, which left the landscape all beautifully chequered with gleams and shadows, and by cool mountain breezes which perpetually nourished our strength. The moment I left my bed, the next morning, I was aware that the weather was so intensely hot as to make me rather anxious about the day's walk for S., if not for myself. Our plan was to take a car seven miles to Ennerdale Bridge, and thence cross Blake Fell on foot to Scale Hill inn—a distance of nine miles by the mountain path, which we proposed to follow, and which appeared by map and guide book not only easy to find, but difficult to miss. We intended either to stay at Scale Hill, or proceed in the evening to Buttermere, as we might feel inclined, our great remaining object being the ascent under Honister Crag and pass into Borrowdale for the next day.

Our drive was an almost continuous ascent, among wild fells, where there was no protection whatever from the glare of the sun. We were glad not to have attempted these seven miles on foot, and rejoiced when, towards noon, a thin veil of white cloud overspread the whole sky, leaving sunlight enough to cast shadows, but tempering the extreme heat. After dismissing our car, we received such uniform answers from all of whom we inquired of the difficulty to strangers of finding the path over the Fell, that I decided against undertaking the responsibility of the attempt, easy as the matter looked on the map. We turned down to the boat-house at the foot of Ennerdale Water, to inquire for a guide.

It was long doubtful whether we could procure one; and while the search was making, we lay on the shingle on the margin of the lake, rather perplexed as to our course, if no guide could be had. The waters grew rougher while we waited; but all we thought about this was that the wind would be refreshing during the ascent. Soon, the messenger returned with the news that a guide would await us at the distance of a few fields; and when we met him, we found the walk was only six miles; so that all our doubts were at an end; and we set off up the Fell, all good spirits and security.

The heat was very great; so we took our time, and lagged behind the guide, though he carried our knapsacks. He was a quiet-looking elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk very slowly; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of our transit, I tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting my feet into his footsteps; and I was surprised to find with what ease and rapidity I got on.

At first, we stopped frequently to sit down and drink water, into which I poured a little whiskey, in spite of my companions' dislike of it; for I was afraid of their indulging in the extremely cold water in the midst of such heat. We had for some time begun to notice the blackness of the sky to the west; a blackness which now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we observed that while the wind still blew in our faces, that is, from the north-east, the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by and by. Next, when we were in the midst of the wide Fell, and I saw how puzzled I should have been to find a path while winding among the swampy places, even in the calmest weather, and with no one to take care of but myself, we pointed out to one another how the light fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon, the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not achieve our transit in good weather.

The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, I saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had for some time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the burst of the storm upon us was more like a dream than perhaps any actual experience I ever had. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending, a deep tarn close on the right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes, or still more slippery grass; the air was dark as during an eclipse; and heavy mists drove past from behind, just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment; while before us, and far far below us—down as in a different world—lay Buttermere, and the neighbouring vales sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast of that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft blue shadows, with the turbulence, and chill, and gloom, of the station from which we viewed it, made me feel this the newest scene I had witnessed for many and many a year. I had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds close down before my eyes, but the wind suddenly scudded round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing me flat as it passed. Within a few minutes, I had several falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground, now, in a trice, a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide, much as I wanted to ask him to look back now and then to see to the safety of my young companions. In the roar of the blast, and the crash of the thunder, and the pelt of the hail, I might as well hope to make the elements hear. So it was necessary to keep up with him, my companions making a similar effort to keep up with me. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, they did this; and maintained their courage perfectly, though the lightning was playing about our faces like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog; and the hail and rain drenched them to the skin in

three minutes. The first hailstones penetrated to the skin. They were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes. My stout straw bonnet was immediately wet through; and not only my cap under it, but my hair was wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very skulls. In this weather, we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, turbid streams whose bridges of stones were covered by the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways, each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, I was delighted to find my companions as cheerful as ever, in no degree dismayed or annoyed, but disposed to laugh at the weight of their dripping clothes, and at the ridiculous appearance we all made.

Our appearance at the dinner-table was no less absurd. We were too hungry not to dine; and, as our knapsacks were wet through, we had few resources of dress. We sat at dinner in borrowed clothes, or odd makeshifts, while the fire-place and all the chairs were hung round with dripping or damp articles which it had taken but three minutes to soak, while it would take the whole day and night to dry them. Master Bob sat without his coat, in a pair of trowsers made for a stout man, and (what appeared to be) the ostler's Sunday waistcoat. We were surprised to find how wet clothes relieved us of all sense of fatigue, so that we really had no sense of having walked, or slipped, or slid, or fallen at all this day. In the evening, there was a pause of the rain sufficient to allow us a turn of half an hour on the terrace before the inn; and the refreshment was great.

The rain was pouring down as vehemently as ever, the next morning; and during breakfast we occupied ourselves with consulting about what we should do. But it presently appeared that there was little choice. Not a horse was to be had that day; and the people of the inn thought there was no prospect of the weather clearing. So we determined to write letters till twelve o'clock; and then, if there was no improvement, to walk off, and try our fortunes on the road homewards. We gave up Buttermere, and Honister Crag; and set out on the high road to Keswick—twelve miles. We had but one umbrella, Master Bob having laid the other down by the roadside, and forgotten to take it up again.

At first, it was something like deliberately walking into a shower bath from above, and a rivulet below. But very soon the splash began to intermit—then to moderate; and we discovered that we were emerging from the region of violent rain, and repeated to each other what pedestrian travellers probably say on almost every trip among these mountains—that it is wisest to face all weathers, to go on, and see what we meet with. When we had risen so far as to overlook the vale of Lorton, we saw it well in a clear grey light, and admired its quiet and fertile beauty, after the wildness of the Fells. Soon, we saw our shadows; and after that, we had no more trouble from the weather, though I dare say it went on raining at Scale Hill all day, and the guests waiting for the fair weather they might find by going two or three miles.

We had been told that there were inns all along the road; and by two o'clock we were hungry enough to be on the look-out for one, called "The Travellers' Inn." There it was, with its sign-board, a comfortable sight, by the wayside. We stepped in, and saw nobody but a little girl nursing a baby. After some inquiry a sleepy-looking young woman, called "the missis," appeared, with an air of grievance at being called.

"Can you let us have some dinner?" "Na."

"You can let us have some eggs?" "Na."

"Everybody lets us have ham and eggs. Have you no eggs?" "Na."

"Some bread and cheese then, if you please." "Na."

"Have you no bread?" "Na."

We thought this could not possibly be the case in an inn; and we persuaded the little girl to call "the master." He at length, and very slowly, came down stairs without his coat, and shambled past us and out at the door, saying only that we must ask "the missis." There was nothing to be done but to walk away. The master was leaning over some paling, a hundred yards off, evidently waiting for us to depart. As we passed, we told him laughingly that his was the most curious inn we had come to—without a bit of bread in it; whereupon he laughed and said "the missis is a queer body." She may fairly say the same of the master. This was an extreme instance of the slowness and deadness of speech and mind which are very striking to strangers who traverse this region. In secluded dales, and high up the mountain side, I had endeavoured to account for it by remembering how very little conversation the country people ever enjoy, and how few interests they know of besides those of their own quiet home, so that the bursting of a shoe, or the breaking of a plate, is as great an event as often happens to them; and they have so little to say that they become inapt at speech. But I did not expect to find an extreme case in an inn on the mail road, so near to Keswick.

Our next attempt was at a public house in the village of Portinscale. The hostess there appeared more inclined to look about her than to cook the eggs she promised us: but she bestirred herself at last, when we told her our clothes were damp, and that we wished to be on our way speedily. Nothing could be better than our fare when we did obtain it: plenty of fresh eggs, the whitest bread and nicest butter; crisp oat cake, and good cheese and ale—these made an excellent dinner. From Keswick, after buying an umbrella, we took a car for seven miles, leaving only one or two more as we thought, to our night quarters, looking forward to the beds we had bespoken at Wythburn. But, on passing the parlour windows there, we saw a party at tea, and knew at once how the matter would end. Travellers, afraid of the weather, were glad to be housed, and difficult to turn out. Three parties were already squeezed into the little inn; and there was no place for us. S. had already walked fourteen miles since noon. Master Bob and I could have easily accomplished the eight which lay between us and home: but she could not. Three more, however, she must undertake—as far as the Swan at Grasmere. And very well she did it. The way was beguiled by a succession of beauties. The rich purple shadows on the mountains above Thirlmere behind us, and the sunny gleams on the slopes inclosing Grasmere before us, were a feast to the eye. Mountain torrents were leaping and tumbling and dashing on the right hand and the left: and the valley began to be disclosed in which lay our paradise of a home.

At the Swan, we procured a dog-cart which conveyed us home before the daylight was quite gone; and there, by a clear fire, in dry clothes, with tea and a chop on the table, and our laps full of letters and newspapers, we declared this evening to be a charming ending of a most charming holiday.

PENNY WISDOM,

By A Man of No Party.

No. III.—SUNDAY ABROAD AND AT HOME.

I have been struck by nothing, whether at home or abroad, in my intercourse with foreigners and my experience of foreign things, more than the universal disposition to criticise the manner in which "*those*" people keep their Sunday. This time, the unknown friends I am addressing are of all countries—my epistle being a circular, capable, I trust, of being read without grief, or offence to the tenderest conscience (the liberal, *of course*, are never offended by a plain statement of opinion), whether it be English, Scotch, or Irish—of Italy, France, or Germany.

With this end in view, it will be readily understood why I purposely abjure the least idea of arguing the question of devotional strictness in the observance of the Day. This, if ever there was one, is a matter of private conscience and private judgment. There are some to whom praying in a place of worship is one of every day's duties: and such will never be brought to understand, why the fact of their having done this is to disqualify them from every innocent relaxation—as they defend their pleasures by insisting that they will bear such intermixture without irreverence or indecorum! There are others to whom the Sabbath were no holiday, neither day of rest—were it not entirely devoted to devotional exercises; and who honestly labour that no disturbing influences shall intrude to bring down their spirits from the heights of a contemplation, on which they believe themselves to be near the celestial world. Let those who would mingle the things of Heaven and Earth—and those who would strictly keep the two separate—regard each other with charity. Each party will find it hard enough, perhaps, to fulfil its own idea of of what is fitting with consistency; and, aware of this, will forbear (let us hope) to be harsh upon its antagonists for the exceptions and short-comings which there is small possibility of bodies of men or individuals avoiding. My business is not here to attempt an universal formula for the day—but being a poor lay-pilgrim who has wandered not a little in different countries, and among different faiths—to offer something in mitigation of the contempt or the sternness with which we and our foreign neighbours reciprocate comments on usages, the origin of which lies very deep, and very near to the hearts of men.

How quiet are our great cities on Sundays! Not merely when every worshipper is occupied in his own place of worship: but in the intervals, when the highways of a French or German town are swarming like a bee-hive—and so noisy, that by *that* the traveller knows the seventh day has come round again. Fewer carriages in the streets! no shops open—no places of amusement—no wandering music—I know of nothing much stranger than a walk, say down the *People's Journal* Street (Fleet-street) at four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. And if I have one of my foreign friends with me, I am sure to be told of "our puritanical strictness," &c., &c.—and while all the myriad means of escape from this gigantic maze of brick-and-mortar are overlooked—to have thrown in my teeth, a French *boulevard* or a German *anlage*, with its tea-gardens, and its part-singers, and its fiddles and drums, and its merry-go-rounds, and its theatres, in proof that after all, with all our boasted liberty and independence, we English are cold, inhuman, and morose.

Well: I am not going here to argue the question on its religious grounds—so I will spare you that part of my answer: but, I should say—and *have said* to many a foreign friend, in reply to his statement of the manner in which Sunday is kept abroad and at home—"All this is well, according to your acceptation of the Sunday.—but this is *not* all! It is not only that your system of relaxation admits of the possibility of a large class of people working—it *enjoins*, too, the necessity of a large class working; and a class, moreover, which cannot therefore be set free from labour on week-days. Your Sunday-music does not excuse one single creature concerned in it from his due complement of close and fagging occupation during the foregoing days of the week. Your holiday feastings do not cause cooks one hour less over their furnaces, nor waiters the carrying of one solitary dish less, from Monday till Saturday. Let me ask, when we are talking about pleasure for everybody, ought we not to think a little of those by whom the materials for pleasure are manufactured?" This is quite another matter from shutting-up the bakers' shops, from stopping public conveyances, or the transmission of intelligence. In the carrying on of Life's serious business, it is unhappily needful that many must be wearied—that many must be overworked—that health and freedom must needs be sacrificed, in order that an incomplete machinery may go through its evolutions with some regularity. And let me observe, though in a mere parenthesis, that the higher we go among workers, the more serious and unremitting becomes the strain, inasmuch as brain-labour is more exhausting than manual labour. But I think, that in what may be called holiday-pleasures, there is too great a danger of our being indifferent to those who are overtasked. Let me give an instance. We are perpetually told of the easy and pleasant lives of the people at Vienna—of their beautiful gardens, and their brilliant dance-music, and the blithe sight it is to look on the whole gay, well-dressed population enjoying itself on a bright Sunday. Dining in the open air at Schönbrunn (that in itself has a gay, pleasant sound) on one of these festive occasions, I was suddenly arrested by a countenance behind my chair;—the complexion sodden rather than pale, the eyes as dead as if there was neither life nor meaning behind them, the expression at once weary, vacant, and restless: to me as startling a sight as the Spectre at the Banquet might have been to those unused to such a presence! This was a waiter. I do not know what possessed me to ask him—"When *he* was to take his holiday?" "He could not tell" was the answer, in a sort of *matter-of-course* tone which was more emphatic than any complaint might have been—"he had not been for three months out of the garden; nor across the road!" I do not retail this as a case of grievance: but wish it to be rated for what it is worth, by holiday-makers and holiday-keepers. That dough-coloured man had waited on their pleasures till he seemed absolutely to have lost the idea of his own right to have any!

I will not allow myself to be called hyper-sympathetic for advancing such a plea as this—that the best holiday is that which will press the least heavily on all classes: at all events, I am certain that the consideration does not sufficiently occur to my continental friends—nor to those who, enchanted by the semblance of festivity, overlook the price at which it is procured.

This leads me to consider another misunderstanding most liberally made by newly-arrived foreigners, or those who merely hastily pass through

our country—but which I have never seen abide with any solitary person worth listening to, provided he had stayed long enough among us to comprehend our life, its requirements, and its occupations! They are apt to mistake tranquillity for stupidity—to wonder that those whose career is a struggle, should find greater holiday in rest than in excitement. Did you never hear the story of The Cook's Holiday? She had requested to be indulged with "a day to herself"—and her mistress (one of the kind-hearted) took care that it should be a long summer-day, with plenty of light and sunshine, arranging so that Betty (your Cook is always Betty) "might start the very first thing in the morning." Towards noon, the lady inquired at what time the cook had gone. "Ma'am," was the reply, "Betty has not gone at all! She came down, and took her breakfast, Ma'am, and went up again to bed directly. She's now in a fine sleep!" Betty's is not a solitary case—nor her taste in the spending of a holiday confined to her class. How many of us, are there, so outworn when Saturday evening comes, that a few hours of thoughtful (not stagnant) repose and total quiet would be preferred—all other considerations apart—to any festivity or excursion whatever; to whom gentle and confidential family intercourse, and a breathing of the fresh air, minister all that they can desire!—not merely tonic medicine to provide against the future, but placid and deep present enjoyment. Till a foreigner becomes able to appreciate an English Home, he cannot be expected to understand this; but, being interested in the subject, I have applied the test again and again, to those who have known England, and watched the manner of our lives—and in no single case, have I ever been answered with the protest, with the sneer, with the shrug of the shoulders meant to convey so much—or with the picturesque epithet *triste!*—which hurt so many tender-conscienced people, when first encountered—albeit they are no more significant, nor really to be weighed as authorities or criticisms, than the words of an unknown language!

Is it too much, then, while we desire the greatest possible enlargement to every one's recreation, to point out to simple as well as gentle, not merely the expediency, but the duty, of not purchasing pleasure on the World's Holiday by too unreasonable a demand on the thewes and sinews, the heads and brains of our brethren? Is it too much to ask all to consider the line which separates gratification from excitement—to reflect, that not merely are they bound to abstain from gratuitously hurting the feelings of such as are stricter in rule than they—but that the pleasure which is bought by unreasonable exaction must be unblest, in the highest, not the more superstitious, sense of the word. What, then, is my conclusion? What the import of these distinctions, and cautions, and comparisons? It is summed up in four lines. To the Rich—Be liberal to your fellow creatures on their one day of Rest. To the less Rich—Be moderate in your claims on your fellows, on your one day of Liberty!

Our Library.

LETTERS FROM MADRAS.*

By A Lady.

This is another charming volume of Mr. Murray's Home and Colonial Library; one of the best serial publications of the day. The writer of these letters is a cheerful-spirited, clever woman, whose energetic character sets at defiance the enervating influence of Anglo-Indian life. We find her therefore as busy as a bee, studying Tamul three days a week, with an old solemn Moonshee; making valuable entomological collections, and thereby discovering several perfectly new species of insects; gardening, reading, churning even, and altogether so full of occupation as to have no time for *ennui* or trouble of any kind.

Established up the country, at Rajahmundry, with her husband, who seems to be, like herself, a rightminded and energetic person, we find her establishing native schools, printing cards and copies for the scholars with her own hand; devising tracts and lessons of all kinds, teaching herself, and working with humble missionaries, shoemakers by trade, for the well-being of the poor, ignorant people among whom her lot was cast. Beautiful, indeed, is the character of a woman like this, refined by birth and education, and elevated by rank, yet devoting herself with cheerfulness and clear-sighted judgment to a divine labour of love.

But she shall speak for herself, and in the first place from Madras; and, by the by, the letters, though said to be from Madras, are the greater portion, and quite the most interesting portion of them, written during their residence at Rajahmundry, which is not in the Presidency at all.

I think I shall like Madras very much, and am greatly amused with all I hear and see. The heat is not now at all oppressive, this being the cool season. The houses are so airy and large, and the air so light, that one does not feel the heat so much as one does in Italy. At present the thermometer is at 78 deg., but it feels so much cooler from the thorough draughts they keep up in every room, that I would not believe it to be more than 70 deg. till I looked with my own eyes. The rooms are as large as chapels, and made up of doors and windows, open day and night. I have seen so many curiosities already that I do not know what to describe first—jugglers, tumblers, snake-charmers, native visitors, &c., &c.: for the last few days we have been in a constant bustle. Those snake-charmers are the most wonderful. One day we had eight cobras and three other snakes all dancing round us at once, and the snake-man singing and playing to them on a kind of bagpipes. The venomous snakes they call *good* snakes; one, the Braminee cobra, they said was so good, his bite would kill a man in three hours; but of course all these had their fangs extracted. I was told that they had their teeth drawn once a-month, but I suppose they have, in fact, the venom extracted from their teeth. The men bring them in covered baskets. They set the baskets on the ground, and play their bagpipes for awhile; then they blow at the snakes through the baskets; then play a little more; at last they take off the lid of the basket, and the snake rises up very grand, arching his neck like a swan, and with his hood spread, looking very handsome, but very wicked. There is one great convenience in visiting an Indian house, viz., every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the house. The servants provide for themselves in a most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and eat nothing—that is to say, in our houses or of our goods. They have mats on the steps, and live upon rice. I have an ayah (or lady's maid) and a tailor (for the ayahs cannot work); and A— has a boy; also two muddles—one to sweep my room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself—the maid cuts grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person of the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged or ostensible attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put off upon him without being found out by the master or mistress. Notwithstanding their numbers they are dreadfully slow. I often tire myself with doing things for myself rather than wait for their dawdling; but Mrs. Staunton laughs at me and calls me a "griffin," and says I must learn to have patience, and save my strength. (N.B. *Griffin* means a freshman or freshwoman in India.) The real Indian ladies lie on a sofa, and, if they drop their handkerchief, they just lower their voices and say, "Boy!" in a very gentle tone, and then creeps in, perhaps, some old, wizen, skinny brownie, looking like a superannuated threadpaper, who twiddles after them for a little while, and then creeps out again as softly as a

* Murray, London.

black cat, and sits down cross-legged in a verandah till "mistress please to call again."

Another word or two about snakes.

A day or two ago the Maty bolted into the breakfast-room, exclaiming, "Sar! one snake, sar! One big snake in godown! He very good snake, sar!" * * This brute was a large deadly cobra capello; it had hidden itself behind some bottles in a recess under the steps where the water is cooled. A— went directly to load his gun, and I peeped out, but could not go near enough to see the creature on account of the sun, and I *calculate* I should not have gone any nearer if it had been ever so shady. There stood all the palanquin boys with bamboos in their hands, ready to beat it if it came out, and all the Peons peeping over their shoulders—array enough to attack a tiger. A— forbade their killing it in that way, on account of the danger of their getting bitten, if they missed a blow, and he shot it dead himself, after which they all dragged it out, and beat it to their hearts' content. Two days afterwards, we were told of another cobra in a hole of a tree at the bottom of the garden; but while A— was preparing his gun, one of the snake-conjurors came and charmed it out of its hole, and brought it into the garden to show us; it was quite fresh, its teeth not extracted, and its bite certain death; but this man had it perfectly under his command; he set it up, and made it dance, and when it tried to strike, he just whisked the tail of his gown into its face, and quieted it again. I offered to buy it, and pay him for killing and bottling it, but I could not persuade him to sell it at any price; he thought its possession would bring him good luck. In answer to my offers, the butler, who was interpreter, told me, "if missis put snake in bottle of rack, snake dead." "I know that," said I, "I like it dead." "Yes, ma'am, but that man like live." "What is the use of his keeping it alive? sometime snake bite." "No, ma'am, no can bite; that man snake conjure." However, to day the conjuror came to say that he had found another cobra, so he was willing to sell me one if I liked it. Accordingly, he took it with his bare hands out of a brass pan which he brought with him, set it up, made it show its hood and dance a little, and then put it into a bottle of spirits, which soon killed it. * * The snakes have very much confirmed my belief in physiognomy. They certainly have a great deal of countenance; a cunning, cruel, spiteful look, that tells at once they are capable of any mischief; in short, *beaucoup de caractère*, and the more venomous the snake, the worse his expression. The harmless ones *look* harmless; I think I should almost know a "too much good snake" by his too much bad countenance. The cobra is the worst, his eyes are quite hideous; and that boa constrictor at the Cape was very disgusting; but, after all, I do not know that there is anything more horrid in the way of physiognomy than a shark; there is a cold-blooded, fishy malignity in his eyes that makes one shudder.

We must be permitted to make an extract of some length, in order to give an amusing account of a visit to one of the old Rajahs, whom the lively lady calls Penny Whistle.

When we arrived at Dratcharrum, the Rajah's town, we were taken to a choultry* which he had prepared and ornamented with bits of old carpet for our first reception. I could not imagine why we did not go to his house at once, according to his invitation; but I found afterwards that he had arranged our going first to the choultry, in order that he might send for us in state to his mud palace. All his principal people came to pay their compliments, and he sent us a very good breakfast; and when we had eaten it, his Gomashta (a sort of secretary, at least more like it than anything else) came to say that all things were ready for our removal. I expected something of a row at starting, but I was quite unprepared for the uproar he had provided for us. As soon as our palanquins were taken into the street, a gang of musicians started up to play before us with all their might; a sort of performance much like an imitation of one of Rossini's most noisy overtures played by bagpipes, hurdygurdies, penny trumpets, and kettle-drums, all out of tune. Then came banners, swords, flags, and silver-sticks; then heralds to proclaim our titles, but we could not make out what they were; and then dancing-girls. A— looked rather coy at being, as he said, "made such a fool of;' but when the dancing-girls began their antics, ankle-deep in the mud, the whole turn out was so excessively absurd, that mortal gravity could stand it no longer, and he was obliged to resign himself to his fate, and laugh and be happy like me. When we arrived at the palace, on entering the gateway, the first thing I saw was a very fine elephant making his salam; side by side with him a little wooden rocking-horse; the court filled with crowds of ragged retainers, and about fifty more dancing-girls, all bowing and bobbing, salaming and curtseying. At last we came to the Rajah's own hall, where we found him, the pink of Hindoo politeness, bestowing more flowers of speech upon us in a quarter of an hour than we could gather in all England in a twelvemonth. He ushered us to the rooms prepared for us, and stayed with us for some time to have a talk, surrounded by all his retinue. His palace consisted of a number of courts, walled in, unpaved, and literally ankle-deep in mud. We could not cross them, but all round there was a raised narrow pathway of hard earth, which we crept round, holding on by the walls, for fear of slipping into the mud beneath. At one end was a room, or rather gallery, which they call a hall, open to the court on one side, without any doors or windows; a small room at each end of the large one, and a sort of outer yard for the servants. The three other sides of the square communicated with other courts of the same kind, one opening into the Rajah's own hall. In the middle of our gallery there was a wooden alcove overhanging the street, in which Penny Whistle sits and smokes when he is alone. The furniture was a table, a carpet, four chairs, two cane sofas, and a footstool. The room was hung with pictures of idols by native artists, two French looking-glasses in fine frames, fastened to the wall in their packing-cases, the lids being removed for the occasion, and two little shaving-glasses with the quicksilver rubbed off the back. Penny Whistle was very fond of his pictures, and sent for some other great coloured prints of hares and foxes to show us. They had been given to him by an Englishman long ago, and the colour was rubbed off in many places, so I offered to mend them for him, which greatly pleased him. While I was filling up the holes in his foxes' coats with a little Vandyke brown, he stood by crossing his hands and exclaiming, "Ah! all same as new! wonderful skill!" and A— took the opportunity to put in his usual lecture concerning the advisableness of girls' education. Penny Whistle said he thought it was a very fine thing to teach girls, but that his people were "too much stupid," and did not like it, and he would not go contrary to their prejudices, &c. When we were tired of him we dismissed him, as the natives think it a great impoliteness to go away till they are desired. * * After we were rested and brisk again, Penny Whistle sent us our dinner. We had brought with us, at his desire, plates, knives and forks, bread, and beer, and he sent us, besides all his own messes, native fashion, brass trays lined with leaves, and a different little conundrum on each leaf; pillaws, quantities of pickles, ten or a dozen varieties of chutines, different vegetables, and cakes made of grease, pepper, and sugar. The Bramins of Penny Whistle's class always have their food served on the leaves of the banyan-tree. After dinner he took us out to see the town; we in our palanquin, and he in his *tonjon* or open sedan-chair, and all his ragged robins piping and drumming before us. The whole town, of course, turned out to see the show: one of A—'s palanquin doors was shut, so Penny Whistle stopped his procession, and came to beg that A— would do him the favour to keep it open and "show himself to the multitude." The town was all built of mud; the bettermost houses whitewashed, but the others not even that, and the streets ankle-deep in the mud washed off from the houses; but in the midst of all this dirt and discomfort, some little bit of tinsel would peep out at every opportunity; women covered with ornaments from head to foot peeping out of the mud hovels; men with superb Cashmere shawls looking quite beggarly from rags and dirt. This is "Eastern splendour"—a compound of mud and magnificence, filth and finery. Penny Whistle is a good prince in his little way, one of the old hereditary Rajahs of the highest caste. In the course of our expedition he took us to see the pagoda. I had never before been inside one, and was very curious to know what it really was. First there was a high wall round a large square compound; in the midst of each wall an immensely high gateway. This gateway is the pyramid-like building that one sees outside, and that I had always supposed to be the pagoda. It was a wonderful, dreamy, light-headed sort of a place, a low roof, and an interminable perspective of rows of massive, grotesque pillars, vanishing in darkness—I could not see the end of them—with many dark recesses in the walls, and here and there a strange, white-turbaned figure, just glancing out for a moment, and disappearing again in the darkness; altogether I never was in a place which gave me so much the idea of a feverish dream. In the middle of the court, round which these galleries of pillars ran, was the swamy-house, or place in which the idol is enshrined. They brought us opposite to it, and by stooping a little I could have seen all the inside, but I thought, perhaps, that some of the lookers-on might fancy I was bowing down to the god, so I would not run the risk. When we came back to Penny's house, we found it all lighted up with stinking torches, and the constant native amusement of dancing-girls and fireworks, and crowds of spectators. We stayed with him as long as we could endure the heat, din, and glare, and then went to our own rooms. There we found everything such a complete contrast to the native taste, that we could scarcely fancy ourselves only a hundred yards from the Rajah's row. Our mates had lighted the candles, and placed our tea-things, books, and drawing-materials on the table, all looking as quiet and comfortable as at home. I never saw anything so curiously different from the scene of the minute before: every feeling and idea was changed in an instant. But the next day we were to see, as the Hindoos say, "all things native again;" so I asked Puntaloo (that is his real name) to let me have a ride on his elephant. * * * When we returned to the house he introduced me to his wife. I had been longing to see her, but did not dare to ask it for fear of distressing his feelings; However, he proposed it himself. They brought her when A— was out of the room. She was an immense creature, but young, with rather a good sphinx-like face—altogether much like a young feather-bed—dressed in green muslin embroidered in gold, and covered with jewels from top to toe, besides a belt of gold coins round her waist. All her attendant women came with her and stood at the door. The

* Building for the reception of native travellers.

Rajah's Gomashta stood by, to order her about and teach her manners, and one of my peons acted as interpreter. When she first came in, she twirled, or rather rolled, round and round, and did not know what to do, so the Gomashta bade her make salam and sit down in a chair; and then I did the same. We did not know much of each other's language—she nothing of mine, and I only enough of Gentoo to be aware that the peon mistranslated every speech we made, and invented the conversation according to his own taste, making it consist entirely of the most furious compliments on either side. She was very curious about my clothes, especially my bonnet, which she poised upon her fore-finger, and spun round like a top. I showed her some pictures; she held them upside down, and admired them very much. She seemed well amused and comfortable till A— came accidentally into the room, when she jumped up, wheeled round so as to turn her broad back to him, and waddled off as fast as her fat sides would let her. Of course he went away directly, not wishing to hurt her modesty; and as soon as he was gone she came mincing back again, reseated herself with all sorts of affected airs and graces, and sent him a condescending message, to "beg he would not distress himself, for that he was her father and mother.

The above extracts will give an idea of the lively style of this agreeable writer; and with one more extract, which contains a very practical lesson as regards ourselves and Ireland, we will take our leave of the lady letter-writer with our best wishes.

November 19, 1839.—There is great distress in our neighbourhood now, owing to the failure of the monsoon. Whole gangs of robbers are going about, armed with sticks, waylaying the grain-merchants and breaking open the stores. A— is raising a subscription to buy grain to give to those who will *work* for it—every man to have enough for himself, and his wife, and two children; and he intends that the workers shall dig a well, or deepen a tank, or do something of that kind which will be a benefit to the people. We have also sent for a quantity of potatoes, in hopes of introducing their cultivation; the cultivators are willing to try them now in this time of scarcity, and I hope they may succeed. I am to give the potatoes, and A— is to give a reward to the man who raises the best crop. * * The tanks are all dried up, and people are beginning to grudge the trouble of drawing water from the wells for their bullocks. * * *

May 7.—The scarcity is over now. Government gave a deal of money to spend among the poor. Our collector gave A— fifty pounds of it, all of which was laid out in grain for the workers, men and women. They have made several miles of beautiful high-road, deepened tanks, and dug a well. The well is a very great acquisition in this place; you may suppose in such a climate how glad the people always are of additional water. A— was so pleased with his well that he sent all the way to it, a mile off, for water to christen our new baby!

ON THE OBLIGATIONS OF SOCIETY TO SERVANTS OF ALL-WORK.

Any mistress of a family who has been compelled to do without a servant of any kind, for only a week, will understand at once what I mean by the "Obligations of Society to Servants of All-work." Those who have never been obliged to do household work—not mere drawing-room-china dusting, and the making of tarts and cakes, but real *bona fide* hard work—cannot appreciate the obligations I speak of now. Those who have never known practically what is meant by sweeping, cleaning, rubbing, scrubbing, washing linen, washing plates and dishes, cleaning knives, peeling potatoes, and cooking a dinner—not merely broiling a chop, but preparing that most complicated affair of civilised life, a regular dinner, let us say consisting only of meat, vegetables, and *et ceteras*, and a pudding or pie with its *et ceteras*—those persons who are practically unacquainted with these things, are not able to appreciate their obligations to those whose business in life is to do these things unintermittingly, day after day, for others not connected with them by any tie of blood and rarely of affection, and whose reward is—the common comforts of life. It is common to hear persons, otherwise kind-hearted and well-informed, speak without knowledge and without feeling of domestic. servants. It is common to hear them called "pests to society," "necessary evils," &c. There is no limit to the abuse lavished on them, and their low *morale* excites continual anger and indignation from those who, on other points, would not expect to "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles!"

I would say a few words for those who cannot speak for themselves. The servant of all-work ranks the lowest in the scale of domestic service. This is natural; for she serves the lowest class of employers, and is generally among the lowest born and the lowest bred of her own class. The cook and the housemaid are the daughters, in most cases, of small tradesmen, or mechanics who are well to do in the world. They receive as much schooling as their parents can afford to give—for in that class "the little learning" is highly esteemed; and it is rare to find any of its members who cannot read enough to amuse and instruct themselves. Most cooks and housemaids can also write sufficiently to correspond with friends at a distance, and are among the most thankful for the penny post. They generally know a little of accounts, and can frequently make their own clothes. This amount of knowledge, joined to that of her peculiar business, is not a bad education for a young woman who has to earn her bread by the work of her hands—although one might desire far more than this, could we at once remodel society. As it is now, the respectable cook or housemaid has always been accustomed to the necessaries, and earns for herself the comforts and many of the luxuries, of life. She, too, has much of unkindness, of petty oppression, and insult to endure; but far less than the servant of all-work.

The servant of all-work is the child of the poorest poor; often of the depraved. Brought up in ignorance (for she can seldom read sufficiently to derive benefit from any book), inured to hardship and ill-treatment from her infancy, she rejects no sort of labour, and submits to all kinds of unkindness, for the poorest wages.

She is familiar from infancy with coarseness of manners, if not with vicious morals; accustomed to see truth habitually disregarded, and trifling acts of dishonesty considered as venial, even if actual stealing be avoided. Is it not then rather a matter of surprise that she should be willing to earn her bread honestly by the sweat of her brow, after receiving such an education, than that she should occasionally lie, and pilfer, and be intemperate? There must be much natural good in a mind that can choose a life of labour after such a preparation. It may be said that they do not *choose* this course of life, but that it is forced on them by circumstances. In reply to this may be urged the fact, that the strongest circumstance at work in the matter is the innate love of good; for hundreds of these despised servants of all-work have no small temptation to a life of idleness and vice.

Let such considerations as these cause mistresses to bear gently with the faults of this class, and strive to correct them—for they will in general be well rewarded for their pains. A little kindness goes a great way with those who have seldom known any treatment but harshness or indifference. "Blame as little as possible, and praise as much as possible," was a maxim of the best manager of a household I ever knew. By this rule of action she converted many a bad servant into a good one. I cannot affirm that it will succeed in all cases; but I am sure it will in many.

J. M. W.

The People's Picture Gallery.



SCENE IN THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

By the German Painter, Cornelius.

SCENE IN THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

By William Howitt.

As, in the few explanatory remarks which I gave last week in reference to the picture from Goethe's *Faust*, so what I state here in connexion with the illustration from the Niebelungen Lied will be as brief as possible. My object here is merely to make the picture understood. The fine poem itself, one fact only of which it illustrates, I shall, on a future occasion, endeavour to make as well known to the readers of the *People's Journal* as it deserves. On that, and kindred subjects in the German literature, there will, ere long, be opportunities for interesting comment.

The Niebelungen Lied, or song of the Niebelungen, a people on the Rhine, is one of the very earliest of European poems. The story is laid in the time of Attila, in the fifth century, and came to light in the twelfth, when it had all the characteristics of an ancient production. It is the Iliad of Germany, recording events of its early ages, and, no doubt, faithfully descriptive of its life and manners at that period. Its great subject is the revenge of a woman, not, like that of the Iliad, of a man. The hero, however, like the Achilles of Homer, is not only prominent for his personal valour and beauty, but for the heroic generosity which were inseparable from a hero of romance in the early and middle ages. Siegfried, this young hero, is the hero of many ancient sagas, legends, and traditions. He is the Arthur of Germany, and his fame is not only universal there amongst the people but all over the north of Europe. Everywhere in the people's literature you find the history of Siegfried, the Horny, conspicuous. Siegfried is the son of Sigmund and Sigelinda, king and queen of the Netherlands. He is of extraordinary beauty and vigour of constitution, and full of the desire of glory. He sets out to run the career of a hero. Many are the adventures of his youth, related in the People's Books, which form no part of the Niebelungen Lied. His adventures in the forests with fierce beasts; his working at a smith's shop and forging his own sword; his killing of the dragon on the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, near Bonn, on the Rhine, and liberating the beautiful Princess of Worms, whom he then marries.

These adventures do not appear in the Niebelungen Lied, or at least, in those portions that we now possess, for the work is not supposed to be complete. Like the Iliad, it is supposed by many to have been not the work of one man, but of several—the popular bards of the time, who have helped to form it into a continuous whole.

The present poem introduces us to the hero at his father's court; alludes to his dragon adventures, but does not particularise; and sets him forth with chosen companions to seek the hand of Chrimhilde, the Princess of Worms, of whose peerless beauty, and steady refusal of all suitors, the fame has reached him. It is not at the Drachenfels that he meets with Chrimhilde, whom the Lied never intimates to have been in the power of any dragon. It is at Worms, and not till he has been a year at the court of her brother Gunther, that he even gets sight of her. In the meantime, however, he has won the reputation of the greatest hero of his age. On his travel up the Rhine country, he has attacked and slain the two kings of the Niebelungen, and set the dwarf Albricht to keep possession of the kingdom for him; and of the Niebelungen hort, or Schatz, the treasure of the Niebelungen, which consists of gold and jewels which would fill five waggons, of course, the most immense wealth in the world; he has driven the Saxons and Danes, who were invading Burgundy, of which Worms was the capital, back with terrible slaughter, and taken their leaders prisoners; and, lastly, he has gone with Gunther to Iceland to solicit for him the hand of the Princess Brunhilde. This was no holiday wooing. Brunhilde is a princess of the Amazon caste. She possesses gigantic strength as well as great beauty, and puts all suitors to death who cannot fling a spear or a stone as far as she can. She has never yet been outdone, but Siegefrid outdoes her, wearing the tarn-cap which he had taken out of the Niebelungen treasury, and which renders him invisible—Gunther all the time appearing to do the feats, and winning the lady. On the return to Worms, Siegfried receives the hand of the beautiful Chrimhilde, the sister of Gunther.

Here the poem reaches its climax of beauty and prosperity. All is fair, great, heroic, and noble. But now the scale turns. Chrimhilde, who is represented as not only a most beautiful, but a most amiable, woman, stands in delightful contrast to the haughty beauty and somewhat masculine character of her sister-in-law, Brunhilde. But womanly jealousies and strife break forth between the two queens, from causes which cannot be here detailed. Deadly enmity springs up in the heart of Brunhilde, not only towards Chrimhilde, but towards Siegfried. Siegfried, the popular hero and defender of the country, has, with the invariable fate of eminent merit, excited intense envy and jealousy in the hearts of the warriors of Gunther's court, and of Gunther too. Like Achilles, he is invulnerable, except in one spot. This is not the heel, but between the shoulders. While anointing himself with the melted fat of the dragon, which became a fine elastic horn all over him, whence his name, Siegfried the Horny, a lime-tree leaf fell upon his back, between the shoulders, and prevented the unguent there taking effect. This secret he communicates to his wife—his wife to Hagen, a warrior of the court, and a relative. He is a traitor, and stabs Siegfried in the back, while stooping to drink at a spring, while out hunting in the forest.

Now comes the tale of revenge. Chrimhilde, who is overwhelmed with affliction, bears it like a Christian, so long as there appears no chance of vengeance. But that chance appears. Her hand is sought by the famous Etzel, king of the Huns, the Attila of history. Loathing all other marriage, worshipping in secret the memory of her beloved Siegfried, she accepts the hand and throne of Attila to secure a bloody retribution for the enemies and destroyers of her husband." In process of time she gets Attila to invite all her relations to his court. Gunther, the king, and Gerenot and Geiseler, his and her brothers, with Hagen the murderer, and all the great warriors his confederates. They come, and, inclosed in the palace of Attila, they are set upon by his soldiers, who are animated to the slaughter of the Burgundians, or Niebelungen, as they are now called, as being the kindred of Chrimhilde, who is queen of the Neibelungers, by the same vengeful fury, Chrimhilde herself.

Several of the last cantos of the poem are occupied by this massacre, for the Burgundians defend themselves valiantly; and the killing of one hero after another, and the long speeches they make to one another, become wearisome and revolting to

contemplate. It may be a true picture of the manners of the times, but it is not at all to the taste of these times, and is, therefore, the least attractive portion of the work. Chrimhilde, who in the earlier portion of the poem is all beauty, sweetness, and affectionate devotion, tender-hearted, charitable, and generous, is here transformed by revenge into an unmitigated fiend, and you cease to sympathise with her.

The latter part of the poem is supposed to have been written by another hand. We cannot, indeed, well conceive the poet who wrought out the glorious characters of the youthful Siegfried and Chrimhilde to have been willing so to desecrate one of his noble images, as is done in Chrimhilde, who in her ruthless, heartless vengeance destroys her own brothers, even the innocent ones and the younger one to whom she always had shown attachment, and whom she received with a kiss; kills Hagen with her own hand, and, in short, brings down one universal destruction, not only of her countrymen and nearest relatives, but of her only son and herself.

The scene here represented is one out of the numerous ones of the massacre, and forms a specimen of the genius of Cornelius, the founder of the Düsseldorf school. The Burgundians, with Hagen, the murderer, and Volker, the musician, or—as he is called in the homely language of the story—the fidler, at their head, are repelling the attack of the Huns, on the steps leading up to the hall in which they are cooped by their enemies. My space here forbids me giving a specimen of the poem, which I much wonder has never yet been translated into English.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

No. III.—Hurricane at the Mauritius—the "Coolies."

Who has not heard of the far-famed "Table-cloth," warning the quiet people of Cape Town of the coming storm, spreading its folds over the broad summit of their noble mountain, and veiling it in clouds and mist—fit throne for Æolus, sending from thence his furious blasts thundering down valley and ravine, straining the surging cables of the safe-moored ships, and spending its fury on some luckless vessel far at sea. The same cause produces a like effect in the Isle of France. At the back of the town of Port Louis, a wide expanse of common, parts of which are designated as *Les Champs de Mars, et de l'Or*, stretches up to the base of the lofty peaks that overhang the town. Thick, heavy masses of lead-coloured clouds were slowly rolling down the mountains, and the sudden and rapid fall of the mercury in the barometer warned the inhabitants that a hurricane might be expected. It was in the latter end of the month of December, and they generally looked for one about that time. The port-officer had been round in the morning to every vessel, giving timely notice of the approaching storm, and most of the crews were busily engaged striking their loftier spars, and getting their ships securely moored. All business was suspended, and the merchandise that usually covered the wharf being all housed, groups of people of every class clustered round the wharf-end, watching the ships that were anchored outside the harbour, at the Bell Buoy. There were six vessels, some of which were homeward-bound, and to avoid the expense of harbour-dues, &c., anchored there while they procured water, or whatever they might want. Two of them were laden with Coolies, and bound to Port Louis, but were waiting for the steamer to tow them in. Each of the emigrant vessels had upwards of two hundred men and women on board. The wind had not yet risen, but as evening closed in two of the vessels at the Bell Buoy were observed to be slowly drifting in the direction of a long reef of coral, which stretches for some distance to sea, at the mouth of the harbour, and towards which a heavy swell was setting with irresistible force.

The night was pitchy dark, and the dead calm that prevailed for half an hour was almost as awful as the raging wind which followed. The damage done on shore was not very great, luckily, although in parts of the town destroyed palings and out-houses, and occasionally trees lying across the road, told of its strength and fury. No one dared venture within two or three yards of the water's edge; for in the sudden gusts one hardly dared trust to the feet alone, but looked for something to hang on to.

At daylight next morning everybody was about. The wind had settled into a steady gale, and was blowing right up the harbour. Out of the six fine ships that rode securely at their anchors the day before, but one remained. The rest, their masts gone, were on their beam-ends on the coral reef, every wave hiding them in a cloud of spray. The situation of one of the Cooly ships was the most desperate; she had gone on shore outside of all the others, and the force with which the sea broke over her rendered it impossible that she could hold together long. She was crowded in every part with the poor helpless wretches who were distinctly visible from the shore, waving their red caps for assistance.

"Will nobody volunteer to save some of the darkies?" cried one of the pilots, stepping into one of the custom-house boats, and addressing himself to a group of young fellows who were standing by on the wharf.

"I will"—"And I"—"And I," said half a dozen of us, springing into the boat. We shoved off, and the steamer, which was going out to see if she could render any assistance, gave us a tow out to the mouth of the harbour.

The vessels in the port were in a lamentable condition—some lying across the bows of the others, and chafing and tearing everything to pieces. The captains were running about the wharf, stopping everybody they met, asking them to come and help to moor their ship, or something of that sort. Seamen, for once in a way, were at a premium. The attention of everybody ashore was turned upon the remaining vessel, that still held to her anchors. Her name was the "Amity," and among the anxious group that crowded round the port-office, the captain of her, who had left his young mate in charge the day before, was one of the most interested. A heavy squall of wind and rain comes on, and for some moments she is hidden from their sight. The last puff did it; the over-strained cables have parted, and she drifts towards the reef. She is not lost yet; the young mate stands in the rigging with his trumpet, and quick as thought her close-reefed topsails are let fall, and sheeted home. "Well done, well done!" shout the spectators, "she's saved!" and if she is,

'twill be a feather in that youngster's cap—but no, she will never do it. The wind, as I said before, was right up the harbour, across the mouth of which this vessel had to stand, with the wind abeam, for about a hundred yards, to weather the point of the reef; and if she could do that, and get round the corner, she was safe in the mid-channel of the harbour. Something seems dragging her with an irresistible impulse on to the reef, and so it was; the cable, which all on board thought had parted close to the ship, had gone within two or three fathoms of the anchor, and the ninety fathom of chain, which the poor ship tried hard to tow, dragged her quietly on the reef: her masts went over the side, and she laid there a total wreck.

In the meantime, the steamer towed us out a little way, but the sea was too high for her to go far, so she let go of us, and we pulled out to see where we could be of most service.

The first ship we came to was one of the emigrant ships. She was in a comparatively safe position to where the other one was; but even there we dared not go alongside, but laid under her bows, picking up the Coolies as they jumped overboard and rose to the surface. We got a boat-load, and having carried them on board the steam-boat, pulled towards the other vessel, which seemed threatened with instant destruction.

We pulled towards her, and laid for awhile on our oars, watching a boat with some daring fellow in it make an attempt to get alongside: he succeeds—the boat rides over two great waves in safety—the Coolies are scrambling down the side in swarms, but the third sea breaking over the boat smashes it to atoms against the ship, hurling some of the poor fellows on board, as for the rest —"God help them, for man cannot."

There was a vessel about a hundred yards inside of this ship, and at the suggestion of our pilot we pulled to her; and having obtained a long line, to the end of which a stout rope was made fast, we pulled towards the devoted ship.

"Now, my lads, be steady!" said the old pilot to us. "We'll wait for a smooth time, and try the other side for it. So we did; and, watching a favourable chance, two of us sprung on board with the line, shoving the boat off at the same time. We hauled the stout rope to us, and making it fast, it was hauled tight from the other vessel. We slung a sort of seat on to this, to which the small line was made fast, and the Coolies were hauled across one by one. There was one fine-looking young fellow—his long, jet-black hair curling down his shoulders—who with a girl, rather fairer than the generality of them, clasped in his arms, stood apart, apparently quite resigned, and exhibiting no desire like the rest, who crowded round quarrelling who should go next.

At last all are gone except these two. I went up to him and told him. "*Acha*" (very well), said he. I took his wife by the hand, to lead her to the rope—"No, no!" he shook his head, and made signs that they must both go together. I remonstrated with him, but to no purpose—he was determined; so accordingly we secured them together on the seat, as well as we were able, and gave the signal to haul away.

They got half way across the rope, when an immense wave hid them for a second from our view. The girl lost her hold and sunk—and, with a wild cry, her lover jumps after her. He rises—his hand wound in her hair—sustaining her more than himself. Luckily, the boat is near, and they are dragged into it, clasped in each other's arms. They wished to die as they had lived.

In the course of time, and with the aid of some more boats, we landed the whole of the emigrants in safety. There was not at that time any regular building, for their reception upon their first arrival, (although it was understood that the authorities were on the look out for one), so they were marched up to the "Bowen," a place very similar to a house of correction in England. They go every day to the sitting magistrate's office, where people who are in want either of servants or labourers attend; the agreement between master and servant is there drawn up—these contracts are very often for three years or more, and the rate of wages low. I have seen a great many working for from three to five rupees a month, that is, from six to ten shillings. There are a great many employed in the service of the wealthy French and English families as footmen and otherwise, and these, of course, are better off than their brethren. Some work their way up to be shopkeepers, for they are, generally speaking, parsimonious in their habits. The more intelligent of them get situations about the law courts, where the great influx of their countrymen renders a knowledge of Hindostanee very frequently necessary. A great many Malabars are employed upon the sugar estates, and a large number, not only of them but Malays and Chinese also, will be found in the various Sepoy camps scattered over the island, employed upon some public works, such as repairing roads, or building a bridge, and sentenced to that labour for some transgression against the laws. The environs of Port Louis are inhabited, on one side, by a great number of free Negroes and Creoles, and is called Black Town; the other extremity, the Lascars and Coolies have appropriated to themselves, and is aptly named "Malabar" Town. The houses it is composed of are not of the best description, chiefly consisting of small shops, in which groups of Coolies may be seen partaking of the never-failing hubble-bubble with untiring zeal, and frequently interspersed with little bright red painted wooden huts, with "*Canteen autorise*"* written over the door. The arrack sold in them is extracted from the sugar cane, and "'rack drinking" is followed as generally among the lower orders as gin drinking here. They have the advantage, though, in getting the liquor comparatively unadulterated.

Outside this part of the town is a large space of open common, where, during the month of January, the Malabars nightly perform their religious ceremonies. I frequently passed an evening witnessing these proceedings (designated as the "*Yamses*"), thinking I might very likely fall in with the young Hindoo and his wife who had interested me so much on board the wreck, and whom I had lost sight of for some time. Part of the common, upon these occasions is fitted up after the manner of a fair, with tents and booths, some of which contain elaborately-made models of temples and idols; and in the middle of the green a large ring is formed, in the centre of which the more favoured worshippers build an immense fire, and dressed in fantastic garbs dance in a circle, hand in hand, round the flames, to the music of tomtoms and drums, accompanied by their own voices in a sort of chant, commencing moderately at first, but gradually increasing as they get excited, till the noise becomes deafening, and their antics proportionately extravagant. As one gets tired another takes his place, and they keep up the magic dance for a long time. I was standing in the outer

* Licensed Canteen.

circle, looking on, when in one of the performers who reeled out of the ring, apparently overcome with his exertions, I recognised my acquaintance.

Jamal—for that was his name—came up to me, after recovering himself, with a profound *salaam*, and told me he was living with his wife's father, and that he did any little jobs he could pick up for his living. The daily drudgery on a sugar estate he did not like the thoughts of, particularly as he was not certain of good usage.

I had a friend who was in want of a servant, and I proposed to Jamal that he should accept the situation, telling him he would certainly be kindly treated. He gladly accepted the offer, and knowing that it would be useless to ask him to leave the spot then, I made an appointment for him on the morrow with my friend ———. He came, and was duly installed in his situation, and apparently quite happy.

Shortly after this, the grand procession, the conclusion of the *Yamses*, occurred: all the idols and temples are carried, in great state, to a river near, where they are destroyed, and new gods chosen by the priests for the ensuing year. Jamal, in his gayest attire, walked joyously in the procession; his long hair fell in ringlets from his turban down his shoulders over his graceful snow-white robe, which well became his handsome figure, as he marched proudly by.

I saw my friend occasionally, and heard, for about a month, very good accounts of Jamal's doings. After this he became changed in his manner, something seemed preying on his mind—he indulged in fits of sullen moroseness, and would absent himself at different times. We endeavoured to discover the cause of this, and occasionally visited the cottage where he lived for that purpose.

There was a gay young coloured footman whom we often saw there, and who paid great attentions to Jamal's wife in his absence, which were not so badly received by her as they ought to have been. This Jamal suspected, and it was the cause of his disquietude; however, it all passed off, and he appeared for a time to have recovered his usual spirits.

One day, some time afterwards, he obtained leave of absence for a day or two, to go into the interior of the island. On the third day of his absence, my friend ——— and I were smoking our cheroots over the newspapers, when a paragraph, headed "Awful Murder!" met our eyes. A minute investigation of it convinced us that Jamal was concerned in it, so off we rushed, and found it, alas! too true. He had found the lover with his wife; and they, with her father, had perished by his hand. He walked coolly to a magistrate, and delivered himself up, regarding it as a matter of fate, and apparently not caring to live. Shortly after, he traversed the very green to his place of execution where but a short while before he had marched in the pride of youthful strength and beauty.

THE FRENCH WORKING CLASSES.

By Julia Kavanagh.

There is no portion of French society more deserving of attention than its working classes. In every country those individuals who devote themselves to toil form the majority, and, as on them thus rests the burden of supporting the dignity and greatness of the nation, it only seems natural that they should engross a greater share of interest and consideration than the higher ranks, whose part in the great business of life is not only far less active, but also far less important. That such should not be the case is an evil to be not merely deplored, but remedied by a careful consideration of the working classes both at home and abroad. To enter into a detailed account of the working classes of France, or even to describe their mode of existence, with its attendant peculiarities, would by far exceed the limits of this notice; we can, therefore, but briefly mention a few of their chief characteristics, amongst which a strong feeling of dignity and independence, and a general, though deeply rooted, love of literature and art hold a prominent station.

The French workman derives his feelings of dignity and pride from the high consideration he sets upon labour. Foreigners could with difficulty understand the profound contempt with which he looks down upon the liveried and pampered servant of the noble or the rich. It is not only the servitude, but especially the comparatively idle life led by the retainers of wealthy families, which excites the animadversion of these rude, though proud, sons of toil. And, indeed, domesticity—not as we conceive it in patriarchal and primitive life, when the servant was as one of his master's family, but as modern manners have made it—is sufficiently repulsive and degrading to explain their aversion towards it. So strongly is this feeling developed in France, that we once knew an indigent nailer, burdened with a large family, indignantly refuse to give his daughter in marriage to a respectable young man, then a servant in a rich family, and possessed of what, in his condition, the father might consider a fortune. It is true, this proud nailer was not only a singularly intelligent man, familiar with the best authors of his country, but also a poet whose songs may, for aught we know, still form the delight of the neighbourhood in which he resided.

In the eyes of the French workman, labour is a divine institution which hallows all that it touches. "He who labours, prays," is a favourite saying amongst the people. This noble and beautiful thought, which has been strongly encouraged and confirmed by several eminent writers of the modern French school, has greatly contributed to give to the character of the artisan a lofty and dignified tone, worthy both of our respect and admiration.

One of the principal consequences of this ennobling sense of personal worth is, that nowhere has the education of the people made greater progress than in France. It is true the means of study for all are at hand; but the will to profit by those means was also necessary, and the working classes of France have amply shown that they possessed it.

Besides the charity schools established by government, several orders of monks and nuns readily undertake to gratuitously instruct the children of the poor. The fraternity of the *Ignorantins* has even opened evening classes for workmen and soldiers who cannot attend during the day-time. Free lectures on astronomy, mechanics, mathematics, natural history, and other useful sciences, can be heard daily in almost every quarter of Paris, and, on certain evenings of the week, the workman desirous of finding a pleasant and useful relaxation from his labour, can attend schools for drawing, music, and singing. It must not be forgotten that all these means of instruction can be had free from expense. Most of the lectures, especially those which take place in the

evening, are literally thronged with eager learners. No sight can be more singularly interesting than that offered by those classes; the ardent wish of knowledge, the perseverance, and frequently the original talent displayed by the pupils, investing the whole scene with a character not to be easily forgotten. The schools for singing are particularly well attended; and often in the silence of a fine summer's evening, the workmen can be heard, as they retire, singing in a chorus some national strain which has just formed the subject of their study; and as they go along, still filling the echoing streets with sounds of simple, though pleasing, melody.

Thus, from the simplest to the most abstruse, knowledge can be acquired by any individual willing to make the required exertion. A striking proof of this occurs in the case of a man named Morrice, and who was lately brought before the tribunals on a rather serious charge. The earlier part of his life, as related by his counsel, was both curious and interesting. At the age of 24, Morrice, then a common slater, merely knew how to read. But besides a powerful and capacious mind, he possessed an ardent thirst for knowledge, and he had inwardly determined to complete his imperfect education.

His first step was to attend, after his work, the evening classes of the religious brotherhood already mentioned; when he knew all that could thus be learned, he followed the educational courses in use in the establishment of the Abbé Latouche, and finally the lectures of the faculty. After a lapse of six years, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syrian languages, besides possessing a considerable knowledge of several modern tongues. With such extensive acquirements, he easily passed his examinations, and obtained the diplomas necessary to open a school for youth. Such instances, by no means rare in France, forcibly remind one of the dramatist Sedaine, who, on the very day that the French Academy elected him for one of its members, was seen philosophically employed in stone cutting (his original trade) in the court of the Louvre.

These instances of original and self-taught genius have tended to increase in the artisan's mind those feelings of pride and dignity we already alluded to. The most eminent men of his country once shared, he knows, his humble and toiling life, and it may be his fate, or that of his children, to rise some day to that proud height others have attained; were it but for this, he feels it incumbent on him to preserve his self-respect. Indeed, when we see men like Michelet, the historian, raising themselves by genius and perseverance to the high place now held by the celebrated professor in the literary world, our wonder at the French workman's ambition necessarily ceases. Michelet is far from being a solitary case; a well-known painter, now in high favour at the French Court, was, when a boy, apprenticed to a locksmith. Poultier, the tenor, was originally a cooper's journeyman, and on the day after his triumphant *debut*, received a complimentary deputation from all the coopers of Paris—a testimonial of admiration which afforded him, he declared, deeper satisfaction than all the applause he had on the preceding evening received at the royal Opera; and the two sons of a shoemaker became—to our knowledge—one of them an artist of great genius, and the other the editor of a paper. The latter, a poet, and a man of singular energy, not proving quite fortunate in his literary attempts, has since philosophically resumed his original trade of a tailor, and now earns thus an independent livelihood.

This feeling, that almost all men eminent in either literature or art have arisen from their ranks, has given the French people a proud and somewhat jealous admiration of the great master-spirits of their country. As we were passing through Rouen, on our way to Paris, a few years ago, one of the porters who carried our trunks suddenly stopped, and in a lofty and almost authoritative tone bade us pause before the statue of Corneille, adding with strong emphasis—"He was born at Rouen." When he thought we had sufficiently admired the effigy of the great poet, he and his companion once more shouldered their trunks, and allowed us to proceed.

But what is still more important than even their admiration for their great men, is the active part which the people take in all that concerns the literature of their country.

Every man is not born a genius: he may have good natural abilities, and yet not be fitted for any higher station than that he now occupies; but it is always in his power to refine and elevate his mind, without, for this, neglecting his necessary duties. This is what the French artisan has striven to accomplish, and, in spite of the difficulties of his task, what he has partly effected. A general love of refinement and literature has gone forth in the land, softening that ruggedness which does not necessarily indicate frankness of mind, and bestowing on the French of every class that general urbanity of behaviour so grateful to the foreigner.

But one of the most pleasing effects of this state of things undoubtedly is to contemplate the zeal with which the French people endeavour to advance in the great task of mental regeneration. Thus, not satisfied with having founded a newspaper, of which workmen are the sole editors, they have also tried to introduce, even in their amusements, something elegant and refined. Many of them are poets. They compose songs adapted to popular tunes, which sometimes meet with great success in the workshop. If not always very poetical, those efforts are nevertheless commendable, as they contribute to the general concord, and the increase of gaiety and good humour. A volume of those songs was lately published in Paris. It would be going too far to assert that they were possessed of great merit; but in this, as well as in many other things, the effort is the chief consideration. From this it may perhaps be understood how, though in other lands literature mainly depends for its support on the middle and higher classes, in France the people have the casting and ultimate vote. No work can be said to succeed without their sanction. Nothing is more common in Paris than to see some classical work of French literature in the hands of an orange woman, or even of a shoeblack; whilst on a fine summer's evening, the portresses at their doors may be heard gravely discussing the merits of Eugène Sue's or Alexandre Dumas's last novel.

It may be objected that this is light literature, and that their time might be better employed: but even light literature, where it has no evil tendency, is preferable to the total want of it, and may prove a pleasant and often useful relaxation from the severer duties of life. The love of it certainly shows a strong tendency towards all that is elegant and refined. The literary influence of the French popular classes is still more strongly characterised

in theatrical performances. A French critic lately, and very judiciously, remarked, that if the members of the fashionable world chose to patronise certain dramatic pieces or actors, their efforts, however strenuous, were certain to meet with little or no success; if, on the contrary, the lower classes, who inhabit distant and obscure quarters of the capital, declared themselves in favour of any actor or performance, the house so fortunate as to attract them, might, however remote or unfashionably situated, feel itself assured of a nightly overflow.

The remarks made by the French working classes on literature and art in general, are often shrewd and very judicious, and the more to be valued that they flow from an innate feeling of the beautiful, more than from mere reasoning, which, though it can tell us whether a work is correctly written or not, will never determine its powers of pleasing the mind and the heart.

Thus, we recollect for our own part to have met with a reading seamstress who did not like Paul de Kock, because his works were eternally the same; who objected to Georges Sand, because her novels were not strictly proper; found fault with Eugène Sue; and although she rather liked Alexandre Dumas's dramas, wisely placed above him Racine and Corneille. The mention of Corneille recalls to our mind an incident, with which we will conclude these remarks, on the love of art amongst the working classes of France.

We were once wandering with a friend on the heights of Montmartre, and thence looking down on Paris, which lay at our feet bathed in the rich, glorious light of a summer's setting sun, when the loud declamatory tones of a voice issuing from a neighbouring *cabaret*, or wine shop, drew onr attention. We approached, and witnessed a scene not to be easily forgotten. The day's labour was over, and the wine-shop was filled with workmen, some sitting round the small tables placed for the purpose, others standing together in groups, and all drinking with that sobriety so characteristic of the French. But, instead of presenting that animated and cheerful aspect so prevalent amongst the lower classes of our neighbours, they now seemed unusually silent, every sound in the cabaret was hushed, the conversations of all the groups had ceased, and even the drinkers stood by their untasted glasses, leaning on the counter in an attitude of deep and almost wrapt attention. they were listening to a man who stood in the centre of the shop—the same whom we had heard. He was an athletic workman, fresh from the smithy, as the hue of his strongly-marked features, and brawny arms, bare to the shoulders, full well revealed. His attitude and gestures, though somewhat theatrical, were striking and effective; and his voice, as he repeated a long *tirade* of pompous alexandrines, showed one well accustomed to enact his part in such scenes. Words could not describe the deep and grave attention with which he was listened to by his auditors, whose intelligent though swarthy features seemed simultaneously to kindle up at every noble and lofty thought emitted by their companion, whilst the bursts of loud and enthusiastic plaudits, which might be heard at every pause he made, rewarded his efforts. And those strains which they listened to, and received with such proud and ardent enthusiasm, were the noble and spirit-stirring strains of their own immortal poet—Corneille.

What, though some fastidious critic might object to certain licenses taken with metre and rhyme, this scene was still striking and ennobling, and might well lead one to exclaim with Madame de Stael, when she once witnessed in Germany an occurrence somewhat similar—"Happy are the people who choose such noble songs, and blessed the country that owns such a people."

Our Library.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

By John Minter Morgan.

LETTERS TO A CLERGYMAN.

By the same.

The object of both these philanthropic works is to recommend a plan for the amelioration of the condition of the people—a plan which proposes to substitute co-operative industry for competitive labour, systematic union for accidental association, and practical—instead of merely theoretical—Christianity: in a word, then, to create self-supporting societies, in which the selfish principle which produces devotion to private property, and the unsocial and antichristian principle of competition, will be unknown—in which regulated and united industry will realise for all the members of the community physical comfort and intellectual improvement, combined with the means of religious culture, hitherto, from the perpetual presence of counteracting causes, impossible.

Mr. Morgan's plan is not open to the objection made to Mr. Owen's, since it recognises the principles of Christianity, and has a provision for its exercise; it is not open to the objection made to Fourier's, since it rejects the unequal division of the property created by all. Without ourselves now giving an opinion any way, we cannot but think, that amid the philanthropic efforts making, amid the dissatisfaction felt regarding the union workhouses (than which the poor prefer the common jail), it is matter of regret that some experiment for associating the poor upon the co-operative principle is not tried. Mr. Morgan visited, at Mettray, near Tours, a colony of juvenile criminals; the director, M. de Metz, said that Mr. Morgan's plan was precisely his own, but adapted to families instead of boys. Much has been done of late years for the criminal; not more, be it observed, than ought to be done, since the first steps, the precautionary measures which would have hindered his becoming such, have never been taken: but while much has been done for the delinquent, while his crimes have conducted him to a prison which improves his condition in every way—in sustenance, cleanliness, and the means of education—the unfallen labourer, he who still stands erect in integrity amid the agonies of pinching want on one hand, and the invitation of temptation on the other, for *him* there is nothing but the union workhouse, and not always access to that.

Of the capacity that lies in co-operation to produce physical wealth, no reflective mind, looking around at the instances everwhere in partial and imperfect action, can doubt. Why is so little faith entertained of its capacity for the more equitable distribution of wealth, and the creation of a higher moral character?

Mankind are ever disposed to prejudge that to which they are unfamiliarised by experience, notwithstanding that their history teems with proof that the speculative vision of one day has become again and again the actual reality of the next. It

is on record that the Marquis of Worcester, being in Paris in 1641, found in the Bicetre an individual confined as a madman, because he persisted in declaring that he had made a discovery which would enrich the country that would adopt it—the discovery was the use of the steam of boiling water, by which he said ships might be navigated, carriages propelled, and various kinds of work accomplished. The far-sighted philosopher could not convince his compatriots, and it seems as impossible to persuade the world of 1846 that it can go on without the warfare of competition, as it was to make it believe in 1641 that it could toil and travel by steam. But everything tends to show that some great change is at hand, and must of necessity supersede the present system, as steam has superseded the stage-coach. Labour does not, in very many instances, produce food for the labourer; of the stocking-frame knitters, "hundreds are always to be found unemployed, and that frame-work knitter is a lucky man who passes the whole year without experiencing want of employment. The general indigence which *must* prevail in such a body of men is self-evident, while instances of the keenest privation are ever abundant." These are the observations of no ordinary man, but of an "eye-witness" who may be depended upon. This state is not peculiar to the frame-work knitter only, and it is a state which the increase of population and the progress of mechanic discovery will aggravate year by year; hundreds and hundreds will be born for whom the labour market will have no need, and can make no provision.

The elegant author of *Prose from the South* says, in contemplating the Duomo of Milan—, "Well may man rejoice in his works, for then he is great indeed; great in his imitation, great in his slow but certain toil of endeavour, greatest of all in his combination." When will he exercise this power for moral purpose? If it be still a question how far it may promote and increase happiness among those calling themselves the independent classes, but who in reality are dependent upon the labourer for all they enjoy, at least it might be tried how far it would ward off misery from those whose condition no change can alter but for the better.

MY MIDDLE PASSAGE FROM THE ANVIL-BLOCK TO THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

By Elihu Burritt.

There is something whispering a suspicion to my conscience, that I owe an explanation, if not an apology, to the fraternity of newspaper editors, on both sides of the Atlantic, for the way I have obtruded upon their notice the last year or two. I believe, in the course of that time, that my "*Peace Dove*" has flapped its wings against the ark-window of every editorial sanctum in the United States and this United Kingdom, and billed and cooed, frequently with success, for the admission of its "*Olive Leaf*." To those who have closed their windows against my favourite bird, and to those who have opened them to its message of good-will, I owe some exposition of the reasons and circumstances which induced me to drop the hammer and to take up the quill, as a member of their profession. I will be honest, and tell them the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of *machinery*. Do not smile, friends; it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours upon those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it, in a twinkling of the eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin *thoughts*. There was no attribute of divinity in them; and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious; but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in *finger*-power: so I came away, and left them spinning—*cotton*.

One day, I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the machinery a-going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking, for all the world, like the great dragon we read of in scripture, harnessed to a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the base use to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind along the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour, towards their city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy, bee-winged, machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded cities together. But, leaving out its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a *beast*, an enormous aggregation of——*horse power*. And I went back to the forge with an unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street, one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So, without more ado, I stepped in; and there, in a corner of the room, I saw the *chef-d'œuvre* of all the machinery that has been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese-press. It was worked with a lever—with a lever longer and stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world. "It is a printing press!" said a boy standing by the ink-trough, with a turban of brown paper on his head.

"A *printing press?*" I queried musingly to myself—"a printing press? What do you print?" I asked.

"Print!" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully —"why, we print *thoughts*, to be sure!"

"But, my boy," I asked, in sober earnestness, "what *are* thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?"

"Thoughts are what come out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why, minds arn't anything you can get hold of; nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as large as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any colour, nor weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says that a man weighs just as much after his mind has gone out of him as he did before.

No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you *print* thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are as thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or colour, and are like the winds, and, more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment—sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on the earth, and in the waters under the earth—how can you get hold of them? How can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, replied:—

"Thoughts work and walk in things what makes *tracks;* and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. That is the way we print *thoughts*. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and, raising his hands on his torn apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on:—

"Thoughts make *tracks*," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing that we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type case with his eye fixed upon us admonishingly. "Thoughts make *tracks*," he repeated with increased earnestness, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can *print* it, too"—and he gave the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist—"we can print it, too, give us paper and ink enough, until the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts as much like the pattern as two peas."

Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at the press with evident astonishment.

"Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronisingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there, incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand—"why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been as dead as a stone, if it had not been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! Why people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if it were not for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men;" and here he slapped the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honour; for the boy had placed the mysteries of his profesion in sublime apocalypse.

"Give us one good, able-bodied mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way he can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here inky bits of pewter. He shall not die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work, day and night, upon all the minds that live on the earth, and upon all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts, too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind."

"Yes, that *we* will," echoed the pressman, who began to be somewhat ambitious of the partnership.

And so I went home and *thought*, and Ezekiel has printed my *thought tracks* ever since. Whether my thoughts have been of "the right kind," I know not; but this I know, by the clearest experience, that he has been as good as his word, and kept me at work night and day, a condition from which distance gives me no discharge. A clever boy, that Ezekiel; and I have taken him from the ink-trough and seated him in my editorial chair at home, in which he is beginning to make some deeply marked *thought tracks* of his own.

Bath, Sept. 10, 1846.

Poetry for the People.

THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

Stand forth! thou God-made noble, stand!
  Old England asks no worthier son;
A better dower than wealth or land
  Thy true heart here hath bravely won;
The right- by none misunderstood
Or questioned—to rank as "The Good."

Old Norman William hath no voice
  In our new peerage, spirit-framed;
No rival Roses sway the choice
  Of those beneath our banner named:
Two paths henceforth, throughout the earth,
Shall give to rank its better birth.

These paths, that part the good and ill,
  The vile and worthy, false and true,
The noble and ignoble, still
  Two classes only place in view;
And honour here—dishonour there—
With us no other names may bear.

Stand forth! first titled on our shore,
  As unborn myriads yet shall be!
Renown more pure than that which bore
  The names of old from sea to sea,
Shall find for thee, in every place,
A brother-spirit to embrace!

Far more it imports man to know,
  To feel, to prove his brother's worth,
Than on that fame his thoughts bestow,
  To which the past has given birth;—
Call forth the *living* spirits' powers,
And use them for this world of ours!

And let the good be named "The Good,"—
  The true, "The True,"—the brave, "The Brave;"
Titles not bought and sold for blood,
  Like those our war-girt monarchs gave;
And let the just be still "The Just,"
So men shall know wherein they trust.

Look on our noble once again!
  None nobler graced the ranks of old;
No death-strewn fields his laurels stain,
  He battles nor for fame nor gold;
But with an earnest, loving heart,
He conneth still, and plays his part.

No painted badge, no tinsel star,
Lie idly glittering on his breast;
But—nobler, grander, worthier far—
Truth's light stands in his eyes confest,
And round the broad brow proudly plays,
That glows and brightens in its blaze.

This brave high homage, spirit-paid,
Shall shrine the worth of woman, too;
Fitly entitling wife and maid,
"The Meek," "The Tender," or "The True:"
And she whose brow small beauty wears,
May yet well grace the name she bears.

Is this a dream? No!—by the Past,
With its dense darkness, pierced at length,—
And by the Present, brightening fast, –
And by the Future's noonday strength,—
Earth's truly great and good shall be
Her last, best aristocracy!

TALES FOR THE DRAMA.

No. I.

AN INCIDENT IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

By T. M. C.

Cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, Italy has long afforded a home for the stranger, in which her own sons dwell as aliens and servants. The vicissitudes she has undergone have made her the native land of romance; since more settled regions allow small scope for those strange revolutions of fortune which change him, who was a prince one day, into an outcast the next, making a man's vigilance the sole safeguard of his life and possessions, and his own hand the best avenger of his wrongs. Her history, during many past centuries, is but a recital of internal commotions and foreign aggression; the stranger has been summoned to defend, and has remained to enslave; whilst the choice of a new master has been the only means of displacing him.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the Comte du Barri, a French nobleman, sat on the throne of Florence. He had been a renowned leader of one of those mercenary bands whose swords were always at the service of him who could afford to hire them, and the duration of whose valour was to be measured by the duration of their pay. It need not surprise us that the Count, nevertheless, enjoyed an unsullied character as a man and as a soldier. In those days war was looked upon as the proper occupation of a gentleman: the justice of the cause in which he engaged himself mattered little, nor did it excite general rebuke if, without a breach of faith and for the sake of higher pay, the evening found him arrayed against the party which in the morning he had espoused. These mercenary Free Bands were used as military schools, and frequently contained some of the noblest blood that France, Germany, and England could produce.

Florence, distracted by domestic feuds, had looked abroad for a ruler, and her choice fell on the Count, who had often rendered her signal services in war. He knew the uncertain and dangerous tenure whereby he held the throne; the same popular feeling and sudden tumult which had made, could also unmake him; and therefore he sought to strengthen his position by giving some of his subjects motives of interest, as well as duty, in keeping him there. Actuated by such considerations, he had effected a union between his only daughter, Marcella, and Gianno, a young and wealthy member of the native noblesse, who, seduced by the prospect of future regal power, was said to have readily given his hand without his heart accompanying it; whilst, on the contrary, Marcella had yielded up her whole love to him who received her plighted faith. She was rather older than her husband, and gifted with a full share of those qualities in which he was most deficient—decision and energy of character. Possessed of strong feelings, she was capable of the extremes of hate as well as of love; and yet she was too generous to indulge the former passion long. Dark and expressive in her style of beauty, she appeared a native of the land in which she was domiciled, and might well have acquired and retained a worthier heart than that which had fallen to her lot. But she desired no change: love made her blind to faults which others too plainly beheld; and a noble devotion of soul caused her long to disregard insinuations which those around her most industriously expressed. The messenger of evil report is like the Serpent in Eden—the happiness of another is torture to him, and the only relief he can find is by waking his unconscious victim to the sense of existing shame. Marcella, for awhile, indignantly received the hints of her husband's faithlessness; her infant son silently pleaded more powerfully in his behalf than her busy friends could whisper against him. But continual repetitions excited attention first, and then misgiving; her feelings of jealousy and pride were touched, and as they produced bitterness and reproaches on her part, they called forth unconcealed coldness and estrangement on Gianno's. Her suspicion gradually ripened into certainty.

At the period when our tale commences, the aristocracy of Florence, freed by their duke's judicious government from external dangers, had leisure and means for domestic troubles; and their first attacks were directed against the foreign ruler. His justice and severity of discipline were ill suited to the habits of lawlessness which years of anarchy and misrule had bred amongst them. Many conspiracies were projected and abandoned, the plotters being even more jealous of one another than of the duke, and unable to agree about supplying his place. But further encroachments on what they deemed their privileges gradually caused them all to feel that they had one common interest in destroying a common enemy. Chief among them was Savona, an old noble of great rank, but of worse than indifferent character, who had managed, by the assistance of his niece, Catarina, to enlist Gianno himself among his party. Between her and Gianno an attachment had long existed, and Savona, to effect his own purposes, did not scruple to encourage it.

Late one evening, the duke and his minister, Amalfi, were engaged in deep and earnest consultation. They knew full well that danger impended over them, but they had been baffled in all their inquiries as to the quarter whence it might be expected. They felt that the deadliest enmity of the patricians had been roused by the favour and protection shown towards the lower classes, whilst there was too much reason to fear that even these, "unstable as water," detested protection from a stranger's hand, and were prepared to resume again the galling yoke of their old oppressors. Plan after plan was suggested and discussed, and their hearts sank within them as they experienced, more and more, the dread reality of their unprepared, unarmed condition: when suddenly, with flashing eye and trembling with irrepressible excitement and passion, Marcella entered the apartment. Her tale was soon, though unconnectedly, told. Guided by an informant, she had just been

the concealed witness of a meeting between Gianno and Catarina, in Savona's garden. She had heard her husband vow unalterable love to another—she had heard the plans of the conspirators discussed —she learnt that their rising was to take place on the morrow evening, and that, after their success (by the conversers undoubted), she was to be divorced. Then she stood before the guilty and astounded pair. *They* spoke not, and *she* said little indeed, for what form of words *could* express her feelings? Still they understood enough—all had been discovered! and when she rushed away, they knew it was for the purpose of calling down upon their heads the vengeance which they could not, for an instant, hope to avert.

Thus was the duke guided towards his prey; and he felt how necessary it was to strike before the enemy's sword could be drawn. It needed not the vehement denunciations, the passionate earnestness of Marcella, to urge him to immediate action. A powerful band of soldiers, headed by trusty officers, was despatched to Savona's house, with orders to seize all there, and, in particular, Gianno; and he awaited their return with intense anxiety, almost unconscious that his daughter, worn out by violent emotions, had been carried by her maidens, insensible, out of his presence. The soldiers returned without their intended prisoners: the interval, short as it was, between Marcella's discovery of the plot and communication of it to the duke, had enabled them to escape; but there was not time for them to warn their confederates, whose names and plans were fully made known by the papers found at Savona's; and dread would have been the storm had it burst.

The city gates were closed, the streets patrolled, the ducal palace strongly guarded, and simultaneous arrests of those implicated effected. Had the discovery been made only one day later, it must have been unavailing; but now, Florence and her ruler were saved.

Towards midnight the track of the fugitives was lighted upon. They had been seen by some peasants hurrying towards a cottage on the bank of the Arno, about three leagues from Florence, used by the conspirators for landing and concealing arms and military stores. At that place a vessel was hourly expected from Leghorn, with a detachment of allies, and in her they trusted to escape. No time was to be lost by the duke, if he wished to secure the promoters of that formidable movement which had so nearly deprived him of his throne and life, and by whose destruction alone could he be made safe for the future. But past events having raised in his mind suspicions of almost all around him, he resolved to effect their capture by means of a body of his own countrymen, whom he had always retained in his service, and whom he determined to accompany, in order to guard against the possibility of mischance or infidelity. Whilst issuing the necessary orders, Marcella insisted upon admission to his presence. Gladly would he have avoided the meeting, for his long acquaintance with her nature made him fear that, the first wild burst of passion having subsided, she was come to entreat for her husband's pardon; and against him the duke's wrath burned with fixed and unquenchable violence. The remembrance of his base ingratitude, the deadly wrong offered to Marcella—such treachery opposed to such claims upon fidelity, had roused in the duke's breast feelings that no arts could mitigate, no prayers delay, in their fierce course towards vengeance. And most heart-rending was that interview to both of them! but he remained unmoved by tears, or the threats and reproaches which the bitterness of her grief at length called forth.

"Crimes like his," he said, "annul all ties of kindred. He hath drawn the sword on me, not I on him—I strike in defence of my own life, and my subjects' peace. How should I dare to sacrifice the others, though *all* have earned their doom, if I let the greatest criminal escape? And listen!" he added, "if I spare him, it will be only to enable him to remain *her* paramour—they are now together, and mean to escape together." He "saw the iron enter her soul"—he marked the sudden rising of the *woman* within her—and then he hastily quitted the room to complete his preparations.

And *she* remained almost stupified by contending feelings; but remorse for the danger she had caused her husband at length overcame each revengeful thought, and excited a determination to warn him at any sacrifice. The duke, in order to convince her of the truth of his statements, had explicitly mentioned where Gianno and Catarina were secreted; she knew the place, and thither she resolved to proceed. There was no difficulty in procuring a soldier's cloak and hat, which she imagined would secure her against undue observation, nor in learning the necessary pass-word to open the city gates; and but a few minutes ere the duke and his chosen troops departed, she stole unobserved out of the palace.

The dark shades of night were slowly melting into the grey mists of morning, when, in the cottage we have described, two individuals might be observed gazing over the winding course of the Arno, on which, at no great distance off, something like a small vessel was becoming visible. These two were Gianno and Catarina, and by the approaching vessel their salvation was to be effected. Savona sat apart in moody silence: the sudden frustration of his well-laid and almo t accomplished plans, through the folly and incaution of the couple before him, had awakened all his selfish and vindictive feelings—he thought only of his own escape, and cared not if *they* suffered. Anxiety and suspense had hitherto kept all silent, when, suddenly, with a fearful cry, Catarina directed attention to a dark moving mass, stealthily emerging from the gloom of a distant grove. Each looked, and became on the instant convinced that it was a body of troops, about whose object there could be no doubt. Still, all chances of escape were not yet cut off! A boat from the vessel was already at the water's edge, and a secret passage, leading through an excavation which had been used for concealing the military stores, would enable them to reach it unperceived. Gianno earnestly conjured Savona to carry Catarina, who was fainting with terror, down to the boat, whilst he himself remained to barricade the door, so as to delay the pursuers, if possible, for one or two precious moments. Savona obeyed; but before the sound of his footsteps was quite lost, and before Gianno could succeed in piling any article of furniture against the door, as an additional defence, he became aware that a single soldier, much in advance of the others, was close at hand. There was but one course to pursue—he drew his sword, and, as the soldier rushed into the cottage, Gianno brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. It was his wife, Marcella. Her last breath was spent in exhorting him to fly, and when the duke came up he found his daughter dead, and Gianno bending stupified with horror over her body. Gianno paid the penalty of his treason with his life. Savona and Catarina escaped.

Liverpool.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

(Continued from page 145.)

Accordant as Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison were on the main question of the impolicy and sinfulness of slavery, an immense difference soon discovered itself in their views respecting its abolition. Lundy, perhaps influenced by the somewhat timid and *juste milieu* practice of the religious society to which he belonged, and which practice is utterly at variance with the bold uncompromising spirit of its commencement, had been misled by the *ignis fatuus* of "gradual emancipation," which, as has been wittily observed, means "half way between now and never!" Garrison, on the contrary, was convinced, both by reason and reflection, that immediate and unconditional emancipation was the only remedy and atonement for the enormity of slavery. Here was a marked difference between the men. Lundy, however, who could not himself embrace these broad principles of right, with a liberality which was worthy of him, permitted his new associate to advocate in their paper those doctrines which he held; and the first number of their journal hoisted the banner of what was called "Immediatism," in contradistinction to the old and hitherto considered liberal opinion of "Gradualism." A strong sensation was immediately produced, not only in the Southern but the Northern States. This was a view of the question which moderate men could not entertain; and Garrison and his paper were considered as fanatical and dangerous. Lundy's character and his former moderation were of no avail; the supporters of the paper fell off on all hands; and the slaveholders, especially those of Maryland, determined to crush the publication under the form of law. The opportunity to do this occurred in the spring of 1830. It happened that a merchant of Newburyport, named Francis Todd, a fellow-townsman of Garrison's in his earlier years, sent one of his ships to Baltimore laden with slaves for the Southern market. The fact of this man, whom he had known from childhood, having engaged in this horrible and unchristian traffic, excited in Garrison's breast the utmost indignation. Moreover, as a New England man, he resolved to show to the Southern slaveholders that he was no respector of persons, and that he was as ready to denounce Northern as Southern participation in the guilt of the slave system. He reprobated in his paper, therefore, the conduct of Mr. Todd, in such terms as he thought his crime merited. He declared that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and domestic traffic in "slaves and the souls of men;" and, therefore, if any man deserved imprisonment for life, for a criminal act, it was Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd, of course, was exasperated; and, stimulated by the slaveholders of Baltimore, brought an action against Garrison for libel. On the trial, Garrison proved, by the custom-house books, that the number of slaves actually conveyed by the vessel exceeded that stated in the paper. But the greater the truth the greater the libel. Besides this, the judge before whom he was tried, one Nicholas Brice, was a man notorious for his pro-slavery principles, and extremely anxious to annihilate Mr. Garrison's dangerous paper. The jury, too, was a packed one, and nothing could be expected but that he should be convicted of libel,—of seriously damaging the character of a man by charging him with carrying on a traffic which is authorised and protected by law!

A fine was imposed which Garrison was unable to pay. He was taken to prison, and confined in a cell which had but just been vacated by a murderer, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law. After he had been upwards of a month in prison, he was liberated through the intervention of a perfect stranger to himself, but one who had become acquainted with his noble character through the paper on which he and Lundy were engaged. Arthur Tappan, a well-known merchant and philanthropist of New York, forwarded one hundred dollars, the amount of the fine; and the champion of emancipation was again abroad.

During his imprisonment, however, his time was well employed: he wrote an account of his mock trial, which was published, and circulated far and wide throughout the States; and like seeds of fire scattered abroad, it kindled everywhere, even in the Southern States, a spirit of indignation, and called forth the sympathy of every generous heart towards the sufferer. He employed many hours also in making the very walls of his prison-cell the eloquent preachers of liberty. On these white-washed tablets he wrote denunciations of slavery and its abettors; he proclaimed his own innocence, and called upon all to combat, nay, even to suffer, in the great cause of God and man. Of these remarkable inscriptions we will present our readers with two sonnets,—the first intended to comfort and strengthen any future unfortunate occupant of that cell, who might, like himself, be doomed to inhabit it, though guilty of no other crime than that of endeavouring to dethrone tyranny and promote peace and good-will among men: the other, according to our judgment, is one of the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet.

I.

Prisoner! within these massive walls close pent,
  Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
  And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was—love to all mankind;
  Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
  Or wouldst not bear the implements of war.
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
  A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honour with thy Lord to bleed,
  And glory 'midst the intensest sufferings!
Though beaten—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

II.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
  And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
  And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
  No chains can bind it and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
  And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
  It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
  Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours:—
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would particularly call our readers' attention, was the instantaneous outbreak of feeling on his being immured in his cell. The jailor shot the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of

truth and genius, inscribed this manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which inclosed him.

On coming out of prison, the Apostle of Freedom found new difficulties in his path; many hearts had grown timid, and no church or hall could be obtained in Baltimore for the delivery of a course of lectures against slavery. The paper, also, in which he was associated with Lundy, could no longer be supported weekly. He retired, therefore, from it, and its original proprietor again resumed its management as a monthly publication.

For some time the American Colonisation Society had been exciting great attention in the United States, and Mr. Garrison, before coming to Baltimore, was disposed to look upon it favourably. He believed that its objects were glorious, as represented—the abolition of foreign slave trade, and the evangelisation of Africa. On mingling, however, with the most worthy and intelligent free coloured people of Baltimore, he discovered that the society in truth vindicated the right of property in human flesh; was in favour of gradual abolition only on condition that the slave should be transported to Africa, from which his ancestors, not himself, were brought; that it held the ferocious prejudice against a sable complexion to be natural, and, as it asserted, one not in the power of religion to eradicate, *because it was the "ordination of Providence."* The society, in fact, was only a cunning device of the slaveholders to banish the free coloured people, that the slaves might be held in more perfect bondage.

At this time the society was universally popular. The most eminent statesmen and persons of all political parties gave it their support, and fifteen of the States had officially sanctioned it; besides which, every religious denomination was enlisted in its cause. When the true nature of this society first revealed itself to Garrison, he could scarcely believe his senses. He stood alarmed and astounded at view of the tremendous conflict which was opening before him against disguised cruelty, hypocrisy, and fraud. What was he, argued the weaker spirit within him, that he should arraign such an august association before the bar of public justice? What was he—a young man without station, without influential connections, without wealth, and without any supporters? What could such a one, just liberated, too, from prison, do against the million? So reasoned the human nature of the man; but the strong spirit said—"Raise up thy voice for outraged humanity—unveil the insinuating mischief, and leave all to God!"

Accordingly, he went to the north, and for some time found it impossible to obtain a public hearing. In Boston, not a chapel or public hall would open its doors to him. Finding all his attempts to disseminate his doctrines in this way fruitless, he resolved upon presenting himself as the apostle of freedom on the Common—a sort of public park—and under the free canopy of heaven to make the unfettered winds, as it were, his heralds to carry abroad the thunder-tones of his great argument. To our thinking, no fitter temple for the enunciation of his doctrines could have been found; but, however, a circumstance, which contains in itself a reproof and a reproach to the professors of that doctrine which proclaims all men to be brothers, at length gave him the shelter and sanction of a roof. The disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him the free use of their hall, for his advocacy of the rights of man. In an infidel hall, therefore, he first proclaimed "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." "I am a believer in Christianity," said he, at the close of his course of lectures, "and Boston is professedly a Christian city; hence, I blush, while I am constrained to acknowledge the superior humanity of what is called infidelity, to the Christianity of the day." This circumstance needs no comment; by their fruits, ye shall know them.

Great as was the force of conviction produced in many minds by these lectures, men of wealth and influence declined to aid Mr. Garrison—for his opinions were too extreme, his reform too radical, and, as yet, the Colonisation Society, against which he waged war, was an idol which the so-called liberal and philanthropic worshipped. Nor was there yet any public organ by which he could disseminate his principles. These principles had already ruined several newspapers, and none would now lend their columns to the subject; much less would any capitalist embark his solid dollars in so perilous an enterprise. Garrison, at this moment standing alone, and without the means of commanding a single penny, counted the cost of this great warfare for humanity. He had nothing to lose but his life, and that he was willing to sacrifice, if God so willed. His spirit was as indomitable as his heart was noble, and he resolved, at all hazards, to go on. Still, without money, how commence, much less carry on, a paper? His friends shook their heads at his "fanatical schemes." How was the first number of his paper to be brought out, much more sustained?

Thanks, however, to good old Ezekiel Bartlett, he was a printer, and knew how to set types, and work at the press. He had, besides this, a stout, sturdy-souled friend, one Isaac Knapp, whom he had known from childhood, and who, like himself, was a printer. With this man he took counsel, and, when two determined, great-minded men take counsel together, it would be strange if something did not result from it. They were both poor, could not command a sixpence of capital between them, but then they could *work!*—out of that *work* great things might be accomplished. There was, also, a third man, a mutual friend of theirs, a foreman in a printing establishment, who might help them, and to him they went. They engaged themselves to him as journeymen, on condition that their labour should cover the expenses of this important paper, which, even before it saw the day, was entitled the *Liberator.*

On the 1st of January, 1831, the first number of this journal was published. It was an era in the history of emancipation; and though, in the first instance, free coloured people were almost its sole supporters, it was not many weeks before its bold and noble proprietors were in a condition to purchase a little second-hand type, and an old press, which they set up in a small, obscure upper room, in the old Merchants' Hall. Many a gigantic result has had its obscure beginning in such small upper rooms. There was a time when the Anti-Corn-law League had no better place of meeting for its half-dozen members—nay, even the very apostles preached and promulgated Christianity itself in "small upper chambers."

For several years the *Liberator* was issued from this humble room, which also, for a considerable portion of that time, served its undaunted, indefatigable proprietors as printing-office, counting-house, eating-room, bed-room, &c. There is a moral sublimity in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings in the noble

temperance, self-denial, and unconquerable fortitude of the men who conducted it. Sneered at, scoffed at, threatened, persecuted, they still held on; high-hearted champions in the cause of humanity and freedom. Thank God for such instances as these of the true heroic!

During the time of which we are now writing, Garrison and Knapp lived in the most simple and frugal manner: their diet was principally bread and water; their luxury a little milk. The manual labour of the paper was performed by themselves alone; and, in addition to his share of this, Garrison had also to discharge the duties of editor, which were laborious enough. But, as we said before, the men were heroes, and to the true heroic mood there is neither difficulty nor impediment which cannot be overcome. When they were wearied and worn down with excessive toil, they remembered the lash-driven slave, and with a cheerful spirit they went along their arduous and rugged path.

Though the *Liberator* made its way but slowly among the white population, it created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders. A desperate outbreak of the slaves in Virginia was attributed to Garrison and his influence; and scarcely a day passed without his receiving letters, containing challenges to fight him, or the most brutal and fiend-like threats of abduction, or assassination. Undaunted either by threat or intimidation, he published some of these brutal and vulgar letters in the columns of his paper, that the world might see of what spirit their writers were. The fear and hatred of him increased more and more in the Southern States, and at length threats and insults ceased to be private affairs, for the State of Georgia offered, through its legislature, a reward of 5,000 dollars for his life. His escape was truly miraculous.

On New Year's Day, 1832, just twelve months after the commencement of the *Liberator*, another grain of mustard-seed in the good cause of emancipation was sown, by the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society in America. This, likewise, was organised by Garrison, and consisted of twelve members—a small, but an apostolic number—among whom were David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, and other men of great influence and high standing. He had also in this year the satisfaction of successfully unmasking the true nature and designs of the so oftened mentioned Colonisation Society, which he was enabled to do from the official documents of their own body. This was at once a great step gained in his own cause. Still, this triumph only regarded America. In England, the Colonisation Society was looked upon as the salvation of the slave; it was lauded to the skies, as a new and glorious scheme of Christian philanthropy which was to astonish the world. One Elliott Cresson, a member of the Society of Friends, but an arrant despiser of the coloured man, was then travelling in this country, holding public meetings, and winning a deal of money and enthusiasm from the breasts and pockets of the people. By his artful statements, and Quaker garb and mode of speech, he lulled suspicion asleep. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Fowell Buxton, and nearly all the leading abolitionists of England, at that time were misled by him. William Howitt, however, soon saw through the impostor, and openly denounced him.

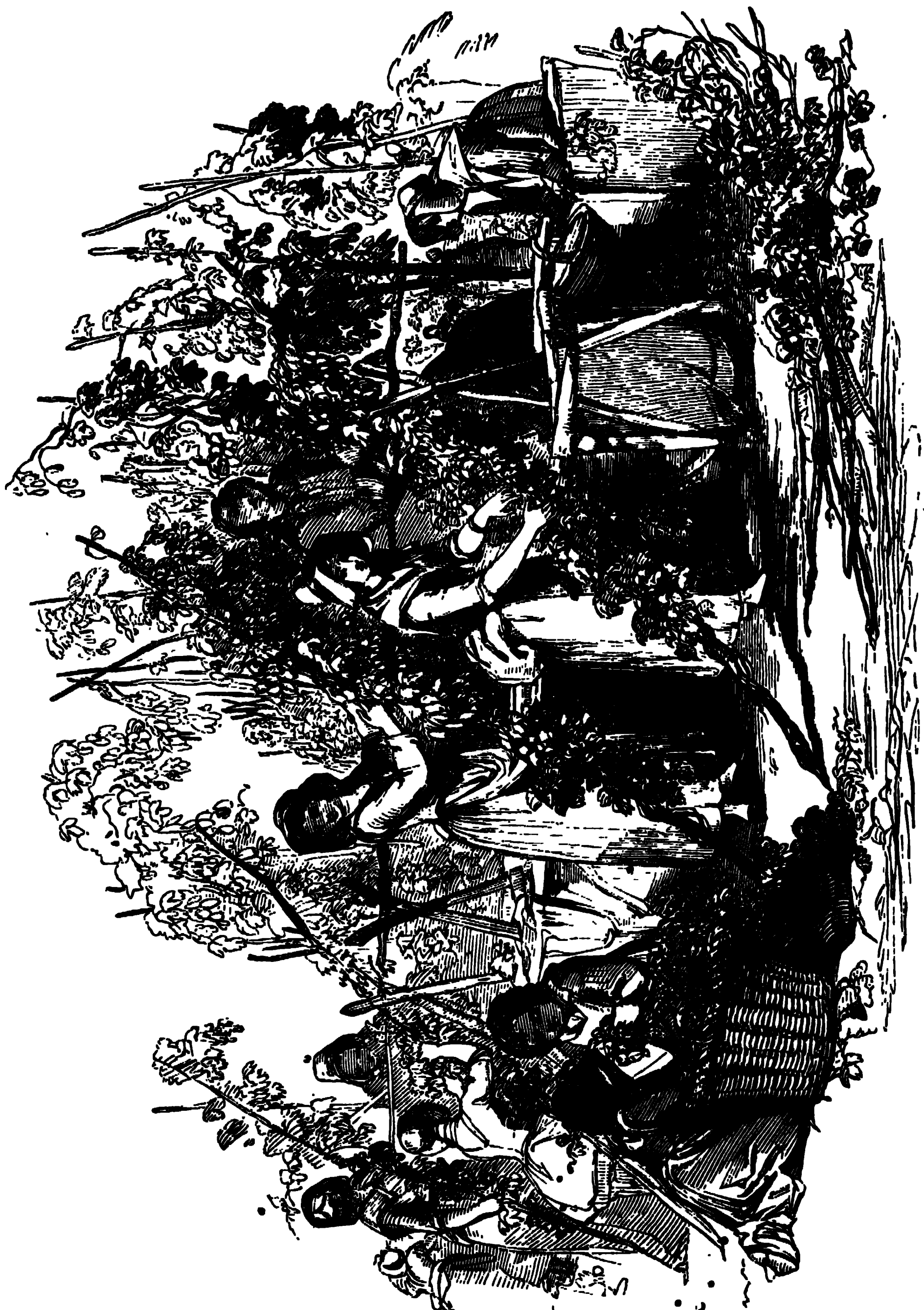
Closely occupied as Garrison of necessity was, by his paper at home, and ruinous, almost, as it was for him to leave his post, he still thought it so important that this nefarious scheme and its agent should no longer delude the British public, that, at all risks, he resolved to come over to England for this purpose. In May, 1833, accordingly, he came, a stranger, and unauthorised by any influential body, and having here, as in America, to commence a warfare against a countryman, and against a cause which had seized upon the public mind as favourably as it had done at home. Fortunately, however, the false is seldom as bold as the true; and Cresson, who knew perfectly well the real nature of his and the society's designs, made but a feeble opposition to this unlooked-for and formidable enemy on new ground; and in three months his career in England was brought to a sudden and inglorious end. He left this country for America, a convicted impostor, and covered with shame and disgrace. Garrison's visit to England, on the contrary, was crowned with success: his simple, earnest manners and demeanour, in which truth and moral greatness were so forcibly impressed, instantly recommended him and his cause to every kindred mind; and shortly before he left this country, he had the satisfaction of receiving a most emphatic protest against the lately triumphant Colonisation Society, signed by Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Macaulay, Cropper of Liverpool, George Stephen, William Smith, Lord Suffield, Daniel O'Connell, and others. He had many most interesting and friendly interviews with Wilberforce, shortly before his death, which took place while he remained in England. He lived only a few weeks after he had signed the protest; and Mr. Garrison has been heard to say, that he considers it as one of the melancholy privileges of his life to have attended that good man's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Poor Clarkson, at that time blind, and in a feeble state of health, could not credit the deception which had been practised upon him, and refused to sign the protest. Afterwards, however, having recovered his sight, and being able to read and judge for himself, he addressed a long letter to Garrison, which was published in 1840, indignantly reprobating the deceptive course pursued by the Colonisation Society, through their agent in this country.

During his visit to England, Garrison became acquainted with George Thompson, and impressed by his zeal, moral intrepidity, and wonderful eloquence, besought him to visit the United States, and to become a coadjutor with him, and the little handful of persecuted abolitionists there—"to come over and help them," as the apostles would have said.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival in New York he found placards posted through the city, stating that "the Infamous Garrison" had arrived, and was to be present on a certain evening at a public meeting, "and the friends of order, therefore, in the city"—*alias*, the friends of slavery—"were invited to assemble and hurry him to the tar-kettle." The whole city was in a state of excitement; the hotels were filled with ruffians from the Southern States, who uttered publicly the most terrific threats against him. No soul interfered in his behalf; on the contrary, the daily papers were filled with inflammatory articles, calculated only the more to inflame the public mind. There is something perfectly sublime in the spectacle of one man, who has no other rule of conduct, under any circumstances, but peace and love, standing alone, as it were, in an infuriated city, putting his life in his hand, trusting all to God, and fearing no man.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Holidays for the People.



HOP PICKING. By C. H. WEIGALL.

Holidays for the People.

MICHAELMAS.

By William Howitt.

There have been merry times at Michaelmas; who would believe it? Yet there *have* been merry times at Michaelmas. Mayors and aldermen were then elected, and made their bows to each other; and be sure there were merry doings when mayors and aldermen were in the case. Stubble geese, like the aldermen, were now in prime condition; but being the weaker, according to the proverb, went to the wall, or rather to the kitchen, and twirled upon the spit. It was a jolly day in old Mother Church; — she ordered everybody that could get it, to eat a goose in honour of St. Michael and all the angels; we may suppose, because they were not such geese as to quarrel with their comforts in heaven at the suggestion of Lucifer. So in church and corporation, in abbey and town-hall, in farm and cottage, there was a universal eating of fat geese; and nobody that I ever heard of complained of the injunction. Queen Elizabeth was eating her goose when the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought her; and no doubt she thought the Spaniards great and very green geese for having come there, and that they would be still greater and greener if they ever came again. Ever after, Queen Bess most assiduously ate her goose at Michaelmas, and probably with Spanish chestnuts, as people on the continent do now; or if she did not, she would not have repented it if she had, for it is a princely addition. Queen Bess ate her goose all the more punctually because it was an old saying and widely believed, that if you eat your goose at Michaelmas you would have plenty of money all the year round: and how could anybody desire a pleasanter way of replenishing a purse? Queen Bess in her day was dreadfully in want of money; and as this came to be seen, and not the less to be felt by those who had the taxes to pay, and as no more Armadas came to be defeated, people lost all faith in eating roast goose, except that comfortable faith which Robert Southey had when he addressed one in a sonnet, and asking himself where it could have been so bravely fed, was obliged to answer that he did not know, but added—

> Yet this I know, that thou art very fine
> Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine.

Jolly times, it is clear, then, there have been at Michaelmas. Into these, except in the city of London, there has been made a dreadful inroad by the Municipal Corporation Reform Act, which forbade all eating of Michaelmas goose in a corporate capacity. Driven out of convents and corporations, yet I imagine roast goose at Michaelmas finds a welcome reception in many a farm, gentleman's, and other private house. Roast-pigs no longer run about with oranges in their mouths, crying "come, eat me!" but stubble geese really do seem to meet you at every turn, and cackle out invitingly that pathetic request. At markets and poulterers they crowd upon you; in lanes and on commons they nibble at your heels, and hiss to inform you that they are fat and foolish, and beg you to introduce them to a *sage*. They stand in flocks at stubble-field gates, and look imploringly: everywhere you are called on to note that they are no longer green, but have grown grey and corpulent, and have but one earthly desire left, and that is—to be done brown. There is no resisting this. The Michaelmas goose will find a warm reception wherever it goes to the end of the world.

But I much fear me that there are many houses where this portly visitor finds the door too narrow to get in. Someway, Roman Catholicism having so long gone out of fashion in England, we have forgotten many of its most sensible customs. Michaelmas has ceased to be anything of a holiday, except to landlords. A holiday! mercy on us! why it is rent-day! All may lighten their purses, but that is a process that with thousands does not much lighten the heart. It is quarter-day—

> At length the busy time begins,—
> "Come, neighbours, we must wag;"—
> The money chinks, down drop their chins,
> Each lugging out his bag.

Out upon Michaelmas for a holiday—why, it is only a landlord's holiday! They are the jolly fellows that glean the stubble, and catch all the fat geese. We are the geese to be plucked, and, perhaps, get a roasting! Oh, you lucky fellows, that can keep holiday at Michaelmas! Lucky fellows, you landlords! Who would not be a landlord, especially at Michaelmas! Heaven send us all to be landlords as soon as possible; and fill our purses for the whole year round by devouring stubble geese. At Michaelmas the landlord is plucking geese all day long, and the deuce a bit does he weary with it. If you pay quarterly, you pay at Michaelmas; if you pay only once a year, Michaelmas is sure to catch you. Then is the time for plucking and roasting. It is a solemn, sober, dreary, melancholy sort of time—is Michaelmas for everybody but landlords. There is laughter to be sure, but the laughter is the landlord's. You may tell it by the sound, without seeing where it comes from. It is a thick, mellow, fat-sided sort of laughter; it is not a tenant's laughter, nor anything like it. There are geese roasting in plenty, but then—they are in landlord's kitchens.

And yet there *have* been jolly times, even at Michaelmas. Nothing has degenerated so much in this degenerating world as Michaelmas. Landlords once had bowels. They knew how unpleasant is the operation of drawing a rent to the patient—pretty much like that of drawing a tooth—and they did their best to make it easy. They gilded the pill, they sweetened the physic—they roasted stubble geese for their tenants as well as for themselves.

Nobody, now-a-days, if their fathers had not told them, would have any idea how easily Michaelmas once was made to go over. It once was a gay day, spite of its being a pay-day. I remember, when a boy, how merry were our rent-nights. The supper table, at my father's, was set out in the large old-fashioned dining room, and in came one bright face after another, as if the thing, money, had not brought it there. We six lads were allowed to sit up on those nights later than usual, and to sit down with the whole rustic group. Never did any hours flow more magically than those. There were assembled the wits, the historians, the humourists, the rural patriarchs of the neighbourhood, and the whole country round, its doings, and characters, and traditions, passed in review. At one end of the table sate the stately form of the landlord, radiant with the mirth of the present, and the remembrance of the past; at the other, the mild

and maternal grace of one of the best and noblest of women, who thought, and felt, and lived, for every creature within the reach of her untiring sympathies. What knowledge of humble life have I gleaned at these times. How entirely do they seem in memory to have belonged to some better and more patriarchal age. How cold and formal do we seem now to have grown. Landlord and tenant do not know each other. Our acquaintance is with agents. We take premises, and never see from whom—we quit them, and never wish to see. We draw a cheque for the rent, and do not even catch a glimpse of the landlord's hand in a receipt, for the presentation at the bank makes that unnecessary. Thousands pay to agents and receivers; tens of thousands are waited on duly with book and receipt. To the poor, even quarter-day is abolished; or, rather, it is always quarter-day with them, for they pay weekly. There are courts and alleys innumerable called by the significant name of Rents:—Farrer's Rents; Spongem's Rents; Mawworm's Rents; Fingerit's Rents—the term is emphatic. It shows the only idea of the possesors. To them they are not human habitations; they present to their minds no images of human and domestic life; they awake no sympathies nor speculations of what passes

In huts where poor men lie.

They are merely so many man-traps to catch the paying animal in; they are machines for manufacturing rent.

In all our social improvements, shall we ever improve on this state of things? Will all our teachings and preachings ever draw us nearer together? Will civilisation and Christianity ever put a bridge of sympathy over the huge gulph between landlord and tenant, between grade and grade? Instead of *iron-bridges* and *chain-bridges*, which our science has raised, will our humanity ever throw a rainbow arch of soft brotherly affection from one craggy point to another of human existence? Thanks be to God, they will! The signs are upon us and about us a thousandfold. "The winter of our discontent," if not over, is rapidly passing. The buds and the early blossoms of the spring of a Christian civilisation, at whose root lies love, and on whose crown there shall rise harmony and abundance, is breaking with unmistakeable certainty. Every day puts forth some new shoot of hope, some fruit of accomplishment. The colossal statue of humanity is fast being dug out of the desert sands of ignorance, imposition, and contempt which had drifted over it through truly dark ages. We see, from day to day, the spades of industrious knowledge lay bare some new portion of the ancient right, some glorious members of the social frame, some divine feature of popular beauty. Already the head and shoulders, the arms of power, and the hands of subtlest skill, are set free from their earthly concealment. The form of man, august and godlike, is at least half revealed. It stands once more awful in its majesty, calmly sublime in its intellectual grace, before the face of heaven and of men. The sun of Truth shines on it; the winds of Freedom fan it; the terrors of the future seize on corruption, and the awakened people gaze with reverent dread on the restored image of themselves. Where now are the epithets of the great unwashed; the rascal rabble, the swinish multitude? Where are the minions of usurped power—the chains, the dungeons, the uplifted axe streaming with patriot blood? What advocate of popular right is now borne through the Traitors' Gate? Where are the Peterloos of infamy? Where even are the corn-laws? Thick and fast fall the ramparts of injustice. Instead of these shameful evidences of a distorted social condition, ministers stand forth and declare that every reform must go on; trade must be freed; Ireland must have justice; the lash must be laid aside; education must be common and universal as our daily bread. While they talk of education, the people are educating themselves. They have their own schools, aye, and colleges; they—the multitude—are studying Greek, and Latin, and mathematics, and, best of all, the science of their own rights and interests. Those dens of crime and disease, the Spitalfields and St, Gilceses of the metropolis, have been explored by the benevolent; and baths and wash-houses, and other purifying and sanatory measures are in active operation. The revelations of the Andover Union have shattered the stony heart of the anti-christian poor-law; within the last month three new parks for the people have been opened in the dense spinnery of Manchester. Capital punishments are threatened with speedy abolition. Thousands of earnest-hearted men are engaged in chasing down slavery, intemperance, injustice to women, war, and the other great scourges and retarders of our upward progress. It is their thought by night, their eager pursuit by day. Thus far the derided "march of intellect" is on its way. Can it ever turn back? Can it ever be impeded? As soon shall you turn back the sun. The millenium of mind is advancing. The masses are rising on the wings of education; all factitious distinctions must descend and be laid at their feet. The prophetic words of Burns are growing into things:—"come it will for a' that"—

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

And the same principles which are operating to restore the true gradation of ranks have already begun to restore the true distribution of property. Men are combining to possess as well as to deserve. The men of Leeds and London are practically teaching the benefits of association in trade; the Chartists, once the men of physical force, now taught the people how to purchase estates for themselves. On the plains of O'Connorville they have actually beaten their swords into ploughshares. By these same co-operative principles, educated mind will seize on the giant power of machinery, and will transform it from the taskmaster and grinder of the people to their general servant. He shall work; their charge shall be to watch and guide his movements. The world of God shall diffuse equally and abundantly its good things to all God's children. These are the natural fruits of science and general education, that are as certain as life itself. We may rest assured by all that has been done and is now doing, that

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.—*Cowper.*

With an animating voice of the future in our hearts, what are now the holiday pleasures that we can snatch for the moment? Let us, all that can, away into the country. The hop-pickers [illegible]

work in the lovely fields of Kent, and other counties. Lively and picturesque groups are gathered together beneath the luxuriant bines. There is no need for us to envy the vineyards and the vineyard scenes of the continent, there are none of them that surpass the beautiful scenes, and the merry groups, of our hop-grounds. The tall and luxuriant hops, with their vine-like leaves, and their hanging clusters of flowers, standing in green masses on fair slopes, or borne in triumph by laughing children to the bins, are objects of rural beauty full of happy and pictorial suggestion.

The shortening day warns us that we must make haste to enjoy the glories of nature. Yet glorious is nature at this moment. The birds are silent; there is a solemn hush over the landscape that inspires a thoughtful mood. But the sun beams gladly on the woods and fields, that smile back upon him as in an old and confiding affection. The blackberries hang thick on the hedges; the mushroom springs white and fresh in the green pasture; the geometric spider hangs its web, and hangs in its web, on bush and tree. Never does the landscape look more attractive than now. The grass in the fields is of the deepest green; the corn is cleared from the uplands; the woods look dreamy; the streams run on in freshest brilliancy; the air is full of vigour and inspiration. You are no longer languid, and oppressed with electric heat; you feel as if you must run and leap, think and love. You want hearts tuned to the joy of your heart, minds overflowing with thought—you breathe in poetry, you pour out eloquence. Such is the soul of nature in the manhood of autumn. The true holiday now is to enjoy it. The vans which pour daily out of London set you the true example. With their looped-up curtains, their streaming ribbons, their bright colours, on they go, in trains of tens and twenties, all filled with happy people. Sometimes whole troops of schoolboys, or schoolgirls, fill them, who sing altogether, as they go out of the great Babel into free nature, in the joy of their hearts. Sometimes they are servants, youths and maidens, who have subscribed their penny a week to the association to which they belong for these rural expeditions. Sometimes they are young people of another class, mixed with husbands and wives, and even little children. They are all bound for Hampton Court, and Bushy Park, or to the still more favourite haunt of Epping Forest. They have music. It plays as they go, and they sing as they go. When the music is not heard, or the singing, there is a merry clatter of voices, of laughter, and jokes. What lords and princes are half so happy? Away they stream, van after van, with their sumpter-waggon trotting on, well stored, behind. All doors are crowded as they pass, to catch a glimpse of so much human enjoyment. Behind them lies the great brick wilderness, with all its labours and cares; before them, for one long day, the green wide forest. Anon they pour into it. They drive up to some well-known public house. They descend, form into knots of twos, threes, half-dozens, or scores, and away into the woods. Then it were a long story to describe all their wonderings, peerings, wanderings, exclamations, leaping over bushes, slinging at boles of trees, chasing of squirrels, fun, and laughter. Some soon seat themselves in the shade; other tender souls stroll on, through shady and mossy winding ways lost in one another. Who can tell the amount of enjoyment condensed into the hearts of that jolly company. But the time for dinner is come, and is not forgotten. There it is, spread under a great tree; and round gather the throng, and there is much mirth over getting seated; and then for the clatter of knives and forks, the popping of porter and ginger-beer bottles, and the foaming of Bass's pale ale. After dinner, pipes and cigars are lit, and the smoke curls up amongst the green boughs with a true holiday curl. Talk, and laughter, and broad jokes abound. After awhile there is a challenge for a leaping match, another for a race. The music plays, the day rolls on, and it is time to go. With green branches, stripped vigorously, and almost riotously, from many a tree, they dress and adorn their several vans, ascend, and away. If they sing in coming, they sing tenfold in going back. All sing—men and women—every heart is elate; with a humming, chiming, sonorous sound, as of so many great cages full of singing-birds, they roll back into the great engulphing city.

If any one were to ask me for the pattern of a holiday for Michaelmas, I should say—"Go and do likewise;" only being as much more sober, wise, and refined as you please. Send a company of congenial people into a forest on a fine September day, and be sure they will make a holiday of it.

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. VI.: *August—September.*

By Harriet Martineau.

I. It is much to be wished that in old nations a vivid sense should be kept alive in everybody's mind of what the public arrangements are for, and of what concern everybody has in them. Without this, such arrangements will become mere machinery; and those who manage it will become careless or tyrannical, while those who live under it will grow insensible to the benefits they derive from it, or be impatient under any accidental suffering that it may inflict. In a new nation, for instance, forming a government for itself, almost every man would see why taxes must be imposed, and why the amount is fixed as it is; and he would pay his taxes willingly, and with a sort of pride in contributing his share towards the safety, convenience and honour of the society of which he is a member. But if, for hundreds of years, no instruction is given to the nation about its constitution and its political duties, men will get to consider it a matter of course that their persons and property are to be kept secure, and that they are to share in the advantages of the social state: and, next, they will lose all pleasure in paying for their security and welfare, and even complain of the tax, and try to evade it. Nobody reminds them, and they do not ask themselves, what condition they would be in if there were no laws to secure their lives from violence, and their earnings from theft, and their children from injury. They forget what it would be to have no roads, no water but what they could fetch, no light in the streets, no public order, no safety from invaders, no protection on the seas, no peace on land. They forget that there is a set of public servants to do the general work of society,—a set of qualified and hard-working public servants, from the sovereign down to the tax-gatherer, who must be paid, and should be paid with hearty good-will, as doing the highest and most necessary work that is going on in the world.

In the same way, there is too little general understanding anywhere of the incalculable benefits brought by the institutions of Justice. The Law and the Courts are thought of with a sort of dislike, and without any recollection that it is owing to them that we can sit by our firesides in peace, go to bed with safety, walk the streets fearlessly, and do our work with hope of enjoying the fruits. In countries where there is no law, or bad law, men live in rags, and dirt, and idleness, lest their earnings and their comforts should be taken from them by force, and the women wear thick veils and are shut up, because there is no safety for them abroad. In such countries, there is no industry, no commerce carried on, except by powerful armed men, who can fight their way through life. The next worst state is that of such societies as are to be found in parts of Ireland, where the people do not understand what law is for, and who, therefore, do not value it, but rather hate it. They do not use it, and carefully guard it as a mighty benefit and protection, but defy it, and baffle it: and, in exact proportion, are life and property insecure. In such parts the honest working man is at the mercy of any one who may owe him a grudge: he may have his cow killed, or his house burned over his head, or his daughter carried off to the mountains; or he may be waked from his innocent sleep by men in masks, who drag him to a ditch and murder him. Because a great number do not know how to value law and justice, nobody can have the benefit of them.

In England, where the law has as steady and even a course as in any country in the world, we may be apt, if we do not take care, to grow indifferent to the benefit of justice, and to our duty in regard to it. We may be apt to shrink from any trouble, or expense, or annoyance, which we ought as cheerfully to undergo for the sake of public justice, as to pay our taxes in return for the benefit of government. I have known a man—an educated man who ought to have known better—agree to a negociation with thieves, whereby he recovered his property, and they escaped punishment,—being let loose on society to rob somebody else. I have known a woman—an educated woman who ought to have known better—try to make interest with a magistrate to have a case of theft hastened over for her convenience, instead of respectfully waiting on the course of justice and the interests of all parties. I have known a policeman bitterly complain, and with reason, of the selfish want of principle of householders who will recover stolen property by their means, and then decline coming forward to prosecute. He complained that the office of policeman was thus rendered intolerable; that he had to toil night and day, to undergo danger of life and limb, to incur the hatred of the profligate and desperate part of society, and then, after all, when his share of the work was done, to be denied the co-operation of the respectable, and the countenance of the magistrate and the courts. In all these cases, I saw ignorance, thoughtlessness, and fear of annoyance: and these are what I want to expose, and to have prevented by some plan for instructing everybody who enjoys the protection of law in his duty towards the law.

Till this is done, some good occasionally arises from startling incidents which would, at first sight, appear to act another way. Every now and then, an instance occurs of hardship inflicted under the regular operation of justice. Not only do such cases draw attention to faults in the law, and in those who administer it, but they cause thoughtful people to consider what a vast protection the law must, on the whole, give, if an occasional case of hardship strike them so forcibly. The bravest will feel that while every effort should, of course, be made to lessen the chances of hardship, they could cheerfully undergo it themselves, if it were their turn, through their deep respect and gratitude for the good of law and justice on the whole. I wonder which of us could bear, with courage and cheerfulness, such trials as the following which have happened lately; bear them, not with anger, contempt, and defiance, but a brave hope that in time such drawbacks need not ever attend upon an inestimable good.

A respectable tradesman, in extensive business, was brought up twice before a London magistrate, and committed for trial, in company with a fellow of bad character, on a charge of having picked a gentleman's pocket of a pocket-book. A host of friends testified to his character, and his circumstances were proved to be easy. He could only declare his entire ignorance of the whole transaction; and the impression was strong that the witness had made a mistake, either taking him for another person, or fancying that he saw him touch the pocket-book when he did not: but the magistrate had no choice but to commit him for trial. When we think of the mortification to a respectable man, and the dismay at home caused by such an event as this committal, we feel how much generous respect for justice is required to enable a man to bear up under his accidental share, in order that the pockets of society may not be picked. A cab proprietor, of good character in the city, was proved to have taken out of a field a grey mare belonging to another man, and sold her to a horse-dealer. Of course he was charged with horse-stealing. But it came out that the prisoner had mistaken this grey mare for a much better one of his own, which was grazing in the same field. The animals were of precisely the same height, and the same shade of dark grey; both had long switch tails, and both were blind of the right eye. This was a matter soon settled, but very vexatious while it lasted. A lady, who, as it happened, was an authoress, was annoyed in a walk by some women who made impertinent remarks on her bonnet, and who became more troublesome the more they saw she was annoyed, till they collected a mob about her. She desired a policeman whom she met, to bring the two ringleaders to a police-office; but he refused to do so, they being wives of policemen. For his refusal she charged him; and greatly surprised she was when the magistrate dismissed the case, with the observation that he perceived no sufficient reason for the charge. However this decision may be regarded, there can be but one opinion as to the mode of cross-examination adopted by the prisoner's counsel, though he afterwards disclaimed all intention of being "offensive." He asked many questions about the novels she had written, and her means of obtaining a livelihood, and declared that the whole affair was intended as an advertisement of her name and writings, by getting them mentioned in the newspapers. It matters little whether this low supposition is true or false. Its utterance is not likely to operate on women's minds as an encouragement to further the course of justice. It will probably be some time before any other lady will seek justice in a police court, at the hazard of being questioned about her occupations and income, and called an adventuress if it happens to be her lot to earn her bread. A young thief stole a watch, the other day,

from the berth of a cuddy servant of a vessel in the West India Dock. The boy is only ten years old; and the magistrate called the case a distressing one, and lamented that he had no power to take any other course than committing the child for trial, it being a clear case of felony. The prosecutor implored the magistrate to dispose of the case at once, as the vessel was about to sail, and it would ruin him to lose his place in her. He had rather lose his watch than be detained to prosecute. The magistrate said he had only a choice of evils; to let the boy loose, to his own destruction and the injury of society, or to ruin the prosecutor by detaining him from his service on board the ship where all his property also was. He could not undertake thus to punish an already injured man; and he, therefore, dismissed the boy,—an act very encouraging to thieves who prey upon sailors about to sail, and very discouraging to claims for justice. The next sailor who makes a complaint of the kind must be a hero,—prepared to lose his living for the sake of public justice. Some provision must, doubtless, be made for a case so flagrantly hard as this. But what can one say when one's memory recurs to the hardest of all such cases, when an innocent man is hanged, according to all the forms of justice, and under such evidence as that nobody doubts of his guilt? None who have heard will ever forget the tale of the young man who was convicted in America (then under British rule) of the murder of an aged gentleman with whom he had become acquainted on a journey. The young man was opulent, educated, high-minded, and of the fairest character: his intimate friends could not believe his guilt; but nobody else could doubt it. The old gentleman was last seen with him; the old man's bank notes were found in his pocket-book; and his own silver-mounted pistols were found in a ditch near the murdered body. The proofs of his innocence were clear when it was too late,—curious facts about exchanges of bank-notes and his parting with his pistols; but his own account of the matter looked most improbable, and availed nothing. He met his death calmly, regretting most the disgrace to his family. If his calmness was supported by an express willingness to be crushed under the action of a law whose unswerving course is indispensable to the security of all other lives than his own,—if he saw that, though unjust to him, the doom was just as regarded society, and could submit cheerfully from this consideration, he was in a condition of mind to which death could not come amiss, and quitted life embalmed in a truer honour than any potentate surrounded with praise and service, or the warrior expiring in the hour of victory. Something of this spirit should be in the breast of every citizen who is called to suffer more or less from the course of public justice, whether of loss or shame, or mere trouble and annoyance.

II. On the whole, I suppose men are and will ever be as various as they ever were, though we talk of certain ideas and manners as being prevalent at certain seasons of human history. It seems as if the men of our day cared above all things for the opinion of those about them; so that men will be anything—sober or profligate, homely or ostentatious, merry or grave,—rather than be wondered or laughed at. In our time, it is the greatest of all misfortunes to man, woman, or child, to be ridiculous in the eyes of neighbours. So, when the restraint of opinion is withdrawn, the incidents which occur are very striking, whether they are of a noble or ludicrous character. An instance of each lies before me. Lieut. Anneke, a Prussian artillery officer, of the highest honour, has refused to fight a duel. He was challenged merely on the ground of being the bearer of an unacceptable letter, the writer of which refused to fight. Lieut. Anneke's refusal was on the ground that duelling being now a mere custom arising out of antiquated prejudice, is a brutal act, unworthy an enlightened man in our day. The Court of Honour at Munster has decreed, by a majority of twenty-seven to three, that Lieut. A. be dismissed the service, he having virtually dismissed himself by avowing opinions which, however reasonable, are opposed to the arrangements of the king, to whom he has sworn fidelity; and Lieut. A. is dismissed accordingly. Peace be with him,—that peace which the world, old or new, cannot take away! Last week, the engine-driver and stoker of a train on the Great Western Railway made themselves shockingly ridiculous. They both got into a passion, and fought desperately on the engine, while it was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was impossible to get at them to stop them. Such a stage was perhaps never before chosen for the exhibition of silly passion. At last, the engine-driver, finding himself worsted, stopped the engine, in order to throw his adversary off, when the guards interfered, and delivered over the foolish grown babies to the authorities, who will hardly again intrust the lives of travellers to men who cannot rule their own spirits. There are not many men who would like to go to sleep, and open their mouths and snore in the market-place; not many men who would like to act Pantaloon, or any sort of fool, on the boards of a theatre; and it rather surprises one that there should be two on one engine who could make themselves so excessively ridiculous as angry man always are, on so very conspicuous a theatre. How ashamed they will be to think of it, as long as they live!

III. All institutions that have existed long among men have had their origin in nature; and it is only by keeping within a certain degree of nearness to nature that any institutions can be preserved. In proportion to their departure from nature is the certainty that they will fail and perish. Of existing institutions, none is more clearly traceable to nature than that of marriage: and indeed, from the clearness of this—from the fact that the numbers of the sexes are equal at the age of twenty-one (though varying somewhat from this before and after)—from this indication that there is one man for one woman at the proper time for marriage, it is usual to speak of marriage as a divine institution, independently of what is said of it in the bible. But how marvellously and how mournfully have men contrived to perplex and corrupt this simple and natural relation! For ages past, there have been marriages for state-policy, marriages for connexion, for money, for estates, for every convenience, down to that of the poor ditcher who declares, "I was as one may say devoured with varmint, and I married a wife to keep me clean." The notion of marriage for convenience has now such complete possession of the general mind, that a true love marriage is almost as a matter of course opposed, in those ranks of society where others than the immediate parties claim to be considered. And the consequences are such as appal the heart of every thinker. It has become the rule through many gradations of society to love in one place and marry in another; and this unavowed bigamy of course destroys the proportion under which alone marriage can be

general and pure. Of all infectious evils, laxity of morals is the most so: and the laxity here spreads, till the very idea of marriage is corrupted and debased. We hear of sales of a wife in Smithfield, the ignorant parties often really believing such sales to be legal; and the cases of bigamy are becoming frightfully common. And see what can happen even in America:—"At Philadelphia, on Monday, one German sued another for five dollars, the price of commission for procuring the latter a wife. The objection was, that the charge was too high. The plaintiff proved that the defendant stated his wish for a wife;—the former, in half an hour, brought a German, to whom the defendant was married in three days. The plaintiff was allowed his whole claim." In another rank, we see at this moment what happens. The potentates of Europe, and the politicians of Spain, have long been contending as to whom the little Queen of Spain should marry. It appears that she wishes to marry a cousin, who wishes to have her. She is compelled to marry another cousin—his brother. All night were her mother and other advisers busy in persuading her—in overcoming her repugnance to the marriage. At seven in the morning, she went to bed, overpowered and wretched. She is only fifteen years old. Her sister is only fourteen; and she must be married too, to please the King of the French, who wants to marry his youngest son into Spain. Is any one irrational enough to expect fidelity in marriages thus made in markets and palace chambers? And does not the contagion of inconstancy spread? And are we then to wonder at the increase of bigamy, of seduction, of child-murder, and of gross profligacy? Marriage, which was designed to protect the sanctity of the love of one man for one woman, has become the very means of obstructing such love, and destroying the sanctity of it. To the pure and simple, it may be all that it ever was: but to society at large, that which professes to be its chief moral safeguard has become a fatal snare. If it be asked, "what is to be done?" the answer is the old one which will never wear out: those who have grace must be the salt of the earth. Every man and woman who duly feel the holiness of that love which gives birth to human life, and who enter upon it with conscience and affections as awake as passion, may and will countervail a world of mischief done by profligacy. Every pair who uphold in their lives the true, original idea of marriage must command such sympathy from the best hearts as will shame the trafficking of the worst. If there are yet among us enough of the simple and the pure to reinstate the institution of marriage in its original sacredness, and separate it from its impious alliance with worldly interest, it may retain its name and place. If not—if the corruption spreads, and marriage is the name given to that legal prostitution which induces the illegal, some new name must be found for the genuine and holy marriage which must always remain while God ordains and nature exists.

IV. Many who read romances about the days of the Crusades, and whose hearts beat over the romance of history—the narratives of heroes like William Tell, who waged a holy war against the invaders of their country—are unaware that as great a hero lives in our day, and is conducting as holy and undying a struggle. How few care to read of Abd-el-Kader! yet who will venture to say that William Tell was nobler! The Emir Abd-el-Kader is the indomitable foe of the French, who have conquered Algiers, and colonised, or attempted to colonise, the neighbourhood. He is a Mahomedan, and hates the Christians. He is a native, and hates the intruders. He is a prince, and hates the conquerors of his country. He cannot drive them out; but he has done everything short of it. He leaves them no peace or rest. They in fact own no land but what they stand on. Every head that is put out beyond the cordon is cut off. Every straggler from the camps disappears. The settlers cannot till the fields, nor go on commercial errands; for Abd-el-Kader comes down upon them whichever way they go. A company cannot pass from camp to camp without its numbers being thinned. If there is a burning sun, Abd-el-Kader pounces upon the troops in their hour of lassitude. If wintry weather comes up from the mountains, Abd-el-Kader comes up with it, as if he rode upon the blast. If snow blocks up the way, Abd-el-Kader issues from the thickest drift. If there is a drought, he drives the foe far from the water brooks by harassing them, flank and rear. He is always on the eve of being caught: but no man has ever caught him yet, nor any Christian touched his white banner. His tribes are dispersed, his stores taken, his supplies cut off, his horses shot under him, his allies bound over to deliver him up; but he has always yet escaped. He is reported dead; but is presently seen and felt again. He has worn out and brought to disgrace French field-marshals; and caused, destitute as he himself is, an expenditure of men and money such as no nation can long endure for the sake of so wretched a colony. He has now sent a summons to the tribes of the south to be ready to renew the war against the invaders; and all but those who are within immediate reach of the French answer with fervour to the call. One cannot but look forward wistfully to see the issue,—to divine the lot and the death of such a man;—to watch whether his power of hope can sustain itself against such odds; whether he dies on the field, or in a cave of the rocks,—as a warrior, or a prisoner, or as one of Nature's princes in one of Nature's palaces. The only thing we know is that the man himself—his soul—will never be conquered. Being well assured of this, it would be endurable that his country and native tribes should be brought under European sway, if there were a fair probability that it would be ultimately for their real good. But it is for their invaders to show that it would be so; and till they do, our sympathies must inevitably be with the indomitable Abd-el-Kader, before whose majesty,—the native majesty of the soul,—every Mahomedan bows his head, and every Christian quails.

Poetry for the People.

THE CLOUD IN FRANCE.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

While watching the sunbeams gaily dancing
In the blue skies of pleasant France,
Delighted I saw a bright cloud glancing,
Swift as a steed in the homeward prance;
Onward it went with a sunlit brightness,
Over the billows to England's shore;
Onward it went with a rosy lightness,
Speeding away, as the eagles soar.

Onward it went, through the skiey glory,
Of cloud-wove castle and misty spire,
Onward it flew o'er the shadows hoary,
Lighting them up with a smile of fire;
Onward it flew o'er the fog's dark tresses,
Fresh from its pinions scattering light;
Onward it flew through sky's wildernesses,
Lengthening of day and shortening night.

Oh, would I had been that cloud of splendour!
Would I had had its wings of flame!
Thus unto England I'd flown to render
Glory to virtue; to badness, shame;
With the brilliant gifts I bore around me
I'd shed a light on the good and free;
And with the lustrous zone that bound me,
Exposed the darkness of things that be.

Oh, would I had been that cloud of glory!
Would I had had its torch of light!
Then words of flame should have told the story,
Of mists so dark, and of suns so bright;
The fogs of doubt should be bravely lighted,
The mists of ignorance cleared away;
Till dark grew light and the wrong was righted,
And Cloudland blazed in the sunny ray.

Paris.

THE NEIGHBOUR-IN-LAW.

By Lydia Maria Child.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper do not prove too much even for your goodnature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather; "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember: her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the saving of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny that she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap on the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of anybody else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbour-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation she called on the neighbour-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbour should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water there's a pump across the street: I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbour Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbours. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five-cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say 'good morning,' and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with a timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright colour flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament for good or evil.

"Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I have one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colour subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbour's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table; and instead of —"Mind how you do that—if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words—"There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up-stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise and mind your work!" but the new friend patted her on the head and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the fields. By and bye, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark as she tripped lightly up and down stairs on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked

very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said—"I think your little feet must be tired by this time: we will rest awhile and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake with a humble little curtsey, and carefully held out her apron, to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewed about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly; "where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly as if to take them, and then drew back as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather, "I am very willing to trust you with the books, I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down, with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice—"Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play. "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture-books, and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labours of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty, "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether her new neighbour would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy, and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask, timidly, whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic—"Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up, I would not have her see it on any account. I told her I would try and keep everything neat about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is such a comfort to have tidy neighbours." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with the brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a dislike to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighbourly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl and a sharp bark that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would waken her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbours' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavoured to teach her dog to eat from the same plate; but Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first—that he would! He could not have been more firm in his opposition if he and Tab had belonged to different sects of Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free-will, he would give the invited guest a heavy cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam-engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbour's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog—you'll see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you! What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbours."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it at me that I don't give her enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny, it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighbourhood. I am attached to poor little Pink because he belongs to my son who is gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighbourly I'll send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like Miss Turnpenny to taste them."

The crabbed neighbour was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," replied Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir for all his master's thumping and beating. But a neighbour tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set at a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is most economical. But, neighbour Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie! "Well, neighbour Fairweather," she said, "you *are* a neighbour. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbour Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in-doors, and, perhaps, after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who lay sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah! you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel!"

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to strike her next neighbour; whereupon her neighbour kicked, and the whole herd were soon kicking and goring each other with all fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking while you are struck. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning.' Afterwards, if my brothers or sisters were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Never give a kick for a blow, and you will save yourselves and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy serving as usual with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem on business," she said; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling-lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a-pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbour; "but I think there is a great deal of education which is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched a soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best frock and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbour was certainly one of those good fairies she had read about in the picture-books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child *can* enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place when the fetters are off, and nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of live birds, and two living butterflies, put the little orphan in a perfect ecstacy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields, covered with dandelions, and said—"See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah! our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing-school," said she, "and perhaps he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation, for her voice will lead the whole school; and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbour Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and she was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbour's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy were disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say—"When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me! how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbour. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point, but she would sometimes say—"I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neigh-Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me plant it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time she would say—"Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks: it seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming; Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck; and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane.

"And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbour-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbour," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this *is* a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you could have undertaken to thaw Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

From this gospel of joy, preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome; for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding-day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said—"Ah! thou dear, good aunt—it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather!"

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

(*Continued from page 168.*)

When the hour for holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted, true friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a colouring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and a more determined man from that day; and what was better still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many, who had hitherto been waverers, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth examining for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew up its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalled excitement.

If Garrison had sinned before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thorough-going emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1834, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of slavery. His accession to the anti-slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more formidable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparing grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slave-holding States. Emissaries, vowing eternal hatred and inmitigable vengeance, were sent from the South to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1835, almost every anti-slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity took earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson, the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and defiance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and, were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties. There had existed, for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary mothers, wives, and daughters—had been among the most active co-operators in the anti-slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; stedfast to what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"she is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishment, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the anti-slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles

for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the slavery-loving portion of the community. The shopkeepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Placards were posted up, stating, that "that infamous scoundrel, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the union to snake him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward of him who would first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the mayor for protection at their lawful meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all, whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five and twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting by presenting themselves three quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. Spite of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman read an appropriate portion of scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succour, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the mayor entered in the greatest agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting, therefore, was adjourned, and the women, attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part in its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed in not finding Thompson, at that moment the more immediate object of their vengeance, resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry, "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistant principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defence. "My dear brother," said this good Christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

He at length fell into the hands of the mob: they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd exclaimed—"Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards, his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window, and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body; brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street; not a voice, not a hand, was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded from one and another, and he was hurried on to the mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person, his clothes were now literally torn from him, and, as it seemed, nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and stedfast courage of this brave man. His countenance at the time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in its serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! This is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the mayor's office, whence, being reclothed by the kindness of various individuals, who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a malefactor, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more furious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city-police. Escape with life seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly rabid with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length, he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience, and a cheerful mind, he sate down in peace. In the course of the evening his friends came to sympathise and rejoice with him, through the grated windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part:—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere form's sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—OCTOBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 2 min. past 6, and sets at 37 min. past 5, on the 1st; and on the 31st rises at 53 min. past 6, and sets at 34 min. past 4.—*Moon* rises at 45 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at 18 min. past 1, in the morn; and on the 31st, rises at 12 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at 55 min. past 2, morn.—*Moon's Changes*. Full on the 4th, at 6 min. past 10, afternoon. Last quarter on the 12th, at 8 min. past 4, morn. New moon on the 20th, at 44 min. past 7, morning. First quarter, 27th, at 10 min. past 3, afternoon. —*Mercury* a morning star on the 1st, then invisible throughout the month. *Venus* a morning star throughout the month. *Mars* a morning star throughout the month.—*Weather*. The moisture of the atmosphere increases as evaporation diminishes, and by causing clouds the effect of radiation is greatly reduced. Mean temperature, 48 deg. 8 min.; highest, 68 deg.; lowest, 27. This month, which the Saxons called wine-month, and winter-fulleth, has been likened to April in its alternations of storm and tenderness—but the petulance of April is that of a child, laying itself, a moment after its burst of passion, in tears of repentance at our feet, and by its irresistible and smiling sportiveness, filling our hearts with the sunshine of its own: but the wilfulness of October is of a more matured and violent character, "black-browed and bluff." His hurricane outbreaks are followed by calms, that have more of sullenness than softness in them. The flowers fade from field and garden as he advances, and he strews his onward path like a conqueror, with the leafy spoils of the plundered forests.

1, Thursday.—*St. Remigius*, the great apostle of the French. He converted King Clodovius and the greater part of his subjects to Christianity, and for his learning and sanctity was chosen Archbishop of Rheims when only 22 years of age. So much was he venerated, that his cruise was preserved, and formerly used at the anointing of the kings of France. He died, 535. Lowly amaryllis sacred to this saint.

Events.—St. Paul's, in London, dedicated in the presence of King Henry by Roger Black, its diocesan, 1240. Hare-hunting begins, and the beautiful pheasant becomes a legitimate object of pursuit to the sportsman. Mayor and assessors are to hold an open court, to revise the burgess lists, under the municipal reform act, some time between the 1st and 15th of October; three clear days' notice of such court being given. The revised list to be kept by the town clerk, and persons therein entered to be entitled to vote according to the act, from the 1st of November.

2, Friday.—Long-leaved starwort (*aster longifolius*), sacred to the guardian angels, flowers. Summer bergamot pears ripe.

Events.—The execution of Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British forces; he was taken in disguise within the American lines, and hanged as a spy, 1780. The London University opened, 1828.

Fair.—Howden; horses, cattle, &c.

3, Saturday.—*St. Dionysius*, the Areopagite, converted by St. Paul to Christianity. The Athenian judges were thus called, from Areopagus, the place in which they assembled. Their tribunal was cut in the midst of a rock, round which seats were hewn for the judges, and the court was held in the open air; but they pronounced sentence in the night, that they might not be affected by the sight of the persons who spoke and defended themselves. Wall hawkweed, dedicated to this saint, has now its autumnal flowering.

Event.—King's College, opened, 1831.

Fairs.—Woodstock; cheese: Dudley; horses, cattle, wool, and cheese: Nottingham (three days); cheese, &c.

4, Sunday.—17th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Ezek. xiv., Mark vii.; evening service, Ezek. xviii., 2 Cor. iii. The anniversary of St. Francis, founder of the Franciscans. Southernwood, so common in cottage gardens, and rustic nosegays, dedicated to him: this plant, probably from its peculiarly pungent and refreshing smell, is much used in Ireland about the dead.

Event.—Selkirk, the original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," left on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandes, 1704.

5, Monday.—*St. Placidus*, a worthy of the Catholic church, to whom the star-like chamomile is dedicated. Trees are now felled, and the undergrowth of woods cut down and bound into faggots, for winter use. In the garden, decaying leaves and plants should be removed, bulbs planted, and flowers in pots taken into shelter. About this time horse-chestnuts fall, scattering their rich-hued and polished fruitage from the spiky shells, in seemingly useless abundance. It is said, however, that our Gallic neighbours have discovered the art of making potash of them, and that they also use them in dyeing.

6, Tuesday.—Late-flowering feverfew, sacred to St. Bruno, blows. Martin (*hirundo urbica*) migrates, but a few remain till the middle of the month.

Biography.—Louis-Philippe, King of the French, born, 1773—called to the throne by the voice of the people, August 9th, 1830, at the close of the glorious three days. Trained in the school of adversity, his majesty has carried to the court of the Tuilleries the simple manners of the citizen, and that sympathy with and knowledge of human nature which is only to be learned from personal experience of its necessities, and liberal intercourse with our fellow-creatures. As a lover of literature, science, and the arts—charitable, unostentatious, and in private life exemplary—he has won the love of his subjects, and the respect and admiration of the world. Nor must we forget that, though a soldier by profession, *peace* has no stronger advocate than Louis-Philippe. In other respects, his public conduct has excited great difference of opinion.

7, Wednesday.—*St. Mark* (Pope). Indian chrysanthemum sacred to this day. Damsons and bullaces gathered. The seven stars, or Pleiades, rise about half-past six, p. m.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Zimmerman, 1795, author of the popular work on solitude. He was born in 1728, and has been described as a man of "sincerity, rectitude, and virtue."

Event.—Mounted on a she camel, his shoulders shaded by an umbrella, Mahomet makes his public entry into Medina, 622.

8, Thursday.—*St. Bridget*. On the evening of this day, it is customary, in the villages in Ireland, for the young girls to dress up an effigy of her saintship, which they carry from house to house, receiving at each some trifle in kind or coin, with which they extemporise a little feast and merry-making at a neighbour's cottage. Sweet maudlin dedicated to her. About this time the bright flowers of the French and African marigolds begin to fade, and the coming frosty nights soon cut them off.

9, Friday.—*St. Denys*. Titular saint of France, famed for his devotion to the study of the polite arts and sciences. He suffered martyrdom for the faith, being beheaded at Montmartre, in the neighbourhood of Paris; after which, according to the legend, he walked two miles with his head in his hand. Milky agaric sacred to him.

Event.—The Eddystone lighthouse completed in 111 days ten hours, 1759, being the third erected on the rock so called. It is a round stone building, gradually decreasing in circumference, from the base to a certain height, like the trunk of an oak, from which Mr. Smeaton, its ingenious contriver (a self-educated architect), states that he took the idea.

10, Saturday.—Cape acetris, sacred to St. Francis Borgia. Golden-rod (*solidago virgaurea*) may still be seen here and there in blossom.

Biography.—The birthday of the Quaker painter, Benjamin West, 1738. He was born at Springfield, a village of North America, and was only seven years of age when his genius developed itself. With the usual ardour of people who "cannot help themselves" when the talent with which nature has endowed them breaks forth, he forsook school, amusement, even his meals, for the love of this absorbing study, and continued to work on unaided by instruction till he was fifteen, when some friends were found to patronise his evident genius, and he was taken to Lancaster and Philadelphia, where, in his eighteenth year, he commenced as a portrait painter; he afterwards removed to New York, when his friends found means to send him to Italy, in which country he studied three years, and finally settled in England. On the death of Sir J. Reynolds, West was chosen President of the Royal Academy, and continued to fill that office (with the exception of one year) till he died, March 11th, 1820, in the 82nd year of his age. His "Christ Healing the Sick," and others of his paintings, are now in the National Gallery.

Events.—Annual license to be taken out by bankers or other persons issuing promissory notes for money payable to the bearer on demand, and allowed to be re-issued. Half-yearly dividend on various descriptions of stock becomes due.

Fairs.—Leicester; cheese, horses, and cattle: Weyhill; sheep.

11, Sunday.—18th after Trinity. *Old Michaelmas-day*. Proper lessons for the morning service: Ezek. xx., Mark xiv.; evening service, Ezek. xxiv., 2 Cor. x. The floral calendar has now little but green leaves to offer the saints and martyrs, and accordingly holly is dedicated to St. Ethelburge, the patroness of this day.

Events.—The remains of Mary, Queen of Scots, removed to Westminster, 1612; her monument is but a few feet distant from that of Elizabeth. In 1296, a quarter of wheat sold on Old Michaelmas-day for 3s. 6d.; a quarter of oats for 2s.; a pound of wool for 3s. It was usual to eat furmity on this festival, a dish made of *new* corn boiled in milk.

Fairs.—Holbeach; horses.

12, Monday.—Wavy fleabane dedicated to St. Wilfred. Woodcock (*scolopax rusticola*) begins to arrive,—"food for powder."

Event.—Columbus lands on Guanahani, one of the Bahama Isles, 1492; it was perceived at daylight, whereupon the admiral and his host struck up the choral hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus*, and landing with the royal standard in his hand, he knelt upon the ground as he pronounced the sacred word *Salvador!* How our heart goes with the old mariner, sailing cha[illegible]less through unexplored seas, and coming now and again to the [illegible] islands

of an unknown world—no wonder that to his excited and enthusiastic imagination, its stars should seem moving lights, "somewhat resembling a torch, anon, a candle" leading him to new discoveries.

13, Tuesday.—Smooth helenium, sacred to the translation of St. Edward, King and Confessor. He was the first who touched for the king's evil, 1058. This royal quackery was continued till the time of George the First.

14, Wednesday.—*St. Calixtus.* Indian Fleabane sacred to this saint.

Event.—The anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, which decided the fate of England, and subjected it to the Norman yoke, 1066. The conqueror lost about six thousand men in the contest, but the number of English that fell was much greater. As a recompense for the slaughter of so many persons, William founded and endowed a monastery on the field of action, called Battle Abbey, and put into it a convent of Benedictine monks, to pray for the souls of the slain; but he refused the body of the brave Harold (who had perished with his followers) to his mother, and had it buried on the beach, whence it was removed by stealth, or purchase, and buried at the church at Waltham.

15, Thursday.—Sweet sultan, dedicated to St. Teresa (foundress of the reformation of barefooted Carmelites), in flower.

Event.—The birthday of Toricelli, the inventor of the barometer, 1608. This instrument is a glass tube, filled with mercury, hermetically sealed at one end; the other open, and emerged in a bason of stagnant mercury. As the weight of the atmosphere lessens, the mercury descends; and as it increases, ascends; the column of quicksilver suspended in the tube being always equal to the weight of the incumbent atmosphere. This simple machine is of great use in determining the changes of the weather, and in measuring the heights of mountains, and finding the elevation of places above the level of the sea. Mercury is the chemist's name for quicksilver, a very ponderous, volatile, fluid mineral, found in mines, particularly at those of Friuli, in the Venetian territories.

16, Friday.—Yarrow on this day dedicated to St. Gall.

Events.—The Houses of Parliament destroyed by fire, 1834. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette, Queen of France, beheaded at Paris, 1793, with circumstances of great brutality. At the fire-works exhibited there in honour of her marriage with the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.), the streets were so crowded with people, that in their panic they trampled on one another, till they lay in heaps, while a scaffold overhanging the river broke down, and some hundreds were drowned. Near a thousand persons lost their lives on this occasion, April 21, 1770: an inauguration not less tragic than her exit.

17, Saturday.—Fox-hunting now takes place regularly. Ten-leaved sunflower, sacred to St. Anstrudis, still lingers in the garden; and old man's beard (as children call the grey, floss-like fibres attached to the seed-vessels of the clematis) overspreads the hedges like hoar frost.

18, Sunday.—19th after Trinity. *St. Luke.* Proper lessons for the morning service: Daniel iii., Luke iv.; evening service: Daniel vi., Galat. iv. The fine weather that occ rs about this time is called St. Luke's little summer. Rough agaric (*agaricus floccosus*), sacred to the evangelist, springs up at the roots of trees, in orchards, &c. In old pictures this saint is generally represented writing with a winged ox, or cow, by his side, probably to indicate reflection; and though most of the painted glass in Charlton church was destroyed during the troubles in the time of Charles, fragments remain in some of the windows of St. Luke's ox with wings, and goodly horns on his head; and it is not unlikely that, in bygone times, the inhabitants of Charlton made use of these rude instruments to express their pleasure for the holiday which the anniversary of the saint afforded them, and thus gave rise to the prevalence of these symbols at the fair, which takes place on this and the two following days. It is still a kind of masquerade, or carnival, and was formerly opened with a procession of horns.

Fair.—Haverfordwest; cattle, horses, and sheep.

19, Monday.—Tall tickseed is dedicated in old calendars to the virgin Saint Frideswide on this day. Quarter-sessions begin this week.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of John, or Daniel, Day, commonly called the good Day, 1767. This worthy but whimsical individual was a block and pump maker at Wapping, and the founder of Fairlop fair, which is annually held on the first Friday [illegible] around the famous oak so called in Epping Forest. It [illegible] from his yearly inviting a party of his friends to dine with him, on beans and bacon, beneath its branches, from one of the largest of which he had his coffin made, and kept it by him for many years.

Fair.—Market Harborough: cattle, leather, &c.

20, Tuesday.—Yellow sultan, sacred to St Artemius, flowers. Nothing in nature is more gorgeous than woodland scenery at this season. The "kindling" of the leaf, as Howitt beautifully expresses it, lights up the forest with fresh glory upon the very eve of desolation. The bright red leaves of the wild cherry, the purple [illegible] of the beech, the brilliant yellow of the hornbeam, and orange shade of the ash, beautifully contrast with the tawny hue of the plane tree, the brown foliage of the sycamore, and the pallid green of the oak, and remind us in their decay of the hectic on the cheek of consumption, glowing with a more perfect beauty the nearer death approaches.

Event.—Battle of Navarino, 1827.

Fair.—Devizes; sheep, hogs, &c.

21, Wednesday.—Hairy silphium, sacred to St. Ursula and companions. Swan's-egg pears gathered. Lime-leaves nearly all fallen.

Event.—Margery Jourdemain, Shakspeare's "cunning witch," condemned to be burnt at Smithfield, for furnishing love potions to Eleanor Cobham, wife of that Duke of Gloucester so famous as the patron of science and literature, 1441.

22, Thursday.—The anniversary of St. Mark, Bishop of Jerusalem, said to have been martyred, 156. Three-leaved silphium, sacred to St. Numido.

Events.—Alum first discovered to exist in the bowels of Ireland, 1757. Lilly, the astrologer, examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the causes of the fire of London, which he had predicted, 1666.

23, Friday.—Bushy starwort, sacred to St. Theodoret, blows.

Event—Royal Exchange founded, 1667.

24, Saturday.—*St. Proclus.* Zigzag starwort dedicated to this worthy.

Events.—The Mansion-house founded on the site of Stocks Market, 1739; inhabited, 1752.

25, Sunday.—20th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Joel ii., Luke iv.; evening service: Micah vi, Ephes. v. This day is the anniversary of St. Crispin and Crispinian, two brothers, who came from Rome to Soissons, in France, for the purpose of preaching Christianity. Being desirous of preserving their independence, they worked at the craft of shoemaking, and hence are esteemed the patrons of this trade. They were beheaded about the year 308. In the Florilegium we find fleabane and meagre starwort dedicated to them.

26, Monday.—Late golden rod, sacred to St. Evaristus, flowers.

Event.—The reform riots at Bristol, 1831, broke out, but did not fully develope themselves till the 29th, when the utmost violence and devastation prevailed; conflagrations appeared in every quarter; sparks and sheets of flame filled the air; thick volumes of smoke seemed to mingle with the clouds; while the heavens, for miles around, were one mass of glare from this unnatural source of light.

27, Tuesday.—Abundant-flowering starwort, dedicated to St. Frumentius, blows.

Biography.—The birthday of James Cook, the circumnavigator, born at Marton, in Yorkshire, 1728. He was the son of a labourer, and early exhibited a predilection for a seafaring life. He first entered himself one of the crew of a collier, and at the breaking out of the war in 1755, we find him a common sailor on board one of his majesty's ships, but such was his perseverance and good conduct, that in four years he became master of the "Mercury," one of the expedition sent against Quebec. His leisure he made use of to rectify the defects of his early want of education; and by his skill and intrepidity raised himself from obscurity, and ultimately became one of the most scientific naval officers of the period. He was killed in a rencontre with the natives of Owhyhee, Feb. 14, 1779.

28, Wednesday.—The anniversary of the apostles, St. Simon and St. Jude: late chrysanthemum and scattered starwort sacred to them.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Locke, 1704. Ardent in the defence of the civil and religious rights of mankind, his writings have immortalised his name, especially his "Essay on the Human Understanding." His private character is said to have been one of the most stainless that ever adorned humanity.

29, Thursday.—Green autumnal narcissus, sacred to St. Narcissus, bp.

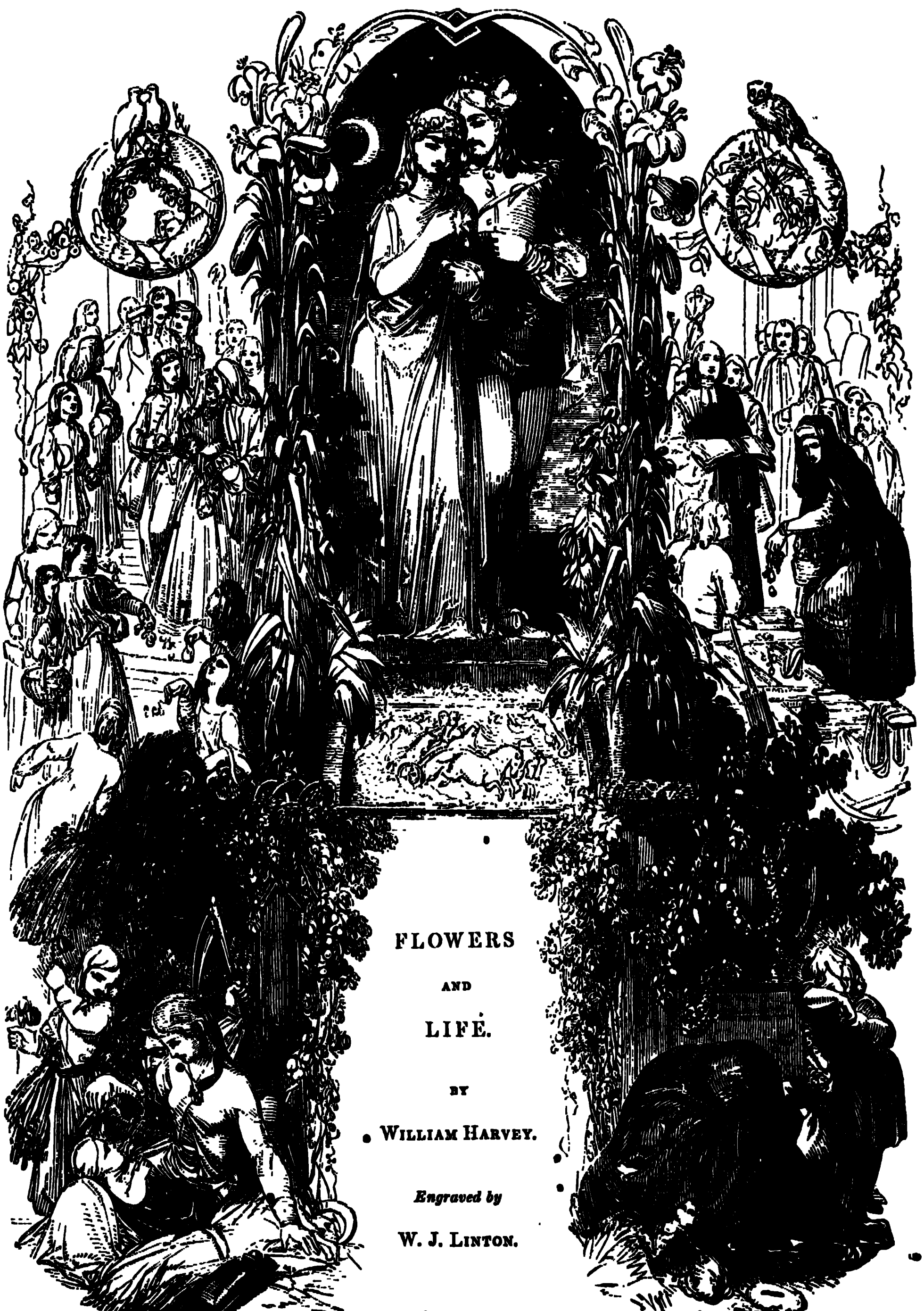
Biography.—The illustrious navigator and historian, Sir Walter Raleigh, suffered decapitation in Old Palace-yard, Westminster, 1618. His condemnation is an instance of cruelty and injustice unparalleled in our annals. He introduced the potato, which Hawkins had brought from America to England, into Ireland, and was the first who brought tobacco into vogue. He is said to have smoked two pipes upon the scaffold.

Fairs.—Burton-on-Trent; horses and cattle. Horncastle; do.

30, Friday.—*St. Marcellus.*

31, Saturday.—*All-hallow Eve.* Fennel-leaved tickseed dedicated to St. Quintin. On this eve, especially in Ireland and Scotland, many gentle superstitions prevail, and youthful curiosity expends its lore in charms, &c.; in endeavouring to penetrate the future. The burning of nuts, melting lead through a key, and sowing hempseed in a churchyard, are customary in both countries. In Ireland women vend yarrow, which, laid beneath the pillow, with certain spell words, produces in dreams the vision of the maiden or youth who is to be the after partner of the experimentalist.

The People's Picture Gallery.



AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

By Mary Howitt.

The autumn sun is shining,
Grey mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blowing still!

Still bright, in wood and meadow;
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
On every breezy down,

The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a spirit-voice—
"We have not vanished yet!

"No, though the spring be over;
Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn's wealth be garnered,
And winter cometh on;

"Still we have not departed,
We linger to the last,
And even on early winter's brow
A cheerful ray will cast!"

—Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling men grown grey!

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren
But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dreariest wood;
They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care:
They only need the dews of earth,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children;
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

—Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair was driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns,
The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
Saw roses gem the soil!

And still for anxious workers;
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull!

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

(Concluded from page 180.)

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the anti-slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the stedfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-renunciation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1836, therefore, a new impetus was given to the anti-slavery movement, by the public labours of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelica and Sarah Grimke, the daughters of the late Honourable Thomas S. Grimke, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavoured to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless; the state of slavery around them could neither permit nor make availing their humane labours. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortunes, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its movers. They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among other things, gives to woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelica, in particular, was a close reasoner and most eloquent declaimer. Before long, they conceived that duty called them to speak publicly on the subject of slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly imbruted more than a million of their sex—and they, consequently, began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repentant slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labours. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *bull* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to give them no countenance in their unscriptural course! They defended themselves with great ability, and Sarah Grimke published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called in America, the "Woman's Rights Question," and which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-labourers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them. The great body of

the abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed! and thus established the principle of women being morally and politically equal to men. The clergy of the "orthodox" stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labours of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the proceedings; but in this they were fortunately defeated. They then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the anti-slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Abby Kelly's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labours, towards the overthrow of slavery, than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshrinking achievement of good works, deserved, and will obtain, immortal honour. Such are the glorious women who have come forth on this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the strongholds of slavery, prejudice, and self-interest. The question was—should Abby Kelly sit on the committee? A large majority of votes decided that she should, and the clergy and their adherents immediately seceded, went to another place, and organised a society full of deadly hostility to the old one, giving it the name of the "American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." Their first endeavour was to brand the old society as a dangerous body; as one which ought to be discountenanced by every friend of good order and religion. This new clerical society, unfortunately, like Elliott Cresson and his mission, has taken root in England, and has obtained the warm support of the Broad-street Committee, in London, which, singularly enough, is composed principally of the Society of Friends, who profess to hold, as one of their fundamental principles, the right for every human being to speak as the spirit giveth utterance, and who authorise, to the utmost, the right of women to enter the ministry, and speak in public. But truth is strong, nay, omnipotent, and these things must in the end be corrected.

No one individual in America has come in for a greater share of hatred and misrepresentation from this new and adverse party, than Garrison himself. It has been their object to crush him, and the violence of the Southern slave party has not been greater than the unkind, ungenerous falsehoods which they have circulated against him. We have heard, all of us in England, that he is a disturber of the public peace, a firebrand, an infidel, and on the last charge have the changes been most successfully rung. An infidel! because he believes that not *one* day in seven, but that *all* days should be kept holy! Are not many of us infidels in this same sense? A disorganiser and firebrand, because he rejects the use of all carnal weapons, and inculcates the duty of literally overcoming evil with good, and forgiving our enemies, as we desire God to forgive us! May the day soon come, when not only he, but we and the whole world, are "disorganisers and firebrands" of this description!

In 1840, the so-called "World's Anti-Slavery Convention" was held in London, and Garrison was appointed by the American Anti-Slavery Society to attend it, together with Lucretia Mott, and other female delegates—Lucretia Mott, by way of parenthesis, let us observe, is another of those remarkable women who have been called out of the retirement of private life, to stand forth boldly in this great battle of human rights. Never will the writer of this article forget seeing for the first time this extraordinary woman. Lucretia Mott, to her idea, must be an Amazon who, if full of intellectual power, and moral intrepidity, would want yet the graces of the true woman. She came; she was not above the middle size; in the plainest garb of a Quaker matron; calm, gentle, affectionate, and womanly in the highest degree. There was something absolutely subduing in the tenderness of her eye, in her soft smile, and low, pleasant voice; presently, however, the intellectual brow, the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, and the eloquent tongue, realised an idea of intellectual and moral greatness, and singleness of purpose, which wanted no Amazonian figure to complete it. She is now the writer's idea of a woman of the apostolic age; and hers, in reality, are the true characteristics of mind which those apostolic days called forth, as well as the present great struggle in America. Such was Lucretia Mott; but she was a *woman*, and the World's Convention would not receive her; nor, of course, any of her sister-delegates.

Garrison, as might be expected, refused, therefore, to appear in the character of delegate, either;—not on the ground of "Woman's Rights," but because the credentials given by the American Anti-Slavery Society were dishonoured, and he would not allow himself to go in as a privileged member, where others, having the same credentials as his own, were excluded. To have done otherwise would, according to his views, have been false to that society, and to the cause of the slave. He went, therefore, merely into the gallery as a spectator.

Strong in many noble minds was the indignation felt at this exclusion, and Daniel O'Connell and William Howitt, each of them, addressed letters to Lucretia Mott on this subject, which were widely circulated in America.

The great question of entire and immediate emancipation, since then, has made rapid progress through the United States. The true spirit of American independence is showing itself amongst accumulating thousands who have awoke as from a lethargy, and are exerting their strength to throw off this incubus of crime, and this moral disgrace, from their country.

The object of William Lloyd Garrison, and his colleagues, Henry C. Wright and Frederick Douglass, in this country at the present moment, is to rouse the sympathies of the British population, and, knowing the influence which public opinion here exerts in America, to secure for this sacred cause the full benefit of this moral agent.

The struggle is an arduous one, but the hand of God is for it, and it must prosper. Many remarkable features already attend it; it has called forth an amount of moral power and greatness, the effect of which cannot easily be calculated, but the result of which *must* be an immense march onward in the human progress.

Of our friend Garrison, let us conclude in the words of one capable of appreciating characters like his—"He is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears 'covered all over with the stars and orders' of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers." He is, in short, a true disciple of Christ, and in this lies his power and his greatness. Such men ennoble their age and their country.

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. II.

The ideas which have long agitated the camp of Democracy, when maturely considered, class themselves under two great doctrines; which, again, may be summed up in two words—*Rights* and *Duties*. Their varieties are numerous; the seeming varieties still more so. Schools, which start from the same point, and profess to have the same object, terminate, some in a new despotism, others in anarchy; some in the re-enthronement of obsolete faiths, others in vague and mystic aspirations after an indeterminate future: but all are, in one way or another, connected with the doctrine whose basis is the *rights* of the human *individual*, or with that which is derived from something superior to all individuals, superior to society itself. The former still rules throughout the ranks of democracy: it has hitherto reigned undisputed in England and America, uncontested but by a few eminent writers, who are little followed.* The second, more recent, and numerically weak, has yet, since 1830, gained all the pure select spirits of the continent. I think it is destined to triumph, and to organise democracy under its colours, from a religious point of view inaccessible to the former. This is sufficient to explain the spirit in which these thoughts will be written. I need all the toleration, all the habit of free discussion which distinguishes English readers, for, in examining the school which reposes on *individual right*, I shall, I repeat, shock many ideas received by the majority of the men of democracy, and shall be opposed to illustrious names, whose principles are generally regarded as unassailable. But the question is too serious for the necessity of examining it and discussing it freely, under every phase, not to be allowed. I have said that democracy is above all an *educational problem*, and as the value of all education depends on the truth of the principle on which it is based, the whole future of democracy is engaged in this question. No one can wish that it be lightly treated. No one can fail to perceive the importance of an explanation of the views embraced these fifteen years by many enlightened men in France, Italy, and Germany. It is only by a clear statement of all the ideas, of all the solutions, of all the aspirations which exist within our party, that we can hope to arrive at truth.

The doctrine which takes individual rights for its starting point has filled, especially in the last sixty years, an immense part, highly beneficial to humanity. Born, or to speak better, reduced to a formula at a time when the religious life of nations was still in great measure subject to colleges of priests of whatever sort, their political life to governments of whatever sort, their intellectual life to censors, and their industrial life to revenue officers, it has struck down, destroyed, or undermined all these. It has conquered—whether morally or actually, is of little importance, for every moral conquest must sooner or later become actual,—liberty of conscience, political securities, the freedom of the press: and now it has conquered free-trade. Here is a great and noble part in the history of the world which can never be denied to this doctrine. But the important question for democracy is not there. *Is that enough?* Are all these conquests the *end*, or are they not rather the *means* to enable them to attain the end? And if this is so, can the principle of the *I*, of *individual right*, if laid down as the basis of education, political and moral; can it, I say, guide man, can it associate men for that end, for those ulterior conquests? That is the question. For whoever examines things at all seriously, the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy, it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains, it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.

See before you men, free, emancipated, conscious of their faculties, acquainted with their rights, with God's universe open before them. What use will they make of their liberty? In what will they employ their faculties? Whither and how will they direct their march? Is not this question—the vital question for the human creature—still untouched? The doctrine of *rights* has given men ability to act; but what will now be their action? Is not this the problem whose solution we are seeking?

Behold nations strong and great, freed from all the fetters which prejudices, class interests, or the hostile ambitions of a few reigning families had cast around them. What use will they make of their freedom of action? Will they establish their nationality upon broad and active sympathies with the True, the Beautiful, the Just; or will they wrap themselves up in the leanings of a narrow nationalism, will they strive to encroach upon the rights of others, to absorb, to monopolise all power? Will they perceive that national and international life ought to form only two manifestations of one and the same principle, the love of what is good? Will they, in a word, take as their motto, *the weakening of all which is not ourselves*; or, *amelioration of all by all*; the *progress* of each *for the advantage of all*.

This is once more the question which democracy desires to solve; for democracy is not the liberty of all, but *government freely consented to by all, and acting for all.* What the world thirsts for at present is, whatever some may say, *authority*. All its insurrections are directed, not against the idea of power, but against the parody of that idea: against a phantom authority, a lifeless shape, which can no longer fecundate our lives. We desire to be guided; only we wish the best and wisest among us to be our guides. We desire to be associated as closely as possible in a common union in pursuit of a common object; only we wish this union to be freely accepted, this object not to be a fragmentary object, the object of a class or of the part. And far from delighting, as so many believe

* Carlyle in England; Emerson in America.

or pretend to believe, in disorganisation or anarchy, democracy—like the world, whose moving spirit it is at present—thirsts for unity; only, inspired by cruel experience, it preaches that henceforth no unity is possible where an artificial inequality reigns, where a spirit of domination on the one hand, of distrust and reaction on the other, prevent all community of ideas, and break humanity up into distinct classes, by giving them different interests.

The doctrine of individual rights is so incompetent to resolve the question as I have here laid it down, that it is terrified at the idea of government. For its publicists, government is a necessary inconvenience, to which they submit, on condition of giving it as little power as possible. In their theory, government, reduced nearly to the functions of a police constable, deprived of every initiative, has no mission but to *prevent.* It is there to repress crime and violence, to secure to every individual the exercise of his rights against any brutal attack of his neighbours—nothing more. And lest, seduced by the sweets of the power deposited in its hands, it should attempt to overstep these narrow bounds, they surround it with suspicion, with mistrust, with hostile local powers; they devote their whole study to organise a system of guarantees against its possible encroachments. Here is, properly speaking, no society; there is only an aggregation of individuals, bound over to keep the peace, but for the rest following their own individual objects: *laissez faire, laissez passer.**

This is not the ideal we seek; no, certainly, it was not to attain the ignoble and immoral, *every one for himself*, that so many great men, holy martyrs of thought, have shed from epoch to epoch, from century to century, their souls' tears, the sweat and blood of their bodies. Beings of devotedness and love, they laboured and suffered for something higher than the individual, for that humanity which ought to be the object of all our efforts, and to which we are all responsible. Before a generation which scorned or persecuted them, they calmly uttered their prophetic thoughts; with an eye fixed on the horizon of future times, speaking to that *collective* being which ever lives, which ever learns, and in which the divine idea is progressively realised, for that city of the human race,† which alone, by the association of all intellects, of all loves, of all forces, can accomplish the providential design that presided over our birth here below. We are all pledged to one another. We all live for others; the individual for his family, the family for its country, the country for humanity. We all seek the law of our life, and with us (as in all that exists), the law of the individual is found only in the species. We are all climbing a pyramid, whose base embraces the earth, and whose point rises towards God. the ascent is slow and painful, and we can accomplish it only by entwining all our hands, by aiding ourselves with our united strength, by closing our ranks, like the Macedonian phalanx, when any of us fall exhausted by fatigue. Here, in this necessity, lives the legitimacy of democracy, of its aspirations after the emancipation, the elevation, the co-operation of all: here, also, is the secret of its inevitable power—inevitable as the accomplishment of the designs of God.

But if from these heights, where all human desires become purified, where the efforts, by which we strive to transform the medium in which we live, receive a religious consecration, you bring democracy down to the narrow arena of individual tendencies, giving it for arms individual rights, for object a mere theory of liberty; without a higher and common rule, you change its all-embracing, all-sanctifying nature into a something reactionary and hostile, you destroy its organic thought, its eminently social instincts, its thirst for general education, for belief, and for unity of direction, for the benefit of I know not what anarchy of peaceful men, in which man will begin by the worship of individuality, and will fall by degrees into the the abysses of egotism. And in the meantime you excite, you in some measure justify, the terrors and repugnance of the society you are desirous to gain over; you unconsciously sow hatred; you alienate from us superior minds,* who think democracy barren, godless, and consequently impotent.

I am aware that many who adopt the doctrine I am refuting, will be astonished at the consequences I deduce from it. They dream of the future much as I do; they examine themselves, and find themselves ready to devote themselves for others, for the future prospects of humanity, for the development of social instincts, for all that I declare to be the final aim of democracy. Were it not so, I should be wrong in all that I have written hitherto. These men are better than their doctrine; their heart is better than their head: it feels the *collective* life of humanity—it communes with it; it hurries them into a *practice* which contradicts their *theory*. But what assurance have they that others will do what *they* do? We have here to do not with the actions of individuals; we have to do with the value of a principle to be implanted in general education; we have to do with the influence which that principle may exercise on men already more or less corrupted by an education received under the state of things we desire to abolish, or by a total absence of education.

You speak, some will tell me, of unity of belief, and, consequently, of education; you condemn our distrust, our system of guarantees, our theory of liberty. Would you entrust the national education to the existing powers? Would you intrust to societies founded on privilege the initiative of future progress? And ought we, for fear of anarchy, to incur the risk of despotism? God forbid! The struggle for liberty is as sacred as human individuality: maintain it to the last. Wherever government—corrupt, or behind the age—has no mission to educate, beware of giving it one: surround yourselves with guarantees, so long as you can do no better. Only do not erect into a final theory what is but a sad temporary necessity; do not limit the problem to a mere overthrowing of obstacles. We are clearing the ground in order to raise a new edifice. We need liberty, as much to fulfil a *duty* as to exercise a *right* · we must retain it. But if you give to your political education a higher religious principle, it will become what it ought really to be—the ability to choose between the means of doing good: if you enthrone it alone, as at once *means* and *end*, it will become what some jurisconsults, copying paganism, have defined the right to use and to abuse. It will lead society, first to anarchy, afterwards to the despotism which you fear.

* "Let things take their course."

† *Civitas generis humani*; the expression of all great men, from Tacitus to Dante (*de Monarchia*), from Dante to Bacon.

* *e. g.* Thomas Carlyle, a democrat by every instinctive tendency, refuses democracy a future, because he confounds it with the school I am combating.

Suppose the rights of one individual temporarily opposed to those of another, how will you reconcile them, except by appealing to something superior to all rights? Here is the right to increase their wealth recognised in all: how will you solve, without appealing to another principle, the great and permanent question between the workman and his manufacturing employer? There is an individual revolting against the bonds of society: he feels himself strong; his inclinations, his faculties, call him to another than the common path; he has a right to develope them, and he wages war against the community. Consider well, what argument can you oppose to him consistently with the doctrine of rights? What right have you, from the mere fact that you are a majority, to impose upon him obedience to laws which are not in harmony with *his* individual rights and aspirations? Rights are equal for all: society can have not one more than an individual. How, then, will you prove to that man that he ought to confound his own will with the will of his brethren? By imprisonment? by the scaffold? That is to say, wherever society has not given education, *by violence*. Suppose one of those solemn crises which threaten the life of a country, and call for the active devotedness of all its sons—a foreign invasion, a violent attempt to substitute a tyranny for the fundamental laws of the state—some great and indispensable progress to be won for a suffering class: is it in the name of rights that you will call on the citizen to dare martyrdom? Is not the first of rights the right to life? You have taught him that society was constituted for the sole purpose of securing to him *his* rights; and now you demand of him to sacrifice them all—to suffer, to die, for the safety of his country—for the progress of a class which perhaps is not even his own! No; he will calculate the risks and the chances of success, and act accordingly; or he will declare himself a cosmopolite—will say—as, in fact, has been often said—"*Ubi bene, ibi patria!*"* He will carry his at his shoe-sole, and you will have no right to address to him a single reproach. The man has only been logical—consistent with the principle of the education you have given him.

Alas! what an historical commentary could I, the native of an enslaved country, append to the words I have just written! How much devotedness have I seen fade at the breath of adversity in the last fifteen years! How bitterly have I oft repeated, while contemplating these living ruins, the verse of Shakspeare—

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

They had risen, burning with youth and pride, indignantly shaking off the chains imposed on their intellect, on their conscience, on all their faculties; exasperated to see every path closed against them in future, and swearing they would fight and suffer unrelaxingly for the national cause. But without a firm belief in the duty of devoting themselves to the general cause, without a religious conception of human life, urged by the spirit of reaction, and the instinct of their violated rights, rather than by a social inspiration, how could they keep their promise? Two or three years' struggle exhausted those strong constitutions. Exile and persecution took out all the bright colours of the flag they had followed, instead of giving it the sacredness of misfortune. Disappointed hope filled them with a barren bitterness; and at every abandonment, at every desertion, they said to themselves—"*Why struggle for beings so corrupt?*"—not seeing that it is because men are corrupt we should strive to change them. By degrees they allowed themselves to be influenced, to be ruled by the atmosphere which surrounded them; they began to reckon what they lost in the struggle; they found that, for the uncertain gain of a few rights withheld, they risked the loss of their material career—of life, the source of all rights. Scepticism seized them, enchained them with its serpent coils. When it had subdued them, it transformed itself into egotism. Thus, saddest of all sad sights, I saw them die the death of the soul. Those only fell not who, taking the cross for suffering and for struggles, had smilingly bid adieu to *individual* life, to its joys, its dreams, its azure hopes.

And tell me, when you look at the nations which enjoy more or less liberty—tell me, oh my friends in the struggle—whence comes this incessant, ever-growing complaint of the *people*, of the laborious classes, of the millions who toil and suffer? Is there not here an energetic protest against the impotence of that incomplete doctrine which makes the *individual* at once means and end? Take France, for instance. There, for sixty or seventy years, the doctrine has had its philosophers, its moralists, its apostles, its warriors, its triumphs. 1789, 1830. Liberty has been won, the doctrine of individual rights has been incarnated, one may say, in every man. Why do so small a number profit by it? Why have the wrongs of the working masses remained nearly the same? Why have the revolutions directed by the middle class, by the bourgeoisie, been productive for that class alone? The bourgeoisie fought only for rights: it has remained faithful to its principle; and *its own* rights once won, it felt no need to extend them. The masses have remained excluded from the conquest. What becomes of rights for those who have no power to exercise them? What becomes of liberty of instruction for him who has no time to learn?—of free trade for him who has neither capital nor credit? To prevent the doctrine of rights from becoming a bitter irony for this man—and the name of this man is million—the middle classes should have thought of abridging the hours of labour, of raising wages, of giving a uniform and gratuitous education to the multitudes, of bringing the instruments of labour within the reach of all, of establishing a credit for the talented and honest working man. They have not thought of all this. And why should they have done it? Why should they have limited the exercise of *their* rights for the benefit of others? The lists are opened: 'tis enough—let him run the course who can. The men of 1830 are now called apostates in France: this is wrong. They have, I repeat, only been logical. They honestly opposed the government of Charles X., because it was directly opposed to the class from whence they sprung—to their right of thought, every instant violated—to the right to a share in the government, which their education, their talents, their callings gave them. These rights won, they rested. Can you, *according to their principle*, require more of them?

A great man, an Englishman, who in his own person sums up all the labours of the school, has replied by anticipation in the affirmative. He has given to the doctrine of individual right the support of a principle which he declares inherent in human nature, and which merits a separate examination. This shall form the subject of my third article.

* "Where's my welfare, there's my country."

A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

The Hague, September, 1846.

I have always fancied that there might be a whimsical, as well as a poetical, picturesque. I am sure of it now, having seen Holland. But the difficulty of sketching becomes great, when a country, as ——— put it, "is so topsy-turvy," that every known combination and association must be done violence to, ere the pen-and-ink picture in the least approaches the reality. Mine will be poor and slight, I am aware: but they are taken on the spot, and of a land unexhausted by summer tourists.

There are many reasons why Holland will be always, I think, sparingly visited by the English. It is not in the high-road to any other place: it is very near: it is very dear: only twelve guilders to the pound, and everything costing a guilder, makes wild work with a moderate traveller's money-bag. But for "once and away" the visit will well repay the cost to all such as relish what is uncommon, and can include, in their list of sensations, the "pleasures of the plains," as well as the raptures of "the mountain and the flood." Let no one say, "My chambers of imagery shall contain only one room; and that, only one set of objects."

Every one desiring to enjoy Holland would do well to enter it by the way I took: that is, from Antwerp to Rotterdam, by "the interior waters," as the phrase is. The steamers are good; and the distance—if nothing befall—may be done in about ten hours, without terror of sea-sickness, save to those whom a voyage to Richmond, or on Windermere Lake, makes qualmish. What a day of pictures was my day! Dutch pictures, it is true: but of wonderful glow, and freshness, and motion. Among the other things which this tropical summer has been laid out to promote, travelling in the Low Countries must have been expressly attended to. I never saw so bright a sky: no, not even over Venice:—the air was diamond-clear; and just enough breeze upon the deeps, to swell the sails of the gay, queer-looking doggers, with their chestnut-brown hulls, and their green and scarlet rudders, and their primitive-looking crews, as they *lunged* along the water:—the red-roofed towns and farm-houses,—standing so low behind the dykes, that, to quote Hood, "they look as if they had been not long sown, and were only just coming up,"—might have been fresh cut out of marble—scarlet, salmon-coloured, and white; and the trees before and behind them (even by pollarding a tree you cannot make it wholly ugly) were as fresh in their blue and yellow greens, as if September had not come in. At Fort Batz—where we stopped to have luggage and passports examined—a handful of tidy soldiers, who came blithely drumming along the dyke, looked so showy and brilliant, that I could not help exclaiming—like Horace Walpole, when, after visiting a wax-work show, he caught himself watching a real woman at a window—"Lord! it moves!"—I must say, in parenthesis, that the custom-house officers who boarded us at Fort Batz were models of civility and patience; the latter not untaxed by one or two French actresses, who made as much coil about their wardrobes as if they had been in any danger, or of any value.—Then we had a specimen from North Holland on board: a famous old farmer, with a face as brown as a berry, and a substantial beaver three-decker, a stout suit of blue cloth, and a silk handkerchief clasped at the throat by two knots of gold filagree, which must each have been worth twice two pounds at least. So much for the eye. I pity the mind which would not be moved by the signs of indefatigable energy with which man has here struggled with difficulties:—the long lines of water embankment—every one maintained with the order of a dressed garden; the creeks judiciously cut where the best irrigation and draining are possible; the long fortifications of waving reeds, in themselves a beautiful object, with their spikes of deep copper-violet,—to pluck one of which, save at the right time and in the right way, is a misdemeanour:—these signs of indomitable resolution have a poetry in them which we English are particularly calculated to appreciate—the poetry of struggle. Italy gives us the poetry of supineness. And, as much that I saw reminded me of the Venetian islands, though wanting their pomegranate gardens, and their grape arcades, and their

> Figs which scent
> The noon like honey,

I could not help drawing out the contrast further: there nature so rich! here so niggardly!—there so glorious a climate! here one so ungenial! and saying, "What would the South be had her children somewhat of our spirit?" For the theory of races and compensations by no means suffices to make the hoper acquiesce in one part of the globe being left to squalid idleness, while another "keeps its head above water" (literally) by flourishing industry.

As the day got on, and the canals closed in, a more varied range of objects presented itself to relieve the monotony. Huge, dreamy-looking cows—dappled and white, and orange-brown—laying "their happy lengths along" in meadows, just as Paul Potter painted them, with a willow or so for background; and peeping above that, the sail of a barge, in some water-path not seen; small farm-houses, each with a fan of trimmed trees pressed against its face,—pretty and cool enough to look at, in such blazing weather, but which, under a gloomy, spongy sky, must, methinks, make a house unaccountably dismal and unhealthy. And then, what windmills! as grand and bold in their forms, some of them, as the Martello tower or lighthouse, which makes so capital an artist's point in many a beach scene; but fifty-fold richer in right of all their paraphernalia of hood, and wings, and balcony-girdle! brave, comely creatures! some of them thatched; and then, of that soft mouse-gray colour, than which nothing is sweeter to the eye: most enlivened by some *accident*,—of gay garment dangling from the sail; or jolly miller, with his scarlet waistcoat and his pipe; or some fair, ample miller's daughter, a creature not exactly for Alfred Tennyson to sing, but for Mieris, or Maas, assuredly, to paint. I have seen no single building, guiltless of architectural pretence, so sumptuously handsome as these windmills: and light them up with such a harvest moon as is now glowing—and bring along the canal beneath them a slow gliding track-boat, with its handful of life (and fire) on board—and the dusky figure of the poor little towing-boy, who trudges along the bank,—and you get a picture ready made, such as I, at least, shall always value as among the choicest in my gallery.

It was nearly six when we stopped at Dortrecht; a large and important place, the water-line bristling with craft, all decked with gay flags, for this chanced

to be a prince's birthday, and the sky-level broken by the tower of a church—architecturally very ugly, and staring with four great clock faces,—but still, from its height and size, very acceptable in a picture. Here, again, I was made to bethink me of the Lagunes, by the want of perpendicular lines. One gets used, I suppose, to living on slippery foundations: but I confess that to abide in a place where every house has a slouch, and every chimney a "list to port," would set my imagination going, on a rainy night, when the floods were coming down and the deeps rising, and in spite of all my trust in dykes and locks—in Man's energy sharpened by Providence!—methinks I should dream more than was comfortable of the once-upon-a-time submerged inhabitants of the district beyond that particularly spongy-looking corner, called the Bies-Bosch, where, as guide-books tell us, "72 villages and 100,000 human beings, were swallowed up" by the fury of the Rhine only four hundred years ago!

We reached Rotterdam just at sunset. I am not going to offer myself as guide to you—merely sketching impressions. Here I "realised" (as the Americans say) that I was in Holland, by another organ than the eye. Verily, the odour of gin, and a peculiarly faint tobacco, is the Dutch smell. Every land has its own associations of the kind. Ours is coal and smoke. The French, their wood fires. Germany its tobacco (with a difference—inasmuch as no German can bear a window opened; whence, in his house, an unaccountable fustiness, which my friend the Hollander lets out into the streets). Italy its scents, not Sabæan, which I will not dwell upon; however, strange as occuring among a people so nicely organised as to be intolerant of rose and lily perfumes. It needs not Mr. Holman, the blind traveller, to tell how a breathing of any one of these "generic airs" conjures up as much as a strain of music, or a face encountered long ago. Henceforth, Holland has an existence of its own, to my nose, as well as to my ear and mine eye.

From Rotterdam to the Hague was a lovely drive in the mellow moonlight. The perpetual stoppages of the diligence enabled me to peep into the roadside taverns, where the neatest of neat furniture, the cleanest of clean crockery, and large, fair, ample landladies, in caps and aprons white as snow, each ready with a hissing tea-urn, told such a tale of good living and daily comfort, that, but for the "reek" I have described, I could have fancied myself in the Arcadia of easy-going bachelors. Then the roads, paved with yellow bricks laid edgeways, might have been just scoured. If cleanliness *be* as closely akin to godliness, as the old saw assures us, then Holland must be Holy Land. Present this derivation, with my compliments, to the archæologists. It does not make against the ingenuity thereof, that the population here is by no means the most moral I have been among; neither the tradesmen the least ready to take advantage of a foreigner.

I had been told at Antwerp that I should find nothing eatable in this land of glorious cheese and golden butter. But the Antwerpers spoke like true Belgians, who thus maligned the pantries of the Hague. Coffee out of a little barrel has rather a tipsy look, 'tis true—though the device threw a very exclamatory German party into screams of admiration; and cheese at breakfast and tea is calculated to dismay a cockney; but the fish is excellent, the meat juicy and tender, and the bread of first quality: though all nearly as costly as with us. The thirsty man, moreover, who is a tee-totaller labours under sad dinner difficulties in Holland. Two lines of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* might be taken as a motto for the country:—

Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink!

The very washed linen has a sickly, clammy feel. How different from the clouts I have slept under in the Tyrol; as coarse as the sail of a ship, but crisp and sweet from some mountain brook and thymy slope on a hill-side! Our table decanters are supplied from Amsterdam and Utrecht. This is well nigh as bad as being at sea.

Talking of the table of the *Hotel de Marechal Turenne*, I come now to a sadder object than the smiling Dutch faces, good-naturedly emitting most wonderful English, by which I have been mostly surrounded. I sketch it by way of duty—not pleasure. A hardened man is bad, a hardened woman worse, but a hardened child is worst, and a hardened English child worst of all—to an Englishman; especially when his pride is humbled by meeting the exhibition abroad. Here has been a party of such. Never did I hear the "*I can't bear this!*" and "*I won't eat that!*" style of table-talk in such vivacity—never such sharp cries for fish-sauce—such clamourings for a third glass of champagne—such eagerness to be helped first—though I have sat with some renowned epicures at table. They were two boys and a girl; the eldest not fourteen. Their parents were by, and a governess. "Heaven help them!" said I to myself, "what *will* they grow up into?" The sight of their snatchings and their scramblings, and their *hard*, knowing faces, might well spoil the dinner of a cross old bachelor. If this comes of parents travelling, and keeping their children with them, better for health, heart, and hopefulness, Do-the-Boys Hall!—for there, at least, was endurance to be practised. Prodigious genius is perilous enough, but prodigious sensuality worse. I was utterly downcast to see those children. They make my one blot on the Hague.

This is a quiet court-town: but not oppressively so, like Darmstadt or Carlsruhe—or others of the small foreign capitals—where a great palace over-crows wide and empty thoroughfares. The houses of the king and the king's kinsfolk stand sociably about in streets and squares, where less notable personages are also free to dwell. There is more than one good open space, half a dozen malls of very fine trees—delicious in these hot days, and by moonlight, "beautiful exceedingly"—and an old clumsy brick pile, the Binnenhof, with a gothic hall in the midst where Barnaveldt was beheaded, upon which I find my eye falling complacently oftener than upon such more academically pretentious palaces as those of Munich or Brunswick. The park, close beyond the theatre and best hotels, would be a paragon of a public garden, so rich and stately is its umbrage, did but the water run: but green-black canals, overgrown with duckweed, noisome with mud, and musical with frogs, were better filled up, methinks, could that be possible. A brilliant military band played in "The Wood," on Sunday, and all the Hague was out to shade itself, and to show itself. A more cheerful, clean, intelligent looking assemblage I never saw. The women were singularly well dressed—those of the poorer class, most substantially, instead of flaunting in flimsy Frenchified trumpery, like the shop-girls and servant-maids of what some have misnomered the People's Paradise—Vienna. No police seemed about—there was no riot: but no stupidity. The soldiers are excellently clean, and the number of fresh, intelligent old faces exceeds

what I have seen elsewhere, save in Zurich—where, I recollect fancying that the very children must be born some thirty years old, and the patriarchs emulate the centuries of Methusalem! Later in the day I passed more than one coffee-house, where quiet happy-looking family parties were sitting over *good* refreshments. Not gin, I beg to say—or my nose would have told it—and singing very nicely in parts, by memory. In short, there is an absence of pretension about all that I see, which would make the Hague a most welcome resting place, only for the dearness. For the lover of art, there is food for a week's *hard* pleasure (since learning pictures really justifies my epithet) in the Public Gallery and the Royal Collection. The last is made up of choice things: in particular the Hemlink pictures, seen with distinct recollections of those at Bruges and at Munich, took me back most irresistibly to the early days of art, when duty, and faith, and conscience went to the work of the painter, as well as into the closet of the merchant. But this opens too wide a subject—and I bound myself to try to send you pictures, not to tantalise you by imperfect descriptions of those many among you will never see. They have also good young painters in Holland: Waldorp, Schelhont, the Van Hoves, Ververt, and others—but a wretched state architect, if I am to judge from the back of the New Palace, than which, much better gothic is to be seen in many a confectioner's window.

There are no fine churches here. One, St. James's, has a clumsy eight-sided tower, worth mounting for the view, which the sea at Scheveningen, to-day as smooth as a glass, and blue as turquoise, bounds on the one side, and on the other—far in the distance—the smoke and the high buildings of Rotterdam. They seem to be perpetually at work to keep this church standing, from what the workmen told me, yet the tower is full of cracks, with all their care; and I should fancy the vibration of the great bells hardly safe, in damp weather, when the houses shake with every carriage that passes. But you would think me a croaker, were I to talk more of the great question of Holland—how it is to be kept dry? My paper is full, so enough for the present.

RAGGED SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

The inability of the poor to give their children education, and the neglect of these children by the public, have been productive of the most lamentable results. Crowds of vagrant children infest the streets of every large town, annoying the passenger by their clamorous solicitations, and harassing the police by the commission of crime. To remedy these evils, Ragged Schools and Schools of Industry have been established. By the former, in the day or evening school, it is proposed to civilise the ragged urchin, by picture lesson, reading, and moral anecdote, without any inquiry into the state of his stomach, or attempting to mend his windowed raggedness. The musing, melancholy Foster, speaking of the condition of the labouring classes, says—"in their present physical state there can be no education. Creatures starving in dirty rags, and herded in loathsome huts and cellars, are in no state for intellectual cultivation." But the supporter of the Ragged School seems to be of a different opinion, and in the report of the Ragged School Association there is a proud array of noblemen and gentlemen recommending their extension. We predict not that their efforts will be fruitless, but we turn with far more satisfaction to the contemplation of the Industrial School, where benevolence speaks naturally and intelligibly, and says "be ye fed and clothed," before it puts the horn-book or the catechism into the hand of the scholar. The Aberdeen Schools of Industry were brought into general notice by an article in *Chambers's Journal*, in November last, descriptive of a visit one of the philanthropic and talented editors of that popular journal paid to these interesting schools, which we shall probably describe hereafter more fully than we can now do; and its author, in a subsequent number, adverting to them, says—"It is very gratifying to know that the notice we speak of (the article referred to), has had the effect of attracting a greater degree of local attention to these useful institutions, and of inspiring a desire elsewhere to establish schools on a similar plan and for a similar purpose. In the whole course of our labours we have experienced no higher satisfaction than that which has been derived from repeated announcements of the practical value of that little article."

If such has been the satisfaction of the mere spectator and historian of these schools, how intense must the gratification be of those who were instrumental in their establishment. We now hope to show how they may be rendered productive of great *national* advantage.

The Aberdeen Industrial School originated on the suggestion of a local magistrate, who saw with dismay the progress of juvenile delinquency, and having discovered its primary cause, in the destitution of parents, recommended a school where the children of destitute parents should be fed, educated, and trained to habits of industry. The intelligent citizens of Aberdeen at once perceived the suitableness of the means to the end, and separate boys' and girls' schools, for seventy scholars each, were established. The success of these institutions led to the last successful attempt, at once to put a stop to juvenile begging, by apprehending every child engaged in that employment, and conveying him to a separate school. On the first day, seventy-five boys and girls eminently qualified for a Ragged School were entered, washed, fed, and disciplined; and on being dismissed in the evening were invited to return next day. A large proportion made their appearance—and, with a slightly fluctuating attendance, the numbers at present are upwards of eighty; and the average daily attendance is about seventy-two. These children, lately so ragged, ignorant, and depraved, apply heartily to their work and lessons, and exhibit a decent outward appearance, and scarcely has an instance occurred of any child at the Industrial Schools having committed any theft or breach of the public peace. All strangers are loud in their approbation of the system, and the working men of Aberdeen some time since procured a public meeting, to recommend a subscription in aid of the school, and collected upwards of 250*l.* from nearly 4000 subscribers. This is the sort of patronage we especially desire for Schools of Industry, and so long as they are so patronised there are no fears for their success. The intelligent operative can readily discover what is right in principle and beneficial in practice; and, when satisfied on these points, he is not backward in contributing according to his means. Thus have we given a brief account of the

rise and progress of the Aberdeen schools, but we think that we would leave our duty only half discharged if we did not inquire, if these schools are suitable for the class for whom they were established, would they be unsuitable for the operative who supports them? When the father and mother are following their occupations abroad, how many anxious thoughts have they for the little family at home. The eldest daughter is very careful of the baby, but the boys are given to mischief, and are apt to be led astray by evil company. "Oh, man!" said an anxious mother to the Director of the School, "if you would only take in the bairn to keep it out of harm's way, I would gladly pay for the meat and the schooling—for the goodman has good wages, and is no given to drink, but we are often out of the way, and there are so many dangers beset the bairn when we are not looking after it." She, no doubt, thought it hard that the poor should get for nothing what she would so cheerfully have paid for—and so think we. But lest we be singular, or not very plural, in our opinion, we pause till we know, whether what we have written is approved of—and if so, we have a few more thoughts and suggestions very much at the service of the *People's Journal*.

Poetry for the People.

THE YOUNG POET'S HYMN.

From an unpublished Opera, entitled "Life according to Law."

By Ebenezer Elliott.

TUNE, LUTHER'S HYMN.

To live in vain! to live in pain!
To toil in hopeless sadness!
Is this the doom of God-like man,
Oh, God of Love and Gladness?
Not so the rose in summer blows;
Not so the moon her changes knows;
Not so the storm his madness.

From storms that rock the oak to sleep,
Thy woods their beauty borrow;
And flowers, to-day, unheeded weep,
Whose seeds will live to-morrow;
So man, by painful ages taught,
Will build, at last, on truthful thought,
And wisdom won from sorrow.

Else, what a lie were written wide,
By thy right hand, my Father,
O'er all thy seas, in crimson dyed
When Morning is a bather;
O'er all thy vales of growing gold;
Or where, on mountains black and cold,
Thy clouds to battle gather.

MAN IS A VAPOUR,

Written at sea, on seeing a small white cloud rising from the land.

A cloudlet rose from earth's swampy wells,
Hovering like a living thing;
But the air crept into its pory cells,
Severing it into particles,
Plucking its downy wing;
Till it faded from the gazer's sight,
Ne'er to unite.

Man is a vapour, by life's ray
Drawn into light. But through his frame.
Creeps Death and chemical decay;
His filmy substance shrinks away—
Going to whence it came—
Through earth and air, the world o'er,
To meet no more.

Is this the finish of our days?
Is there no life in our lost breath?
Has Mind, when set on earth, no rays
Elsewhere? A voice within us says,
"Thy answerer is Death."
If Death can tell us this,—Oh, why,
Would we not die!

R. L.

SONNET.

The delicate, fine perfumes of the Spring—
The starry primrose, worshipping the morn—
The heaven-blue tinted hyacinths, that ring
Glad peals from odorous bells, when May is born—
The violet, that greeteth every hour
O' the day, while bright-eyed April smiles and weeps
(Ruling the earth with fitful childish power),
But boweth down her languid head, and sleeps
Under her spreading leaves at full mid-day,
When glowing May 'gins guide the year along:
These subtle, soft, delicious odours stray
Over the soul, like sounds of heavenly song.
As Spring perfumes, or angel melody,
Cometh the memory of thy love to me.

J. M. W.

THE WAYFARER.

By Calder Campbell.

Wearily, oh wearily the Wayfarer doth go,
Up mountain steep, down valley deep, in sunshine, and through snow;
He hath no staff to lean upon, no guide to point his way;
What is he, then, this Traveller, that wanders night and day?
A wayfarer should buckle on his belt with mickle care—
Should bear a wallet on his back, to furnish needful fare—
Should hold a leaping-pole in hand, to stand him good at need,
And a cheerful heart within his breast, and stout feet for a steed.

But badly fares the Traveller who wanders to and fro,
With craven heart, which hath no art all straits to undergo;
Who looketh not to heaven high for guiding star and light—
Who leaneth on no staff of hope, but stumbleth through the night!
The Christian pilgrim, doom'd to pass o'er tracks of want and woe,
Hath still within his grasp a staff to teach him how to go;
And o'er his darkest journeyings a star sends radiance down
To cheer the dark intricacies of country or of town!

Take heart, oh, weary Wayfarer! take heart, and learn to know
That God can strengthen thee when faint—can raise thee up when low;
There may be wanderings of thought to make the purest err,
But He hath help for them and thee, if sought with earnest prayer;
Nor deem it sin, if dark at times the whole horizon seem—
Our human cares, our human fears, our human skies will dim;
Man's nature is of earth, at best, and earth will have its cloud—
Oh! lives there one who sigheth not—*sometimes*—for a shroud?

TO A WEARIED WORKER.

"Rest?"—Thou must not seek for rest
Until thy task be done;
Thou must not lay thy burthen down
Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,
Nor cease to work, because such work
Thy neighbour prizeth not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
Nor hush each generous tone,
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye;
Thou must not *live alone*.

When others strive, thou too must help,
And answer when they call;
The power to love God gave to thee,
Thou must employ for all.

"Freedom and Rest" thou wouldest have:
Freedom is service meet;
And rest of soul is but a name
For toil amid life's heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife,
Is not true liberty;
To others thou must minister,
Wouldst thou be truly *free*.

In the outward world 'tis vain to seek
The Eden thou wouldst win;
That ancient paradise is gone—
Thine Eden is within.

J. M. W.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE FOREST.

By William Howitt.

For many years it was my custom, once at least in the year, to enjoy one long summer day in the solitudes of Sherwood Forest. With one congenial companion, setting out at an early hour on foot, I have traversed the heathy hills, followed the clear streams—and nowhere in the world do clearer streams run—rested in the sweet shades of Harlow Wood, or in the ancient haunts of Birkland, where still stand trees coeval with Robin Hood and King John. There are no days in my life to which I look back as more full of true happiness. Such a day was a refreshment to the mind and the heart for months. In such a stroll, thoughts and feelings have sprung up that have had nature enough in them to diffuse themselves through the press far and wide. To show how much enjoyment may be gathered in one such day, I will describe one, and that spent in scenes that had chiefly solitude, sunshine, and a delicious air to boast of as their attractions.

There is a piece of scenery about eight miles from Nottingham, which very likely has attracted very little of the attention of the inhabitants of that great stocking-weaving and lace-weaving place, but which is to me very delightful. Entomologists often visit it in the summer, for it abounds in a variety of curious and splendid insects; but otherwise you seldom encounter anybody there, except it be a person from the adjoining farms, or the neighbouring village of Oxton. But I have traversed it summer after summer, and always with renewed pleasure. It is a remnant of the fine old forest of Sherwood, denuded, it is true, of its grand old oaks, but still studded with furze-bushes, carpeted with most elastic turf, and inhabited by a host of the wild denizens of nature. You first become aware of its picturesque beauty, by finding yourself at a little bridge, beneath which a most clear and swift trout-stream runs; and, arrested by that charming object, you look around and onward, and discover a long valley all filled with wild sedges, scattered with willows and alders, and showing afar off the glancing light of waters that tempt you to visit them. Below you the stream widens into a little lake, with an island in the centre, where you see the water-hens swimming about and enjoying themselves; and all about the margin of the water the tall hassocky sedge stands in such shaggy and isolated masses as Bewick delighted to draw. It is exactly the sort of scenery that he gloried in, and depicted over and over in the haunts of his water-birds, and always with new traits. Lower down, the prospect is bounded by woods and copses; but upwards, the valley stretches most invitingly—on the left bounded by green fields, on the right by heathy hills of true moorland grace.

When I last traversed this scene, it was in the middle of May. It was in the company of an old friend, who was as much a child about such out-of-door delights as myself. No sooner had we stepped off the highway than we set foot on the heath, and were surrounded by sights of beauty, smells of wild fragrance, and sounds of waters running and even roaring amongst the wild sedges of the morass. Here, close to the stream, was a shepherd's hovel, erected of heath and turf, and provided with a seat, where the summer sheep-washers took their meals. We entered and sate down, having around us only the heathy hills, the sound of those hurrying waters, and at some little distance two little girls, who watched the gate through which we had passed to this moorland—two little rustic creatures, who there wait all day long, and all summer long, to act as janitors to all passengers, whether mounted or not, and are rewarded with a few halfpence by the more liberal, and amuse themselves in the intervals of business with all sorts of childish contrivances.

Scarcely were we seated in our pleasant hut when there came birds of various kinds, yellowhammers, gorse-linnets, with their rosy breasts, pied wagtails, and the graceful yellow wagtails, winchats of the richest colours, titlarks, and wheatears—all came to drink and cool themselves. It was beautiful to see them in their happy freedom, believing themselves unobserved by man. Into the translucent waters they waded up to the very necks, twittering, and even singing, in their delight; and some stood perfectly still, enjoying the cool liquid as it streamed through their feathers; and others dipped, and fluttered it over their bodies, and made a ruffling and a scuffling in the brook that was truly delightful to see. As these flew away, others were continually coming and taking their places. It was evidently a fashionable bathing-place with them, and that obviously because the stream here was shallow, running over the clear bright gravel most temptingly and accommodatingly. It was a peep into the life of these lowly but lovely creatures which is rarely attained, and for the rareness of which we have to thank our tyranny. The happy creatures seldom stayed long; the sense of duty lay even upon them. They had their household cares, and their young families, in the bushes, and amidst the shaggy retreats of the moorland.

We went on, and the next moment came upon the banks of a sunny mere, out of which the wild

fowl rose in numbers, and flew round and round, and then off to more distant waters; and when they were gone, we perceived little voices that had been drowned in their louder ones. These were the cries of large flocks of ducklings, young teal, coots, etc., which they had left, and which went sailing to and fro amongst the tall pillars of sedge, and ever and anon emerging from beneath their drooping masses of leaves, with open beaks in pursuit of flies, with an active eagerness which made them proof to fear. It was beautiful to see them. Then came the cuckoo flying past with its cowering motion and leaden-hued plumage, and that quaint guttural note of which naturalists seem to have taken no notice, and which listeners are in general too distant to hear, catching only its more common monotone, whence it derives its name.

We plunged into the very midst of that mass of jungle, as it may properly be termed, stepping from pillar to pillar of sedge; for this singular grass grows up in solid masses of two or three feet high, whence its long, hard, grassy leaves hang all round, and overshadow the depths of the bog below. From crown to crown of these we went, enlightening each other on the wonderful use these stepping-stones of sedge must have been to our ancestors, in the old, far-off, uncultivated days of the country. Without them, indeed, many parts of forests would have been impassable. From crown to crown we went, now making a false step, and plunging, with cries and laughter, into the stream below; now scaring the pheasant from her retreat; and now startling the trout, as we came suddenly on a bend of the brook that wound through them. But we could not discover what we sought most earnestly, the nests of snipes that are said to be found here.

I said that few people, except the peasantry, are seen here; yet, while in the very midst of this wild morass, there came riding up the valley a lady and gentleman, seeming to enjoy the scene as much as ourselves, and certainly adding no little to its effect. Never, in my eyes, do elegant people show so well as when riding in such scenes. In the streets of great cities, or in the parks of the metropolis, they seem to make only a part of the pageant of the place, part only of one great mass of artificial splendour and human rivalry. Hither they seem led by purer and more elevated tastes, and call up far different feelings. You cannot but imagine them fond of the country, fond of domestic life, fond of all the poetry and reading which attaches to such a life; that they have hit on the true track of happiness, or rather, have not been beguiled by modern ambition and dissipation from it. Well, let them go, whoever and whatever they were: to me they furnished a delightful picture. I saw them them called out by the charms of the country, on this sweet, clear morning. I imagined all the heartfelt circumstances that attended their progress; their admiration of the beauty around them, of the fresh air, of the heathy hills, the affectionate associations and literary recollections which the time, the season, and the scene would call up, while they were hastening away again, perhaps to

> Some cottage home, from towns and toils remote,
> Where love and lore alternate hours employ,
> To snatch from heaven anticipated joy.

But wherever they went, we made our way out of the bogs to the solid ground they were now traversing, and thence to the hills, and there the scene which presented itself was like that which we may suppose in some enchanted land. The whole valley and open hills were scattered with heaps of the most resplendent gold; in other words, the gorse bushes were in full bloom, and not only filled the air with their rich orange-like odour, but every branch was covered with a profusion of such large and lustrous blossoms, as those who see the furze only in dusty lanes have no conception of. In the larch wood on the opposite side of the valley, we could see all the openings and ridings filled with this vegetable glory, just as if it were a fairy land itself, and all its green avenues were paths of woven gold. To talk of such a thing gives no adequate idea of its beauty. To contemplate this scene we threw ourselves down in a little glen on the turf, and lay and looked on the rich expanse. Here accident introduced us to a new pleasure. My old friend, who could not long be severed from his pipe, drew it forth, and calmly began to send up blue wreaths of smoke, that in their hovering stillness were typical of his own content. But other smoke, of a more turbid and rapid character, and the crackling of fire, and the rushing sound, as of a sudden whirlwind, close behind us, startled us from our repose, and made us spring to our feet. The lucifer match flung carelessly behind my old friend had ignited a stupendous gorse-bush, and never did painter behold a scene more fit for his pencil. The whole bush was, as it were, at once filled with fire. With all its greenness, and all its flowers, the flames devoured it with wonderful eagerness and rapidity. In a few seconds it was one mass of intense glory. It gave us a very vivid conception of the burning bush which Moses saw in the plains of Midian. The interior was one mass of white heat, the exterior streams of brilliant flame, mingled with columns of rolling smoke and fire. In a few moments it was burnt to ashes.

Charmed with the incident, we ascended to the hill-top, and set on fire another bush. Scarcely had it taken fire, when four men came running from a gravel-pit, amazed, as they said, that the forest had taken fire; and so enchanted were they at the beauty and vivacity of the flame, that they seemed transported out of themselves. Old men as they were, they snatched up pieces of flaming furze, and set fire to five or six other large bushes. The fire raged and spread; the whole hill-top was in a flame, and had it been night would have alarmed the whole country round. Having had our frolic, and seen not only a scene of wonderful and unexpected beauty, but how extremely inflammable this plant is, and, therefore, how readily whole tracts of forest might be laid waste by it, we were anxious to see the whole fire extinguished, and had some difficulty to restrain the excitement of these peasants, who now became more like wild bacchanals than sober Nottinghamshire labourers.

Suddenly the men, as if struck by one simultaneous feeling, assumed a sober look, and turned to regain the gravel pit and their labour. Astonished at this, I looked round, and at once perceived the cause. A large farmerly-looking man, on a large horse, followed by two greyhounds, came riding at a rapid rate over knoll and heath towards us. There was an air of authority and excitement about him; he had evidently been alarmed by the fire. "Who is that?" asked we. "It is Sir John S——'s bailiff," said the men, and were hurrying away to their work.

"Halloa! hallos! there. Wagstaffe! Beardall! Birks! What's this? What's this fire? Come hither! I say, come hither!"

The fellows looked aghast at each other—"There 'll be the d——l to pay, now—said they one to the other, and stood like so many posts, while the bailiff came gallopping up, his horse breathing loud, as after a smart chase, and his hoofs sounding on the heath as if careering over a hollow vault.

"What's this? I say," again said the large man, drawing suddenly up close to us. "How the d——l came this fire? I say. Eh! eh! Why the d——l don't you speak?" The man was a man of truly large dimensions, of a full, large, broad face, flushed with ruddy colour. His broad straw hat made his hot countenance show the redder and hotter. His ample plaid waistcoat, blue coat, and stout old boots, gave him a half-farmerish, half-bailiffish look. He had a stout dog-whip in his hand, and the greyhounds now having strayed somewhat wide after the rabbits which abounded there, he put the stock to his mouth, and gave them a whistle like that of a railway engine.

"What is it? I say, Bunting? What is it! I say, Wagstaffe—are the d——ls dumb? What *is* the cause of this conflagration, eh?"

"Ax those gentlemen," said the men giving us a look, and beginning with all their might to hew and shovel up the gravel.

"Can you explain it me, gentlemen," said the bailiff, touching his hat respectfully. "We can," we replied, and related to him what had occurred. "Lord-a-massey!" exclaimed the large man, "can that really be the case? What a *greyn* goss bush burn like a tar barrel! Dry goss, ivry owd wife and ivry baker knows 'ull tear away like lightning—but greyn goss bu'n a-that-ens! why I niver heard o' such a thing in au my born days!"

I asked him if he would like to see the experiment repeated. He replied, of all things. We took out a lucifer match, ignited it, and applied it to a bush near us. The bush stood at least seven feet high—it was at least two yards in diameter. It stood one of the most resplendent objects in nature, one stately pyramidal mass—all green and blazing gold with summer fronds and flowers. In a moment the fire crackled, flashed through the beautiful mass, flamed up like a furnace, and like a furnace, in another second was one intense, dazzling body of whitest heat, succeeded by red and rolling volumes of flame and smoke. In less than a minute it lay a heap of grey ashes.

"Lord-a-massey!" exclaimed the large man, "that beats anything that I'd an idea on." He sunk into deep thought, shook his head, and said —"Gentlemen, what you've now shown me is very surprising, and, let me add, very dangerous. If those oud fools of gravellers have been thus fired up by a sight like this, what may they not be doing when nobody's by? I tremble to think on't. Look, gentlemen, all round—far as you can see—are woods or young larch plantings. These are full o' goss—a touch of a match, and away they go in a low and a blaze, and not God Almighty—I was going to say—could stop 'em. Don't you see, gentlemen— don't you comprehend my meaning? The consequences might be tremandious!"

We admitted it. "And then," added he, "it's not these oud fools that I'm afraid on so much as young lads getting hold of this. If the lads getten a notion that they can make a blaze o' that-ens, they'll be trying it on, Lord knows to what mischief; and this part of the country, I can tell you, is dreadfully infested by youth."

"I should have thought not," said my old friend, who was evidently very much tickled at the idea of the country being infested by youth, as if youth was some noxious vermin. "I should think not, sir. It looks to me a very solitary country."

"O Lord, no, sir; you are quite mistaken. The villages on the forest sny* with children—they are as thick as rabbits in a warren. The country is dreadfully infested with youth. Halloa, there! stop, Jack; stop lad!" shouted the bailiff—suddenly breaking off his discourse—to a boy that was driving a spring-cart along the highway near. "That's my spring-cart, gentlemen, and if you'll go and take a cup o' tea wi' me, I shall take it as a particular favour. I must have some further discourse with you about this matter. We mun see what's to be done to prevent mischief. But first I must give these old fools a bit of a fright." Here he rode up to the edge of the gravel pit, and said —"Now, lads, mark what I say. This bush-burning might be dangerous if any vagabond chaps got to know on't. We might have au the plantations and au the corn sown bu'nt down. So mark! I expect yo'll keep it to yersens. Yo will?" They all touched their heads, for hats they had none on. "Well! do then—or, mark what I say—if it gets out, and mischief's done, yo are the first that shall come into trouble."

He turned and rode back to us—"Here, Jack," said he, "ride my tit home. We'll tak th' cart. If you'll oblige me by riding in it, gentlemen—its quite clean," said he, turning to us.

Presently we were going at a brisk rate over the forest ground—presently we passed through a gate into large inclosures which still, however, had a forest look. They were overgrown with heather, and the hedges were chiefly of gorse, and planted with double rows of Scotch firs. Anon we entered great Scotch fir-tree woods. The evening was fast coming down; deep shadow lay on the whole wild scene. Our conductor pointed out to us continually, as we drove on, that all the fences here were of gorse; that the openings of the woods were full of gorse; that it lined the road sides which we passed. "Only think," he repeated, "if any of these inflammable bushes took fire. The conflagoration would be tremandious. Why I seem to be living in a region where everything is rubbed with turpentine—I never gave it a thought before."

We endeavoured to calm his fears. We told him that such conflagrations had not occurred for a thousand years, and would not; as, indeed, they have not. We drove on. The odour of the pine woods came breathing on our senses; we could see on either hand wide brown shades and columned trunks of trees, but nothing more. Before us one narrow speck of light, far distant, showed that the road we were traversing still proceeded for a mile or more in a straight line. Over this ground we drove, the hooting of an owl, and the occasional tinkle of sheep-bells in some of the wild forest fields, all that caught our attention. At length we heard the barking of dogs; our driver suddenly turned aside down a sandy lane, and before us, looming through the shades of evening, stood a large mass of buildings—the farm-house, and barns, and offices of our host.

"Yoho!" shouted the bailiff; gave a crack of his whip, and a door opened across the ample yard, showing a bright blazing kitchen, out of which ran a boy who opened the gate, and in we drove. Here we ended "The Day in the Forest;" here we staid all night. But what further concerns our sojourn, our host, and other matters then and there arising, must be left to another paper.

* A provincial and very expressive word—derived from the old Saxon word to *snow*—implying that the things spoken of are fairly snowed down, they are so numerous.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE MURDER DISCOVERED.

By Thomas Landseer.

THE NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

THE DEATH OF THE GAMEKEEPER.

By William Howitt.

(Concluded from page 196.)

"Caleb, my dear—Caleb, is that you?" called a female voice; and a plump little woman's figure darkened the blaze from the kitchen door."

"Ay, its mysen," replied our host, the bailiff. "Get tea, Lizzy, get tea. Here are two gentlemen—they'll stay all night."

"Oh, no! that we cannot!" we both exclaimed at once.

"You cannot!" replied the bailiff, as if in vast astonishment. "Nonsense!" added he, drawing out the word to the length of his own long figure; "but I say you must and shall, and so no more about that. Tea, Lizzy, tea, and summut to't;" continued he, advancing towards the kitchen-door. The good wife retreated to give orders; the next moment we stood in a large kitchen, in which a fire of logs of wood was blazing away, and around it, on benches, a number of farm men and boys who sate basking in the glow after the labour of the day. These men, and two or three fat, ruddy, red-haired servant-girls who were standing about, stared at us half-sheepishly. From the ceiling depended a huge rack covered with enormous flitches of bacon, and hams and pieces of hung beef depending in various places, proclaimed that we were in a land of plenty.

Our hostess threw open the parlour-door, and the bailiff spread out his huge arms as if he were guiding a lot of sheep into a fold, and said—"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in." There was a wood fire also blazing in this ample parlour, and that most agreeably, for the nights in May are seldom too warm; and our hostess—a stout, fresh, comely, little woman—seemed as much pleased to see us as if we were old friends. The room was well furnished and carpeted, yet with a certain rudeness that smacked of the forest. On the walls hung various prints of racers, sporting scenes, and the portraits, done by some execrably bad artist, of our host and his wife. The tea-things were already on the table; one fat, rosy girl brought in the kettle, another a huge round of beef, and after it a pigeon pie, and down we sate. Mr. Caleb Stirland, for such was our host's name, plunging his knife into the pigeon pie, and begging my friend to help himself, or any one else, to beef, as they preferred it, broke out at the same time to his wife thus—"I say, Lizzy, do you know that we are living on the top of a barrel of gunpowder?"

"Oh, Lord! no my dear! what do you mean?"

"Well, then, on a tar-barrel, and may be in a blaze any minute?"

"Oh, Lord, no! good gracious, Caleb, my dear!"

"Well, then—but yo won't be frightened, Lizzy, wench—yo won't be frightened; well, then, in spirits of turpentine, in spirits of wine, in naphtha, in—but don't frighten yourself, Lizzy—and may be all in a blaze, like a tangle of tow, before you can cry whew!"

"The Lord above save us! Caleb, Caleb, what do you mean?" cried the terrified wife. The bailiff set his huge hands on each side of the pigeon pie, with the knife and fork standing erect in his sinewy grasp, and with a face full of broad humour, laughing eyes, and a look wandering from one to another of us, which said as plainly as looks could—"La, now! is not that fine? Haven't I set her a-wondering?"

"Well, then," said he, "I tell thee what, Lizzy—I've never been so much astonished since I saw old Watkinson's horse at the Green Dragon in Mansfield drop down dead, and die directly, as I've been to-day." And here, with a certain exaggeration, he related what he had seen of the gorse burning. In his account, the whole forest had been on flame to his thinking, or Oxton Hall, or Lincoln Minster; how he had ridden over hedge and ditch, and what it turned out. What a fright he'd given th' owd fools of gravellers; and then there was a significant laugh playing in his eyes, and on his jolly cheeks, at the fears he had feigned to ourselves of his gorse hedges, and woods full of gorse, and his tar-barrel similes. The man was an arrant humourist, and had no fear at all of the inflammability of furze. "Ah!" said he, at length, to put an end to his wife's fears, "its all fudge, Lizzy. Goss has grown all over this country these thousand years, and is the country burnt up? Not it. We're as safe in it as our grannies wor. But I tell thee, Lizzy, it is really a great sight, is a burning goss bush; and I propose that when the sarvants are all gone to bed, as we goen out into the combe there, at t'other side of the wood, and set fire to one."

The wife at first protested against it, and said it would raise the country, and what would Sir John think if he heard of it; but the bailiff scouted all this, for it was evident that he was a man that carried things pretty much as he would. Tea being, therefore, removed, and Mrs. Stirland having given the servant-girls permission to go to bed, the house was soon clear of them: the men were gone before. Mrs. Stirland put on her bonnet and warm cloak, and forth we sallied, the bailiff locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. I observed that he took a tremendously stout stick in his hand, and what he called a gawn in his other. This was a sort of wooden pail, with a long handle on one side. "What's that for, Caleb?" asked the wife.

"What for? To put the fire out, lass, to be sure."

The night was pitch dark. We descended into a lane, which was deep-worn between its banks of sand. These banks, however, we could not see; we could only feel them. Caleb, who took his wife by the arm, bade us come on behind them; and on we went, trusting to their guidance. Anon we came out into the open fields. We could, however, see nothing, and the bailiff bade us come boldly on, it was not many yards further. The next moment we stopped. "Here it is," said he: the next instant we heard the scrape of the match, and the bush was on fire. By the light of the blaze, we saw not only a stately gorse bush standing before us all in flame, but that we were in a hollow field, totally surrounded by woods. At the first flash of the flame, a flock of sheep, which were lying quietly near for the night, rose up and scampered away with a rub-a-dub sort of thunder of their hundreds of feet. The bush flamed up into the most rapid and intense light. The bailiff's wife gave a scream of consternation: the bailiff stood exclaiming—"By Guy! did you ever see the like of that?" The woods round were lit up as with day; the column of fire before us was ten times more fierce, brilliant, and amazing than by day. In the next instant it was gone. The ashes lay glowing on the earth; the deepest darkness surrounded us, and the bailiff's wife was full of fears that the sudden blaze might have been

seen. "By whom?" exclaimed the bailiff. "Pshaw! who can see into this hollow over the tops of the woods?" He ran with his gawn a little way down the valley, and brought water which he cast on the ashes. There was not a spark left unquenched, and we began to retrace our way.

Presently the darkness, which had closed tenfold around us after the dazzling effect of the fire, began to disperse in some degree. We could discern the ground, dry and sandy, and the black fir trees around us. The breeze had risen, and sighed and moaned singularly in the woods. The deep lane again received us to darkness, and over our heads the black trees soughed dismally. When we issued from the lane near the house, the dogs in the farm-yard began to bark, perceiving us, and from the distant forest were answered by other ban-dogs. There was a wildness, an unprotectedness, in the scene which fell vividly on our senses. "Are you never afraid," I asked, "of being out thus in these woods alone?"

"Afraid! What should we be afraid of? There are a dozen of us—strong fellows, too, some of us; we have a score of dogs, and as many guns and pistols. By Leddy! the thieves would as soon think of attacking Nottingham garrison. Hark! that's the bark of old Brock, the bloodhound. Ha! in the morning you must see that fine fellow. That *is* a dog worth seeing! I'll tell you what he did last autumn only. Poor fellow! poor Lineker! he found him when nobody else could!"

"Well, let that rest to-night, Caleb," said the wife eagerly. "You shan't tell that to-night."

"Well, not till we are got into the house, at all events," said the bailiff.

"Nor then, either, do you hear, Caleb?"

"Yes, *then*," said the bailiff, "I'll tell it, spite of thee, wench."

"Then I shall leave you," said Mrs. Stirland.

"So be it, chuck, so be it; but set us a sup of brandy on the table first, and let us have pipes. Our old friend here—where are you, old friend?—oh, there you are!—oh, you like a pipe, eh? The burning bush to witness—ha, ha!"

The stout yeoman unlocked the doors as he spoke. We were again in the parlour; the pine logs were blazing cheerfully; the good wife set on the table pipes and decanters; the bailiff fetched out again the round of beef; Mrs. Stirland bade us good night; and we sate down to a smoke and a talk. Caleb Stirland seated himself in a large easy chair, fished out from beneath its curtained bottom a couple of spittoons, one of which he pushed forward to my old friend; I myself, as no smoker, getting only a poke or two from Mr. Stirland's jokes.

"Ay, you must see that dog, Brock, in the morning. That is a dog. Lord! there'll never be a thief come near here while he's alive. Strong as a lion, red as a fox, true as the day, he'd track a thief to the bottomless pit, if need were, and hold him there, too, till you came up. Ah, poor Lineker! he found him when nobody else could. Job Lineker, gentlemen, was our keeper here. Seven years Job had inhabited the little cottage down by the Rainworth water, where Sam Mugriff, the keeper, lives now. Job was as true in his line as Brock is in his. He scoured the woods and the open forest—ay, there were plenty of all sorts of game in his time—partridges, pheasants, grouse, wild ducks, and what not. Job and old Brock! By Gar! nobody need come shooting, or fishing either, here in vain. There's plenty o' trout in the Rainworth water, and the dams below here, when you've a mind for a day's fishing. Well, Job kept the coast clear; but Job, like other foolish young fellows—and very young he warna, neither—must fall in love; ay, that's a game that leads gamekeepers astray, as well as poachers. And in this case there were those that didn't hesitate to call Job the poacher, for he fixed his fancy on one that a good many others had fixed their fancies on; and one, it is said, and may be it's true, she was to be married to. But Job was a persuasive chap, and once alongside of this Fanny Jackson, he soon made the game his own.

"But laws-a-me! what a place he'd gone to for a wife—to no other than Sutton-in-Ashfield. Gentlemen, you know Sutton-in-Ashfield, five thousand population, and not a respectable person in it."

"Pooh!" said my old friend, "not a respectable person?—pooh, pooh—there are many, scores, hundreds, thousands! Why I was born there myself."

"I beg your pardon, my good friend—were you really? but then you've left it. Aye, *I* remember when there *were* respectable inhabitants there—oh, ay—but then, like you, they left it.

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed my old friend, testily, "I tell you there are plenty of respectable, excellent, estimable people there."

"Well," resumed Mr. Caleb Stirland, "there may, but what I call a respectable man is a man of a thousand a-year. How many of these do you reckon?"

"Oh!" said my old friend, "we'll not dispute that point—the respectability of a thousand a-year—if that's your standard; pray go on, sir."

"Well, sir, Job went to Sutton, and from Sutton he brought his wife—and as pretty, well-behaved, loving a creature she was as ever sun shone on."

"And respectable?" demanded my old friend.

"No—something far above it—she was a good 'un. She was as handsome as a gipsy queen, cheerful as a May morning, sung like a lark, had a voice like a nightingale, and was as busy as a bee from morning till night. It did one good to go past that cottage of hers, and see her pretty face, and what a little paradise she had made of it. But the rapscallions that Job had snatched her away from, vowed vengeance; and very soon, all these woods, and the forest, that had for years been as quiet as the land of green ginger, swarmed with poachers. Bang! bang! went guns i' th' woods, now here, now there, and sometimes in two or three places at once. We were up and off one night after another, every man of us. By the help of Brock we soon laid hold of some of my chaps; they were clapped into Southwell House of Correction because they could not pay the fines, but this did not at all mend matters. To begin wi' Sutton is just as well as to begin with a hornet's nest. That pragmatic little firebrand, Jerry Brandreth, that had his head taken off at Derby for his doings, once was a fine fellow amongst them, and as to gleaning out rapscallions out of Sutton—good Lord! what fools we were—only think, four or five thousand on 'em! Well, the more we resisted 'em, the hotter they came; the more we took, the thicker they came. Pheasants, hares, fish, all became scarce; at last my chaps began to cut up th' young trees in the plantations. 'Now, my lads,' I exclaimed to mysen, 'now we shall have you, for this is a transportable offence.' Well, we watched, we caught 'em, and we transported a few on 'em, for they had maimed some of our cattle as well as trees. But what then? Did that cure 'em? Not a bit of it! Where we had had one before, we had a score now—and talk of setting fire to goss, they set fire to the ling on the

forest, and it burned clean away for seven miles, with game, trees, and some sheep into th' bargain. Lord-a-massey! if you had seen it at night: how the flames ran and roared along in the wind. How the smoke rolled, and made black shadows like giants and devils dancing in the fire, and what with blazes here, and pitch darkness there—sure enough you'd ha' thought it were the infarnal regions, and nought else.

"Well, this seemed to satisfy them for awhile. We thought the storm was blown over. The ling sprung fresh and green over hill and dale. The old oaks, with their smoked and singed trunks, many on 'em put out again, fresh as if Maid Marian was a-looking at 'em; and autumn came, and game was again plentiful. But just at this time, in comes Job's wife one morning, as missis and mysen were sitting at breakfast, and asks after Job. 'Job!' says I, 'why, wench, thou should know best where he is.'"

"'I wish I did,' said she, and her colour went, and she looked like a corpse. He had never been at home that night. After dark he went out, as usual, with his favourite dog, Cockfoot—he gave him that name because he always cocked up one fore foot when he set game—and when she woke, early in the morning, he was not come back. From four o'clock she had been up, traversing the woods and the forest, but nothing could she hear or see; nobody had seen him.

"Lord-a-massey! my heart jumped into my mouth. 'He's done for, sure enough,' thought I to myself; but I did not let her see how it touched me. I tried to comfort her; told her to sit down and get a good breakfast; that no doubt but he was on the track of some scamp, and had got some one to join him, and they might have gone a good chace. I would mount my mare, and be off to find him. But all I could say didn't cheer her; she wouldn't eat; but said she must go home to feed the birds—they had a heap of canaries, and goss-linnets, and piping bullfinches—and milk th' cow.

"I up and off, helter-skelter. I met carters, and asked them if they had seen Job. No! I went to where men were at work i' th' woods. I gallopped over the forest, and asked the people that are always gathering bilberries, or sticks, or cutting ling, or what not. Not a soul had seen Job!

"It was about two o'clock, on as fine an autumn day as ever shone on the old forest, as I came out of Harlowe Wood on the side next to Fountain Dale, and the scene of the Curtal Friar and Robin Hood. The birch trees that skirt the wood hung in bright yellow over the brown heath. The waters glanced merrily down the valley amongst the green bogs. The larks were up in the air, singing as heartsomely as if it were spring, and woods, and sky, and everything looked as if God meant us all to be happy in such a world. At this moment, and as this thought crossed my mind, what should I see but Fanny Lincker sitting in the green fosse, close by the gate under the woodside. As I caught sight of her, she started up—I shall never forget that face till my dying day—and said in a husky voice, 'Have you heard of him, master?' Oh! God knows I would have given my best field at that moment to be able to say, yes. But I could not, and I was choked—my heart seemed choked and as if it would split. At the sight of my looks, for I've no doubt I went as pale as a sheet, the poor woman sate down again with a groan.

"I got off, and tried to comfort her. I told her that no news was good news. Nothing could have happened to him, or the dog would have come home, and *somebody* would have seen something connected with it. It was all of no use. She had been hurrying all round the forest, and to all his commonest haunts, all the morning, and she was now quite worn out with fatigue and trouble. When she recovered herself a little, she told me that she had fancied that she could trace Job's footsteps across the bogs below, and up this way. We went together to look, but I could see nothing. 'It's nothing but an Indian,' said I, 'Fanny, that could track a footprint here, on this dry sand, and over the bog there. I see nothing.'

"'But Brock,' said Fanny; 'but the blood-hound, sir, he could trace him.'

"'By Garr!' I exclaimed, 'that I should never have thought of that. To be sure, that is the very thing. Get up behind me, and take fast hold on me, that thou doesn't fall off, and we will get him, and set him on the track.'

"Away we went, as fast as I could, with poor Fanny behind me. The whole neighbourhood now had heard the news that Job was missing, and were running eagerly to our place. Fanny had said, 'God send he may be come before we got home—he may, sir, don't you think he may?' 'To be sure,' I answered, 'not unlikely;' but the number of people that met us on the inquiry, knocked that last hope out of us. We rode on as silently as the eager inquiries of farmers, gentlemen, and work-people would let us. When we reached Job's house, Fanny leaped down of herself, and ran in as if she had lost her fatigue. She brought out one of Job's shoes; and Brock, who had been fetched by one of our men, was set to smell of it, and to trace Job's course from the door.

"Brock wagged his tail with pleasure on smelling at Job's shoes, and began to snuff along the ground, but it was of no use. There had been too many people trampling about since. I told all to stand still, and took the dog a little beyond them, and then led him across the track where they had been. In two minutes he began to snuff eagerly, gave mouth, and went off up the very way towards the forest. 'I knew it! I knew it!' cried Job's wife hysterically, and wringing her hands, followed after. I bade her be calm, and the rest of the people to keep back and keep quiet, so as not to confuse the dog. Judge my astonishment to see the hound go steadily on the very track that Job always took to Harlowe wood. He issued on the open forest, traversed the bog by a single track that Job fancied nobody but himself knew to be passable, and took his way to the very gate of the wood out of which I had come. As he came near it, his pace became a rapid gallop, his look fierce and tremendous, his bark became a terrible howl, that went through me like a knife. I felt as if I had ice in my heart, and in every vein of my body; my knees trembled and knocked against the saddle so that my horse started, and was difficult to hold. The gentlemen near me gave looks at each other, and said in a low voice, 'He's there!' Poor Fanny! poor Fanny! she came on wild and fast. Many gentlemen offered to take her up behind, intreated her to get up, but she would not. She was a desperate woman, and deathlike and haggard she ran on by the side of my horse, and kept up with the fleetest. A strange and unearthly howl from the dog, in the wood, made us speed forward. We did not stay to open the gate, we leaped the fence, and plunged on in the direction of the sound. There was the dog standing, half sunk in leaves and bilberry bushes, as if turned to a stone. 'What is it? What is

there?' cried several voices. 'We can see nothing.' But at this moment, poor Fanny Lineker sprung forward with a wild shriek, and sunk down by the dog in a swoon.

"We leaped from our horses, and ran to her. Gracious heaven! there, sure enough, was Job! The but-end of a gun first was seen protruding from the leaves—a hand next was visible. We softly lifted away the insensible woman; pulled away bilberry bushes and withered leaves that had been thrown upon him, and there lay the murdered man.

"Gentlemen, how we brought away the wretched wife, and the dead husband, I must leave you to guess. Poor Fanny—you may believe she had a terrible time to pass through. Some thought she would never get over it, and others said it would turn her brain. But it did neither. She is still living, and working for her bread in Mansfield—but such a weak, such a withered, aged, altered creature, you would not know her, gentlemen, you would not know her, had you seen her before."

"But how had that been done?" we asked.

"Ay, that I have to tell you," said the bailiff. "It was evident that poor Job had been knocked on the head with a cudgel, or the like heavy weapon. His hair was all clotted with blood at the back of his head; and the doctor who was sent for from Mansfield found his scull dreadfully fractured there. Well, now was to find out the villains. I was sure they lay in Sutton, and so it proved. One of the gentlemen, in leaping the old railed fence of the wood, saw a small rag and a metal button sticking fast on a splinter of an oak post. He took it, and now produced it, saying that that probably was from the coat of one of the murderers. It was a small piece of sun-burnt, brown, coarse cloth, with a metal button on it, and had evidently been torn from a coat-lap of some one in too great a hurry to notice it.

"'Put the dog on the track of the murderers!' cried one. 'Ay, ay!' cried many voices, 'set him on; let him hunt them out, and'—with indignant oaths—'let him tear them limb from limb.'

"'Stop!' I cried, 'that won't do. That is a very delicate matter. We must not give way to our anger. We must not have it said that we hunt men, not even murderers, with bloodhounds here in England. It would soon be said we were as bad as the Spaniards in Mexico, or as Carolina slave-drivers. No! that won't do: but Brock may help us still, and no harm done.' I drew from my pocket his muzzle and a cord, which I foresaw might be wanted. These I put on, and said, 'Now we may let the dog guide us, and wrong be done to nobody. Let some gentleman ride off to Mansfield, and tell Jack Mettam, the police officer, to meet us at Sutton town-end, and we may leave the rest to him.' 'I'll do that!' said the doctor; and away he spurred over the forest towards Berryhill, and so for Mansfield.

We now let the dog smell at the rag, and endeavoured to put him on the track. It was agreed that none but myself and two of my men should follow the dog, that we might not excite attention by the appearance of such a crowd. The dog soon got a scent, and went off, as we expected, in the direction of Sutton. A man by turns kept hold on the cord fastened to his collar; and a rough walk enough he gave us of it. He did not go along the highway, but struck right through the woods, over fields and hedges, and along byeways, till we came to the place appointed at Sutton town-end. The doctor had done his errand well. There stood Mettam and a stout constable. It was now dark, and we proceeded cautiously, Mettam and his man following at some distance, myself and one of my men going on with the dog, the other man going on alone before: we thus escaped, as much as possible, notice. Luckily the streets were very clear of people; and, favoured by the darkness, we proceeded through the place, till the dog turned down an alley at the farther outskirts, and stopped at a particular door. Here his impatience was so great as to cause us some trouble; but by the aid of Mettam and the constable we forced him away from the place, and my two men conveyed him homewards as fast as they could. As soon as the dog was off the ground, we entered the house, and found the very fellow at work in his stocking-frame to whom the rag belonged, and with the very coat on his back.

At the first sight of us, he turned deadly pale; but when he saw Mettam take out the rag, and lifting up his coat-skirts, show where it was torn from, he gave himself up for lost. This fellow, to save his own neck, soon turned king's evidence; and, by his confession, his three companions were quickly secured. It came out that this very fellow had gone down near Job's house in the evening, and, on Job coming out for his nightly round, contrived to be seen distantly by him, and then made off. Job, as they expected, gave chase, seeing only this one fellow, and he without a gun, and rashly pursued him into the very wood in question, where the other three lay in ambush; and the moment he entered, knocked him down with the but-end of their guns. The next instant they despatched his dog in the same way, before the poor animal, who was at his master's heels, could turn to escape. Thus no guns were fired, no noise of any kind made, and no alarm being received by any one, they hastily tore up bilberry bushes, scraped together fallen leaves, and throwing them over the murdered man and his dog, made off. As it happened, no one saw them—but God. What was strange, when we came to see the place again, poor Fanny, when I found her by the wood, was within five yards of the body of her murdered husband. It was only on the other side of the fence."

When the bailiff ended his story, we found ourselves awaking as from a dream. The fire was out, the pipes were out, and we withdrew dismally to bed. All night I lay and dreamt of fights, and scuffles, and chases after bloodhounds in darksome forests. I awoke, and what a morning sun was glancing and dancing through the curtains! I sprung to the window, and what a different scene to the forest of last night! My window opened into a charming garden, sloping down the hill, full of flowers, dews, and humming bees. I saw the wide expanse of Sherwood Forest looking, with its heathery hills, dark yet beautiful. There seemed to hang over it the poetic spirit of a thousand years. The sun beamed and glittered over fresh woods and down moorland dales, endeared to me by all the charms of early youth and early friendships. Below lay pond after pond, where the trout leapt after the May-fly, and scores of wild fowls, skimming aloft, and then alighting, dashed the crystal water up in myriad drops of glittering silver. In the room below, the jolly face of Caleb Stirland, and the buxom, kindly bailiff's wife, greeted us to a true country breakfast; and in half an hour we were careering, in our jolly friend's chaise, through the fresh forest air towards Nottingham.

It will be seen that Caleb Stirland is one of a numerous class in this country whom mischievous

institutions place in a false position. That which places him thus, is the Game Laws. Full, himself, of the finest elements of true English character, —good-hearted, generous, fond of fun, and disposed to live and let live; hospitable to his friends, benevolent and tender to the poor,—yet as the bailiff of a great landed proprietor, all his views and hopes in life are bound up with a zealous discharge of his duties. From a lad educated—as far as he was educated in anything, for he was originally but a poor wood-cutter's son—in these particular views of things, he is a zealot for the preservation of landed, game, and other manorial rights; and looks on all of the working class, on this account, with suspicion. To him they are so many polecats and weasels that want to destroy game; and he would rid himself of them with as little mercy. Hence his particular dislike of Sutton-in-Ashfield, which consists, almost exclusively, of the working classes—a population which has been much neglected, but which is now doing much to educate and improve itself. To set such men as Caleb Stirland right we must set right the institutions of the country; and, first and foremost, ABOLISH THE GAME LAWS.

THE IMAGE OF GOD IN EBONY.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."—*Genesis*, i., 27.

Slavery, in its modern form, exists most strictly in the slavery of the blacks. That slavery should exist in any form is abhorrent to the free spirit: that it should exist in a christian land, in the nineteenth century of christianity is a strange fact: that anything approaching the shape of its discussion should be required seems astonishing to the liberal and enlightened mind. But while the British Isles have washed their hands of this stain in the emancipation of the negroes of the West Indies, the Southern States of the American Union still challenge the civilised world to a discussion of the subject. That discussion has commenced in earnest, and will never cease until the black is as free as the white, when they can again march onward together to further conquests on the moral battle-field of liberty.

In the grand charter of creation, man is declared to be in the image of God. Man, as male and female, is created in the divine likeness. There is no difference made between the black and the white. There is no exception introduced between the image of God in ebony, and the image of God in ivory. Why, therefore, is man's law different to God's law? Why is there a superiority asserted of one race over another? Why is one bought and sold as a chattel by the other, and why are such purchases esteemed lawful by any portion of humanity? While slavery of the negroes exists, in the absolute mode it has manifested itself, in any part of the globe, these questions demand discussion, even in those countries which are not practically connected with their operation; as humanity is integral, and ever responsible for the action of any of the members of its entire body.

The ability of generating similar children to the parents is allowed by all naturalists to be the most sure criterion for determining the species in animals of red and warm blood. This self-continuing power —this ability to perpetuate by generation—belongs to all the races which constitute the human species, however various in colour, anatomy, or mode of existence. There is consequently but one species under which the human kind can be classed; and the differences which appear in the European, Arab, the Mogul, the Negro, and the Hyperborean races, are according to the region of the globe they inhabit, and can only constitute geographical varieties. The superior adaptibility of the negroes to art in contradistinction to science; the peculiar configuration of their heads; the appearance of the intermaxillary bones, at a period of life when with Europeans the signs of their disjunction are completely invisible; the height and small size of the calves of their legs; and their crisp and woolly hair, have been brought forth as arguments for their inferiority. Such specious adducements, such interested sophisms, have no weight, however, to support an iniquitous traffic, and a foul desecration of the image and temple of God.

That varieties of organisation, however, are conjoined with certain differences in the development of the moral feelings and intellectual powers may be allowed fully. But such varieties of material organisation, and differences of spiritual development, are contingent, not essential. They are the result of climate, food, employment, and other conditions, whose effects are gradual and relative, and not decided and absolute. They offer no defence for the slave-market. They present no plea for the slave-driver's whip. Many of the American slaves, from the intermixture of blood through the intercourse of the sexes, have become almost as white as their masters, and nearly every trace of their African origin is effaced. These, however, although probably the sons and daughters of the planters themselves, are whipped, and advertised for when they run away, as much as the full caste negroes. It is thus seen that colour and organisation are not the question, but that the unjust thirst for riches is the true motive of the participants in negro slavery. It is this infamous motive which enslaves three millions of human beings in America; which makes them chattels; which debars them from all political rights; which prevents them the liberty of marriage; which prohibits them the forming of a legal contract of any kind; and then, with a superlative wickedness, would destroy the soul as well as the body, by making it a felony punishable with death to teach a slave to read.

Among the negro race, with all their disadvantages, many examples may be adduced which prove their intelligence, ingenuity, and bravery, and indicate that under other circumstances they would not be of that inferior grade which they are now said to be. Among these examples there is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Napoleon of the blacks. He has written his name in history. There is also Lislet, a negro of the Isle of France, who was named Corresponding Member of the French Institute, on account of his meteorological observations. A negro, likewise, named Hannibal, distinguished himself as a colonel of artillery in the Russian service. The American United State of Maryland has produced two eminent blacks. The first of these was named Richard Banneker, the author of an almanack, and celebrated for his astronomical calculations. The other was named Fuller, and was an extraordinary example of quickness of reckoning. Being suddenly asked, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was twenty-seven years and some months old, he gave the answer in

a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained. "Have you not forgotten the leap-years?" said the negro. The omission was supplied, and the result of the sum then agreed with his answer. Thomas Jenkins, the son of an African king, became a stipendiary Scotch schoolmaster, instructed himself in Latin and Greek, and finished his studies at college. Lott Cary, a Virginian slave, instructed himself, made himself useful in business, saved money, purchased his own liberty and that of his family, and afterwards assisted in founding the African colony of liberated blacks, at Cape Monserado, of which settlement he was elected vice-agent. Phillis Wheatley, a young negro girl, a slave at Boston, manifested much talent as a poetess: she also translated from the Latin. Paul Cuffee, another Boston slave, accumulated a considerable property by trading in merchant vessels, manned with blacks, and also distinguished himself as a friend of the civilisation of Africa. The chiefs of the "Amisted Captives," as they were called, whose story is mentioned at length in the American work of that worthy philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, appear also to have been intelligent characters. But we must not forget to mention Placido, the bard of Cuba. This negro patriot and poet, although less celebrated, was of a like spirit to Toussaint L'Ouverture. Delighted by his verses, the young men of Havannah subscribed together, and purchased his release from bondage. Placido, however, not only thought but felt. He desired to emancipate his race. In 1844, he was arrested and executed, as the chief of a conspiracy formed in Cuba, for the purpose of arousing an insurrection of the negroes. On his way to the place of execution he held a crucifix in his hand, and repeated aloud a solemn prayer in verse, calling upon God to rend the veil of calumny which was cast around him, declaring he was transparent before the Divine, but ready to submit if it was his will that men should blaspheme his dust. At the fatal time, he exclaimed, "Farewell, World! there is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire." His body was pierced with five balls, but remaining unkilled, he pointed to his heart and cried, "Fire here!" and fell dead, as at the instant two balls entered his breast. Thus perished Placido. His fate recalls the lines of the bard of Ireland, the country of the white negroes:—

> Rebellion! foul dishonouring word!
> Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
> The holiest cause that pen or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained!
> How many a spirit doomed to bless,
> Has sunk beneath thy withering name,
> Whom but a day's, an hour's success
> Had wafted to eternal fame:—
> As exhalations when they burst
> From the warm air, if chilled at first,
> If checked in soaring from the plain,
> Darken to fogs, and sink again;
> But if they once triumphant spread
> Their wings above the mountain head,
> Become enthroned in upper air,
> And turn to sunbright glories there!

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we do not advocate a physical force insurrection of the negroes. Retaliation upon the whites will not benefit the blacks. Their chains must be broken by the moral power of public opinion. As it was in England, so must it be in America.

As has been previously expressed, humanity is integral and ever responsible for the action of any of its members. The emancipation of the American negroes is connected with the cause of liberty throughout the globe. When the European advocate of democracy points to the United States, as an example of the good operation of the system of universal suffrage, the answer is, that there are three millions of human beings, differing only in colour from the white mob, who are in the veriest state of slavery in that country. Can this be denied? Is it not then the duty of every friend of freedom, throughout every land of the world, to contribute a portion to that formation of public opinion which can alone alter such a state of things. While America has black slavery she is not the model republic. We might as well go back for an example to Sparta, with her Messenian helots.

It may be useful to inquire, what have been the doings of the emancipated negroes in the West Indies? In connection with a return lately furnished to the British Government, as to the number of emancipated negroes who have become freeholders, etc., in British Guiana, is appended a list of estates which they have purchased either in partnership or association. From this list we extract the following instances:—

Perseverance Estate.—470 acres, purchased by 63 labourers in association for 5000 dollars; and 250 acres, purchased by 109 labourers for 1715 dollars, in the same manner.

Littlefield Estate.—500 acres, purchased by 12 labourers in partnership for 9000 dollars.

Lovely Lass Estate.—500 acres, bought for 1715 dollars by 14 labourers in association.

North Brook Estate.—500 acres, purchased by 81 labourers in partnership for 10,000 dollars.

These are only examples from a list extending over five large foolscap sheets of paper. From the fact gathered from them, we see no cause to doubt the wisdom of these enfranchised blacks. They have even set an example to the working classes of the whites. In a country where little labour is required for the sustenance of life, they appear determined to discontinue the oppressive system of overworked hired labour. This they effect by becoming freeholders through co-operation, in association, in partnership. In all this there is no lack of wisdom. In all this the image of God in ivory might take a lesson from the image of God in ebony. In all this there is no reason to fear an emancipation of the American slave population, from what has taken place after negro enfranchisement in the West Indies.

The *Times*, somewhile back, had a long article on these negro associations in the West Indies, in which it endeavoured to prove their subversive tendency. In that article it said, truly enough, that "any returns on the large capital employed in raising the various products of the West Indies, and in preparing them for the market, where, as in sugar, a manufacturing process is necessary, must be dependent upon an adequate supply of steady, docile labourers throughout the greater part of the year, with such an extra supply at cropping time as will meet the increased demand of that important period, when a few days of neglect or deficiency may crush the hopes of the planter!" But do not the associated labourers understand this as well as the planters? Have they not a more potent and attractive interest in the success of the crops, as landed freeholders than as whipped slaves? Have, for instance, one hundred and twenty-eight emancipated labourers, co-operated together, with wise foresight, in the purchase for 50,000 dollars of the New Orange Plantation, Nassau, with the intention or likelihood of neglecting their crops? Certainly not. The world will find the supply of West Indian sugar better manufactured and better regulated by these emancipated co-operative freeholders, than

it ever was under slave labour, or hired industry. What has taken place in the West Indies may also take place in the Southern States of the American Union.

The time is at hand when the prejudices of class, party, sect, and colour will cease. The time will come when all will see the divine likeness under the black face—

Like the shade upon the moon,
Beautiful Maroon!

There is a future promised in which the internal shall surpass the external, in which the soul shall be above body, and the light of the spirit above the colour of the face. There is, in the meantime, a book wide open before us. It is the volume of present duty. It reads—"Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?" We have ill-treated and murdered the divine soul of our brother. That poor slave, that degraded negro is our brother. Let us bespeak him kindly; let us do him no wrong; let us pray the ever-living God to restore his spirit to life. Thus may our sin be atoned for. Thus may the image of God in ivory best show its divine likeness to the image of God in ebony.

Poetry for the People.

SONNET TO IBRAHIM PACHA.

By R. H. Horne.

PRINCE—once our foe, for ever now our friend—
Thou see'st how peace is wiser far than war:
Heaven on Great Fratricides no blessing sends,
And future times will see them as they are.
What though the marble block, by patient skill
And art etherial, lift them to the skies;
Those works of *peace* true glory's ranks may fill—
The rest is wind, a battle-shout that dies.
Behold Napoleon! Victory chains, and brings
Before his feet, legitimate proud kings!
All free again!—frowning fresh tyrannies.
His art of war is blown up to the moon!
His works of peace remain—a nation's boon—
Impulse to intellect, and home's best prize.

SERVICES.—7. Devotion.

Not for itself
The flower is fragrant;
Never for pelf
Beauty is vagrant:
Each one for all!

Ever God herdeth
The profitless flowers;
God's moonlight girdeth
The silentest hours:
Love loveth all.

Love is not hired;
Love seeks no guerdon;
Love is untired;
Love hath God's burden:
Love cannot fall.

W. J. Linton.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. IV.

HOW TO EXPECT.

Whatever method parents may choose for educating a child, they must have some idea in their minds of what they would have him turn out. Even if they set before them the highest aim of all—exercising and training all his powers—still they must have some thoughts and wishes, some hopes and fears, as to what the issue will prove to be.

In all states of society, the generality of parents have wished that their children should turn out such as the opinion of their own time and country should approve. There is a law of opinion in every society as to what people should be. We have seen something of what this opinion was among the Patriarchs of old, the Spartans, the Jews, and others. In our own day, we find wide differences among neighbouring nations, civilised, and so-called, christianised. The French have a greater value for kindness and cheerfulness of temper and manners than the English, and a less value for truth. The Russians have a greater value for social order and obedience, and less for honesty. The Americans have a greater value for activity of mind and pursuits, and less for peace and comfort. In these and all other countries, parents in general will naturally desire that their children should turn out that which is taken for granted to be most valuable.

An ordinary English parent of our time, who had not given much thought to the subject, would wish that his son should turn out as follows. He would wish that the child should be docile and obedient, clever enough to make teaching him an easy matter, and to afford promise of his being a distinguished man; truthful, affectionate, and spirited; that as a man he should be upright and amiable, sufficiently religious to preserve his tranquillity of mind and integrity of conduct: steady in his business and prudent in his marriage, so far as to be prosperous in his affairs.

Now, this looks all very well to a careless eye: but it will not satisfy a thoughtful mind. In all the ages and societies we have spoken of, there have been a few men wiser than the average, who have seen that the human being might and ought to be something better than the law of Opinion required that he should be. There are certainly Hindoos now living and meditating who do not consider that men are so good as they might be while they think no harm of lying and stealing, and who are sorry for the superstition which makes it an unpardonable crime to hurt a cow. There are men among the Americans who see virtue in repose of mind, and moderation of desires to which the majority of their countrymen are insensible. And so it is in our country. We are all agreed, from end to end of society, that Truthfulness, Integrity, Courage, Purity, Industry, Benevolence, and a spirit of Reverence for sacred things are inexpressibly desirable and excellent. But when it comes to the question of the degree of these good things which it is desirable to attain, we find the difference between the opinion of the many and that of the higher few. A being who had these qualities in the highest degree could not

get on in our existing society without coming into conflict with our law of Opinion at almost every step. If he were perfectly truthful, he must say and do things in the course of his business which would make him wondered at and disliked; he might be unable to take an oath, or enter into any sort of vow, or sell his goods prosperously, or keep on good terms with bad neighbours. If he were perfectly honourable and generous, he might find it impossible to trade or labour on the competitive principle, and might thus find himself helpless and despised among a busy and wealth-gathering society. If he were perfectly courageous, he might find himself spurned for cowardice in declining to go to war or fight a duel. If he were perfectly pure, he might find himself rebuked and pitied for avoiding a mercenary marriage, and entering upon one which brings with it no advantage of connexion or money. If the same purity should lead him to see that though the virtue of chastity cannot be overrated, it has, for low purposes, been made so prominent as to interfere with others quite as important: if he should see how thus a large proportion of the girlhood of England is plunged into sin and shame, and then excluded from all justice and mercy; if, seeing this, he is just and merciful to the fallen, it is probable that his own respectability will be impeached, and that some stain of impurity will be upon his name. If he is perfectly industrious, strenuously employing his various faculties upon important objects, he will be called an idler in comparison with those who work in only one narrow track; as an eminent author of our time was accused by the housemaid, who was for ever dusting the house, of "wasting his time a-writing and reading so much." Just so the majority of men who have one sort of work to do accuse him of idleness who has more directions for his industry than they can comprehend. If he is perfectly benevolent, he cannot hope to be considered a prudent, orderly, quiet member of society. He will be either incessantly spreading himself abroad, and spending himself in the service of all about him, or maturing in retirement some plan of rectification which will be troublesome to existing interests. If he be perfectly reverent in soul, looking up to the loftiest subjects of human contemplation with an awe too deep and true to admit any mixture of either levity or superstition, he will probably be called an infidel; or at least, a dangerous person, for not passively accepting the sayings of men instead of searching out the true Word of God with the powers which God gave him for the purpose.

Thus we see how in our own, as in every other society, the law of Opinion as to what men should be agrees in the large, general points of character with the ideas of the wisest, while there are great differences in the practical management of men's lives. The perplexity to many thoughtful parents is what to wish and aim at.

Now, it must never be forgotten that it is a good thing that there must everywhere be such a law of Opinion on this subject, though it necessarily falls below the estimate of the wisest. Some rule and method in the rearing of human beings there must be; and if some are dwarfed under it, many more have a better chance than they would have if it were not a settled matter that truth, courage, benevolence, &c., are good things. Till the constitution and training of the human being are better and more extensively understood than they are, the general rule is something to go by, as the product of a general instinct; and it will work upon nearly all those who are born under it, so as to bring them into something like order. In our country, there is, I suppose, scarcely a den so dark as that its inhabitants really think no harm whatever of lying and stealing, or consider them merits, as is the case in some parts of the world. While we have among us far too many who thieve and cheat, and quarrel, and drink, we can scarcely meet with any who do not think these things wrong, or have not thought so before they were too far gone in them. On the whole, the law of Opinion, though far below what the wise see it might be, is a great benefit, and a thing worthy of serious regard in fixing our educational aims.

This prevalent opinion being a good thing as far as it goes, having its origin in nature, there can be no doubt that a good education, having also its origin in nature, would issue in a sufficient accordance with it for purposes of social happiness. As human beings are born with limbs and senses whose thorough exercise brings them out in a high state of bodily perfection, they are born with powers of the brain which, thoroughly exercised, would, in like manner, bring them out as great, mentally and morally, as their constitution enables them to be. There must ever be innumerable varieties, as no two infants could ever be said to be born perfectly alike; and perhaps no two adults could be found who had precisely the same powers of limb and sense: but out of this infinite variety must come such an amount of evidence as to what is best in human character as would constitute a law of Opinion, higher than the present, but agreeing with it in its main points. Let us conceive of a county of England where every inhabitant should be not only saved from ignorance, but having every power of body and mind made the very most of. The variety would appear much greater than anything we now see. There would be more people decidedly musical, or decidedly mechanical, or decidedly scientific: more who would occupy their lives with works of benevolence, or of art, or of ingenuity: more who would speculate boldly, speak eloquently, and show openly their high opinion of themselves, or their anxiety for the good opinion of others. The more variety and the greater strength of powers, the clearer would be the evidence before all eyes of what is really the most to be desired for men. It would come out more plainly than now that it is a bad and unhappy thing for men to have immoderate desires for money, or luxury, or fame, or to have quarrelsome tendencies, or to be subject to distrust and jealousy of others, or to be afraid of pain of body or mind. It would be more plain than ever that there is a soulfelt charm and nobleness and happiness in a spirit of reverence, of justice, of charity, of domestic attachment, and of devotion to truth. Thus, in such a society, there would be an agreement, more clear and strong than now, in all the best points of our present law of Opinion, while there would be fuller scope for carrying up the highest qualities of the human being to their perfection.

Moreover, as men are made every where with a general likeness of the powers of the mind, as with the same number of limbs and senses, there must come out of a thorough exercise of their faculties a sufficient agreement as to what is best to generate a universal idea of duty or moral good. No varieties of endowment can interfere essentially with this result. The Hindoo has slender arms, with soft muscles, and cannot do the hard work which suits the German peasant: yet both agree as to what arms are for, and how they are to be used. The Red Indian can see, hear, smell, and taste

twice as well as factory children or ploughboys; yet all will agree that it is a good thing to have perfect sight and hearing. And, in the same way, the African may have less power of thought than the Englishman; and the Englishman may have less genius for music than the African: but not only is the African able to think, more or less, and the Englishman to enjoy music, but they will agree that it is a good thing to have the highest power of thought, and the greatest genius for music. In the same manner, again, one race, as well as one individual, may have more power of reverence, another of love, another of self-reliance; but all will agree that all these are inestimably good.

It follows from all this, that parents must be safe in aiming at thoroughly exercising and training all the powers of a child. If it would be safest for all to do so, in the certainty that the result would be in accordance with the best points of the law of Opinion, it must be a safe practice for individuals; and they may proceed in the faith that their work (if they do it well) will turn out a noble one in the eyes of the men of their own day, while they are doing their best to help on a clearer and brighter day, when the law of Opinion will itself be greatly ennobled.

Here I must stop for to-day. But I must just say a word to guard against any hasty supposition that when I speak of exercising (as well as training) all the human powers thoroughly, I contemplate any indulgence of strong passions or of evil inclinations. It cannot be too carefully remembered that what I am speaking of is human Powers or Faculties; and that every power which a human being possesses may be exercised to good, and is actually necessary to make him perfect.

It will be my business hereafter to show what this exercise and training should be.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Most persons have, at some time or other, tried to imagine what this far-famed city of Constantinople is like. It is an object of strong interest to the historian, the poet, the painter, the moralist, the politician—and perhaps few places on earth are more worthy their attention than Stamboul, appropriately styled—"The Queen of Cities."

To all those of our readers who have an hour and a shilling to spare, we say confidently—"You cannot spend either better than in a visit to Mr. Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square."

The few moments necessary for traversing the long passage and ascending the stairs are sufficient to bring your mind into a fitting frame for intellectual enjoyment; or, if they do not suffice, take a seat and rest yourself in the hall. Your spirit wants expansion or relaxation; you would fain escape from the actual, the ordinary, the near—into the ideal, the extraordinary, the distant. You wish to see "the City of the Sultan;" nothing is easier said; but unless you are a *chargé d'affaires*, or a rich and independent man, or a merchant, or, at least, a travelling agent, the probability is, that few wishes are more difficult to be attained. Come, then, and see what the enchantress, Art, has done for you. At the top of that flight of stairs she will show you Constantinople. Not a picture of it in a frame; but *the city itself*, as it is at this moment—with its glittering roofs and minarets, ample domes, gardens, palaces, and mosques, and its glorious environment of seas, mountains, and islands. By a wave of her magic wand, she has transported you in a moment to the top of the Seraskier's Tower, and you gaze in astonishment and delight on the matchless scenery, stretching for miles around. Is not the illusion perfect? But do not let us think of the word *illusion* just now. Some other time we will look out sharply for the joins in the canvas, and wonder at the cleverness of Mr. Burford and Mr. Selous. Surely the poet sings truly—

> We mar the brightness of our joy
> By tracing its cause too well.

Stamboul, like Rome (her mother and her rival), occupies seven hills; and the elegant tower on which you stand, is on the loftiest of the seven. You could not be in a better situation for viewing the whole magnificent scene. Look abroad. The sky!—the sea!—the earth! How clear and bright! Is this a home for despotism? Can it be that men born here are slaves? Slaves to bad princes and bad passions? Alas! for the desecration of this sanctuary of the beautiful!

> 'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the sun;
> Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

Can he smile on them? Does he not smile on them "from morn till dewy eve?" Like other parents, he is most partial to his naughtiest children; as he proved when he let that good-for-nothing youth, Master Phaeton, drive his own four-in-hand; whereby he set the world on fire, and dashed out his desperate brains; an affair which took place somewhere in these orient parts.

What a soft breeze comes to us from the Bosphorus! It is *not* a mere fancy—there *is* an odour of orange and citron groves. And hark!—the *muezzin's* shrill cry to prayers.

Eagerly the eye wanders across the Bosphorus to Scutari. That fairy-land of palaces, with their white walls and glittering roofs, and gardens with their dark cypress groves, is reflected brightly in the blue waters; while behind it tower the lofty mountains of the Asiatic Olympus. That was anciently Chrysopolis, or the Golden City; a name applicable even now; for it is the abode of many of the wealthiest moslems of Constantinople.

Slowly the eye passes away from Scutari; and sweeping along the Asiatic coast and its mountains, rests on the white top of Mount Olympus, towering above the others. It rests here, to give the mind time to entertain the thick-coming thoughts (roused by the mere name of Olympus) of Homer, and that early world of gods and god-like men which he gave us, and which we would not willingly let die. To us, gazing from the Turkish Seraskier's Tower, in the nineteenth century, the snow-capped Olympus, over the sea, yonder, is far more than a fine object in the distance. It brings to memory that other Thessalian Olympus—Dwelling of Divinities! Ah! the Greek thunder-god, from his cloud-veiled throne, there, will, ere long, see beneath him, man's god-like slave—Steam—work greater wonders than his dreaded bolts ever wrought! He shall hear man say to this servant of his—"Go"—and he goeth with the swiftness of thought;—"Do this"—and he doeth it with the precision of infallibility; and it will be a work of benevolence, and not of anger or revenge.

The adjoining mountains stretch along the Asiatic coast as far as the eye can reach in that direction; and you turn slowly, following the line of

the horizon, where the bright sky touches the waters of the sea of Marmora, until you come to the point where the European coast begins. This fair expanse of water is the famed Propontis. How delightful it would be to spend many a long summer day sailing on its bosom, lingering among the coves and inlets of either shore, and finding everywhere traces of the vast bygone empires of Greece and Rome! How attractive, too, are those islands rising out of the smooth water! They contain the marble quarries; and this circumstance is erroneously supposed to have given its modern name of Marmora to the old Propontis; the fact being that Marmora is a Celtic word, meaning "the wide sea," and is probably an older name than Propontis. Following the European line of coast, from the horizon towards the spectator, the first object of interest is the ruined castle of the Seven Towers. Only three of these towers now remain, but the building is too far off for us to distinguish its parts. Its name is associated with all the horrors of despotism and cruelty. It was for ages the Turkish Bastille and state slaughter-house; over its entrance might have been inscribed Dante's famous line,

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

Think of the court-yard within these walls, called "The Place of Heads," where the heads of the victims were piled up till the heaps sometimes rose above the walls, and then let us rejoice that the days of such wretched brutality are past, even in semi-barbarous Turkey. All foreign ambassadors who became obnoxious to the Porte (Russians especially) were imprisoned in the castle of the Seven Towers. Indeed this seems to have been a place of safe keeping for all seizable objects of terror, for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes thus, in a letter from Constantinople in 1717, during her husband's embassy there:—

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands notwithstanding the misfortune which befel a very fine one intended for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending on it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered on this occasion, and the mummy was committed close prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since. I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it, but I hope mine will pass without examination.

To particularise all the objects of interest within sight would require a volume; but some few we must mention—each being a nucleus for historic, poetic, or philosophic thought. The triangular form of the city is easily recognised—taking the point of the seraglio as the apex, and the line of the ancient walls of Theodosius II.—extending from the sea of Marmora, across the land, to the Acqua Dolce, or sweet water, at the head of the port, or Golden Horn—as the base. The size of this triangle has been greatly exaggerated. Tournefort, indeed, makes it three and twenty miles in circuit; but recent and more exact accounts make it ten miles less. The writer of the article "Constantinople," in the Penny Cyclopædia, reminds us that "the treble walls and ditches on the land side, the extensive gardens of the Seraglio and other palaces, the large court-yards of the Royal Mosques, the Hippodrome, and other vacant squares, materially diminish the extent of ground covered with houses." But this triangle, the ancient Constantinople, is no more the whole of the present Constantinople, than the City is the whole of London. Galata, Tophana, Pera, and Scutari, are virtually parts of Constantinople; as Wapping, Southwark, Westminster, and that undefined region called the West End are parts of London.

The Seraglio, as seen from our position, looks like a large maze of gardens, groves, and irregular extensive buildings. What the gifted Lady Mary Montagu said of it more than a hundred years ago is correct now; although later female writers (Miss Pardoe and others) may have a little more to say about the interior:—

I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees—which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round and set with trees, having galleries of stone: one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the Divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are, at least, as many more.

Near the Seraglio is the Mosque of St. Sophia, the most famous, but not the most beautiful or most striking-looking of the many mosques which we see before us. "The dome is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet in diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble; the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of particoloured marble, and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down." St. Sophia is one of the very few ancient monuments remaining. It boasts the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, which the Turks hold in great veneration. Probably they forgive his christianity in consideration of his foundation of the city, which their great conqueror, Mahomet the Second, made the seat of his empire. At the time of its capture by that Sultan, in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was to the Greek hierarchy what St. Peter's at Rome was to the Roman. Mahomet, through policy or pride, or a mixture of both, took care to preserve this magnificent church. He converted it into a mosque; and it is likely that many a christian, suddenly brought over to the faith of Islam by the cogent argument of the sword, defrauded Allah and the prophet, within the walls of the new-made mosque, by addressing their prayers secretly to the figures of the saints, still very visible in the mosaic work. Gibbon has a fine passage descriptive of the triumphal entry of Mahomet II. into Constantinople, from which we quote the following:—

At the principal door of St. Sophia he alighted from his horse and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory, that, on observing a zealous mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scimitar, that if the spoil and captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the Eastern Church was transformed into a mosch; the rich and portable instruments of superstition had been removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezzin*, or crier, ascended the most lofty turret, and proclaimed the *ezan*, or public invitation, in the name of God and his prophet; the imam preached; and Mahomet II. performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars (Constantine Palæologus).

Of the other mosques, the most beautiful, as seen from our point of view, are those of Achmet, Bajazet, Solyman, and Nouri Osmanya.

A conspicuous object in the landscape is the aqueduct of Valens—a remarkable remnant of ancient power and skill, still used for the purpose for which it was built.

It were well that we moderns imitated the an-

cients in the solidity and grandeur of their works of public utility. The aqueducts, sewers, and roads of a thousand years ago ought to shame the English into a better exercise of their organ of constructiveness.

The Seraskier's (*i. e.* commander-in-chief's) Square is the ancient forum of Theodosius. As the guide-book says—"It now contains within its walls the residence and offices of the seraskier and general staff, a fine parade-ground, in which three battalions can manœuvre, a long range of barracks (painted blue) for 5000 men, a military hospital with 400 beds, a barrack for the police, a prison, and a battery of twelve pieces for firing salutes (which are seen under an open shed)."

The beautiful and lofty tower on which we stand is in this square. It was built in 1828 by the late Sultan. Watchmen are stationed on the top all night, to look out for fires, which are very frequent and very extensive, as nearly all the houses are built of wood.

Having given this slight sketch of the Panorama of Constantinople, we will not attempt to fill it up, but will now conclude with the hope that some of our readers will be tempted to visit this interesting exhibition, and that they may be as much pleased and instructed by it as we have been. J. M. W.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

By Andrew Delap.

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward—forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change!"—*Locksley Hall.*

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

To the world at large, the telegraph room of a railway must be imbued with no small degree of mystery. The wires, after running so many hundred miles, seem suddenly to dip into it with quite the at-home air of a traveller stooping to enter his own lowly porch. How vague, and yet how poetical, must be the ideas which exist in the minds of the pleasure-seeking people who crowd the railway stations on gala days of the nature of the proceedings in these rooms, in which the subtle breath of electricity gives its responses through brazen lips!

We fear much disappointment would result, however, from an inspection of the telegraphic machinery, as little is to be seen which at once strikes the eye, or that appears at all commensurate with the effect which it produces. If we go into the telegraph room of any of the railways—say, for instance, that of the South Western, at Nine Elms—we find two or three tables, occupied with as many mahogany cases, containing the different apparatus; under the tables a corresponding number of batteries, from which spirals of wire proceed, and connect them with the telegraph, and the conducting wire which we see in the open air.

These telegraphs are on two principles. The one the invention of Professor Wheatstone, and called the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; and the other that of his partner, Mr. Cook. As it appears to us, however—and as, indeed, it is generally considered—that the professor's invention is much the most effective of the two, we shall confine ourselves to its description, following, for the sake of scientific clearness, as nearly as convenient, the account of it as given in the *Introduction to the Study of Chemical Philosophy*, by Professor Daniell.

The Electro-Magnetic Telegraph consists of two parts—the *Communicator*, and the *Indicator*. The former we will consider in the room with us ready to forward a message; the latter at the end of the conducting wire, at however great a distance that might happen to be. First, then, of the communicator. We see before us a brass circle of some six inches in diameter, moving freely at the upper end of a brass pillar. The circumference of this circle has twelve notches cut in it, which are filled with pieces of ivory, or hard wood; so it presents an equal alternation of conducting and non-conducting substance. A brass spring presses against the circumference; one of the communicating wires is connected with this spring, and the other with the brass pillar; and the voltaic battery, which in all Professor Wheatstone's experiments consists of a few elements of very inconsiderable dimensions, is interposed anywhere in the circuit. On the surface of the circle the twenty-four characters of the alphabet are marked, and the same number of radial pins are provided for the convenience of turning it with the finger; and a stop is placed, so that the finger applied to any one of the spokes shall not move it beyond a certain point. On turning the circle, the spring passes alternately over conducting and non-conducting divisions, and the circuit is correspondingly completed, or interrupted; or in other words, the electricity, instead of proceeding in a continual flow, beats like a pulse along the whole length of the conducting wire. The proper adjustment being made, whenever a letter is brought opposite to the fixed stop, by applying a finger to its corresponding spoke, the same letter appears upon the dial of the indicator.

The indicator, which we will place at Southampton, forms the second part of the invention, and the one to which Professor Wheatstone exclusively lays claim. It consists of an electro-magnet, formed of two soft iron cylinders, two inches long, and half an inch in diameter, round which is coiled a considerable quantity of copper wire covered with silk, the extremities of which wire are connected with the conductor, which proceeds from station to station of the telegraphic line. We have before seen, from the peculiar action of the communicator, that the electric current beats in a regular pulse along the wire, which pulse, upon reaching the soft iron cylinders, turns them into a magnet, which attracts a small piece of iron called a detent; immediately on the pulse ceasing, the soft iron cylinders lose their magnetic power, and the detent flies back, in consequence of the reaction of a spring. By the continual beating of the electric pulse, and the consequent alternating magnetic and non-magnetic state of the soft iron cylinders, the detent is caused to move backwards and forwards, which action is converted into an intermitting circular motion in a single direction, by means of two drivers acting on a toothed wheel. To the whole a dial is attached, which dial advances a step or letter whenever the attraction acts or ceases. On the circumference of the dial the letters of the alphabet are engraved; the whole instrument is inclosed in a case, and a brass plate is placed before the dial, in which a small aperture is cut, allowing a single character only to be seen at a time, and any required word may be spelt by making the pulse of electricity act upon the detent, the number of times or spaces that alphabetically lie between each letter. Thus, for instance, if the word "give" had to be sent, the communicator first pulses the letter *g*; it must then be turned round two spaces to come to *i*, through eleven to come to *v*, and through nine to come to *e*, and so on.

If we watch the manner in which a message is communicated, the precision with which all this complicated machinery works appears wonderful. At the Nine Elms Station an attendant receives a slip of paper, with the words written on it that you wish forwarded. He goes to the little brass communicator, which is very similar to a ship's steering wheel placed horizontally; he turns the spokes as many times as he requires letters to spell its different words, and tells you in about as short a space of time as we have employed describing it, that your message has been received. At Southampton another attendant, attracted by an alarum, which always rings to draw attention to a coming message, watches the indicator, in the face of which is a little opening, much like that in an old-fashioned eight-day clock, which shows the day of the month. To this hole letter after letter comes in rapid succession; these the attendant writes down (the conclusion of each word being marked by a star), and your communication is completed. A letter and its copy are, in fact, written as contemporaneously as if a manifold letter-writer had been employed. The only difference between the manifold writer and the electric telegraph being, that in the former case your copy is traced at the distance of the thickness of a sheet of paper; in the latter it might be at the whole diameter of the earth!

Those who are unacquainted with the nature of electricity imagine that the wires which they see running parallel to a railroad are all that is necessary to complete what might be called the Highway of Thought. But it is not so. The electric fluid starts from the voltaic battery, threads with the speed of light all the delicate machinery we have described, delivers its message, and would be glad, one would think, to escape the further bondage of man by dispersing itself in the earth. Not so: the idea transmitted, the labour accomplished, it seeks to return again to the point from which it set out. After passing through, and working the indicator, it proceeds along a wire to where it is connected with a plate of zinc buried in the ground. From this point it starts on its mysterious journey through the solid earth towards its home, like the carrier pigeon taking its flight through a way unknown; but, guided by what we might daringly call an unerring instinct, it reaches a similar plate in the earth, from which it is conducted perpendicularly upwards along a wire, and enters the battery at the opposite pole from which it departed, thus completing what is called the circuit, and which circuit might extend as far as it is in the power of man to lay down a conducting wire.

The power which either earth or water, or the two alternately, possess of completing the circuit was discovered early in the last century, but it was first employed for telegraphic purposes by Professor Wheatstone in 1842, when, by means of Waterloo Bridge, he passed a wire from his lecture room in King's College to the shot tower on the opposite side of the river; the two ends of the wire, attached to two zinc plates, were then buried in the mud of either shore, and the water and earth completed the circuit as effectually as if a metallic conductor had been employed for the returning current.

It has often struck us flying past in the train, and gazing upon the wires, now cutting against the sky, now painted like delicate nerves upon the dark green trees, how much we might speculate upon the secrets they are conveying. Perhaps, as we survey them, some royal message

Lives along the line.

Perhaps—oh, vile antithesis!—'tis only an order for so many dozen of lobsters; or, it might be the issue of some gigantic speculation in the funds; or, borne upon its rushing arrow, the tender billet of the lover, as in old romance.

Had we the power to witness the diorama of humanity, which in silence is continually moving past, what secrets would appear, what petty cares and sorrows, what common-places of commerce, what joy-giving messages; perchance, what terrible revelations. Tawell, flying from his murdered victim, would have seen for an instant the shadow of the Avenging Angel as he passed.* Our brain staggers as we attempt to realise so fanciful a vision. Slowly the swift shuttles of thought, which mentally we have seen traversing the wires, disappear, and before us the monotonous telegraph stretches from post to post, until its perspective vanishes in the blue and misty air.

Year by year we are increasing this nervous system of our island, and we are already longing to extend our empire over the sea. Experiments which have been made by Professor Wheatstone, in the Portsmouth dockyards, leave no doubt of the practicability of laying down a submarine telegraph. Perfect insulation of the conductors has been obtained, and messages sent through the depths of the sea. In a short time the telegraph will certainly be laid down between Dover and Calais; can we doubt that the day will come, when it will traverse the widest ocean—stretch from continent to continent—from the old to the new world? When that time shall arrive, another agent will be at work, more potent than even the printing press, in furthering the ends of civilisation, and promoting good-will among men. Nations will live in daily correspondence with each other, and jealousies—instead of gathering to ungovernable heights before explanations can be exchanged—will be assuaged and dispelled by discussion. It will, in fact, prove to the passions of nations what the lightning rod does to the storm—a safe and gradual conductor and dissipator of the sudden and unlooked-for danger. And then, as Mr. Cobden finely observed, in a late speech in France—"The fate of nations will no longer wait upon the trembling finger of the diplomatist, and war will become more and more repugnant to the feelings and interests of mankind."

The very principle of the electric telegraph is no small sign of the pacific tendencies of humanity, and of our advancement in civilisation. All the telegraphs of old are associated either with scenes of blood and rebellion, or the secret policy of governments—they were the beacon fires which spread from hill to hill, and lit up the flames of rebellion, or the semaphores of more modern times which put fleets and armies in motion. The electric telegraph is rather the servant of the *people*—it speaks between man and man, and busies itself with the everyday affairs of his life; its tendencies are to draw the nations together, and knit them in one enduring confederation.

Such is, then, the power which the Prosperos of science have called up for the service of man. A spirit more marvellous than fairyland can show. An Ariel or a Puck to traverse the fields of air faster than a beam of light—a gnome who trudges through the solid earth to do our bidding—a spirit who realises more than the visions of the poet, and who, when you call him from the vasty deep, *will* come.

* The intelligence of the murderer's presence in the approaching train was indicated by the telegraph of the Great Western Railway.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE BARBER. By W. HUNT.

RAGGED SCHOOLS,
AND
ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

(*Continued from page 193.*)

With ragged schools we have little to do. We dislike the name, which, if indicative of the character of the institution, has no beauty in our eyes. Rags, in our opinion, are of no use, but for being converted into paper; and we think the sooner the title is altered, the sooner will the schools grow in favour with the public. The Industrial School is an attractive designation, and excites curiosity. The inquiring stranger asks what sort of schools the Aberdeen schools of industry are, and says, let us go and examine. We enter a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room, around which fifty or sixty boys are seated on low stools, plying the busy needle in the process of net-making; while ten or a dozen boys of smaller growth are seated on the floor in the centre of the room, no less actively employed in filling the needles from the twine ball. Not a sound is heard, except the word "needle" every now and then, as the netter tosses from him the empty implement, and receives a filled one. One man superintends the group, and he is fully occupied in assisting to tie up the net, as it lengthens under the lightning movement of the weaver. At a signal, and often spontaneously, the merry song, or sacred hymn, raises its cheerful or solemn note; and thus about five hours a day are spent in the work-room. He enters another room, and a like number of still smaller gentry are found tearing hair, or performing some easy manual operation. The single superintendent seems less efficient, or allows his little labourers greater liberty; for they are laughing and talking, as if under no restraint, and as if their work were only play. The dinner-bell has rung—let us witness the meal. The boys walk in, and take their places at the table: their hands are folded, and all are in the humble attitude of prayer, while one, in gentle accents, asks a blessing on their food. Each boy has his bowl of soup, and allotted portion of bread; and with a healthy appetite, but with perfect quiet, enjoys his dinner. Thanks are offered, as the blessing asked, and the group adjourn to play. Hoop and ball, and other boyish sports, are joyously pursued, till the bell summons them to school; and books and slates are handed round, and for an hour and a half, all are busy at their lessons; and work or recreation follows; so that with alternation of work, play, and reading, there is no languor. Having satisfied his curiosity, the stranger takes his leave, praising and blessing the institution. He has been told that the boys are three hours daily in the school-room, and five hours in the work room, that they breakfast, dine, and sup, Sunday and week-day; that, on an average, each boy earns daily upwards of a penny, and that his daily cost of food is only twopence; that his attendance is most regular—being seldom absent, except from sickness, which is very rare; and that the discipline of the school is maintained almost entirely with moral force.

Before leaving, he is told there is a girls' school of industry, and he hastens thither. The first glance shows him that here female influence predominates. Surely these sixty or seventy nice, healthy, clean-looking girls are not the children of destitution? Assured that they are, his admiration increases as he hears them read, and sees their work and their copy books; all testifying to the most careful teaching, and the greatest aptitude to learn. The arrangements correspond with the boys' school, and the same system of giving food, and teaching and working by turns, is pursued; but everything is of a more domestic character, and exhibits a greater attention to personal appearance. The intelligent teacher is modestly answering the stranger's questions, when the visiting lady-directresses make their appearance. It is admission day, and several applicants, with their mothers, are in attendance. The mother tells her tale of distress; how her husband is disabled, and incapable of work; or that she is a widow, with a family of seven, of whom only two are old enough to earn their food. The ladies are minute in their investigation, and soon set out to ascertain the correctness of the statements by inquiry among the neighbours. But one, less vigorous, remained to tell of her experiences, which were not a few. She had devoted herself for thirty years, like a sister of charity, to the benevolent institutions of the city. "I have," said she, "been connected with prison reformation societies, shelters for the fallen, and many others for relief of destitution, and winning the vicious back to virtue; but in none have I derived half the satisfaction I have enjoyed in this little hive of youth. The author of sin retains such influence over his adult slave, that there is seldom manifested a wish for christian freedom, and when a wish is expressed, it is so feeble and fluctuating, that hope and love are almost converted into dislike and despair. But here I feel as if my youth were renewed by the freshness, and innocence, and gaiety, of these dear children. They come to us so ignorant and careworn, by neglect and family wretchedness, that I look on them as mere infants. But they are so willing to learn, that they seem to get wisdom by intuition. My old memory forgets everything I would wish to retain, but their young perceptions are always active; and from being the teacher, I soon become the taught. Yes, I see you admire their gentle manners, as much as their healthy appearance. But look into our visitors' book, and you will have no cause for astonishment. This humble house, and these hitherto neglected children, have had many of the great, the wealthy, the noble, and the good, to visit them. See the Duchess of G——, that noble-minded lady, whose nobility of station is exalted by her meek and humble christian spirit, says she has had much pleasure in visiting the school, which has fully answered the expectations she had formed of it; and William Chambers, whose article in the *Journal* you have read, has no little pleasure in adding his testimony of approbation of the manner in which this useful and beneficially-conducted institution is managed; and the Canadian Chief, with the unpronounceable name, which, being interpreted, means Peter Jones, had great pleasure in visiting and addressing the female school of industry. He says, the more he becomes acquainted with such institutions, the more he is convinced of their utility and importance, especially amongst the youth of his native country. He prays that the blessing of Kezha Munedor—the great good spirit—may rest upon the friends of the school, and upon the children. And Miss M——, from county Sligo, in Ireland, says that she, and her mother and sisters, had the greatest satisfaction in visiting the school. The orderly appearance of the children, their correct and wonderful knowledge of that book which maketh wise unto salvation, through faith in a crucified Saviour, pleased, and, indeed, edified them all. And Mr. A. L——,

from Glasgow, says that he visited the school for the purpose of acquiring information to aid in establishing a similar institution elsewhere; and he expresses great satisfaction with what he heard and saw. And there is a deputation from Dundee, who came to see the industrial schools in operation; and they had much pleasure in recording their high satisfaction with the order, cleanliness, and intelligence of the children."

The stranger's attention was directed to many other entries, all equally commendatory; but it would be useless to transcribe them, as the preceding are sufficient to show the estimation in which this school is held.

There is still another school to see. It is called the Soup Kitchen School, from having been opened in that institution, where it is yet carried on. It has been mentioned in a former number how it had been filled, and how supported. The boys here had a stinted, careworn look. The girls were fresher, and several were good-looking. But all showed that little care had been bestowed on their bringing up; and the kindly, comfortable treatment they were receiving had not obliterated all traces of former want. They appeared, what in fact they were—the children of the utterly destitute. Yet they seemed happy and cheerful, and pursued their humble tasks of picking oakum and knitting worsted stockings with pleasing assiduity. Here, as at all the other schools, the children go to their homes in the evening, and return in the morning. The wisdom of this arrangement has been questioned. We have frequently heard its merits discussed; and as it is a matter of great importance, we shall probably soon recur to it. In the meantime, we cannot help expressing an opinion that if these schools had done nothing more than putting a stop to juvenile vagrancy, they are deserving of public countenance and support. Is it not incredible that children, trained to beg, should all at once lay aside their vagrant habits, and give their regular attendance at school? Yet so it is; and the wonder ceases when it is considered that the argument of "no school, no dinner," applies with irresistible force, and hunger soon constrains the greatest truant to attend.

TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

By Henry F. Chorley.

No. IV.—MENDELSSOHN AND HIS WORKS.

You have been lately reading of artists called upon to struggle with hard fortunes. It is pleasant from time to time, to contemplate a more sunshiny picture than success preluded by years of struggle, or hope long deferred driving the sufferer into despair. I know not where, among musicians at least, I could find an example of a life from its first hour more joyous and more prosperous than that of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy—"Happy" by name, happy in his fortunes. The son of an opulent banker in Berlin, the grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, "the boy was born," as an old friend said of him, "on a lucky day;" with as many good chances as rich gifts. His mother was one of the most distinguished women it has been ever my good fortune to encounter: *distinguished* in the best sense of the word. Very beautiful, with a taste for literature and art as keen as her affections were warm and her hospitality courteous—surrounded habitually by the most cultivated persons of Germany, and the worthiest strangers who visited Prussia—it was impossible to pass an hour in her society, to receive her welcome, gracious without formality or that *over-interest* which deceives no one—and to remark her marvellous familiarity with the events, the opinions, nay, and the contemporary *belles lettres* of other countries beside her own, clear of the slightest tinge of pedantry—without saying in one's heart—"This lady deserves to have been mother of such a son"—and without understanding, as a matter of course, what the education of our artist must have been: how genial, how universal—above all, how strengthening. From his childhood Dr. Mendelssohn has been conversant with those who, loving and honouring music (for they *honour* music in Germany), have still largely participated in other interests. It was by a near relative of his—then Prussian Consul at Rome—that the impulse was given to the young German artists which has ended in the revival of a school of fresco-painting. His family was in habits of affectionate intimacy with Goethe; and the mind of that poet was too large for any one of those who lived within its sphere easily to narrow himself into a self-contemplating exclusiveness. Thus the soil was rich, and the air kindly:—but the plant itself was singularly perfect, and worth the training. A vivacity of intellect not common, if I may dare say so, among the Germans: a sprightliness of wit—an indomitable energy, which made every acquisition not only seem, but *be*, easy—a prodigious memory, comprehending even every passing tune, and casually encountered face, and idle bit of ballad-jingle—an intense and enthusiastic nationality—with no ordinary personal advantages .... here were good things enough to be divided among a tribe, in place of their being all centred in one person! It is much, however, to say, that such was Dr. Mendelssohn's education that not one has been left undeveloped. There have been musicians more prodigious—but I have neither read of nor known one so complete. I shall but further touch on his fortunes to add that his good luck (or good taste) has attended him into that world of many chances, called matrimony. And who, more than the Poet or Artist, needs faithful and gentle companionship? the constant and near presence of a graceful mind? the constant incitement which the up-springing of a young and cheerful family furnishes? The nonsense about men of genius being of necessity bad fathers and husbands—for the most part only broached by those who desire self-excuse—ought by this time to be hooted out of the world among other fallacies;—such as the need of falsehood to govern mankind, or the attestation of religious faith by rancour. But to no one can a happy home be so precious, as to him whose imagination is perpetually exercised, and to whom the bare earth (if the figure may be permitted) becomes doubly hard in proportion as his soarings have been high!

Dr. Mendelssohn, then, has escaped most of the vicissitudes which colour (sometimes distort) character, without losing his individuality. His personal history has included repeated visits to England, from his boyhood upwards, during which he caught enough of the true Shakspearian inspiration to write that exquisite prelude of his to *The Midsummer Night's Dream;* and was haunted among the Western Islands by the sea-sounds and the rock-echoes, which he has reproduced in his overture to *The Isles of Fingal.* He spent, too, when young, some time in Paris; where sundry of his

boyish impertinences (quickened by a thorough Prussian *Gallaphobia)* are hardly forgotten or forgiven, even unto this day. A visit to Rome was more fruitful. Indeed, some Italian sympathies are indispensable to every musician, be his school the severest—seeing that melody belongs to the South to a degree which no ruin or degradation can utterly destroy. Or, to put it otherwise, there is no composing for the voice without deep study of the Southern masters; and the art of every country is best comprehended on the spot. The German fashion which makes the craftsman fight his way from town to town, and learn all the secrets of his craft abroad as well as at home, is not bad for the artist also—when there is a root of nationality so strong as in our friend. Dr. Mendelssohn came back from his journeys the most German of the German—enriched by the stores of every land—not despoiled of his own. After a few essays, he commenced his career as an active musician at Dusseldorf—a town of the Lower Rhine, of small musical "mark or likelihood," howsoever distinguished in the annals of painting. There *St. Paul* was first produced. From thence he was invited to Leipsic to direct the winter subscription concerts of that place: a post more important than the size of the town would seem to warrant. Since then, he has been "called to court" by his king, the monarch of Prussia, for whose theatres at Berlin, Potsdam, and Charlottenburg, he has successively produced his choruses to the translations of *Antigone, Œdipus*, and Racine's *Athalie*, and his scenic music to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was also His Majesty's intention to employ Dr. Mendelssohn in enriching the music of the German Protestant Church: but I suspect that in all such cases, royal command proves totally inefficient. There is no getting up a school of Church Music, any more than there is *getting up* a religion, by royal edict. Both must answer the wants of the congregation, not be thrust upon it. Nor is Dr. Mendelssohn the man to suit his art to the humour of Potentates, Priests, or People. While few musicians have ever been less despotic in temper, or less pragmatical in mistaking egotism for inspiration, few have been so honourably independent. After a short residence at Berlin, he returned to Leipsic, to resume the direction of the concerts, and his duties as Professor in the Conservatory, or Musical College, there founded by the King of Saxony: and this year, after directing the Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle—giving a noble Catholic Hymn to the Liege Jubilee—and presiding over the monster meeting of German and Flemish associated part-singers at Cologne, in June—here he has been, in August, with his new and magnificent oratorio, *Elijah*, for our Birmingham Festival. Prosperity, then, and domestic happiness, have not made our friend indolent. One triumph as a musician is left to him—the composition of a great opera; and that is now looked for—the work to be written for no less notable a singer than the Swedish lady, Madlle. Jenny Lind.

I may talk again, on some future day, about Dr. Mendelssohn's Sacred Music, in a separate article: just now merely rapidly running over the list of his writings, to complete my brief sketch, by calling attention to his versatility. He began with chamber music: producing when a boy three pianoforte quartetts—of which the third was a masterpiece, "though a man had written it." Since then he has added to the list several violin quartetts, a quintett, an ottett—pianoforte *sonatas*, one *solo*, and two with *violoncello*—and two pianoforte *trios*: all good, but all very difficult—since they demand an excess of spirit and energy something akin to the vivacious nature of their composer, in any one meaning to impart to them due effect. A strong hand, a rapid finger, and an untiring wrist, are indispensables for the execution of this music. Then—perhaps they ought in right of their dignity and rarity to have been placed *first* in my catalogue—there are his compositions for the organ. Those hardly know the immense grandeur and power of that king of instruments—Milton's instrument! now vexatiously neglected—who have not heard Dr. Mendelssohn extemporise: his fancy feeding itself as the strain proceeds; and many a new combination and many a gorgeous climax suggesting themselves, too audacious, perhaps, to bear being perpetuated in print. Of course his published fugues and *sonatas* bear comparatively little trace of this; howsoever unique as productions of a time when the ancients of music, and their prodigious learning are more talked about than studied.

Next, I should mention the concert music which Dr. Mendelssohn has written: his three full orchestral symphonies—the last in A Minor, the best—his descriptive overtures, five or six in number—his effective and original violin *concerto*, written for his friend Herr David—his two pianoforte *concertos*, as many *rondos*, and his serenade—all full of life and character, and, in fact, the last hope of concert-players in their present dearth of great and original composers. Further, there is his great *cantata—The First Walpurgis Night*—which, in spite of its fantastic and mystical—dare I say *German?*—subject, has, by the force and fancy of its music, taken deep and strong root in England. And this brings me to enumerate Dr. Mendelssohn's vocal compositions.

These are single songs, duetts, part-songs, choruses—among which I must indulge myself by specifying one or two peculiarly beautiful specimens. There is a *Fruhlingslied* (Spring Song) in the set dedicated to Madame Schleinitz, which is as true a breathing of "Spring, the awakener," with its fresh breezes, and its delicious wood-sounds, and the sound of its bright waters, while

> Amid the hollows of the rocks, their fall
> Makes melody—

as Music ever painted. There is, again, in his last published series, an eastern song called *Zuleika*, so intensely impassioned that, as one of the most dramatic living singers said of it—"Why, a stone must sing *that!*" There is his *Forester's Departure*, for four male voices—a thing which, even with the imperfect English text* here forced into harness with it, has a haunting flow of rich woodland music, such as would befit an evening hour when the long shadows and the broad glow of sunshine make such solemn but not gloomy pictures of some long and ancient forest avenue. There is the setting, for two female voices, of Burns's delicious words

> Oh, were I in some wintry waste!—

there are gondola songs—old German ballads—each in itself enough to substantiate the composer's reputation, were not his greater works

* See Hullah's *Vocal Scores*. I may be critical, I hope, on my own rhymes. But there was no reproducing the spirit of the original in English, since we have no *Jagers;* and that, therefore, which was manly in the original, must needs, in the translation, be somewhat sentimentalised. This is the part-song which, at the great singers' meeting at Blankenburg in the Harz, some four years ago, was performed in the old oak wood, near the town (one of the finest in Germany) with many hundreds of voices, and one hundred, or more, wind instruments.

behind. I cannot close this list without mentioning among Mendelssohn's happiest works, as also among the happiest inventions of modern time, his *Songs without Words*—those short instrumental melodies, so full of character and of colour —nay, too, and of sentiment likewise—that hardly are phrases and syllables required to give them an intimate and peculiar meaning to the hearer. Imitated as they have been by almost every schoolboy who can make a tune (for the title is seductive —the shallowest of scribblers liking to pretend that "more is meant than meets the ear"), they are alone in their beauty, their variety, their fine finish: and most unwelcome are the tidings that the sixth series, given us since the year came in, is to be the last.

The greeting of Wilkie by the Ettrick Shepherd has been often cited as one of the most hearty and genuine compliments ever uttered. "Thank God for it," said Hogg, when they first met, "I did not know that you were so young a man!" Thus, too, without cant or exaggeration, one may be thankful that our friend has not yet reached the prime of life. And seeing that happiness has not made him supine—and that honours, so far from breeding an arrogant spirit of self-content, have seemed only to quicken his energies, and to help him onward in progress, and towards new triumphs —what musician will not say "Amen" to our wish that "his days may be long in the land," and his works to come outnumber those which have already delighted Europe?

THE FIRST CRIME:

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE "CONDITION-OF-IRELAND" QUESTION.

By Elizabeth W. Treacy.

Two days had passed, and still no food had touched their lips. It was now evening, and although the sun had set, the heat of the summer's day remained in all its oppressive fervour. Brian O'Sullivan looked around upon his wife and helpless family, and a momentary gleam of ferocity flashed from his sunken eye: for the first time the murmur of impatience rose from his lips. The cry for food had died away; but when he met the subdued glances of his poor starving children, his heart swelled with intolerable anguish. No sound was heard, save occasionally the stifled groan of the youngest child, the little Norah, who lay on a straw pallet, resting her fevered head upon her mother's breast. Thus the hours passed unmarked by any change. Sometimes, but very seldom, there was a heart-rending appeal for food, and the low cry of hunger burst from the lips of the younger children. Midnight came, and found the mother still watching by the bed of her dying child: the other inmates of the wretched hovel had sunk to rest upon the earthern floor. Mary O'Sullivan sat in breathless silence, listening to the uneasy and unrefreshing slumbers of her helpless family, and gazing on the wasted face of her favourite child. Sometimes a heavy sigh, or a low moan, attracted her attention; and directing her eyes to where the sleeper lay, she would descry, by the feeble rays of the flickering rushlight, a skeleton arm stretched forth, or the shadowy figure of some child, who had arisen to obtain a little water to cool its parched lips. At length, from mere exhaustion, she fell into a heavy slumber, from which she was aroused by the tones of her husband's voice. She started wildly; for never before had words of such fearful meaning met her ear.

"Mary, *achora*, you shall not die, if these hands can get you food!" he exclaimed. "I have been driven to this, not through my own faults, but from the heartless cruelty and oppression of those who can, and will not, save us. Shall I see my children dying about me while there is plenty in the land?"

His wife, terrified and amazed, glanced timidly in her husband's face, and there she met a look that chilled her very heart's blood—the look of determined guilt and vengeance. Bursting into tears, and unable to reply, she pointed to their sleeping child O'Sullivan kissed the little sufferer, and for a moment the severity of his gaze disappeared; but the emaciated face of his poor, patient wife recalled his recollection; and the awful thought that she also was dying for want of food almost maddened him.

"Mary, *avillish machree*, must I lose you too!" he exclaimed wildly. "God of Heaven! she is dying! And I have crouched upon my knees, and begged for a part of the dog's food, a crumb of bread, to save you, darlings of my heart; but I was spurned from the oppressor's door, and told to begone, and work for my food. Even *then* I could have forgiven the hard hearts that worked our ruin, I could have blessed them on their beds of down, and prayed that the chills of poverty might never reach them; but now the cup of sorrow is filled, and I will not see my treasures die before I have made another effort to save them."

He arose hastily, and, trembling from exhaustion, quitted the cabin. His eldest son, a boy of fifteen, rushed after him, and overtaking him a few steps from the door, besought of him to return. They were able to bear a little longer, he said; and as soon as morning dawned he would seek for some employment.

"My poor boy," said the agonised father, "you cannot change my purpose; return home and let me away; for if crime must stain this hand, it must be in the darkness of night, when no human eye can see the blush of shame upon your father's cheek."

"But the eye of God," said the boy mildly; "you cannot hide from *that*."

"Oh, Shawn, say no more," was the reply. "God will forgive me, for he knows the sore trials I have borne."

The boy still entreated, but in vain; he then begged that he might be permitted to accompany his father; but Brian would not hear of this. He could not bear to be the means of leading his own child into the path of guilt and shame; and, oh! how the strong heart of the unhappy father throbbed with agony, as he thought of the time, not far distant, when his children kneeled around him, and with their infant voices joined in the prayer— "Lead us not into temptation." Brian O'Sullivan remembered this; and embracing his son, he besought him with tears to return to the home of innocence, and let him do the errand alone. And thus they parted.

Shawn stood for some moments listening to the sound of his father's footsteps, as he hastened on his lonely way. His mind was strangely confused by all he had heard and witnessed; and he felt as if under the influence of some unpleasant dream. He could not bring himself to believe in the possibility of his father's committing a crime; that father who had seemed to his young imagination the very emblem of all that was pure and holy.

He could not believe that the God he had served so faithfully would desert him now, in the hour of trial and danger.

The summer's morning dawned, and brightly the sunbeams fell upon the home of misery. *Home*, did I say? Alas! how many such homes darken our beautiful and fertile land; how countless now such scenes of desolation. The happy birds flitting among the green branches sung their song of praise, and the fragrant breath of the fresh flowers arose on the breeze to heaven. Without, all was joy, peace, and contentment; but within the wretched hovel there was deep sorrow, sorrow that might not be controlled.

"Where is father?" demanded a low sweet voice. "Oh, mother, there is something tearing me;" placing her hand upon her wasted breast.

"Hush, *avillish*, hush!" whispered her weeping mother; "you will soon be free from pain, *aroon*." She knew not how truly her words would be verified. One of the children arose, and hastened to the door, hoping to obtain some tidings of their father. Gloomy and disappointed, he returned to his place by Norah's bed. A convulsive spasm shook the child's frail body; and again her brother sprang to the door, to look in vain for his father's return. The dying sufferer clasped her little hands in agony: she strove, but fruitlessly, to reach her mother, that she might embrace her. Her head fell back, and the glazed eye and parted lip told that all was over. Just then a step was heard on the threshold, and Brian O'Sullivan strode, or rather tottered, into his wretched home. Flinging a small bag of potatoes on the ground, he rushed to the bedside. "Mary—Norah—*acushla agus asthore machree!*" he cried wildly—"I have brought you food. But, Father of mercies!—what is this?" touching the lifeless hand of his child. "*Dead!* Oh, my darling! and are you gone for ever?—gone from the hearts that loved you? But your sorrows are over; and perhaps it is better," he continued mildly, "far better, that no forbidden food has stained those spotless lips. I would not have that parted spirit proclaim her father's sin among the angels of heaven. No, *ahagur!* your eyes cannot now upbraid him; and your ears are deaf to the voices that mourn over your early death."

The elder children, aroused from their stupefaction by the sight of food, hastened to spread the scanty fare, consisting of a few cold potatoes: they would not touch the miserable food until they had prevailed on their father and mother to share it with them. Brian O'Sullivan, lifting his eyes to heaven, fervently returned thanks to God for his mercies, and besought a blessing on their scanty meal; he had for the moment forgotten the means by which that food was procured, but when the remembrance of his guilt crossed his mind he was paralysed with horror, that *he* should presume to lift his hand to heaven, he who had broken the commandment of God. The blood rushed to his temples, and, covering his face with his hand, he burst into tears. Deep sobs were only heard, and bitterly did they reproach themselves for having given way to one word of complaint, and thus causing their father such agony of soul. His feelings becoming more composed, he strove to speak some comfort to his children, and with a faltering voice desired them to eat. The children looked at each other in silence, then at the food, and their souls recoiled from the idea of touching it; had it been the deadliest poison they could not have loathed it more; poor and humble as they were, they had been nourished on the bread of honesty, and they dared not violate their sacred principles.

"Father," said the eldest boy, "we cannot touch *that*, we would sooner die; we do not blame you, father, *mavourneen*; it was not done for your own sake though the hunger was sore on you, but for the sake of your starving children."

"Now I *can* thank God with an unblushing face," said Brian, "I can thank him for his mercy in keeping you untouched by guilt among so many trials and temptations, and may he pardon me for my many sins."

The latch of the door was raised. "It is the soggarth," exclaimed Brian, hastening to meet his beloved pastor. Joy illumined the countenances of all on beholding their only friend; into his faithful bosom were poured their sorrows, and although but poor himself, he lost no time in supplying their wants; but one young heart was stilled for ever, no human aid could make it throb again. Not in the secrecy of the confessional did Brian O'Sullivan relate the fearful adventure of the previous night, but in his lowly cabin; by the bed whereon his dead child slept, he on his knees confessed to the minister of God that crime, which to him appeared of awful magnitude. The good priest was deeply moved, for never before had the lips of that humble penitent breathed forth such a declaration; never before had the soul of the prostrate sinner been stained with guilt; and as he in agony of spirit "smote upon his breast," and prayed aloud for mercy, the glance of displeasure faded from the priest's face, and as the tears rolled down his aged cheeks, he whispered into the poor penitent's ear the welcome tidings that the broken and contrite heart is not despised in heaven. By the voice of the world Brian O'Sullivan would be branded as a thief, a midnight robber. Oh! if those who would thus coldly and heedlessly condemn him could but have entered his poor home, how would their hearts have melted into sorrow! Could they but have gazed on the lifeless remains of the child whose spirit was with God, as she lay on her rugged bed, holding in her cold grasp a bunch of wild roses—affection's offering to the dead—and listened to the voices that arose to heaven, seeking the forgiveness the cold world would deny, surely, in such a scene, they would have read their own condemnation? The charitable and anxious priest hastened to restore the stolen food to its owner, and to obtain from him forgiveness for the crime without exposing the criminal, and thus O'Sullivan was saved from the consequences of that guilt into which want and starvation had plunged him.

This is no exaggerated picture of the sufferings or the virtues of the Irish peasantry. Surely, a brave, moral, and religious people will no longer be permitted, in the midst of plenty, to endure such sufferings. We might have turned a still darker page, and yet not have dealt in exaggeration; we might have consigned the victim to a loathsome prison, and left him to rot there without a shadow of hope. We might have followed his wretched family through lonely wanderings, and seen them spurned from the door of plenty by pampered menials. Surely such a state of things cannot last for ever? Surely the peace and comfort, nay, the very lives, of the community, are not to be sacrificed for the sake of the children of prosperity? It is time that the great ones of our land would consider the cause of the people. Fearful is the calamity impending over them, and unless active steps are taken to avert the threatening ruin, we fear much that the virtue of our poor countrymen will fall a sacrifice—the virtue that no

trials could hitherto overcome. You who shudder at the recital of the crimes committed by the Irish peasant, bestir yourselves to endeavour to remove the cause of those crimes: not from a love of guilt do our poor countrymen resort to "the wild justice of revenge;" and you, who thoughtlessly condemn them, know but little of the struggles often endured before they stumbled on the path of virtue.

Poetry for the People.

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. ON THE DEATH OF B. R. HAYDON.

By the Author of "Orion."

A single heart and mind laid bare to view
Is a new volume—study it who dare;
For therein shall he surely find himself,
More than he deems, in evil as in good;
And wise were he, who of that knowledge learns
To fear and reverence nature, and descend
From self-elected judgment-seats, to kneel
Beside the erring. Something more belongs
To the dread lesson of an artist's end,
Whose life-long labours crush'd him in the field,
To reap his harvest in the bloody dust.

Behold that ruin, Statesman!—note it well!
Upon the soil where genius toils and builds,
Though singly falls the tower, yet others feel
The common, ever-wasting waves around
Their deep foundations—else unharm'd by years—
And tower falls after tower. Count them far back
From ancient times—barbaric, ignorant—
Up to our scientific, social day,
With all its systems! Think not that the pangs
That here were written in red hieroglyphs
On a strong human heart, or scrawl'd in fire
O'er the brain's quivering web, were felt alone
By him who died with labour in his hand.
Thou know'st it is no sole peculiar lot:
The torture is an old familiar fiend
Of those who strive to make a spirit felt
Amidst the world; and as the soul is high,
Large-eyed, and winged for an immortal bourne,
But lacking knowledge in things bought and sold,
By its own measure are its torments made,
Seeking to work upon an adverse mass.
Are not its ecstacies, alike extreme,
Their own sufficient recompense? They are.
Weigh'd 'gainst the exultation, are the pangs
Endurable? They are. Then why complain?

Because the soul, forgetting these close walls
And corporal claims, finds trouble in mean wants,
Until its servant earth, grown mad with wrongs,
Lords it above the nerves, and penetrates
The brain and core of the soul's abstract power,
Choaking it round with dust. A few poor grains
Of our time's coarser sand drop in the shrine
Of life's pure temple—and a sullen thunder
Rising in groans, breaks all the rapturous charm,
And with a crash the shrine in fragments flies!
Wise Man! take counsel for the thriftless soul,
Who, labouring too much in the light, grows blind
To outward things, and falls amidst the crowd.

Statesman! thou know'st a soul hath need of bread,
Else must it vanish from this lower scene;
Yea, and needs gold—not for ethereal use,
But for life's absolute and fixt decree,
Since that society took shape, and dwelt
In fair externals. Hath the man a house,
And taxes?—hath the hopeful man a wife,
(Poor artists should not have—whate'er the art),
And hath he also children?—sanguine man!
Proud are his joys, yet perilous; loveliest lips
Must eat, or die; and if a day should come,
As come it will if other evils come,
When sickness at his bedside meets ill-luck,
While eyes of creditors devour his door,
What shall avail his pride, and all the joys
Of lofty soul—his whole life's studied skill?
For, it may be, his skill is in the shade—
Flatters no vanities—is all abstruse—
Creates in symbols an ideal world—
Tasks highest powers to recognise, and works
Among the roots that need an age to flower.
Such things are not i' the market—there's no sale
For dreams sublime; and all heaven's templed clouds
At sun-rise, would not weigh one loaf of bread.
Thou know'st the common day hath its own claims
And tastes—crowds after shows, foolish or false—
Leaves soul for body, harmony for noise—
Beauty for levity, power for broad masks—
And from the throne of moral grandeur turns
With casual glance, to hurry after apes –
Perchance abortion's pigmy. Old enough
The story; yet behold us still the same!
Nay, worse—"To school!" we cry—but starve the master
Work Education to its highest pitch,
While the best teacher or best scholar pines
In penury—and evil's at the root!

Statesman!—thou hast clear knowledge of these things,
And hadst a noble and a kindly heart;
Most excellent in this—its impulse flew
Direct to action. Oh, behold the truth!
One man lies crush'd—the system still wheels on
Which hath crush'd many—honour'd when too late—
Is slowly crushing still, and will not cease
Its secret wreck and ravage in the dark,
Midst those who toil best for an after age,
Till minds like thine expand the single act
Of generous impulse to a public good,
And help the world to look on great men's graves
Without its present matchless cause for shame!

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

The holy prophets say that heaven will be a singing choir;
I reverence the prophets! their tongues are lit with fire;
And when they say that heaven will be an halleluia wide,
I feel a song within my heart, and strike my lyre with pride;
For oh, I ever pray the prayer, by blessed Jesus given,
"Thy will be done, our Father, on earth as 'tis in heaven."

This earth will be hosanna; this earth will be a psalm,
When all the discords of our hearts are harmonised in calm;
This earth will be a concert as of myriad angel throats
When Love, the Great Musician, plays on willing human notes;

When Life is Music—then the truth that prophets forth
have given,
Will be; for earth will then become a harmony, a heaven.

Not that, O Lyre! thy tones can rise no higher than the
earth,
But that the poet-child must sing first at its place of birth,
Then travel forth as troubadour, through countries and
through years,
As thou, O Earth! doth mingle with the music of the
spheres;
For they must be prepared below to whom gold harps are
given,
And have deep music in their souls to join the choir of
heaven.

SERVICES.—8. Progress.

Dream not of failure;
Shame set at nought:
God's angels hail your
Triumph death-wrought,
Ever succeeding!

Look not for glory,
Rest, or defeat!
Your work is before ye:
Never complete—
Ever proceeding.

How the world winneth
With every endeavour;
How the world spinneth
Ever and ever:
This be thou heeding!

W. J. Linton.

OBSEQUIES OF THOMAS CLARKSON.

By Robinson Taylor.

This distinguished man, the contemporary of Sharp and Wilberforce, closed his earthly career at Playford Hall, Suffolk, on Saturday, September 26, 1846. The obsequies took place at Playford, on Friday, October 2.

Thomas Clarkson was born at Wisbeach, on the 28th of March, 1760. After the usual course of instruction at the Free Grammar School in that town, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was educated for the Church of England. In 1785, Dr. Packard, vice-chancellor of the university, announced as the subject for the Latin dissertation—*Is it right to make slaves of men against their will?* Clarkson had the honour of receiving the prize. The distinction he achieved, with a deeply-rooted conviction of the horrors of the slave-trade, stimulated him to become the great pioneer in the gigantic work of abolishing the cruel traffic—a labour which he justly considered as the precursor of negro emancipation; and, throughout a long and honourable life, he demonstrated to the world that he possessed as noble a heart as ever devoted its energies to the sacred cause of freedom.

Into the wide field of labour traversed by Clarkson, it is not our purpose to enter here. It is sufficient to say, that in 1807, twenty years from the time the subject was first introduced into parliament, the slave-trade was abolished by the British government, and that Clarkson had thus the satisfaction of seeing his labours triumphant.

Those who have ever taken the lead in popular movements may be able to form an adequate estimate of the toils Clarkson endured, and of the perseverance he manifested in the accomplishment of the great work of human improvement. He had to contend not only with the furious opposition of the planters, but too often his mind was depressed and grieved with the temporising policy of those who ought to have proved his warmest supporters. In the cause of the negro he expended the vigour of his life, and relinquished his prospects in the Church: the sole reward he received was the applause of his own conscience, the gratitude of the negro, and the admiration of his countrymen.

A Columbus might discover a world—a Watt might reveal the properties of steam—a Gray might elucidate the practicability of "iron roads" being traversed by "fire-horses" at the speed of a rocket — to Clarkson belonged none of these triumphs. His was the great master mind which, by its apostolical agency, sought to establish freedom for the slave, in opposition to one of the most formidable and detestable confederacies which ever afflicted humanity or disgraced the world. He was a patriot and philanthropist in the most comprehensive sense of the words—his manly energy and untiring perseverance attest the moral grandeur of his character. We might multiply instances, but one shall suffice. In the early period of the struggle, it was necessary to lay evidence before the privy council to prove the allegation that the unhappy Africans were kidnapped and dragged from their homes. The procuring of such evidence was attended with the greatest difficulties, as the small vessels which conveyed the negroes to the slave-ships were manned entirely by natives, Europeans being very rarely permitted to be on board, that the nature of the horrible traffic might be the better concealed from the knowledge of the civilised world. Clarkson, nothing daunted, but his courage mounting with every increasing difficulty, made a tour in the provinces. All the information he could procure was, that a gentleman, a year before, had conversed at an inn with an English sailor who had been up the African rivers, and who, it was conceived, would be fully competent to give evidence, *providing he could be found.* Nothing was known of the man's "whereabout;" Clarkson was ignorant even of his name—all the information he possessed for his guidance was merely a personal description of the sailor. Conceiving that he might be found on board some British ship, Clarkson, with the permission of Sir Charles Middleton, Comptroller of the Navy, boarded in succession all the men-of-war at Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, and Portsmouth; but the sailor still remained undiscovered. To use Clarkson's own words, "Matters now began to look disheartening. There was but one port left, Plymouth, and that was distant more than two hundred miles, but thither I was determined to go. The first day after my arrival I boarded forty ships, but found no one who had been on the coast of Africa, or even in the slave-trade. Things were now drawing to a close, my spirits began to droop, and I was restless and uneasy during the night. I entered my boat the next morning agitated alternately by hope and fear; the fifty-seventh vessel I boarded in this harbour was the 'Melampus' frigate. On exa-

mining the men, I found a sailor who had been two voyages to Africa; and, to my inexpressible joy, *I* soon perceived that *he* was the person to whom I had been referred. I found, too, that he had been present on several occasions when the natives had been forcibly torn from their homes, and that he was able and willing to give his evidence." Such was the energy with which Clarkson triumphed over difficulties. The important link in the chain of evidence being furnished, another *rivet* was knocked from the manacles of the bleeding and exhausted slave.

These were the sort of labours which demonstrated the character of the man, and which contributed to form the halo of glory that encircles his name. Posterity will feel, equally with the generation in which he lived, that Clarkson's was one of those noble natures which Providence rears up in the course of centuries, to elevate the character of a people, and to work stupendous changes upon the history of an empire. The demise of such a man leaves in the world an aching void—we feel that a master-spirit has departed—that one of the mightiest hearts which ever sympathised with the sufferings of mankind is laid in the dust.

A few details have been given, by one of his relatives, of the closing scene when Clarkson's spirit winged its flight to another world. For some time he had been suffering from decrepitude. Until finally stretched on his bed, a week before his death, he had devoted his mind to matters of public good, his last labours being devoted to the hardships experienced by the sailors employed in the British commercial marine. It was soon apparent that the grave was about to claim its victim. The great philanthropist was prepared for the change, and gently breathed his last in the presence of his assembled relatives, in full and certain hope of realising the promises held out to the true believer. The *last* letter he wrote was to Lord John Russell, upon the hardships of the British sailor; the *last* letter he received was from that nobleman; but alas! that letter was a blank to him—it arrived when this world and all its cares had passed away for ever!

It was the privilege of the writer of this paper to be present at the obsequies, to witness the last mark of respect which the few assembled accorded to Clarkson's honoured remains.

The emotions experienced can never be forgotten. We felt that the tomb was about to close upon one whose great heart had beaten with the noblest sympathies; and that the echoes of his name were still heard from every hill and valley within "the golden girdle of the globe." We had stood by the graves of mighty ones of the earth; we had seen the blandishments of earthly greatness, the parade of glittering coronets, the marshallings of pride and pomp; we had seen the warrior borne to his tomb, amidst the wailing of trumpets, the roll of muffled drums, and the bright flashing of arms; we had seen the gatherings to witness the gorgeous spectacles in cities, whose thoroughfares had swarmed with living multitudes even to the house-tops, whence "greedy eyes" peered down upon the slow-moving and solemn pageants; but we felt that all this was vanity and nothingness—that the simple and unostentatious obsequies of Clarkson—the friend of man, the enemy of the oppressor, the great apostle who entered upon his glorious career to ameliorate, to succour, to redress, to achieve the triumphs of peace and social improvement by the holy and stainless weapons of truth and justice—were far more imposing, far more touching, far more sublime, than all the "pomp and circumstance" accorded to the most valiant and puissant heroes whose "bloody glories" had established dynasties, and changed the destinies of millions.

The season of the year was in perfect character with the mournful occasion. On a calm autumnal day Clarkson was "gathered to his fathers." The sun was obscured by dark masses of vapour; the "faded honours of the year" were falling on every side.

With melancholy pleasure, we set out for the hallowed locality where Clarkson breathed his last. Leaving Ipswich and the village of Rushmere in our wake, a winding road led to the crest of the hill, from whence was unfolded to view the fertile and picturesque valley of Playford. It lay, like a beautiful panorama at our feet: a prettier locality exists not in the famed county of Suffolk, which has long borne the designation of "the garden of England." We recalled to mind the simple and unaffected lay of Bernard Barton, whose spirit had communed with the quiet beauties of the scene:—

> Hast thou a heart to prove the power
> Of a landscape lovely, soft, and serene?
> * * * * *
> Then go to the village of Playford, and see
> If it be not a lovely spot;
> And, if nature can boast of charms for thee,
> Thou wilt love it, and leave it not.

The margin of the brook, which winds its way from the "moated hall," and meanders down the valley to the mill hard by, presented the blue eye of the "forget-me-not." As we looked upon its bright petals, we felt the force of the silent but eloquent admonition of the little wild-flower.

Here and there we overtook a peasant, wending slowly on his road to mingle in the simple homage. Universal silence reigned in that lovely valley, except when swept by the breeze, as at intervals it scattered the "sere and yellow" leaves; or by the solemn tolling of the bell, at half-minute time, from the grey tower of the venerable church, which peered forth from clumps of foliage on the brow of the opposite hill. The whole scene appeared as though animal life scarcely breathed; all around was hushed in silence, as though nature herself had made a pause. The influence of that *hour* was felt by *all*.

At a short distance from the high road, on the left, stands Playford Hall, approached by a winding road, almost embowered with noble elms and chestnuts, and with oaks and weeping willows. It is a structure of the Elizabethan period, surrounded by a broad moat, supplied from a spring at the head of the valley. The pointed gables, clustered with ivy, give it the appearance of hoar antiquity. Access is had to the court-yard by a bridge of comparatively modern erection. In its place there were formerly a drawbridge and portcullis. On the east of the court-yard, green turf and autumnal flowers spread their beautiful carpet to the edge of the moat. In that old hall it was that Clarkson spent the last twenty years of his life, engaged alternately in literary pursuits and in watching and furthering the cause of negro emancipation. It was here that he received many of the most eminent men in the land, to promote the interests of the slave; it was from this "quiet loop-hole of retreat" that he held intercourse with the busy world; it was here, when not engaged in the great work of his life, that, with christian humility and holy confidence, he prepared himself for the doom which awaits every son of Adam.

The funereal procession was in accordance with the simple and unostentatious character of the great apostle of negro emancipation. It consisted of a hearse, four mourning coaches, and two private carriages. There were no armorial emblazonments or "nodding plumes." *He* needed no such auxiliaries. The chief mourner was his grandson, Thomas Clarkson, a youth about sixteen years of age, son of the eminent barrister, who lost his life about nine years since in London. A few private friends mingled their tears with those of the mourners. On either side of the hearse, walked six agricultural labourers, employed on the estate, and the mournful procession was closed by the domestics.

Slowly it passed from the court-yard over the bridge, and through the grounds into the road, which winds through the village. At various points, the peasantry and their children were assembled. Sobs were heard on every side. The tolling of the bell now broke more audibly upon the ear; and the solemn pealing, as the breeze swept by, mingled with the rustling of the dried leaves, which curled overhead, and fell upon the hearse. The various groups of villagers took their positions in the wake of the procession; those who were too old, or too infirm, remained at their cottage doors, and many were seen to brush away the manly tears, which in big drops coursed down their aged and furrowed cheeks. All paid the willing homage of the heart to their late kind friend and benefactor. The warm tears of affectionate sympathy and respect bestrewed the passage of the great philanthropist to the grave.

There were now but a few steps more, and the tomb would close upon him for ever. The body, placed on a bier and covered with a plain black velvet pall, was borne by the labourers slowly up the churchyard path. The bell ceasing its solemn pealing, was succeeded by the emphatic tones of the clergyman's voice, repeating the first beautiful passage of the burial service:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!" The villagers of both sexes, from childhood to old age, occupied the green turf on either side of the pathway, and about twenty-four gentlemen, in deep mourning, stood on either side of the southern porch, anxious to pay their last homage to the illustrious dead.

The remains of Thomas Clarkson were placed in a vault adjacent to the south door of the chancel, side by side with those of his late son. In the immediate vicinity are the "green graves" of many of the forefathers of the village. The site of the tomb is marked by an iron palisading in the form of a quadrangle; in this palisading, a white marble tablet bears the following inscription:—

THOMAS CLARKSON,
ONLY SON OF
THOMAS AND CATHERINE CLARKSON,
BORN OCTOBER 19TH, 1796;
DIED MARCH 9TH, 1837.
HIS WIDOW AND LITTLE BOY
HAVE PLACED THIS TABLET HERE.

The coffin of the great philanthropist was covered, simply with black cloth, pannelled with black nails. A silver plate merely recorded the following:—

THOMAS CLARKSON, A.M.
BORN, MARCH 20TH 1760;
DIED, SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1846.

Various flowers and shrubs bloomed within the circumscribed area: the shoots of the honeysuckle had intertwined themselves with the palisading, in various fanciful forms. Such are the simple characteristics of the tomb of Clarkson. When summers return, his resting-place will be decked with flowers.

No effigies chiselled from Parian marble invest the tomb with borrowed grandeur: no heraldic devices or emblazonments arrest the eye of the stranger: no monumental stone records in elaborate phrases the deeds of Clarkson. They are sufficiently engraven in the world's remembrance.

INCREASING OBSTRUCTIONS TO BATHING, AND MISUSE OF THE POLICE.

By William Howitt.

At a time when the public is every day becoming more sensibly impressed with the necessity of carefully attending to the general health, and when, in consequence, baths and washhouses are at great expense provided for the people in the metropolis and other large towns, it is singular that in the country and in the metropolitan suburbs scarcely a day passes without some fresh obstruction being thrown in the way of bathing. It is a subject which demands the earnest attention of the public, and the adoption of some measures to put a stop to this mischievous practice. Let us take a single case which may show what is now doing almost everywhere.

In the populous neighbourhood of Clapton, the river Lea has till lately afforded the means of bathing; but the East London Water Company having monopolised that river to a great extent, have placed notice-boards that no person shall bathe in their water, even *below* the works, under penalty of prosecution. Now it would appear quite reasonable that, this water being intended for domestic uses, all bathing in it should be prevented, were it not that this Water Company, having by their act of parliament monopolised the river all the way *upwards* for a good many miles—that is to where it joins the monopoly of the New River Company—have set down their engine-house so as to catch the far greater portion of the drainage of Clapton. This drainage includes a densely peopled district of houses of at least a mile in length. The two rows of houses facing the high-way, leading from Clapton-gate to Stamford-hill, are drained with the sewer which does *not* fall into the Lea, at least so high up; there is also provision to carry part of the heaviest drainage to below the engine-house; but much of the rest, as that of the poorer houses, and various extensive brickyards and manufactories, copper-mills, dye-houses, &c., fall into the Lea *above* the water-works. These water-works having thus caught the rich sewerage of this swarming population, there pump it up into the houses of the inhabitants from which it has been drained, at the rate of from 3*l.* to 6*l.* per house. I pay about 6*l.* As may be imagined, the water is very unfit for culinary purposes, producing violent diarrhoeas, &c. Luckily, I have a pump on the premises, but the commissioners of sewers, many of them, I believe, very suspiciously, shareholders in this water company, have. by a recent sewer, laid

nearly every pump on the premises adjoining the main road most effectually dry, so that the inhabitants have no possible resource but this drainage-saturated water at the costly price above named. Now after this, does it not seem a rich farce to prevent people bathing in this water? As if sensible of this, and that no possible cause could make the water worse, I am not aware that any obstructions are offered to bathing *above* the works, but unfortunately again this is the very part where people *should not* bathe. It is the part of the river where houses extend nearly along the whole length of one bank, and where on the other runs a very favourite walk of the inhabitants in the meadows. To say the least, and to say nothing of the nonsense of keeping people out of water into which such a heavy drainage runs, *this part* of the river might for public decency be avoided by bathers, if the rest of the river were open. But even then, the health of the inhabitants is greatly endangered by drinking this water, and it is a great neglect of government to allow private companies to monopolise rivers to such an extent as to keep out competing companies, and yet to take no care to compel them to convey their water from where it is pure. This company having monopolised the water up the valley far beyond the Clapton drainage, ought to be compelled to convey the water from beyond that point by pipes or private canal. This is, however, a general neglect of our government. The sums levied on the public by private companies, as highway trusts, gas companies for lighting streets and roads, water companies, and the like, is *twenty millions* per annum, yet no care is taken in the acts effectually to restrain the extortion of these companies. They are let loose to fleece us pretty much at their pleasure. Thus, the original 100*l*. shares of the New River Company now sell for 21,000*l*. each. It is, therefore, evident that the rates levied on the people by the company are far too high, and ought to be reduced by government. There ought to be some general inspecting and restraining body on the part of government to protect the people from such general wrong and imposition as prevails. Companies ought not to be able to pump up drainage-water into our houses at the rate of 6*l*. per annum.

But to return to the particular of bathing. At the Lea Bridge Water Works, the river is compelled into three separate channels. One from the canal running on towards Hackney Wick, Old Ford, &c.; the second is the private canal of the water company, which goes to supply East London with Clapton drainage; the third pursues the old course through the meadows.

Well, the company having thus got possession of the rich drainage of Clapton, warns all persons from bathing in its water-course—doubtless, considering the water already *rich* enough for East London. The canal running from near the Lea Bridge in a parallel line for the conveyance of goods, is a very suitable place for bathing, lying off the highway, and at the foot of Clapton Fields. There people, and especially boys in great numbers, have for the last sixty years been accustomed to bathe. Lately, however, the canal company have had notice-boards erected, and also warnings painted in large letters on the bridges, announcing a penalty of forty shillings to any person bathing in the canal.

On inquiring what was the cause of this prohibition, I was informed that it was alleged that the boys injured the banks, and also used bad language. As to injuring the banks, that must be to a very trivial extent. What serious injury can naked boys do to strong gravelly banks? Bad language it would be a subject of national congratulation if boys would avoid; but if boys have dirty language, it is no reason why they should have dirty bodies too; nor is there any fear of their contaminating either the canal or the ears of the boatmen with it, boatmen being notoriously some of the rudest fellows in the country.

But what is more, to keep these boys, &c., out of the water, a policeman is regularly stationed on a bridge near the usual bathing-place. If the boys had been permitted to bathe, and the policeman had been posted to prevent mischief to the banks, or to the delicate ears of boatmen, there would have been some service in it. But the policeman is set there to watch over nobody, and for this to be paid by whom? By the canal proprietors? No, by the country! We have made particular inquiry, and find this to be the fact. This is a gross abuse of the institution of police. These men are intended to watch over the general peace, and over private property in a general way, not over particular private interests. This canal is a private property, and a means of profit to the company; if, therefore, the property needs watching, it is clearly the business of the company to do it themselves. We have heard of country squires using the rural police to watch their game, to the non-necessity for gamekeepers; but this practice of setting policemen to watch a canal is, in fact, to make the public pay for depriving themselves and their children of one of the most necessary and healthy of indulgences, that of bathing. This must be looked after by the public.

But the mischief does not cease here. The bathers being driven from the canal, and not allowed to enter the water company's water-course, are obliged to resort to the river in the town meadows below the water-works. Here, again, however, springs up a new opponent, and orders them off. This is the landlord of the Lea Bridge Inn, who rents the fishery of this stream, from the bridge as far as Temple Mills, from the aforesaid East London Water Company, and acts under a clause in his lease from them. He also erects his notice-boards threatening prosecution.

Now where in the world are people to go to? They are driven from stream to stream, and at last find themselves without a single yard of water into which they can plunge in weather equal in heat to that of India. Monopoly after monopoly pursues them. Those streams which God has caused to flow freely through the country for the good and refreshment of all are shut up by acts of parliament. Canal companies, water companies, traders in fisheries, are empowered to expel every one from the simple, natural, and necessary enjoyment of their waters. Is this common sense, or common justice? If governments will grant certain uses of these waters by act of parliament to certain persons, ought it not to reserve carefully the original right of the public to drink of this water, or to wash in it at suitable places? When the sanatory condition of the people is pronounced to be a most important public object; when baths and washhouses are deemed imperatively necessary for the people; when we are threatened with Asiatic cholera, and every means of invigorating the system, and of cultivating habits of cleanliness, are strenuously recommended by medical men, are the people to be driven everywhere from the water, that coal-boats may not be blackened by the language of rude boys, and that landlords may pick up shillings from anglers? The thing demands the immediate attention of government;

and to secure that attention, associations should everywhere be formed, not only to resist all groundless aggressions on the public right, but to procure numerous petitions to parliament, praying for a general act providing the necessary accommodation of the public as it regards bathing throughout the kingdom.

Our Library.

THE CAMP AND BARRACK ROOM; OR, THE BRITISH ARMY AS IT IS.*

By a late Staff-Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry.

The schoolmaster is indeed abroad! Light is being let into the dark places of our social system, and culpable shall we be in the highest degree, if the many crimes and oppressions which are thus brought to day remain unremedied. The book now before us is one of the most remarkable illuminators of this kind, and as such we set a high value upon it. We give credence to the assertion that it is written by a veritable staff-sergeant; we think it bears incontrovertible evidence of authenticity, although the style be good, and the whole narrative written in a masterly manner. Still, a small tradesman, such as this staff-sergeant represents himself to have been, though unfortunate in business at the time of his enlistment, and a member perhaps of a mechanics' library or reading club might, with somewhat more than an average share of abilities into the bargain, be possessed of an equal amount of knowledge and book-learning. This we are willing to believe is one of the many evidences, which we hail with so much pleasure, of the awakening mind and energy of the people.

We have histories of campaigns; of the life of the officer and subaltern in the camp and the barracks; but here is a book which gives us the life of the private soldier, the "raw recruit" who enlists and sinks yet lower than the hedger-and-ditcher class from which he sprang, of the common soldier who is paid so many pence a day to be shot, or to die of disease, intemperance, or it may be by the lash, in some unhealthy climate abroad, or in barracks at home. It is a book of no common interest, and while it details, from the writer's own experience, the horrible secrets of the miserable though gilded prison house in which, like thousands of other deluded young men, he became a captive, it is written with that candour and calm good sense which carry conviction to the slowest believer. We earnestly recommend it to every mechanics' library throughout the kingdom, and wish it were possible for every thinking young man who aspires to "glory and a scarlet coat," to read and ponder well upon it, before he receives the fatal shilling which makes him a slave body and soul.

This work cannot fail of attracting the public attention, and we consider its publication at this moment, when the mind of the whole nation is turned upon the treatment of the private soldier, as particularly apropos and fortunate, but more so for the public than even for the writer himself.

We will furnish our readers with a few extracts, from which they may be enabled to form some idea of the whole work; but in the first place let us say a word or two of the writer and his earlier experience.

* 1 Vol. Chapman and Hall.

Being unfortunate in business, and desirous of seeing something of the world, he enlists in the 13th light infantry, at that time so famed for its deeds in Affghanistan. From Ireland, of which country he is a native, he comes to Chatham, with two hundred other recruits. He soon learns, and the knowledge does not make him light-hearted, what is the life of the private soldier, and particularly the recruit, in barracks. While the rest are drinking, swearing, quarrelling, and gambling, he wanders about Rochester and reads, and in the intervals of his reading sees a sight which left an indelible impression on his mind. A man was flogged. He had been flogged a month before at Brompton, and because, in the desperation and agony of his soul, he had flung down his cap and jacket and said "he would soldier no more," he was now sentenced to receive 150 lashes. For this monstrous crime he was flogged in slow time. The lash cut into his wounded back; stroke after stroke fell measuredly. He groaned forth, "Oh, God! Colonel, forgive me, and I will never do so more!" But there was neither pity nor forgiveness; the poor man fainted; nature was more merciful than his fellow-beings, and he received the rest of his sentence in a state of insensibility.

After a good deal of experience, enough to shake any pre-conceived notions of soldier-felicity, he and the others are marched off to Gravesend, to embark for India, cheering loudly, as young soldiers do, as they went along. "Ah!" remarked an old soldier who, of course, was wiser than they, "you shouldn't cheer till you're comin' back; there won't be so many of you then, and they won't be in a cheering humour."

On his arrival at head-quarters in India, he says:—

> My condition, from the moment of my arrival at head-quarters, underwent a total change, as everything there was different from what I had hitherto seen. There was more order and regularity, the men obeyed more readily and willingly, and I found myself pretty well at home among them, despite my being looked down upon as a recruit, an individual regarded by the old campaigner with the most thorough contempt. I soon ascertained that a young man of my abilities and education could not do worse than join a regiment coming off hard service; it is extremely difficult for him to get on; and even supposing he does so, others will consider it an infringement on their hard-earned rights. * * But although there was much order and regularity, in a military point of view, among the old soldiers, their conduct in other respects was frequently abominable, and their language of so foul a character, as almost to make my blood curdle and my flesh creep when I recall it. In many instances, the lips of the sergeant and private teemed alike with pollution, and their horrible oaths and execrations, coupled with expressions of obscenity, pained my ears tenfold more than the shrill screaming of the troops of jackalls that came nightly from the graves and tombs to prey upon the offal of the camp. Still, strange as it may seem, I soon became habituated to all this; and their language grew daily less and less offensive from constantly hearing it, until I finally began to imbibe the grossness of those around me, spite of myself. Such is the baneful influence of example. Indeed, it requires no ordinary strength of character to persevere in a course which subjects one to the sneers and taunts of those with whom he cannot do otherwise than associate, and who are not slow to denounce the man who does not act like themselves. The sober, the honest, and the honourable are assailed in a variety of ways; and let them but descend one step, and, in a majority of cases, they will fall to the last rung of the ladder, where the triangle awaits them.

The besetting sin of the soldier is drunkenness; through liquor he is mostly entrapped into the ranks, and liquor ever afterwards is the agent of his ruin. The following remarks require deep attention.

> There are, most certainly, in India, a great many inducements for a man to become a drunkard. The want of good society, pernicious example, the absence of employment or innocent amusement, and that which makes the sailor fly to the spirit-room when the bark is sinking—despair. Let it be remembered, too, that the British soldier is a neglected man. He is looked on, in every country as a being of inferior species; as the pariah of the body-politic; and thought to be almost incapable of moral or

social improvement. His own officers despise him, and the public at large despise him. Surely, then, when he finds himself treated with universal contempt, it cannot be a matter of surprise that he loses all self-respect; and becomes the reckless and degraded being that he is. He has no one to represent him in parliament; no one to advocate his cause, as that of the peasant or mechanic is advocated; no wonder then, that while these are progressing in the grand march of improvement, that he is still a being of the last century. It is not generally known that intemperance in the soldier is the cause of additional expense to the public. At an average, 1800 European soldiers die annually in India, and each man, by the time he reaches that country, costs government a sum of forty pounds, if not more. Now admitting that 800 out of this number are killed by drink, estimating the loss at thirty pounds per man—allowing ten pounds for intermediate service—we have a sum of 24,000*l.*, which I am certain is far under the actual amount, as regards the Anglo-Indian army alone. Very probably, a sum of 40,000*l.* would not cover the loss sustained in this way in the entire army of Great Britain.

But the death of so many men, and the consequent public expense, are not the only evils resulting from intemperance. It is the cause of very many more committing crimes who would otherwise have had a clear defaulter's sheet during their service. Five-sevenths of the courts-martial in India are assembled to try delinquents for habitual drunkenness, drunkenness on duty, or crimes committed while under the influence of liquor.

Our space will not admit of further extract, or we should like to have given some strange and picturesque passages from this two years' experience. For instance, the murder which was committed in the barracks, and the execution of the criminal; as well as many a sorrowful and heart-rending scene, which but for a writer of this class would never have met the public eye.

For the writer's ideas on flogging, and his scheme for decreasing its frequency in the army, we refer the reader to the book itself, which we again earnestly recommend to all classes.

THE MILLION;

A PRACTICAL PAPER

By H. G. Adams.

The word *million*, like many others in common use, is frequently spoken without the mind having any very clear image or perception of its real meaning. We speak of "a *million* of money," and although we consider one who is reputed to possess property to so great a value as an exceedingly rich man, yet the term, especially to those not much habituated to the use and application of figures, is uttered by the lips, and heard with the ears, without a proper understanding of its full significancy. We read of *millions* of human beings perishing by war, or pestilence, or famine, with comparative indifference; because we have but vague and indistinct impressions of the vast amount of *individual* suffering implied in the aggregate presented to us. We are told that our earth is so many *millions* of miles from the sun; that one of those shining orbs which we behold twinkling above us at night, is so many *millions* of miles from another; but we are not so lost in wonder and astonishment at the wisdom and omnipotence of Him who framed them, and who guides them unerringly in their courses, as we should be, if we could form a just conception of the immense range of space implied in the phrase "*millions* of miles." Again, we designate the labouring population of this and other countries as "the masses," or "the *millions*;" but how little do we reflect on the number of toiling, suffering, brother men—on the number of imperishable souls, each as precious to the Almighty Creator as that of the greatest earthly potentate, included in this gross amount of human life and energy, expending itself day after day, year after year, century after century, for the sustenance and benefit of all, and yet still growing in strength, and increasing in usefulness. We look upon it as some mighty piece of mechanism, some giant machine, invented for the especial behoof of the more favoured classes of society: we do not pause to consider its component parts—its bones, and sinews, and muscles, and sensitive fibres—too many of them crushed and bleeding—"o'erwrought, yet working on in agony;" but enter into nice calculations as to the least expenditure of food, mental and physical, by which it can be supported and kept going, safely and productively.

We have been led into these reflections by the sight of a very ingenious contrivance for *realising* to the mind, through the senses, the aggregation of a *million* units. It was contrived and put together by a schoolmaster of this neighbourhood (Rochester), who had long felt the difficulty above alluded to, of making his pupils comprehend what the word *million* really meant. It was easy to say that the numerals 1,000,000, stood for a *million*—to demonstrate it by multiplying and again multiplying; but the difficulty was not to be so got over. The minds of the boys could not grasp the amount; they wanted something tangible—something they could *see* and *feel*; and our schoolmaster, a practical man—and, by the way, a warm lover of his fellow-creatures, and an earnest worker for their good—left off theorising and perplexing them to little purpose, and set his inventive faculties to work. Let us describe the result. Before us is a compact-looking parcel, the upper surface of which, whereon is printed in good bold letters "One Million," being about twelve inches square: the depth of the four sides is little more than two inches. On opening it we find the interior to consist of canvass, folded map fashion, whereon have been pasted, or glued, sheets of paper, of the same size as the cover, studded with little dots, regularly disposed within small square compartments, each of which contain 100. Of those compartments there are on the page, or sheet, also 100, making an aggregate of 10,000 dots. Unfolding the canvass, we find the number of sheets to be again 100; and thus, upon the whole expanded surface, which extends to about 106 feet in length, we have the aggregation of a *million* units. Upon the inside of the cover are written some curious calculations and striking truths, calculated to arouse serious thought, and to promote the application of numbers to matters of deep and solemn import. Thus, it is stated that a little space in the first page, coloured pink, and including 70 of the dots, is the contracted span of human life. Within another division, coloured blue, are shown the 778 years since the Norman conquest. Represented by that number of spots, tinted yellow, are the 1844 years which have elapsed since the commencement of the Christian era; and a space tinted green indicates the 5848* years of the world's existence, according to the generally received interpretation of the Mosaic account. We are then told that the insignificance of these several portions of time, even the longest, when compared with a million of years, must strike every observer; and the question is asked—"What are they when compared with eternity?"

* It must be borne in mind that "the Million" was constructed, and the data affixed, in 1844; consequently two years are to be added to this and the two last amounts, to make them correct for the present time.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD.

FROM THE PICTURE BY DELAROCHE.

THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD.

This noble picture by one of the best French painters, Delaroche, needs but little explanation. It is the morning of the execution of him who first won the people's ear and heart by his devotion to their cause, at a time when friends of the people were few, and such friendship highly dangerous; of him who, as the time approached of the long threatened collision between the kingly prerogative and the national instinct for liberty and progress, turned suddenly round, attached himself to the Court he had previously denounced, and became the greatest, because the ablest, of public oppressors. Honours and influence were showered upon him; until the whole civil government of the country was in truth as effectually in his hand, as was the religious in the hands of Laud. Britain has passed through many a sad and terrible period, but perhaps, none was so intolerably grievous as that, when Charles I. ruled, with Strafford and Laud for his chief advisers. While the archbishop went on cropping men's ears, and slitting their noses, for the expression of opinion on religious belief, Wentworth's ambition aspired even to the whipping of the most illustrious of his political opponents. He would have silenced a Hampden by the lash. "In truth," he says, in one of his letters to Laud, "I still wish Mr. Hampden, and others to his likeness, were well whipped into their right senses. And if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

A few years, and the growth of the power they so little understood, and so much despised—the power of the English Parliament—brought both into the position shown in our engraving. Laud is holding up his hands towards heaven in benediction on the devoted head that bows before him. A few minutes, and Strafford dies on the block the death of a traitor to the people; three years more, and Laud will follow him.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

National education is announced to be the paramount object of the present ministry. Such is the declaration of a party, which, though not permitted to carry out, originated the great measures which have been brought to a successful issue. The pledge thus given, reasoning from late political analogy, will be redeemed; if not by the party putting it forth, by the national legislature, provided that public opinion bear with sufficient force upon the object. The breath of the united intelligence of the people must fill the sails of the state-vessel, let who may be at the helm. How many voyages, which, till the power of that intelligence prevailed, hung in remote and uncertain expectancy, has that vessel accomplished?

To inspirit us for the great work before us, let us look back on what has recently been done. Catholic emancipation, a long and angry battle, has been fought and won; and freedom, having loosed religious restriction, went forth and unfettered the slave. The Reform Bill let the purifying waters through borough and corporation; free trade has broken down the barriers of protection, and breathed a brighter atmosphere on commerce through the whole world. Coincident with this political progress, science has spread its mighty arms abroad, bringing the remote together, scattering the local prejudices which luxuriate in isolation, and uniting energies and intelligences which could not co-operate till facility of communication was secured. A principle is newly in action which almost realises the poet's fancy—and not only "wafts a sigh from Indus to the pole," but effects the wafting while the sigh transpires!

How impossible to pause upon this review—to look around on much that has arisen—to look forward to still more in perspective—and not feel that the course is clear for a race in which accelerated speed will trace the path, and yet more important objects form the prize. Time was, when to observe the course of human advancement was like watching the hour hand upon the dial: it was only at stated periods that progress could be perceived. It is now like marking the advance of a rapid and resistless tide, which sweeps off old obstructions, and throws forth from its unfathomable waters unguessed treasure. Time was when the masses were of as little account as the waste lands, and from the same cause—ignorance of the value and economy of cultivation. They were held as so many coarse and common tools, fit only to be put to the rudest purposes and treated accordingly. Lord Morpeth has well observed that there has been

> Too much monopoly in what concerns mind: that those studies and pursuits which contribute so much to the intelligence, to the refinement, to the enjoyment, to the elevation, of the human being, should no longer be considered the property of peculiar classes, but should be brought home to the doors of all our workmen, to the hearths of all our cottages; that, no matter what the walk of life, no matter what the trade, means and facilities should be afforded for that instruction, that complete moral education, of the whole character, of the whole man, which shall qualify him to be a good christian and a useful citizen.

That strange anomaly in state policy, the absence of a system of national education, is about to be removed. The reproach of long legislative neglect and indifference will, it is hoped, be compensated by the magnitude of the measures about to be put forth. Education, to be national, must be of universal application; to be that, it must be untinctured by sectarianism. This will form the great difficulty with which it will be necessary to grapple: the protectionists of opinion will each lead his division of antagonism into the field against the friends of religious freedom. The people, then, must do their part to strengthen the hands that will strike for them; they must feel that their moral life is about to begin; for feeble and desultory have been hitherto the endeavours directed to that work of all-absorbing interest. It is but as yesterday that in the British Parliament a grant for 70,000*l.* for the royal stables passed without a division; while at the same time, and by the same voices, 30,000*l.* was voted for the education of the people—for the education of millions—among whom Bacons and Lockes, Newtons and Miltons, have probably perished again and again for want of the appliances necessary to mental vitality.

The time for class education, like class legislation, is past. The spirit of universality is abroad, and will spread its wide wings over the interests of education. The form of education must be that which is best calculated to develope and exercise all the powers of human nature—a nature, how various soever in the detail, alike upon the whole; agreeing in the metal, differing only in the mould. The reasoning faculties, the moral feelings, the physical powers, demand equal development in all, without reference to social, any more than to local latitude. Every member of the state ought to have a mind

trained to the exercise of reason and reflection—opened to the sense of rectitude and responsibility—and a frame developed by the appliances essential to health. The details of knowledge may be contingent; the power to seize and assimilate it must be certain. The kind of knowledge may be left to the peculiar idiosyncracy; but the general capacity must be strengthened and expanded—the appetite healthily awakened and properly supplied—the tongue taught to speak, the ear to hear, the eye to see, the heart to feel, the mind to think aright. Under the various biases of natural genius, some will seize the pen and some the pencil; the orator and the linguist will arise here—the mathematician and musician there: but developed minds and frames, capable recipients for all the elements of moral and material improvement, must be everywhere; and with these will co-exist sympathetic tendencies—a spirit of christian fellowship, hitherto little known.

The inequalities of educational advantages, as much as the inequalities of wealth, have led to the indifference and disregard, the covert or avowed contempt, the open or secret strife, in which the human family have hitherto existed. The best feeling towards a deficient brother has been pity—a feeling proverbially akin to contempt; contempt leads to injury, injury to retaliation and hatred; and thus the chain of moral mischief is completed. The identity of interests, and the happiness to result from perfecting that identification, lies with education. When all are recognised as accredited and qualified workers in the great temple of human advancement, the proud petty vices of the present state of society will die out.

Wealth and rank may bulwark their possessor; but he ever feels struck with involuntary respect (proportioned to his capacity for appreciation) in the presence of intellect. The man, however humble, who shows that he holds the natural patents of nobility, wields a power, before which the material advantages of wealth, and the artificial distinctions of policy, stand in abeyance. This power, like the influence the human eye is said to possess over the lower animals, is a "great fact," which affords evidence of the inextinguishable supremacy of the principle of moral power (in which we include mental power, for they are only perfect in union); showing that we need only the necessary appliances for placing it in the ascendant, to give it an influence, predominant as it is imperishable, and under which all other human attributes will seriate in their due order.

Some concurrent circumstances of gratulation are present at this juncture. War, which, while it carries butchery abroad, leaves barbarism at work at home, has rolled away like a lowering storm from our horizon. With a disposition to peace, and facilities for social and commercial intercommunion, has grown a mental vision favourable to the recognition of faults at home and merits abroad, for which at one time the national optics were not peculiar. "We are every day more disposed to look beyond this island life of ours, and not to refuse that which when weighed has been found not wanting, because it was not originally our own." The seeds of a system of universal education might have been, ought to have been, sown earlier; yet, perhaps, at no time hitherto has the soil been in a better state for their reception. The necessity for national education is very generally recognised—it is proclaimed to be the great legislative object of the day; and the people are eager to be admitted to the privileges—they thirst to drink at the great fountains soon to be set flowing. We are indebted to Dr. Hook for an example of liberality, which will, we trust, strike an emulative, we would rather say co-operative, chord in every clerical breast. He says—

> If the Church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the funds required, by appropriating her property to this purpose. Our bishops are bound, upon this principle, to go down to the House of Lords, and seek powers from the legislature to sell their estates. * * * * It would be better for the Church to have a pauperised hierarchy than an uneducated people; and never would the hierarchy be more respectable than when pauperised in such a cause.

As Lord Castlereagh would have said, Dr. Hook points to "the feature on which the question hinges," when he says that the state, while recognising the necessity for religious education, can itself give only literary and scientific education, and on this declaration must its proceedings be based. The pastors of each sect, left free to pen their own fold for religious instruction, will, in "agreeing to differ," diffuse the principle of harmony throughout their flocks, invest the schools with a free atmosphere, and preserve to all that moral and intellectual culture which are eminently auxiliary to the development and support of the spiritual. Mr. O'Connell is said to have aroused and irritated the theological tiger in Ireland; we trust he is not prowling elsewhere. "To a certain extent education must be a secular concern—the business of laymen and statesmen, not of ecclesiastics. Is geology to be based on sectarian principles? Is the Newtonian system to be placed under theological control? Must the authority of pastors over science and history be recognised?" Surely not. Other aims are theirs, and can be best followed out by their exclusive devotion to them.

The national plan will, of course, present a graduated scale of schools, from the infant-school up to the college and gallery of art. England will remember that she has embryo Barrys and Reynoldses, Hiltons and Haydons, as well as Adam Smiths and Arkwrights; and she will make provision for the development of all—recognise, as has long been the case on the continent, the necessity for artistic cultivation, as "an essential accompaniment to all intellectual cultivation;" and, whilst giving manual facilities, remit nothing that will tend to promote "the higher object—the philosophy on which it rests, and by which it is regulated, both intrinsically and in its relations to other departments of human thought and action." We will hope, too, that a wise liberality will raise the educator to his proper position, and that the minister of instruction will be selected as a guide to the path of honour upon which they are about to enter, and reap reward in proportion to the value of their moral vintages. "Noble and national objects," says Sir Martin Archer Shee, "are not to be effected by common and contracted means; the stimulus must ever be in proportion to the exertion required; and they must be themselves honoured, who are expected to do honour to their country."

Education, when universal—the thronged highway of *all* the children of the state, each furnished with the fullest means for the development of his powers, and looking to that development as the grand interest of his existence; the mode by which alone he can gain the power to serve God and man—will give an impetus to human advancement, of which the present age, progressive as it is, can form but feeble conception. The light of Christianity will lead men to co-operation as to a common

centre; where, if "the strong labour for the weak," it will be doing a work that is alike blessed and blessing; where "the idle and incapable," those denizens of ignorance and rank neglect, will be unknown; where "rogues and spendthrifts" will, like fossil remains, be mere matter of curious research; and where "the children of folly" will exist only like the mummies in the British Museum, as effigies of some very obstinate believers in the immortality of error and prejudice.

Moral and intellectual ambition has no limit. We were going to compare the philosophic cosmopolite to the Alpine traveller, who surmounts height after height, only to behold others more heavenward; but we would rather liken him to Milton's angel, who

> Through the vast etherial sky
> Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wings.

But not only will progress be marked with new and unguessed triumphs, but abuses, like weeds, will be trodden down. Past mistakes, as refuse committed to fire, will vanish before future discovery and dilating intelligence. The Joseph Sturges of no distant day may behold the evil, which the present excellent reformer so properly denounces—the property qualification—merged in the educational qualification, furnished by an honourable course through the national schools, which would go near, if not quite, to the establishment of universal suffrage; in which, perhaps, women, as well as men, might by that time deserve to be included. With these advances, that feudal enormity, the fratricidal law of primogeniture, would fall, and yield to the primordial rights of moral worth and mental power.

THE TWO STONE-MASONS.

(From the French.)

Marcel and Bastien were stone-masons, who had worked together for several years in a yard belonging to one of the most celebrated builders in Paris. They were clever workmen and good friends, and they would often assist each other at their work. Between their wives, however, there was no such friendly feeling. Madame Bastien joked incessantly with the gossips of the district on Madame Marcel's conduct. She called her a fool, a niggard, a hypocritical despot, under whose sway her husband bent like a slave. Madame Marcel, though she never said anything openly about the frivolous character of her neighbour, regarded her as a public gossip whose tittle-tattle was dangerous, as a madcap who thought of nothing but her own pleasure, and who took no care for her family, except in things absolutely indispensable to life. The principal source of division between the two women was Madame Bastien's jealousy of the comfort and cleanliness which always appeared in her neighbour's house, and of the modest and strictly proper behaviour of her three little girls. It often happened that her own children were seen by Madame Marcel, striving together in the streets, far from their home; and more than once Madame Marcel had taken them home, to the great humiliation of their mother, who did not like to be surprised with her house in disorder, and her clothes dirty, when, at the same time, might be seen, spread out at the foot of the bed, the finery destined to figure next day at a ball.

Every Sunday, Bastien took his family to one or other of the most frequented houses of entertainment in the environs, where they would stay to a late hour, and spend in a single day the earnings of a week. His wife's attractive prattle, her fresh and smiling face, and the attentions she received, gratified his self-love; while she would feel as happy, as triumphant, as does the high-born coquette who, in the gilded saloon, attracts all eyes, and wins universal admiration.

Marcel and his wife passed the half of every Sunday at home with their family, to fulfil their religious duties, to regulate their expenses, and to calculate their savings. The mother sought to fill up the leisure of her daughters by pleasant and instructive reading. After a good luncheon, they would go on foot to the *Jardin des Plantes*, or to the borders of the Seine. Sometimes they would go as far as the forest of Vincennes, and there, towards evening, on the fresh grass, under the pleasant foliage of the trees, they would spread out the rustic collation which they had brought with them. The sacred bond of family union was strengthened, their hearts expanded, they laughed, and they embraced each other. At sunset they would return, happy and refreshed, to their home.

Of course, when Marcel and Bastien met on the Monday at their work (the latter often did not make his appearance till the day was half over), they would talk over the pleasures of the preceding day. Bastien, with pale face and stiff limbs, would enumerate with pride the bottles of wine he had drunk, the games of billiards he had played, the country-dances his wife had danced, and the sports his little boys had enjoyed. Marcel, calmer and more fit for work, would talk of his walk to the wood of Vincennes, of the collation which, though so humble, had charmed his wife and family, and of the amiable qualities of his little girls, which they owed to the care of their excellent mother.

"Stop, Marcel!" would Bastien exclaim. "Don't talk to me of such out-of-the-way women as despise people's pleasures. You let your wife lead you like a child, and I can assure you, your comrades don't think the better of you for it."

"I am no more led than you are, my friend. Our tastes differ, that's all. You like drinking and merriment—I like the fields and the shade of the trees. It would not suit me to see my children mingling in the sports of the tea-gardens. Every one is allowed to guard his own treasure, and I know of none more precious than the manners of my children."

"These grand speeches show plainly enough, my poor Marcel, that you are nothing better than your wife's parrot. She is niggardly, and vain, and despises her equals. She reads books, and thinks herself too learned to talk with her neighbours."

"Who is his wife's parrot now, Bastien? Because she loves her own pleasure before everything else, and spends all that you earn, your wife finds fault with those who are orderly and economical. But never mind, we can't help our wives' opinions, and we need not be worse friends because they disagree."

"Certainly not. You are a fine fellow, Marcel, I must say that, and that's the very reason I can't bear to see you so ruled by your wife. But as you say, our wives' opinions are their own, and let us remain always good friends. Give me your hand upon it."

"With all my heart."

One day, when the two masons were working for a wing which was being added to one of the hospitals, they observed with interest the distribution of soup, by the Sisters of Charity, to the poor of the district. A considerable number of poor people, seated on stone benches alongside the walls of the hospital, received each a jugful of the soup. Some ate, or rather devoured, the pious offering with a wooden or metal spoon with which they had provided themselves; others, who could not procure even that necessary utensil, used oyster shells, which they had found in some corner. It was a painful and a touching spectacle! a terrible lesson for those whose passions and foolish prodigality lead them to misery! a precious example to the opulent, who, by thus making useful their broken meats, and the crumbs which fall from their table, may soften the woes of suffering humanity.

"It must be owned," said Marcel, "that the poor have great resources in Paris."

"Aye," replied Bastien, "that's just the reason there's so many do-nothings and vagabonds. If the rich gave them less, they would be compelled, like us, to cut stone, and to bear the heat and cold of the work-yards."

"But charity does not single out. She gives food to those who are hungry."

"One must be hungry indeed to debase oneself to such a degree as to come crowding pell-mell, to the door of a mansion, or to those stone benches, to devour soup, for all the world like so many brute beasts. For my part, I never could so debase myself."

"You say so now, when you are receiving your five or six francs a-day. But let an accident happen—a severe wound, or a long illness—and you will speak in a different tone. As the proverb says, 'Hunger drives the wolf from the wood.'"

"It is certain that if one thought of all that might prevent one from working——"

"One would be more economical—eh? Well, that's just what my wife says to me. It is in the time of harvest that we should lay by for the bad season. As another proverb says, 'If you would never be thirsty, keep a pear ready for your thirst.'"

"Pshaw! a foolish proverb. I should be very sorry never to be thirsty, particularly when I go to the public house. I don't like to put off my pleasures to the next day, and when I have hold of them I never let them go till my purse is empty. I am young and strong, and in constant work. I'll save some other time—meanwhile, *Vive la joie!*"

Conversation on this subject did not change the opinion of either of the friends. Each maintained his own—Marcel, uniting in purpose with the best of wives, saved as much as he could, and dreaded nothing so much as having to fall into a position which would oblige him to have recourse to charitable assistance. Bastien, quite as proud, but though of a sturdy and decided character, under the influence of the merry gossip whom he congratulated himself on possessing for a wife, and led away by exciting pleasures, spent all that he earned, and feared not for the future. His physical strength, and high reputation as a workman, gave him confidence, and if his purse was emptied on the Sunday, he would work hard the rest of the week, so as to provide for the necessities of his wife and children. It is true his boys were ill-enough clad, and did not yet know how to read; while Marcel's daughters, clothed in modest attire, the work of their own hands, were celebrated for their neatness, and graceful and pleasing deportment. Under the dictation of their mother, they would write out passages from the best moral books, and would try to recite them to their father in the evening, when he came in from his work; refreshing him, after the labours of the day, by their success and their caresses.

Faithful to their promise, the husbands never shared the differences of their wives. But at last, perhaps, these differences might have succeeded in breaking the agreement between them, had not Bastien, who did not pay his rent regularly, been obliged to remove to another street. His new lodging was a humble one, on the fifth story. Marcel remained honestly established in his, the third story of a respectable house; where he had gathered together, through his economy, some good furniture, linen more than enough for their wants, and even some plate. Every week he added a little to the store, which for several years he had been laying up in an admirable savings' bank.

Now it happened that, to the great mania for building which had long reigned in Paris, there succeeded a time of great depression in the trade. Workmen could no longer exact high wages. Profits also were reduced one half. It became difficult to procure work. Many workmen left Paris for the cultivation of the fields, from which the desire of gain had drawn them. As a climax of misfortune, there came one of the severest and longest winters experienced for a long time. Marcel and Bastien were three months without being able to work a single day at their trade. In vain they went to the different yards of the builder who had employed them for so many years. He was himself a sufferer from the pressure of the times. To the failure of work was added increase of need, owing to the fearful rise in the price of fuel and provisons.

What were now the sufferings of Bastien, and his wife and children? How terrible were the privations they had to endure! Shut up in their gloomy dwelling, which was every day robbed of an article of furniture, sold to buy bread, the father, the mother, and the three little boys, shivering before the temporary warmth of a few pieces of lighted turf, soon suffered all the horrors of extreme want. Then, but too late, they repented of the prodigalities of the season of plenty. Bastien attributed their distress to the thoughtless coquetries of his wife: she ascribed their ruin to her husband's passion for drink and play. And during their mutual recriminations, which often amounted to harshness, and even menace, their poor children, half dead with cold, were crying for bread.

It was different with Marcel and his family. Their peaceful home was warmed by a good stove, and the severity of the season was not felt. They were provided with all the necessary provisions of life; they were warmly clad; and, by means of their former economy, they could now procure occasionally a load of fire-wood, coffee for their morning meal, and sometimes even a bottle of wine. Marcel had given up the glass of brandy which he had been accustomed to take when he was in full work, saying gaily, that "there was no need to oil the wheels of a carriage out of use." In fine, harmony, comfort, and gaiety, reigned in that peaceful family, in spite of the hard times; and they had no other trouble than that of being obliged to break into the little treasure they had deposited in the savings' bank. But they promised themselves to make it up, as soon as work should begin again in the yards.

The prolonged severities of the winter had caused so much suffering, that it became necessary to increase charitable relief. Among other instances of benevolence much talked of, was that of a jeweller, whose opulence was equalled by his philanthropy. This old man, disguised in coarse clothes, and aided by his servants, distributed at noon every day, on the Quai de Gèvres, four hundred basins of cheap but very nourishing soup. He also gave a twenty-sous piece to every mother carrying an infant. This curious and interesting spectacle drew together a great number of people; some led by misery, others by admiration of the noble act of humanity. Among the rest, Marcel and his wife went to enjoy the sight of this beautiful picture of Christian charity. At the appointed hour they were at the Quai de Gèvres. There was a great crowd of people. It was heart-rending to see the eagerness with which all these unfortunates stretched out their suppliant hands to receive the first aliment they had lifted to their famished lips for four and twenty hours. Marcel surveyed the long files of sufferers who were devouring the soup. He recognised several of his neighbours—workmen reduced to this humiliating position. But what did he behold? Could it be possible? Were those indeed Bastien and his family seated there, satisfying their hunger with the offering of charity? A cry of grief and surprise escaped from Marcel. It struck the ear of his comrade, who looked up and perceived him. The poor fellow reddened, cast down his eyes, and seemed ready to sink to the earth. At the same time, his wife had perceived the woman whom she had so ridiculed, whose economy she had so censured. Her countenance changed; it was covered with remorse and confusion. She was about to fly, and hide herself in the crowd. Madame Marcel advanced to her, and stopped her.

"Why be ashamed, neighbour?" she said in a gentle and touching voice—"are you not a mother? Oh, why did you not apply to your old friends?" These words went to the heart of the poor woman. She burst into tears, and could not speak a word.

In the meantime, Marcel had pressed Bastien in his arms. Without a word of reproach, he drew him away—him and his three children—and said in a voice choked with emotion—"My friend—my comrade—to be so reduced! Come—come home with me. You shall share what I have; I can make more yet. And you shall repay me when you get work again—when you will—never, if you like. Only spare me the pain of seeing you a beggar."

* * * * *

The two families were united under Marcel's roof. There the duties of hospitality were exercised by delighted, and received by grateful hearts. There were strengthened the ties of a lasting friendship. Soon better days dawned. The workyards were opened. The sacred debt he had contracted, made Bastien work with double zeal and assiduity. He never rested till it was paid. And for interest, Marcel would accept nothing but a pressure of the hand.

Bastien now discovered that there were pleasures truer and surer than those of the public-house. He became as careful as he had been extravagant; as gentle, as good, as he had been rough and passionate. His wife, now solely occupied with her household duties, and the education of her children, acknowledged the value of economy; since it not only places above the reach of want, but affords the inexpressible happiness of being able to relieve the wants of others.

Poetry for the People.

TO OCTOBER.

By Hugh Macdonald.

[The following lines are by the author of the poem entitled "*Gudesake let's Agree*, a song for Working-men, by One of themselves," published in the *Annals*, p. 27, vol 1.—Ed.]

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
  Clad in glowing mantles sere—
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the West when day's descending—
  Thou 'rt the sunset of the year.

Beauteous are thy row'n-trees glowing
  With their beads of coral dye;
Beauteous are thy wildrose bushes,
Where the hip in ripeness blushes,
  Like a maid whose lover's nigh.

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping
  From the tangled blackthorn bough;
Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage,
Clustering o'er the woodland cottage;
  Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
  Droopeth sad the sweet bluebell,
Gone the blossoms April cherish'd,
Violet, lily, rose, all perish'd—
  Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
  Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm grey morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
  Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
  Music of the falling leaf
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its thrilling depths revealing—
  "Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October!
  More than budding, blooming Spring.
Her's is hope, delusive smiling,
Trustful hearts to grief beguiling;
  Memory loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer,
  Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
  Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
  Death laid low my bosom-flower:
Life hath been a wintry river,
O'er whose ripple gladness never
  Gleameth brightly, since that hour.

"Hearts would fain be with their treasure"—
  Mine is slumb'ring in the clay.
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem it not strange this heart should weary
  For its *own* October day.

Colinslie Print Works, near Paisley.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN DUBLIN?

By James Haughton.

It would be an easier matter to tell what the people are doing for themselves, than to reply, in any satisfactory way, to this question. And yet we would not have it imagined that the working men and their families, in the metropolis of Ireland, are altogether neglected by those who are bound by self-interest, as well as by duty, to see that misery and want do not raise their gaunt visages so openly in our midst as to undo all social ties, and altogether bar our claim to the title of being a Christian people. What we mean to convey is, that neglect is the rule, and those kindly and benevolent feelings which should characterise a people who were wise as well as virtuous, the exception. Dublin presents a beautiful appearance to the stranger. The Liffey runs through the city from west to east, and is walled in by quays built of granite, and crossed by several handsome bridges. Our public buildings are numerous, and some of them strikingly beautiful. Our principal streets are spacious, and well kept. Our squares are large, laid out with much taste and elegance, and surrounded by fine-looking mansions. The newer and more aristocratic portions of Dublin thus exhibit an appearance of architectural elegance, wealth, and comfort, not exceeded by many cities in Europe. The environs maintain this agreeable impression; for nature and art have done much to render the surrounding country almost all that man could desire. But, when we go a little deeper into the realities of things, we see much that is calculated to dispel first impressions; and to convince us that an amount of poverty exists in this metropolis, which loudly demands the exercise of benevolent feeling and benevolent action for its alleviation. The mind of the visitor is painfully impressed by the conviction that selfishness—rooted and ingrained selfishness—prevails in this city of palaces to an extent as criminal and besotted as in any other that could be named. We say *criminal*, for it is clearly the duty of the wealthy and the intelligent—we will not say, to feed and clothe the hungry and the naked—but to base the institutions of society on such wise and just principles, that all who are willing to labour, and to conduct themselves as honest citizens, shall be enabled to surround themselves with the comforts of life. We say *besotted*, for it surely is evidence of great folly on the part of the few, who are in possession of wealth and its accompanying comforts and luxuries, to leave the indigent many in such circumstances, that their hearts must be inevitably hardened, and their feelings embittered, by the constant struggle to sustain a miserable existence, while they see all around them that wealth of which they are the sole producers, and scarcely an atom of which remains to their share. It is fearful to reflect on the sad contrast of comfort and misery, of luxury and pinching want, which make up the sum of our population — a population which is rapidly increasing, and in which the increase of the wealthy portion is in a ratio greatly less than that of the poor. If this state of things be suffered to continue, it is easy to imagine that a spark may one day or other set the framework of society in a blaze that will involve all parties in one common ruin. This anomaly in our social system is doubtless, in a great measure, attributable to that thirst after wealth which makes men regardless of everything not palpably conducive to the promotion of their individual interests. This grasping disposition is deeply rooted amongst us; and we fear its poisonous influences are on the increase. To point out the means of uprooting this evil were no easy task; not because obvious remedies do not exist; but because the moral and religious sentiments of our nature have not been educated and called into action in the conduct of the daily business of our lives. It is true we have churches, and people crowd them in considerable numbers. We have eloquent preachers, who talk in abstract terms of morality and religion; and give some faint idea of the duties which these call for at our hands. It is the fashion to go to church—therefore, men go there; but it does not enter into their heads that the precepts there inculcated are to form any portion of their daily duties. And preachers are generally so courteous, so unwilling to wound the feelings of their hearers, and they speak in such general terms of the vices of society, that no individual ever imagines, in consequence of what he has heard in his place of worship, that he has any account to settle with his conscience. Thus the merchant goes on amassing wealth, often by means greatly at variance with the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" the distiller, the brewer, the publican, continue to manufacture and sell those poisons which are so destructive to our fellow-creatures; and, as the minister of religion is generally a partaker of these poisons, he never even whispers in their ears, that they are "verily guilty concerning their brother." The soldier lives in a constant preparation for doing violence to the command, "Love your enemies," yet the clergyman never denounces him for making himself an adept in the trade of murder, or for seducing, by mean and despicable devices, the only son from his widowed mother, in order to convert the man into an unreasoning machine, so that he may be made a fitting instrument for the destruction of his fellows. To visit such practices as these with Christian reprehension, is not thought of; it would hurt men's feelings—it might awaken uneasy sensations in some dormant consciences; and our clergymen, as well as those in other places, are expected to make the road to heaven as smooth and as comfortable as possible. To insist on the constant practice of the christian duties, and to tell men they can never get to heaven if they live in the open violation of their duties, would be looked upon as entirely beside their duty. At all events, it is certain that the thing is seldom or never attempted.

We may be asked, what has all this homily to say to our text, "What is doing for the People in Dublin?" We reply, it has much to do with it, and with the condition of the people everywhere. Great poverty abounds. The multitude live in a condition not far removed from that of the lower animals. The rich are, generally, indifferent to this state of things. Selfishness is the root of the evil. This feeling is easily kept alive in men's hearts; and, instead of directing all moral and religious appliances for its counteraction, our ordinary education has a powerful tendency to foster and keep it alive. It lives in the bosom of the poor man as actively as in that of his richer brother; all are tainted with this evil principle; all have learned the mischievous maxim, that "a man may do what he likes with his own;" instead of being taught that it is incumbent on rational and *accountable* beings to study the comfort and happiness of their fellow-men; and that no man is warranted in doing as he will with his own, to the injury of others. Men are educated, by all the

customs of society, into the belief that *self* should be the great end of all their labours, and that in giving time and money for the relief of the distressed, they are doing some mighty work of merit, for which they are entitled to the unbounded thanks of the recipients. Hence, a general alienation of feeling between the rich and the poor prevails in Dublin as well as elsewhere; which is lamentable wherever it exists, and which must be replaced by sentiments more akin to christianity before men can be happy and contented, or society placed on a secure foundation.

We would not have it inferred that the wealthy and educated classes of Dublin are peculiarly hard-hearted, or indifferent to the wants of the poor; we believe this is not the case. We have many noble institutions for the relief of want and misery. But there is not an intelligent activity to prevent destitution, or to place the poor in such a position as would enable them to supply their own wants by their own industry. It is not charity the people want. It is employment they need; and such an improved education as would induce them to pay greater attention to their physical as well as their mental requirements. They need better habitations; and a taste for a higher degree of comforts than now exists must be acquired before this need will be supplied. They want to be made acquainted with the value of cleanliness and of a constant supply of pure fresh air. They need an education which would give them some insight into the laws of their being, and teach them to avoid the hurtful practices of drinking and smoking, which still too generally prevail. The latter bad habit is almost universal; the former has, to a great extent, been relinquished: To conclude this branch of our subject—if the rich would secure to themselves the affections of the poor, and thereby promote their own best interests, they must exhibit a greater anxiety, a more genial disposition, to do them good. They must realise the great truth, that "God has made of one blood all the families of man that dwell upon the face of the earth." That aristocratic hauteur, which proclaims, "I am better than thou," must be laid aside; the poor must be held in greater respect; they must be more fraternised with; if they are rude, it is because they are neglected; under a rough exterior, there is hidden many an honest heart. Let kindly influences predominate, and the great machine of social life will move on peacefully and joyously in its course.

We have stated that there are many fine institutions in Dublin for the relief of want and misery. A passing notice of these, and of some societies of a scientific and literary character, may not be out of place. The Fever Hospital, in Cork-street, is a large and admirably conducted establishment, standing in the centre of a large plot of ground, in an open and a healthful situation, on the outskirts of the city. Madame Stephens's Hospital is another extensive building appropriated to the relief of the sick poor. Meath Hospital, Jervis-street Hospital, Whitworth Fever Hospital, Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, the Lying-in-Hospital, the Eye Infirmary in Mark-street, Fleet-street Dispensary, the South-Eastern Dispensary, the Female Orphan House, and some other similar institutions, whose names we cannot now call to mind, attest the fact that a good deal of active benevolence is at work in Dublin. We have an extensive Lunatic Asylum for the relief of this most unfortunate class of our suffering fellow-men. Of our two Poor Houses, we need only say, that they are crowded with inmates, whose wants are, we trust, carefully attended to. Another institution of a similar character, deserves more than a passing notice. For, while all, or nearly all, the institutions we have named, are partially or entirely supported out of the public funds (some of them derive the greater part of their incomes from munificent endowments and private subscriptions), this one owes its existence entirely to the voluntary contributions of the citizens, and it has now been many years in existence. We allude to the Mendicity Institution, which was founded to do away with street begging. If all our citizens supported it as it deserves, by giving to it their contributions, and refusing assistance to mendicants in our streets, it would be found eminently calculated to effect the object in view. Here, no destitute person is refused food, and food of an excellent description is always supplied. Our streets are, notwithstanding, filled with importunate beggars, who are a blot upon our civilisation, and a disgrace to us in the eyes of strangers. But no real necessity exists for this outward manifestation of destitution, neither would it be long exhibited if thoughtless alms-giving were discontinued. It will be seen that much pains is taken in Dublin to mitigate the evils of disease, and to relieve the miseries caused by penury. But it must also be noticed that nearly all the means of relief alluded to are of a *curative* nature; there is a great want of intelligent action for the *prevention* of misery. Much of this is owing to the apathy and ignorance of the wealthy, and to the great difficulty experienced in the collection of funds for useful purposes from private sources; and government aid is only granted in accordance with the old-fashioned notions, that hospitals for the sick, and prisons for the guilty, are the best preventives of contagion and crime. By and bye we shall discover that prevention, both in a physical and a moral sense, is better than cure; and when our eyes are opened, it is to be hoped a better philosophy will guide us in future. We license, on the one hand, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; and, by sanctioning their use, we spread crime and misery around. On the other, we build hospitals and prisons to put a stop to evils of our own creating. Vain and foolish policy! When we learn to proclaim the use of alcohol as a common beverage to be an immoral practice, the foundation of our physical and moral improvement will be laid, and not until then; all other remedies for the evils which afflict society will prove to be mere palliatives.

Let us now briefly notice some of the Literary and Scientific Institutions which adorn our city. Amongst these Trinity College stands foremost. It is a noble establishment, of large dimensions, and imposing appearance, both externally and internally. We do not enter upon any detail of its constitution or government—this would occupy too much space, and be foreign to our object. The principal points of interest to a stranger, within its walls, are the beautiful park, which is at all times accessible to the public; the museum, which has been recently placed under excellent management, and is well worth a visit; the examination hall, the chapel, the dining hall; and last, but not least, the magnificent library, which contains about 100,000 volumes of manuscript and printed books, including some of great interest for their rarity or magnificence.

Next in interest and importance may be mentioned the Royal Dublin Society, a noble and valuable institution, which has long been the nurse of arts and agriculture in our country. Here are drawing and modelling schools, which have fos-

tered much native talent, and educated many men who have proved an honour to their country. Here is an interesting museum and an excellent library; and within its walls are constantly delivered, by men of the highest attainments, and free to the public, lectures on chemistry, natural history, geology, agriculture, and other scientific subjects. The agricultural museum is well supplied. Cattle shows and an exhibition of farming implements take place on the premises every year. These are exceedingly attractive, and no doubt greatly advantageous in the formation of improvements in the various branches of agriculture. In connection with the Royal Dublin Society, and about a mile from Dublin, is the Botanic Garden at Glassnevin, one of the most beautifully situated places of the kind to be met with. A large sum of money has been recently expended in the erection of a beautiful range of conservatories, which is not yet completed. This garden is open to the public two days in the week, and is always accessible to members of the society and to their friends.

When speaking of Trinity College, we omitted to mention the Botanic Garden belonging to the university. It is a sweet spot, and is kept in the highest order, under the superintendence of Mr. Mackay, the author of an excellent "Irish Flora." Admittance is readily obtained by an order from any of the fellows, or from the professor of botany in the college.

While speaking of the Royal Dublin Society, we must not forget the claims of the Royal Agricultural Society, an institution which was founded a few years ago by the late estimable and truly patriotic Peter Purcell, who devoted much time to the improvement of agriculture in Ireland. This society has, we believe, been eminently successful in the promotion of that object. Numerous branch societies are now in connection with it, in all parts of the country.

The Royal Irish Academy is another of the interesting institutions of Dublin which tend to bring together the higher classes of society, and to diffuse among them a taste for the highest acquirements in scientific knowledge. Papers are here read to the members by our most distinguished literary and scientific men. There is an excellent library in the institution, and a collection of Irish antiquities; which is, we believe, considered to be the most extensive and valuable in existence. It comprises many articles of extraordinary interest, for their rarity and antiquity, or the historical associations connected with them.

Marsh's Library, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, is an institution not generally known to the public, or much frequented by readers; although gratuitous admission is freely accorded to all. Its shelves are filled with a large collection of musty tomes—musty in every sense—which are seldom opened. We believe the benevolent intentions of its founder have long since ceased to be of any public utility, and that it may now be considered as affording a sinecure to the librarians who have the care of it. The cathedral, which is a fine old pile, is interesting as the last resting place of the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Swift. It is much frequented on Sunday, on account of the admirable music which is performed there during service. Speaking of music, it may be said that the people of Dublin derive considerable enjoyment from that source of refinement. The higher classes have established for many years three amateur societies, at which concerts of the finest music, both vocal and instrumental, are frequently given, and numerously attended. The poorer classes have the advantage of enjoying fine music at their different places of worship; and a great number of trades' associations and temperance societies have bands, which afford a large amount of innocent enjoyment to the people.

We should not omit some mention of the Royal Zoological Society, whose gardens are beautifully situated in the Phœnix Park. The committee of this society deserve great credit for the liberal manner in which they have thrown open their garden to the people. The cost of admission on week days is sixpence; but with a degree of enlightened liberality, the advantages of which can hardly be too highly estimated, the committee have for some years past opened it to the public on Sunday at a charge of only one penny; thus placing an innocent and useful recreation within the means of the poorest classes, of which they have extensively availed themselves, not only without injury of any kind to the garden, but we believe with advantage in a pecuniary sense to the institution. It is much to be regretted that the wealthier classes in general take little interest in this society. It languishes for want of funds; so that the committee are unable to make it as largely instrumental in the promotion of zoological science as it might be. In our wealthy community a few hundreds a year cannot be collected for this useful purpose, although there are thousands among us who would never miss the trifling subscription-fee of one guinea a year.

We have pleasure in recording another instance of wise liberality on the part of the directors of another society, which has been greatly instrumental in promoting a taste for the fine arts in Ireland. We allude to the Hibernian Academy. At their annual exhibition of paintings the two last years, they threw open their doors for several days to the public, at a charge of only one penny. This boon was taken advantage of by many thousands of the citizens; and it was observed that the finest works of art in the exhibition attracted the greatest attention. Notwithstanding the crowds that attended, the greatest order prevailed, and no injury whatever was done to any of the paintings. This judicious regulation of the committee diffused a great deal of pleasure throughout the community; and, no doubt, created a love for the beautiful in many minds. It also added largely to the funds of the Academy. It is a great pity that the striking evidences frequently given by the people of their just appreciation of rational and civilising pleasures, are not more taken advantage of by government, for the extension of human happiness. Some enjoyments the people must have. They would soon lose all taste for low and degrading pleasures, if some little pains were taken to bring purer sources of enjoyment within their reach. The Royal Irish Art Union has already created a general taste for the fine arts. Its zealous honorary secretary, Mr. Stewart Blacker, has raised it to a high place in public estimation. The National Art Union for Ireland has similar objects in view; but it is calculated to interest a class of the people not heretofore thought of, in connection with such means of fostering refined tastes and feelings. To effect that object, the annual subscription is fixed so low as five shillings. The society is only one year in being; and during that period the large sum of upwards of thirteen hundred pounds has been subscribed. The committee have succeeded in inducing an eminent line-engraver to settle in Dublin to execute their work; thus establishing a branch of business in Dublin not heretofore practised in this country. It would

be erroneous to convey the idea that the working classes have, in any great number, taken a deep interest in the National Art Union, for this is not the case; but the committee look upon it as a means of elevating and refining the great mass of the people, which cannot ultimately fail to produce good results.

The Dublin Library, in D'Olier-street, combines the advantages of a library and a reading-room. The latter is well supplied with newspapers and other periodicals, and has been for several years chiefly supported by young men from among the middle ranks of society.

We have now taken a hasty glance at some of the institutions of Dublin which have a tendency to elevate and improve the national character.

It will be perceived that these are almost entirely devoted to the wants of the middle and upper classes. The poor have not yet been much thought of in relation to intellectual acquirements. To dig, and delve, and labour, in the production of wealth, has been deemed their fit employ; and they themselves have heretofore felt little disposition to gratify the higher wants of their nature. But the scene is changing. Our working men are awakening to a right sense of their dignity as human beings. A thirst for information has been created among them to a considerable extent, which will be deepened from year to year, as our system of national education becomes more and more developed, and its advantages seen in its practical results upon the rising generation. The model national school, in Marlborough-street, is admirable in all its arrangements. It is educating large numbers of the children of our poor; and it is constantly turning out, and spreading over the country in all directions, trained teachers, to carry forward the march of education, and act as the pioneers of a high state of civilisation and happiness, which we confidently hope will be realised in Ireland at no very distant day. The celebrated and excellent Archbishop Whately is an indefatigable patron of this admirable institution, and the amiable Dr. Murray is also its zealous supporter.

We now proceed to say a few words as to what the people of Dublin are doing for themselves.

Foremost in the list of their efforts for self-improvement stands the great teetotal reformation. The metropolis of Ireland, as regards the virtue of sobriety, is a model city for the empire. It is true that much drunkenness yet exists; but it is as nothing when compared with the habits of the working classes in that respect a few years since. The PEOPLE of Dublin are now a sober people; and if they maintain the principles of teetotalism with manly fidelity, they will provide a foundation on which their future happiness and prosperity will securely rest. They have established numerous benefit societies, the subscription varying from one penny to sixpence per week; the members receiving a proportionate benefit in cases of sickness. The deceased members are decently interred out of the funds; and widows receive a sum of money to enable them to embark in some little business. At the close of each year, the balances remaining in hand are divided among the members, reserving a small sum for contingent expenses. This mode of mutual assistance may not be the best that could be adopted, but it is simple; it is suited to the experience of our people, and it involves no risk of bankruptcy. These benefit societies foster a spirt of independence; and, as they are managed by committees annually elected, they create business habits in the members, and are also conducive to the formation of habits of economy, which is no light advantage.

There is in the city a mechanics' institution, which has been in existence about nine years, and is entirely under the management of that class of society for whose benefit it was established. By its constitution, one half of its committee must be operatives, the other half non-operatives. By operatives are meant working tradesmen. Newspapers are excluded from the reading-room; and all works of a party, political, or sectarian tendency are excluded from the library, which consists of a well-chosen assortment of reading on all other subjects. The library has been recently enriched by a valuable and extensive addition of books, which the committee were enabled to purchase through the princely liberality of a gentleman living in Liverpool, and who presented the institution with the sum of one hundred pounds. The only condition attached to his gift was, that an additional sum of two hundred pounds should be collected by the society. That condition was, after a little time, fulfilled; and the library was thus considerably enriched and extended. This institution is well managed. The annual subscription is ten shillings, which is received in quarterly payments. For this small sum, the members, and their wives and daughters, enjoy the advantage of an excellent reading-room, and of several courses of literary and scientific lectures throughout the year. The lecture-room is capable of holding about four hundred persons. This accommodation having been found insufficient on a recent occasion, when a popular Roman Catholic clergyman (the Rev. Doctor Cahill) delivered a course of lectures on astronomy, the large music-hall in Abbey-street, a building capable of accommodating over two thousand persons, was taken by the committee for ten nights; and the experiment was a successful one, as all expenses were paid, and a small surplus carried to the credit of the institution. In addition to these advantages, the members can attend six classes, for instruction in the French language, architecture, etc.; for each of which a small quarterly payment is made. The teachers are well qualified for the performance of their duties; so that our working classes, and the young men employed in shops and warehouses, have an opportunity of deriving much solid instruction during their leisure hours. The classes assemble each evening after eight o'clock. It has been long in contemplation of the committee to open schools for the children of their members; and this intention will, no doubt, be carried into operation at no distant day. It is at present delayed, in consequence of the insufficiency of the accommodation afforded by the rooms now occupied by the association, which comprise a portion of the Royal Exchange buildings. A subscription for the purpose of erecting new and suitable buildings has been on foot for a considerable length of time; and the trustees of that fund have about six hundred pounds in bank. As three thousand pounds will be required, there is no immediate prospect of success. This incident in the history of a most valuable institution shows in a striking light the apathy of the wealthy classes in Dublin, whenever the improvement of the humbler classes is the object in view. A foreign singer, or a contemptible mountebank, who could gratify a pernicious craving after excitement, would, in a short time, pocket a larger sum than would suffice to erect a fine and spacious mechanics' institution. Yet appeals for this latter

object are made in vain. The wealthy are heartless, or thoughtless. It is not long since that a miserable dwarf was exhibited in our city; and we have been informed that the speculators in his deformity carried away a large sum of money for his exhibition.

As building societies have been established in England, and found advantageous, our operatives have founded one, which promises to be attended with good results.

It is pleasant to contemplate the efforts which are being made by the PEOPLE to increase their comforts, and to elevate themselves in the scale of humanity. A weekly paper, in the interest of our tradesmen, was some time since set on foot. It was sometimes too personal in its allusions, and unjust in its censures; and it also advocated principles at variance with sound principles of political economy, in relation to wages and labour. But these errors will be corrected by time and free discussion. In some particulars they are already corrected. And even if men be wrong, it is well to see them manfully putting forth their opinions. These are the moral upheavings of society, which will, by and bye, settle down into the calm of right opinions and correct practice. It should be the inclination of all men who love their species rather to encourage than repress these efforts of the working classes to improve their condition; to mend what is erroneous in their views, and to lead them onward in the development of all their powers. By such a united action of all ranks and classes, the highest amount of happiness attainable in this world would be secured. No right-minded man will maintain that the present condition of great masses of the PEOPLE, of those who are the producers of all the wealth and all the comforts of civilised life, is one which should be perpetuated. It is true that, without their own co-operation, the working classes cannot be effectually improved. But it is the bounden duty, and it is the interest, of the wealthy, to place such an education within their reach as will give them correct views of their best interests, and induce them to co-operate intelligently for the fulfilment of the great end of our being—happiness in this world, and a preparation for happiness in the next. We may go on making professions of piety and religion for ever; but we shall be no nearer a fair claim to the name of christian, because of our churches and our meeting-houses, and our staff of religious teachers, unless we take into our consideration the claims of the working man for his fair share of the comforts he is mainly instrumental in producing, and until we endeavour in right earnest to insure them to him—not by acts of charity, but by such arrangements in our social institutions as will enable all who are willing to work, to live in comfort, not merely to exist as the pariahs of society.

Dublin, September, 1846.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROPOSED WHITTINGTON CLUB.

By William Howitt.

Club-life is to be introduced into the city of London. It is no longer to be an exclusive feature of the West End. Aristocracy is no longer to monopolise it. Like all institutions which can boast of advantages, however those advantages may be mingled with drawbacks, the people are determined that it shall be made trial of by them. If there be anything worth having, the people of England are every day showing, more and more, that they will have it. For, what is good cannot be

> Too good
> For human nature's daily food.

Privileges are no longer to be exclusive. They are no longer to be like the grape and the pine in this country, grown in hothouses for peculiar mouths,—but like corn—for all. The better a thing is, the greater the reason that it should be the more extensively enjoyed. Such are the reasons which, no doubt, actuated the writer of the letters in *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper* to advocate the institution of a club in the city, under the patronage of Dick Whittington and his Cat. And why not? was asked and echoed by a thousand voices. Are money and common sense, are taste and enterprise, the sole growth of Pall Mall and its neighbourhood? Do country gentlemen only like to read their papers and their reviews under a handsome roof? Are *they* only fond of a good dinner; do they only prefer a palace to a pot-house? Not a bit of it. If intelligence, and public spirit, and a love of all that life has to bestow of good, physical and intellectual, are not to be found in the city of London, they are to be found nowhere. The proposition for a city club has been made, and accepted by acclammation.

I must confess that the announcement of this scheme startled and somewhat alarmed me, as it has done others. Every one who has considered the effect of club life at all, has been ready to acknowledge that it had its evils, and those of no ordinary kind. In this Journal [page 162 of vol. i.], those evils have been ably stated and feelingly deplored by a sensible contributor. It has long been seen that these palaces, where every splendour and every luxury were accumulated; where magnificent rooms magnificently furnished, the most *recherche cuisine*, the amplest supply of books and newspapers; where the best wines, and the *choicest spirits*, were alike to be found—and these only for men—had a most downright and mischievous tendency to generate a selfish and self-indulgent disposition. There was and is a blow aimed by them at domestic sociey; that there is no disguising, and which no honest man would wish to be disguised. The question, therefore, in my mind was, will these evils be introduced into the city, and into the middle and industrious classes?

So great are the material and even intellectual advantages to men offered by such institutions, that they will be eagerly seized upon if presented. There is no reason why the gentlemen of all ages and grades arduously employed in the various mercantile establishments in the city, should not, instead of being compelled to resort to close and steaming dining-houses, chop-houses, beef-houses, and the like, be able, at a still cheaper rate, to avail themselves of an open, airy, palace-like establishment, in which they had a personal interest. There is no reason why they should not, by the principle of co-operation, secure to themselves the best table, the best wines, the best assortment of newspapers, periodicals, and the like advantages, at their leisure hours—that when shops, and counting-houses, and warehouses are closed, they should not find in the place where they could take a cup of coffee or tea, a delightful retreat for a few hours over a book or at a lecture. Such advantages—nay, the half of them—would be

eagerly seized as soon as offered, and no power on earth could stop the movement. All social movements are onward. They are waves on the tide of public opinion. You cannot resist them; the only question is, how you can disarm them of attendant evils, and array them with new instrumentality of good? Club life, the question once agitated, must be introduced into the city; the clerk and the shopman will be brought into the circle of its existence. The only questions to ask are—Shall it be ordinary club life? Cannot a step be made towards disarming it of its evils? Most fortunately, the very originators of the scheme have themselves answered both these questions. They say it shall not be ordinary club life; it shall be disarmed of its worst features—or of as great a portion of them as possible.

In the first place, they resolved to place against the bill of mere bodily good fare, the true counterpoising bill of intellectual and social fare. They resolved that, besides mere eating, drinking, news, and politics, there should be added all the attractions and amenities of a good library, of *conversazione*, *soirees*, musical evenings, lectures, and classes for instruction. It should become at once a literary and social, as well as a restauratory establishment. But even then they perceived that it did not get rid of the objections to it on the score of injury to domestic life. The very advantages of an intellectual kind would only widen the gulph created by club life between the club and home—between men and women. And here let the reader pardon me the plain use of the plain term, men and women, instead of ladies and gentlemen. It is more concise and Saxon; and, in fact, I am much fonder of men and women than I am of ladies and gentlemen.—Well, the projectors of the Whittington Club saw that when men associated together; as they found at their club topics of deep interest, works of exciting and engrossing character; as they read and talked, their minds would consequently strengthen, widen, take in a more expansive horizon, embrace a more ample and important class of objects. Mind would wrestle with mind; the strong would encounter the strong, and strength would be elicited in the struggle. Out of the conflict of individual intellects the giants of the public mind would spring, more great, daring, and active than ever. In the meantime, by the force of these circumstances, by the attraction and the fascination which they would create, the men would be more and more drawn to the club, and from the domestic fireside. At home these circumstances would be acting in an inverse ratio, and producing their natural effects. They would not merely take the husband, the son, and the brother away, and a portion of their income with them, but they would do more and far worse. The women, deprived of the advantages thus conferred on the men, would stagnate and retrograde, instead of advancing. The men would every day become better informed; minds of an equal strength and of equal information would be made an absolute necessity for them. The women would not be better but worse informed, through the very privation of the society of this well-informed portion of society. The men would feel daily that their wives, sisters, and mothers were become less and less adequate companions for them. The women would feel it and be depressed. From such a state of things nothing but the worst consequences could result to all parties, and to society at large. The men, active, informed, taking in discussion and intelligence as their daily sustenance; the women, neglected, uncompanionised, dejected and degraded, would be more than angels, and more than women, if they did not grow querulous, peevish, and unamiable. The charm of domestic life would be dissolved—the very foundation of all social existence would be loosened.

It is the most satisfactory fact in the whole of this movement, that the originators of the Whittington Club saw all this clearly, and felt it as became enlightened and good men. They made it an essential part of their scheme that ladies should be admitted to all the privileges and advantages of the institution. They determined to base their movement not on the good of half, but of all society: upon the dignity and welfare of integral human nature. Ladies should not merely cast the charm of their presence on their *conversaziones*, their *soirees*, their lectures, but on their library, their classes, and their *table d'hote*. Nay, they went further—they recognised the great fact that there is no sex in souls, and resolved that women should make a part of their governing council.

By this bold and philosophical resolve, they have made two great moves in one. They have introduced club-life, deprived of its one-sided character, into the city of London, and they have given to woman that place and dignity in the social scale which has long been wanting for the true balance of existence, and which must be followed by the most refining and elevating effects. Taken, therefore, as a whole, this must be regarded as one of the most striking social movements of the age. It is a luminous evidence that society is really advancing. That the writings and the pleadings of the wise have taken deep root; and that Mind, independent of artificial and even natural distinctions, independent of even sexual differences, is receiving its due acknowledgment, as the actual manhood and real presence of the world; as that only which lives, and enjoys, and for which all other things live and serve. It is the *mens divinior*, which is thus at last placed on its true throne of eternal justice, and worshipped with the mingled homage of the intellect and the heart.

In thus admitting women to the *table d'hote* as well as to the saloons of music and instruction, the committee of the Whittington Club have broken the ice of a most dreary custom in this country. On the continent, it is well known that the *table d'hote* room of every hotel is the common ground of both sexes. There men and women, often perfect strangers to each other, sit down to the common table side by side, and partake the common meal, and practice the ordinary civilities of life, knowing and feeling that this intercourse has its true limit in the custom itself, and gives ground for no other claims upon any one, of acquaintanceship or otherwise. Here if ladies are in town, or in any town, they can enter no inn, coffee-house, or hotel, without being shut up in private apartments at an advanced charge, with a very Turkish sort of jealousy. There is an impropriety in their going alone, or in company only of their own sex, to inns and places of refreshment. The confectioner's shop, with its buns, and its basin of soup, is the only place really open to them. This is a great want; it is felt as such by ladies; it ought to be done away with, and this movement is the first step to its abolition.

I know that it will be said that such a free admission, and such a free mingling of ladies in a club-house, must lead to the worst consequences; to improper acquaintanceships; to improper advances on the part of insolent or designing men. The danger would be just as great as it is at a church

or a chapel, and no more. The very establishment of the custom itself, establishes with it its inevitable etiquette, and all the safeguards of propriety and decorum. The whole mass of individuals assembling there will assemble under the public eye as much as in Cheapside or Fleet-street. Ladies are just as much out of place there, and no more, than in the reading-room of the British Museum, where some of the best, the most intelligent, and most modest of them are daily to be seen. But the true answer to this is, the practice of the whole continent. No people are more punctilious in the rules of private life than the Germans—so much are they so that it is not thought decorous for a sister to keep the house of a bachelor brother—so much are they so that if a young gentleman who is in habits of intimacy in a family, happens to call when the young ladies only are in, or is shown into a room where they only are, the young ladies receive him standing, and remain standing till he departs—the circumstance being a sufficient reminder that it is proper that he should do so. Yet these very ladies, on any occasion when it was necessary, would feel no scruple in taking their places unattended at a *table d'hote*. Nay, so universal and so fixed, so safe and innocuous, is this custom, that our own ladies are found abroad everywhere taking advantage of it, and travelling where they please two together, without any gentleman, and in some instances quite alone. Moore's melody of "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," does not apply alone to Ireland in a past age—it is true of the whole civilised world now. It need not be said merely—

> On she went, and her maiden smile
> In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
> And blest for ever is she who relied
> Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

It may be said of the greater part of Europe; so much so, that a lady of our own acquaintance posted day and night across France, set sail from Marseilles, landed in Sicily, ascended Mount Vesuvius, took her way northward through Naples, Rome, and Switzerland, back, all alone—met with nothing but the utmost courtesy, and reached home as safe and sound, as if she had had a regiment of horse-guards in attendance. In fact, this stupid, unsocial custom of excluding ladies from our public tables is a disgrace to this country, and the sooner done away with the better, both for good manners and true enjoyment of life. The true way to meet the evils of club life, and to destroy its worst tendencies, is to introduce the influence of women into it—to make it thus approximate more to the character of home. When woman has diffused the charm of her presence, through the *soiree*, the *conversazione*, the musical evening, and the class, when she has also improved, expanded, and stored with interesting topics, *her* mind, it will be found that the husband, the brother, and the son, will be more and more ready to escort her home. The balance of the fireside will be restored to a great degree; and the book which interests the men at the club library will soon be carried thence, or from some other library, under the arm homewards, that the female portion of the family may enjoy it likewise.

But, after all, no form of public club life can fully remove from itself the objections lying against it on the side of domestic life. It is not to be expected that ladies can or will ever resort to them half so much as men. Their presence there may make narrower, but cannot altogether close up the social chasm. It is enough that this modified club life offers great advantages to men, certain advantages to both men and women, and tends to eradicate some of our most unsocial habits. The perfect balance of social life will require other advances, other measures, and another great step. The education of women of all classes must be better carried out. They must be educated more for intellectual companions; and that admirable plan of associated homes, which was proposed by Mr. Adams years ago, in the *Monthly Repository*, must one day be carried out. By this plan, a number of families living under one roof, and having one kitchen, one table, and one complete machinery of domestic economy, could each enjoy its private apartments, and come together to table; could enjoy the common library, and in the evening the music, or the conversation room, at a far less expense, and on a far more handsome scale, than they can now have their often contracted dwellings and scanty board. By this means—a similar scheme of which was also strongly advocated by Southey, in his "Colloquies," though only extending to unmarried ladies—small incomes would, combined, purchase luxuries, and means of health, knowledge, accomplishments, and refined enjoyment, to an extent now inconceivable. Schools and classes for the children of such associated families might be supplied with the best masters, and every good or embellishment of life be freely and widely diffused. Depend upon it, the domestic club, the home *conversazione*, the home concert, the home library, would soon become a powerful rival to the public club. Gentlemen would hasten home, to partake with their wives, mothers, sisters, and children, the pleasures of intellect and fireside delights; where the school, the library, and the well-stored private closet, had been building up minds in their nearest female relatives, as full of intelligence and of human interests as their own.

This is the next great movement which I feel assured the very existence and operation of clubs for all classes will make necessary. They will show its need, and will lead to its accomplishment. The true balance of social life can not be perfect, till woman has her natural and full influence in it—till her delicacy of taste and of manner, the charm of her pure presence, the brilliancy of her intellect, and the sunshine of her affections, are made the very atmosphere in which our own energies shall exist and our virtues flourish. The very onward current, which seems at this moment only dividing these elements of social being, will, unquestionably, in the end unite them; and the true secret of human happiness, of nicely-poised privacy and publicity, of labour and recreation, be there eventually found.

In the meantime, I would suggest to the promoters of the Whittington Club to constitute their Ladies' Council not merely of literary women, however popular or able, but to call into it the ladies of the most eminent bankers and mercantile men, and to let the Lady Mayoress for the time being be an honorary member of it. Every class should there find its representatives; and the sound advocacy of principles of progress, and of labour for the good of all, should be the only requisite for admission to this distinguished body. To those who may fear that such a position for ladies may in any degree unwoman them, we need only point to the ladies of the Society of Friends, who for nearly two centuries have occupied such a position, and exercised such functions; and ask where there are ladies more truly modest, refined, intelligent, and femininely good?

The People's Portrait Gallery.



ELIHU BURRITT.

BY H. ANELAY.

From a Photographic Portrait taken for the "People's Journal" by Beard's process.

MEMOIR OF ELIHU BURRITT.

By Mary Howitt.

Among the many remarkable men of this remarkable age, most of whom we hope to present from time to time to our readers, no one seems to us more worthy of notice than Elihu Burritt. Elihu Burritt is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages—a knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which having been acquired under circumstances which at first sight would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirements, may naturally excite our surprise and admiration—but he is remarkable in a high moral degree; and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. His many-languaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. Like an apostle of peace and good-will, he has come amongst us, with the clasped hands as his cognisance, as a teacher and promulgator of Christ's own doctrine of love. He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire, the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands: he has read, only to learn more emphatically, that God made all men to be brethren; and that Christ gave, as the sum-total of his doctrines, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned thus, with hard hands and a swarthy brow, over the labours of his forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning.

And let us here be permitted to say one word upon what may justly be called the true aristocracy of America. This class is calculated to produce a moral era; and it is with a joyful spirit that we say it is not only influential, but it is becoming more so day by day. Of this class, many are poor as to worldly wealth, and lowly as to birth and station—where station is reckoned by income, fine equipages, &c.—yet their influence is diffusive as light and air, and, like these pure elements, they produce only vitality and a healthy moral existence. Of this class are the Garrisons, the Chapmans, the Channings, the Whittiers, the Childs, the Hutchinsons, the ——s, the ——s: we could add a long list of names, but we refrain, for many of those on whom our eye is fixed are men and women, many of them quite young, who, though influencing a large circle, are as yet unknown to the public. The outward characteristics of this class are gentleness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, purity, benevolence, simplicity, combined with great intelligence, activity of mind, broad sympathies, and the most innate refinement and good breeding. It is unlike anything English, French, or German that we ever saw. It is the pure, affectionate Christian life of young America. It is the realisation of all that Franklin and Washington dreamed of, and out of which true national greatness will grow. It is the spiritual life of the holiest and best of the pilgrim fathers and mothers, now coming forth, like seed long buried, to a beautiful and noble growth, which, having truth and religion for its supports, will spread like light, and become universal. Of this class is Elihu Burritt, and to him we now return with pleasure.

Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, Dec. 8, 1811. His father and grandfather both bore the same christian name, and, with all who bear the name of Burritt in America, are descended from William Burritt, who died at Stratford, in Connecticut, in 1651. Our Elihu's father was a shoemaker, and supported in credit and respectability a family of ten children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the youngest of the five sons. His was a hard life, as may well be imagined; but his troubles and difficulties never soured the milk of human kindness with which his heart was full. His son describes him as "a man of nervous temperament, quick apprehension, and vivid sympathies;" in proof of which latter virtue, we need only tell, that his house, which was a very small one, and very full of its own inmates, yet afforded a sheltering roof for more poor and benighted travellers than any other house in the town. It stood near the church too, and in cold winter weather received all such poor old men and women, during the interval of the morning and afternoon service, as had no other refuge than the frosty walls of the church. Amongst the earliest recollections of Burritt's childhood is the arranging all the chairs and stools in the house in a semi-circle around the fire, and the benevolent expression of countenance with which his father used to conduct to the best seat in this social circle an old idiotic pauper, known by the name of "Aunt Sarah." No respect of persons was shown here, excepting in so far as they were pre-eminently poor and friendless. It must not be supposed, however, that "Aunt Sarah" stood in this relationship to the family. The Burritts had multitudes of aunts and uncles, but the connection came alone from "consanguinity of affliction." If any one in the town met with a misfortune, lost a limb, or became halt, or blind, or dumb, he became to this good family an uncle or an aunt. What a sermon might be preached from this text!

Many a time, when returning weary from market, at ten miles distance, the good shoemaker would walk two or three miles out of his way to leave a few oysters or oranges, or some such acceptable present, to some sick person or poor sufferer, who stood in need of these things. The wife of this good man was worthy of him. In the emphatic words of her youngest son—"She was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ." Those of her children who died, as well as those who are still living, testified to the influence of her prayers, and to the teachings of her godly life. She exhibited all their father's benevolence and human sympathies, with an unruffled placidity of manner which was truly beautiful.

With such home-training was it to be wondered at that the children of the poor shoemaker grew up good men and women? The wonder would have been, we think, if they had grown up otherwise. Elijah, the eldest son, was apprenticed to a blacksmith, with whom he served two or three years, studying the while mathematics, for which he had a taste. At the end of this time, however, he met with an accident which disabled him for some months, during which he pursued his favourite study with such ardour, as to induce some benevolent friends to send him to college as soon as he was able to lay aside his crutches. Before he was twenty-one, he brought out his work called *Logarithmetic*. On leaving college, he went to the State of Georgia, where he resided several years; first as a schoolmaster, then as civil engineer, and lastly as editor and proprietor of a newspaper at the seat of government. Being suspected

of holding principles favourable to the total abolition of slavery, he was obliged to fly for his life to the north. All he had gained by severe industry for years was thus confiscated; and in 1830 he began life anew in his native town. He now completed an astronomical work called *The Geography of the Heavens*, which soon became a popular school-book.

Being the youngest of the five sons, it was the privilege of our Elihu to remain at home with his parents, and contribute to the support and comfort of their old age. Among the pleasantest reminiscences of his earlier life are the exertions he made for this purpose. At sixteen he had arrived at the full stature and strength of a man. He now united himself with the Congregational Church in New Britain, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Henry Jones; and is at the present time a member in regular standing of the same Church, whose articles of faith are the same as those of the Independents in England. At this time his father's first and last illness commenced, which lasted for almost a year. During the whole of this time, this excellent son laboured through the day in the field or the forest, and then watched through half the night at the bedside of his father, that his mother might be enabled to take necessary rest. After his father's death he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith of the town, the only school education he had as yet received being three months at a district-school during the winter, before he was fifteen. Of far greater importance, however, than this scanty tuition was the keen appetite for reading which kept his mind awake, and which was doubtless stimulated by the difficulty he had in procuring books. This intense passion for reading he attributes in the first place, less to the innate force of his own mind than to a mere adventitious circumstance in his early youth. At that time the old revolutionary soldiers abounded in every neighbourhood of New England. It was a pleasure to them, and they deemed it a duty of the first magnitude also, to gather round such hearths as were open to their reception, and to rehearse to the rising generation all their strange stories about the wars. A knot of these garrulous old pensioners were regular visitors at his father's house; and it fell to Elihu's share to draw the cider for them, from which they derived a certain degree of inspiration. The graphic manner in which these earnest old men related, embellished and exaggerated, perhaps, the fictions or facts of their revolutionary experience, excited the mind of the boy to the highest degree. He had the keenest relish for their stories, or for any such as resembled them. It was not long, therefore, before he made the delightful discovery that tales of a similar character might be found in books. He read such as fell into his hands, and found them as interesting as those told by the old grandfathers of the village. It was this love of narrative which made the bible such a fascinating book to him: it had all the charm to him which the novel-reader finds in the last new romance. It was the first book which he read, after getting through the spelling-book, and he used to steal away with it under his arm, and devour its wonderful histories and its personal narratives with a zest which his good mother fondly mistook for religious impressions. Often has he heard her telling her neighbours with pride of this characteristic of the boy, and how she built upon it a hope of his becoming a useful and eminent Christian.

When the bible was exhausted, a great vacuum remained, which it would require a somewhat large library to fill. All the books in the village were contained in the parish library; and from this, only once in two months could a subscriber obtain any book, and then he could only take two quartos, or four duodecimos. It was an event of the deepest interest to the poor lad, whose mind was fairly famishing for books, when he first accompanied his mother to one of these important meetings. With a breathless feeling of impatience, he saw the librarian open a kind of cupboard in the church, and thus reveal to his eyes about two hundred volumes. There was no great choice amongst them. They consisted of history and sermons; but he had had an earnest conference with his mother in the church porch, and they had come to a compromise with regard to the books to be selected for the next two months, with which he could not be greatly dissatisfied. He was to select one half, according to his own particular taste, for his own particular reading, and she the remainder. It is needless to say that his choice fell upon books of history, while his mother devoted herself to sermons and homilies. Two little duodecimo volumes were, however, but scanty fare for his hungry mind, and, spite, of the most rigid frugality of reading, never lasted him beyond the first month of the stipulated time; so that, to use his own phrase, for the last month he was in a state of intellectual famine. The last week of this month, and the one before the "next drawing of books," was one of great excitement; and most earnest used his endeavours to be, to persuade his mother that, with so good a minister as they had, one small volume of sermons might suffice for her spiritual necessities; and sometimes, but not often, he induced her to be of his opinion.

In this way, by the time he was sixteen, he was master of the contents of all the historical works contained in the little parish-library, and many of which he had read two or three times over. Burritt himself attributes the living, unappeasable zest which he has ever had for books, to the early difficulty which he had in obtaining them. It is probable, he says, that had he been turned into an immense library as soon as he was able to read, he should never have acquired such a taste for reading, and the whole tenour of his life might have been different.

Soon after the age of sixteen, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith, and took up his residence with his brother Elijah, who, as we said before, fled from Georgia to his native town, and here opened a school. By Elijah's advice, however, when his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he was one and twenty, he laid aside his hammer, and became a student with his brother for one half-year. In doing this he had no higher aim in view than that of being able to manage a surveyor's compass, and perhaps of reading Virgil in Latin. He could earn a dollar and a half a day at his trade, and consequently might consider that every day he spent in school cost him that sum of money. This reflection made him doubly industrious. After this half-year of study, in the spring, he found himself well-versed in mathematics; he had gone through Virgil in Latin, and had read several French works; he was therefore well satisfied with himself, and returned again to the forge, determined to make up for lost time. To accomplish this thoroughly, he engaged himself to do the work of two men, and thus received double wages. Severe as this labour was, and requiring fourteen hours of each day, he still found time to read a little of Virgil, or a few pages of French, morning or evening. He at this time also first

began to look into the Spanish, which, to his delight he found he could read without much difficulty. Burritt's was not a mind to stand still, or to be satisfied with the attainment of the nearest goal; there was still always a goal beyond, and that must also be reached. Thus it was that, during this summer, he conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with Greek. He procured, therefore, a Greek grammar, a little book which would just lie in the crown of his straw hat, and which he thus carried with him to his work, which was the casting of brass cow-bells in a couple of furnaces, which he had to watch with no small attention. Whilst standing over these, waiting for the fusing of the metal, he would take out his little grammar, and commit part of a Greek verb to memory. Thus he worked on, both with head and hands, till autumn.

With autumn came self-dissatisfaction. He saw again the intellectual world lying before him like an undiscovered land; and again he resolved to sacrifice a whole winter to extend that knowledge which was so necessary to him. He left his furnaces, therefore, and went to New Haven, not, as our readers may imagine, with the intention of entering Yale College, but with a vague sort of notion that the very atmosphere of that seat of learning would facilitate his progress. If, however, this did not much assist, it certainly did not retard him, for the intellectual labour of this winter seems perfectly miraculous. On arriving in the town he took lodgings at an inn, and commenced a course of study on the following plan, which we will give in his own words:—"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting-room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose, and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's Iliad, without a note or comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came in to their dinners I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's Iliad, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bedtime. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I had read about the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

When the winter was over, he returned again to New Britain, girded on his leathern apron, and again resolved to "make up for lost time." The fame of his learning, however, had travelled before him, and he was requested to undertake the management of a grammar-school in a neighbouring town. This post he occupied for a year, attending no less sedulously to his own studies than to those of his pupils. At the end of this time, however, his health suffered from the confinement, and from the want of that vigorous exercise to which he had been accustomed, and he was compelled to give up his school.

After having given up his school, Elihu Burritt engaged himself, much to his own advantage, as a travelling agent to a manufacturing company in New Britain. He took his books with him on his journeys, and whenever he came to unfrequented places on the road would leave the horse at liberty to take its own time, while he devoted himself to his favourite studies, and very soon the animal so well understood this mode of procedure, which was pleasant enough to him, as to act upon it instinctively. During these journeys, he commenced and pursued the study of Hebrew. His Hebrew bible and several works in Spanish were his daily companions, and even occupied some hours of each night. This mode of life continued for twelve months, during which he made his first essay in original authorship, in a story called *My Brother's Grave.* Thus a new faculty was discovered, and ever after the pen became a medium of communication between him and the public.

His next change was to commence business on his own account in New Britain, but unfortunately this was just before the great commercial revulsion which was felt not only in America, but also in England, and Burritt, like many another trader, was an unsuccessful man. Besides all this, he was not one calculated for success in trade, where it is necessary that a man should have undivided thoughts, and two eyes behind and before, all directed to his own interests—no, Burritt's heart and soul were still in his learned books, and to these he again, very wisely devoted his attention, determining to consecrate his life, henceforth, to intellectual pursuits. His mind was now turned to the study of the Oriental languages, but a difficulty soon arose from the want of books. To overcome this difficulty he resolved to make a voyage to Europe, working his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, or in any other capacity in which he could receive wages for the work of his hands. These wages it was his intention to spend in the purchase of books at any port at which the ship might stop, and thus return to his own country with a little library. Boston was the nearest port, at the distance of a hundred and twenty miles, and to Boston he set out on foot. All his worldly wealth went with him; his change of linen tied in a handkerchief, three dollars and an old silver watch in his pocket, which watch was of no use to him, as it did not go, and he could not afford to have it mended. His mother furnished him with gingerbread and other light provision for his journey, little knowing, however, what the real object of this journey was, for he told neither her nor any of his acquaintance.

Footsore and weary after a travel of a hundred and twenty miles, he arrived at Boston to find that no vessel was sailing from that port. He learned, however, to his comfort, that an antiquarian library existed in the town of Worcester, which was forty miles distance, and to that place he now resolved on going, determined to take work as a journeyman, and to gain access to the library. A feeling, however, of unwonted depression lay heavily on his mind; he was exhausted by bodily fatigue, lame, and reduced in finances to one dollar and the old watch. He limped along the streets of this city as he was about to leave it, feeling himself poor, and weak, and mean, in comparison with the very walls of the houses, which as he glanced up to them looked to him, as he himself has been heard to say, like the walls of the New Jerusalem. When he reached Boston bridge, on his way to Worcester, he was overtaken by a wagon which a boy was driving. On inquiry, he found that the boy was going to Worcester, and was willing to take him there as he requested. This was a great god-send to his weary frame, for

it was forty miles to that town. Arrived at the end of the journey, he counselled with himself as to the payment which he should make the boy for the ride. The dollar, which was available money, he could not part with; he offered him, therefore, the old watch, telling him of its present useless condition, but that as he could perhaps afford to have it mended, it might be worth more even than the ride; and if he found it so, at some future time, he might give him the difference. The boy accepted the watch on these terms, and so they parted for that time; Burritt very soon engaging himself as a journeyman blacksmith, at the low rate of twelve dollars a month, with board. To pursue the little history of the watch, we must say, that a few weeks after he had been thus engaged, the boy entered the shop one day when he was at work at the anvil, and with a smiling countenance handed him a few dollars, which he considered due to him out of the watch; it had been mended, he said, and was then going cleverly. This was a pleasant surprise, but a further surprise remained. During the very last year, when Burritt happened to be travelling from Worcester to New Britain by railway, he was familiarly and kindly accosted by a handsome, well-dressed young man, his fellow-traveller. "You have forgotten me, Mr. Burritt," said he, "but I have not forgotten you." Burritt asked for information to assist his recognition. "You remember," returned the other, "the boy to whom you gave the watch. I am he; a young man now, and a student of Harvard College." It was a pleasant meeting; the warmest hand-shakings followed. "And about that watch," said Burritt, "what has become of it? for, to tell you the truth, I was much attached to it, and should like to have it back again." "That you shall," replied the young man, "you *shall* have it back. I sold it; but I know where it is, and it shall be yours." The watch soon became Burritt's again; and, as he told us with pride, now hangs in his printing-office, and regulates the hours of that Ezekiel who remains behind as the working agent, and to whom our readers have already been pleasantly introduced by Burritt himself.

We now return to Burritt working for his twelve dollars a month. A very short time sufficed to show him that the antiquarian library of Worcester could be of little or no use to him, and this discovery filled him with deep sorrow. The library was open to the public but a certain number of hours in the day, and these were the very hours when his duties as a journeyman-smith confined him to the anvil. He continued, therefore, his Hebrew studies unassisted, as he best was able. Every moment which he could steal out of the four-and-twenty hours was devoted to study; he rose early in the winter mornings, and while the mistress of the house was preparing breakfast by lamplight, he would stand by the mantel-piece, with his Hebrew bible on the shelf, and his lexicon in his hand, thus studying while he ate; the same method was pursued at the other meals; mental and bodily food being taken in together. This severe labour of mind, as might be expected, produced serious effects on his health; he suffered much from headaches, the characteristic remedy for which were two or three additional hours of hard forging, and a little less study. We will copy from his diary of this date one week's work, as a specimen of the whole, and our readers may then judge of the gigantic labours of this Titan of learning.

"*Monday*, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. *Wednesday*, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. *Thursday*, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. *Friday*, unwell; twelve hours forging. *Saturday*, unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. *Sunday*, lesson for Bible class."

So wore on the year of 1837. The next spring he engaged himself to work by the piece, and was thus able to arrange his time so as to make the library of use to him. Burritt had already studied the Celtic tongue, and with this an interesting circumstance is connected; he found in the library a grammar and dictionary of the Celto-Breton tongue, which had been presented by the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris. Suddenly it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to write a letter in that language to the president of that society. Nobody but Burritt would have thought of such a thing, especially when at that moment he knew not one word of the language; however, let no one henceforth talk of difficulties. In three months the language was mastered and the letter duly forwarded to Paris, in August, 1838. About a year afterwards, a gentleman residing in Worcester presented himself before him, as he was at work at the anvil, bearing in his hand a large packet addressed to him. This was from the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris, containing a letter from the secretary acknowledging, with honourable mention, his communication in the Celto-Breton tongue, and forwarding to him the Transactions of the Society and many other interesting documents. Burritt declares this to have been the most gratifying incident that ever occurred to him connected with his studies; and it was extraordinary, for our readers must take it into consideration, that in looking for the necessary word, his dictionary being Celto-Breton and French, he had frequently to hunt through the whole work two or three times before he could find it. Again we say, there are no such things as impediments to the mind that wills it shall be so. About the time of this remarkable letter he commenced his studies of the various languages of the Scandinavian and Sclavonic field.

He had begun to communicate, as we have already said, with the public through his pen, and he now conceived that he might add to his small earnings by translations from various tongues, particularly the German. He wrote, therefore, to a gentleman whom he thought could be helpful in this way, giving him a short history of his life and of his present views. This letter was sent to Governor Everett. The first intimation, however, that he had of this circumstance, was by the librarian handing him one day a newspaper which lay on the desk, and pointing out something to which he would call his attention. This was, that Governor Everett had read his letter at a public meeting. A great deal was said on the subject, and all at once he found himself, as he says, "labouring under notoriety." This circumstance, which would have pleased a weak or common mind, was at the first sight so overpowering that his instant idea was to flee away to some unknown region, change his name, and thus avoid the evils that he dreaded. A few days afterwards, he received an invitation to go to Boston on a visit to his Excellency. To this city, accordingly, he once more came. How different this time to the last; then poor, and footsore, and oppressed by a sense

of his own nothingness—now on a visit to Governor Everett by his own express desire!

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was received; every offer was made him which could facilitate his studies; he was requested even to enter Harvard College; many were the persons who generously came forward to assist him, and offer him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. Did he accept of these? No! We are not empowered to say what his exact mode of reasoning might be on this subject; but we could well believe that he shrunk from the paralysing idea of patronage; from aid which in any way might fetter him, or render him less independent than he had hitherto been. This we can believe. This, however, is certain; he preferred the old course; there was a pleasure to him in it; he loved to feel that he was still of the ranks of the working man. Hear this, working men of England, and honour him for it. He was happy, he was proud, to labour with his hands as you do! He courteously declined the help proffered to him by the great and the wealthy, and stated that he thought he could make better progress by pursuing his own course. One word more to the working young people of England. Burritt states emphatically, and he is capable of judging, that according to his idea, the condition of journeyman or apprentice is the most advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge. Such have no care on their minds beyond the faithful performance of their day's work; this once done, leaves the mind free for the pursuit of knowledge. Such as these, spite of indentures and engagements, are so far their own masters. Had Burritt, also, in accordance with the generous offers of his new friends, devoted all his time to literary pursuits, and looked to this as a profession, a responsibility would have been laid upon him; he must have confined the whole of his powers to this one object. As it was now—his day's work done, he had no one to please but himself, and he could wander unblamed over the wide fields of literature, culling where and how he pleased.

He returned again to Worcester, applied to labour harder than ever, and commenced in 1839, a monthly periodical called the *Literary Gemini*, in English and French, designed principally for the students of the latter language. This was not a successful speculation to him, and after a year it was discontinued. His fame, however, by this time had spread far and wide; and during the winter of 1840 he received invitations to lecture in various cities, which he accepted. In 1841, finding his journeyman's wages inadequate to his requirings, he began to trade a little on his own account. He hired an anvil, which he set up in one corner of the shop; and worked here at overtime in the making of garden-tools, which brought in a little extra money. All went to assist in his favourite studies, and his life was happy.

As may naturally be supposed, the press was anxious to obtain his aid, or the advantage of his name. He wrote accordingly, more particularly for the *American Eclectic Review*, which was intended to contain the literature of the world. For this work he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew. During the winter of 1842 he again lectured, among other places, at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, &c., where the fame of his acquirements, as well as admiration of his character, drew together large audiences. In the course of this season he lectured no less than sixty-eight times. In the spring he returned to his trade in Worcester, where he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Thus passed his time for the next two years; in the winter lecturing; in the summer working and studying. After that time, in 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper called *The Christian Citizen;* a paper portioned out in a systematic manner, and devoted to religion, peace, anti-slavery advocacy, education, and general information. With regard to the subject of peace, we must state that, shortly before this time, his mind had taken a decided bent. Naturally there was a tendency in him, as every one must believe, to an admiration of the heroic. The vanquisher of difficulties, the victor in any sense, was to his feeling an object of respect and admiration. The heroes of the old times inflamed his imagination: he had rather a tendency than otherwise to regard them as glorious, in the common sense of the word. Now, however, he began to study geography, or, as he styles it, the anatomy of the globe; and from this study he became convinced of a few simple facts. In the first place, it seemed to him plain enough that God meant one nation to be dependent on another, by the arrangement of climates, soils, &c., and by the difference of production; so that while one country could barely subsist upon its own productions, it was dependent for its luxuries—and just in proportion as it becomes elevated, it requires luxuries—upon other countries; and thus by this very simple law of mutual benefit, nation is bound to its brother-nation, and the whole world should have no other bond than that of good will. We hope, ere long, to present to our readers an article from the pen of Elihu Burritt himself, on this glorious and expansive philosophy.

With these views, Burritt came forth in his paper, as the advocate of universal peace and brotherhood. There was a sentiment in the better part of the American mind which responded cordially to this new and enlarged doctrine of peace; and on all hands papers started up, not, perhaps, so much as generous co-operators, as willing participators in the profit to be acquired. Unfortunately, however, for Burritt, at the same time that he advocates the increasingly popular subject of peace, he advocates, likewise, the liberty of the black man; and this at present tends very much to lessen his pecuniary advantages; but that is of small consequence to this brave man. His motto, that God made of one flesh all nations of the earth, and his cognisance, which henceforth, as he told us, shall be the black hand clasped in the white, testify to his opinions; and the time will come when they will cease to bring odium or loss to any one.

Burritt now stood before the public as the promulgator of peace rather than as the marvellous linguist. The allotted columns of his paper, however, were too narrow for this broad subject; and like Noah cooped in the ark, he now sent forth his dove, bearing the olive leaf as a token of the better time that was approaching. The dove, however, unlike the patriarch's, came not back with tidings that the better time was not come. The time *was* come. Forth flew every week, from the little printing-house in Worcester, larger and larger flocks of doves and olive-leaves. In the city and in forest—in the seaport town, and the log hut of the backwoodsman—with the poor slave who could just read and with the member of Congress—they found their welcome: they even crossed the Atlantic, and were amongst us.

They came here; and at the time when the Oregon question assumed its most serious aspect, most probably suggested to the mind of a good man in Manchester the idea of the merchants of Great Britain addressing the merchants of America, on the mutual benefits to be derived from the continuance of peace. The idea was adopted and acted upon; and to Elihu Burritt, as the publisher of the Olive Leaves, it was sent, with a request that in this form he would circulate it through the Union. The same steamer that carried over this address, brought back one also to the ministers of the gospel of the two countries, urging them to imitate the merchants, and address each other on this truly Christian subject. Nothing could have been more consonant to Elihu Burritt's heart. He called upon one class to address another—and especially its namesake in the kindred land—that thus a spirit of international good-fellowship should be excited, and the two countries, as it were, shake hands. The suggestion reached willing hearts: the very next steamer brought out addresses from Old England's Boston and Plymouth, to New England's Boston and Plymouth; and subsequently friendly addresses were interchanged between Edinburgh and Washington, Manchester and New York, Exeter and Philadelphia, Norwich and Norwich, Worcester and Worcester. What a glorious moral spectacle was this! These addresses furnished fresh Olive Leaves; and Burritt went to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, to deliver the addresses in person. All this still further identified him with the question of peace; and in January of the present year he became, in addition to his other labours, the editor and proprietor of the *Peace Advocate*.

The Mexican war broke out, and then the dove for the first time came back discomforted: there was not the rest for the sole of her foot that there had been. This was a melancholy token; but Burritt, nothing disheartened, commenced then a little work, consisting of four pages, called the *Bond of Brotherhood*, which he purposed for distribution on steamers and at railway stations. Why this should have been more successful than the dove, with her olive leaf, we know not; but it seems to have been so, for Burritt employed for many months no less than four young men, actively employed in distributing them. These *Bonds of Brotherhood* were circulated on the railways in most of the free States.

On the 16th of last June, Burritt left America for this country. He came out in the "Hibernia," the same vessel which carried the news of the settlement of the Oregon question. At the very moment when he stepped on board, he heard the joyful tidings announced that there should be no war. The coincidence was beautiful and singular, to say nothing else.

For a year or two he had been agitating in his mind the scheme of a grand Peace League, which should be to all questions of peace and free trade what the Anti-Corn-Law League had already been to that question. He wished that every one, of any land, who was willing to co-operate, should be members of it; that it should embrace all nations; that the very world should be its platform. The scheme is a grand one; and it seemed to him on coming to England, that a conjuncture of favourable circumstances at that moment was propitious to its commencement. The idea was never absent from his mind, but even more suddenly than he expected did he bring it into operation. He was on his way to London, alone and on foot, when he came to the small town of Pershore, nine miles from Worcester, on the evening of July 29th. It was his intention to stay here for a day or two to write. Here he drew up the pledge which he intended should be signed by the members of the future League of Peace; he bought a little clasped note-book, into which he entered it. That same evening a Mr. Conn invited him to drink tea with him and his friends. There were about twenty in number; he spoke of the pledge, and read it to them, having first signed his own name to it; at once were added, as he himself has chronicled in this same little book, "the names of seventeen men of Pershore,—good men and true." Thus commenced the League of Universal Brotherhood—may it gather the whole world in one fraternal embrace!

Burritt has travelled already through many parts of this country, meeting everywhere with a cordial welcome. Whilst he is thus labouring in his vocation of wisdom and love on this side the Atlantic, his worthy assistant, Ezekiel, in conjunction with several earnest friends of peace in New England, is circulating there the pledge of the league, and receiving signatures to it. On the 18th of August he sent over, as the first fruits of his labours, the names of 160 persons, many of whom were of high standing and influence. By every steamer which has left since then he has been able to send an equal number, amounting in all to upwards of one thousand. By the last steamer he received the joyful news that the League of Peace progresses rapidly in America; its numbers increase daily, and in future, as the periodical steamers cross each other on the ocean, each of them will be carrying over, as it were, a detachment of the army of peace to each other's shore. It will not be, as in war, an exchange of the vanquished, but an exchange of victors and friends. Thus shall two great countries be knit together.

Elihu Burritt will remain in this country through the coming winter; with the spring he intends to visit the Continent, and to induce, if possible, even the European nations to enrol themselves as members of this great bond of universal brotherhood.

Poetry for the People.

THE WORLD AND THE POET.

A THOUGHT OF KEATS'.

By T. Westwood.

"We heed thee not!—give o'er, give o'er!"
Said the World, as the Poet pour'd
The wealth of his soul and its glory forth
In burning thought and word—
"Give o'er, give o'er!"

Then a darkness fell on the Poet's face,
An omen of death and doom.
Ah me! ah me! what tears rained down
When soon, in the shadowy tomb,
His rest was won.

"We will weave a crown for this Poet's brow,"
Said the World: "we will build a throne
For his kingly fame; and from shore to shore
For aye shall his name be known—
For aye, for aye!"

Amen! to that loving deed, O World—
Amen! brave World art thou;
With thy *bitter scorn* for the *beating heart*,
And thy *crown* for the *corpse's brow*—
Amen! O World!



CLARKSON'S GRAVE.

[*See the Paper entitled "Obsequies of Thomas Clarkson," No. 42, page 219.*]

SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. VII.: *September—October.*

By Harriet Martineau.

I. Clarkson is dead. When he was a young man, he had to write at college an essay on the subject "Is it ever right to make slaves of men against their will?" In the course of the reading and thinking into which he was led by his task, he became so deeply impressed by the iniquity of slavery, that he could neither sleep by night, nor think of anything else by day. The rest of his long life (and he lived to eighty-six) was devoted to the abolition of slavery. Those see but a short way who (however honouring the man) look upon the results of his labours in a spirit of calculation how much negro slavery has been done away, how many Africans have been benefited, and how many suffering whites might have been aided by the same amount of labour and devotedness. These considerations are of small account; and one might almost say the same of the mistakes that have been made by the abolitionists, and the shocks which our hopes have received through the ignorance of the wisest, and the fallibility of the soundest and most earnest minds engaged in the cause. Discouraging as these things are, they almost disappear in the presence of the mighty good achieved in the grand—perhaps final—assertion of the eternal principles of human freedom which we owe to the abolitionists. The greatest battle perhaps ever fought—perhaps ever to be fought for human liberty—for liberty of thought and speech in whites, as well as of limb and action in blacks, is now going on in America, and there is no saying how much of the stir is owing to Clarkson. He has given us the example of a life of philanthropic devotedness, and the stimulus to a finally triumphant struggle on behalf of human liberties: and may the blessings of posterity rest on his sacred name for ever!

II. The stir which is making at present about the improvement of dwellings throughout the land carries one's thoughts back and abroad to review the dwellings of men, and see how far we are on the way to wisdom in this important respect. There are still countries where people live in trees. Wild beasts are to be dreaded in the night time: so a man looks for a wide-spreading tree, with stout lower limbs; fastens beams or logs from one limb to another, to make a floor; wattles a sort of roof and walls for shelter; and makes a ladder of climbing plants, or of rudely twisted ropes, to get up and down by. Several families have been known to fix their abode in this way in a single tree. There is no need to say anything of the inconvenience of this kind of dwelling. Its chief danger to health is from the accumulation of refuse on the ground about the tree, the temptation being to throw everything out of the nest, and let it lie to rot. I call this the chief danger, because the climate is so fine that there is little annoyance from rain; and the damp of the ground is avoided, and attacks from snakes, scorpions, and most of the troublesome reptiles of hot climates. It must be rather strange to be rocked with the wind; and children and careless people must sometimes get terrible falls; but there is air, light, and dryness. —In rocky countries, men naturally live in caves. These are very unfavourable to health, unless the inhabitants are almost always abroad. A cave must be too dark to be wholesome. No dwelling is so healthful as it ought to be which has not sunshine freely let into it. There may be puffs of air, and occasional draughts in some caves; but they are generally open only at the entrance, and must be at once cold and close. And what is to be done with the smoke from the fire? And people who would live in caves would probably let the refuse from their food lie in corners, and injure the air they breathe. These caves, however, appear such a natural dwelling-place, that men bestowed much skill and art upon them before devising better abodes. In several eastern countries there are wonderful remains of dwellings in the rocks, excavated into many apartments within, and sculptured without into a state of high ornament. There are temples of pagan gods hollowed out of the heart of mountains; a sort of cathedrals cut out, instead of built up: and ranges of tombs; and, in one place in Arabia, a large theatre is excavated out of the solid rock. The place may serve well for tombs; but it is apparently impossible to make such dwellings airy enough for human health. —Roving people, who cannot depend on finding rock dwellings wherever they please to go, carry their abodes about with them. Such were Abraham and Lot of old, seeking green pastures for their flocks, and wanting to move when the herbage was eaten down: such are the Arabs of our day who encamp beside the water-springs, and the Red Indians who pursue the buffalo herds; and the gypsies among the plains of southern France, or the dark forests of Germany, or the green lanes of England.* A tent cannot be easily divided into apartments, nor stand much stress of weather; and the disposal of refuse is so troublesome that it is usually permitted to accumulate, till the tent of the Arab and the wigwam of the Indian becomes unbearable, is taken up, and carried away, to be fixed in some fresh spot. It is a great advance when men build up dwellings; because, however bad the first may be, this is a kind of abode which admits of improvement to the last degrees that we are able to imagine. In America at the present time, for instance, every kind of erected house may be seen, from the worst to the best; and the most

perfect abode yet conceived of is a built house. A poor settler in the woods, wanting a temporary shelter for his family, drives a few stakes into the ground, and wattles between them, and lays on a roof of boughs, under which they may sleep till their log-house is ready. Then he makes haste with his log-house. If he is careless, or ignorant, or extremely poor, or without help, he will do his work badly. His logs will be so rough as not to lie close, but to let in the driving rain and the wintry wind, though he tries to stuff the holes with moss or clay. He will be apt to make his roof too nearly flat, so that the snow will lie too long, and soak through. He will lay his floor upon the ground, thus having no drain, and no space for air to pass under the floor. He will build it probably on some level spot, where he has just cut down trees to make room: and water always collects and stagnates where a small clearing is made in a forest; and then fever and ague are sure to arise. Such is a bad log-house. But a good log-house is as wholesome an abode as any we yet know of. The best kind of log-house will be built upon a rising ground, and be itself so raised from the soil as to allow a free passage of air under the whole of it. Its walls and roof will be made tight, and well plastered within; and, this being properly done, no dwelling is at once so cool in summer and so warm in winter as a log-house. Its windows will be large and numerous enough to admit plenty of sunshine and air. Its chimneys will be straight, and safe from danger of fire; and provision will be made for the removal of all that is unclean. Such a log-house I have lived in; and I could not desire a more wholesome abode. There remains, however, much trouble in carrying water and other things in and out, in lighting and warming it, and in performing many domestic offices which in the towns can be made less expensive and laborious by a junction of means, and a higher knowledge of building arrangements. In towns men are finding how that while separate abodes may have the air circulating through and through them, there may be, at a great saving in every way, an abundant supply of warmth, light, and systematic drainage, so as to make human dwellings as perfect, in regard to health and convenience, as we at present know how to make them. It is curious that all the kinds of dwellings that I have mentioned may be found in England at the present time. A Brighton paper says—"In the cliffs on the other side of Hastings an Irishman has made himself about as romantic a dwelling place as it is possible to conceive. The cliffs here are rather more than 100 feet above the sea. Rather more than half way up, there is a small ledge, below which it is perpendicular; but it is accessible by a side path. Above, the cliffs again rise perpendicularly. It is this ledge which the Irishman chose for his habitation. Scooping out the sand in the face of the cliff, he made an arched cell, where he lives with his wife and an adopted child—a crippled, but very intelligent boy. The man gains a livelihood by breeding rabbits, squirrels, &c." Next we read of the Duke of Buccleuch's new cottages for agricultural labourers,—roomy, clean, and convenient; and everywhere of the steps taken to prove that people may be lodged in wholesome and comfortable dwellings as cheaply as in the worst. Between an abode where health and decency are properly provided for to a royal palace, the difference is less (not being an essential one) than between a cellar and the humblest cottage which has air, light, good drainage, and separate rooms.

With the improvement in human dwellings, new considerations arise. One of the most striking is the liability to fires. A cave cannot catch fire; and if a tent does, the mischief stops at a single dwelling. But when we begin with erected houses—houses built in clusters, for economy of drainage, &c., we become liable to the danger of fire. What ravages from fire have we known during the last dozen years!—the Houses of Parliament; the Exchange; the two great New York fires, after which acres of ground were seen covered with smoking ruins; the Quebec and St. John's fires; the many at Liverpool; that at Soham, and the late spread of fires in France;—what a list it is! What dreadful loss! what danger and calamity! In some few cases, the evil is almost turned into a good by the removal of foul abodes,—as in the burning of the lower part of the town in the Quebec fire; but how many new dwellings and warehouses have suffered also! With the modern state of things arises the new duty of care against fire such as was never thought of in less civilised times. It has become a matter of serious social duty to have our chimneys regularly swept, to permit no carrying of fire from room to room, and especially of wood ashes; and to see that the houses we inhabit are so built as to have no beams any where exposed to great heat. It is believed that the frequency of fires in America is owing to the hasty building of the houses, whereby cracks are occasioned, and beams become exposed; and to the practice of carrying wood ashes uncovered from room to room—there being no saying when the fire is out in wood ashes.

Next comes the consideration that the refuse and dirt of human dwellings is the richest material for producing human food. While there is not food enough produced for the eaters in our land, and there is a pernicious quantity of manure lying about our dwellings, and injuring our health, it seems dreadful management not to remove the material from the dwellings, and bring it upon the land. Everybody sees this as soon as it is stated. Government sees it, and will no doubt try what it can do to cause the filth of towns to fertilise the country. But there is no saying what neighbours may not do in England, as they certainly do in some places in Scotland, by agreeing on some plan for the regular and immediate removal of the off-scourings of their dwellings, and their sale to the farmers for the benefit of the fields. It is a good thing for the head of every family to see that his household are spared all danger from the accumulation of filth in and about his dwelling; but it is a yet greater good if this filth is not carried into a river, to be wasted, and to corrupt the stream, but is conveyed into some receptacle whence it may be taken for manure. In some foreign countries that I have seen, the peasants use up everything for their vineyards and gardens: but their methods are not so decent or so economical as they might be, from every man acting for himself. If we could adopt their carefulness, while using better methods, we should greatly benefit the general health, and supply a much larger amount of food to a hungry people.

III. While improving our abodes on land, we seem to have made strides of advancement in our construction of our temporary dwellings at sea, providing for a security, a steadiness and comfort undreamed of when men first ventured on the wide waters in clumsy vessels slowly moved with oars, and sometimes by a timid sail. Yet what shocks does our confidence receive in its proudest moments! We do not much wonder when we hear of

some frail schooner going down in stormy distant seas; and we feel that the master or the crew, when tossing about in the billows, lashed to a plank, or drifting in a skiff without oar or compass, may be realising a fate almost expected. But when the noble steam-ship "President" did not arrive, and when all hope of tidings of her died out, what a shock it was to the security and confidence of those who had trod her decks, and thought her strong enough to beat her way among all her ambushed foes of sea or air! On the Saturday before the "Great Britain" sailed, I went over that noble vessel. I saw the spare vane of the screw, laid on deck in case of accident to the vanes in use; I saw the mighty strength of her build; and was shown from the dock how the form of her hull was such that "no conceivable accident could materially injure her!" The berths were bespoken; the comforts of the passengers were accumulating; the cabin servants were at their posts. On the Tuesday, the vessel was crowded, and took her proud departure at midday. By midnight her doom was sealed. The waves were breaking over her; she resounded with cries of terror and the imploring voice of prayer. In a few hours more she was empty of human beings; and she now lies perishing on the rocks, never more to float. We are right to push on our improvements in art to the utmost; but we must all the while bear in mind that rough lessons from nature await us at every step. We must keep ourselves wide awake in mind, and humble in heart to receive them, come when and how they may.

IV. Another memorial of his personal greatness now greets the eyes of the Duke of Wellington when he looks from his own windows. On a fine morning lately, the great brazen equestrian statue of the Duke was drawn through the streets of London to be placed on the arch on Constitution Hill; and a grand and stirring sight it was—the sun shining on the colossal figure as it was drawn steadily along the thronged streets—the cheers of the crowd showing their enthusiasm for the old general. This enthusiasm is fully deserved; for many and great are the noble powers and qualities which go to make up such a warrior as the Duke. And if the thought occurs how many more trophies are erected in his honour than are awarded as yet to services more congenial to a future and a higher age, it is sufficient to remember that military glory may naturally go out with a blaze, and military service with a glittering shower of honours. The Duke served his race eminently in the manner necessitated by the time. There is, we hope, a better time coming. But it is no less good for us and for posterity than due to him, that there should be a mighty blazon of his deeds at the close of the military age of our history. The portal at which the spirit of war goes out from among us cannot surely be too conspicuous to us or to posterity. This is the top stone, laid amidst grateful acclamations, and the brightest sunshine of promise. This closing work done, we are free and ready for the works of peace.

My *Surveys* have thus far been monthly. They must now intermit, and become irregular, for I am going forth on long and uncertain travel—to Egypt, and perhaps to visit some Asiatic countries. I cannot answer for what I may be able to do from such a distance; but it is my hope to be able to send home some *Surveys* from the bosom of the Nile, or the base of the Great Pyramid. I need not say farewell, as if I were to disappear from the *People's Journal* for even a short time. My papers on *Household Education*, being prepared for some months to come, will go on appearing, so that I hope the readers of the *Journal* and I may continue to meet at intervals till I return, I trust provided with fresh information about man and his earthly abodes, in the spring or early summer. May I then find the *Journal* and its readers prospering, and enjoying a hearty mutual liking and good understanding!

October 12, 1846.

KATE OF KILDARE:

A WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

In a sequestered spot near Kildare rose a rambling pile of buildings, which had in times past possessed some importance as the abode of a wealthy squire; but falling, like the family, into decay, it had been successively consigned to humbler and humbler tenants, till eventually George Dighton opened it as an inn. Hither he brought his wife and little girl, Kate, their only surviving child. Severe trials, acting on constitutional delicacy, had shaken the mother's health, but through years of decline the placid energies of a thoughtful pious mind sustained her, till just as Kate had attained her tenth year the struggle closed amid duties unremittingly fulfilled, and Mrs. Dighton was committed to the grave with regret from all, and grief to her husband and child of no common bitterness. Her peculiar character had breathed upon their existence a charm, of which, while loving her devotedly, they had nevertheless been little conscious, till they felt the blank desolation to which bereavement left them. They had lived in the perpetual presence of her serene cheerfulness and provident care for their comfort, as do the dwellers in fine air, who full of light spirits and placidity of mind, neither know nor inquire their source, till transferred to a heavy atmosphere and dim horizon, their oppressed nature pleads against the change, and they learn what they have lost.

The care and tenderness of her father cherished and developed the fine nature Kate inherited from her mother. Education at the period of which we write was of small account, especially in the class and country in which she was placed; but Kate was taught to read and write, was well skilled with her needle, and the neatest dancer that ever stepped. She had ripened into a beautiful creature, and reached her sixteenth year when her father formed a second marriage. Her step-mother brought with her a son, a fine dark athletic youth, who had just completed his majority. Robert Horrey achieved what many had essayed in vain—he won the heart of Kate Dighton: the parental sanction was not withheld, and all seemed to promise that "the course of true love" would, in *their* case, "run smooth." Suddenly, however, a quarrel occurred between the mother and son, in which Mr. Dighton took part with his wife; thus the domestic peace, of late so perfect, was broken, and the hopes that grew out of it marred.

Late in the evening of that stormy day, a young creature of agile movement might have been seen gliding about the outbuildings, looking forth into

the deepening twilight, now from this door, now from that. The moon seemed toiling through masses of heavy vapour, but at intervals gleamed forth upon the fair anxious face of Kate, for she was the watcher; at length she descried an approaching form, heard a well-known step, and then a low-toned voice, which said—"Be not afraid, 'tis I." The speaker drew her arm within his, and they passed into an adjoining coppice.

Each had sought the interview confident of power. Kate of the power to soothe and reconcile; her lover to win her and bear her away. The gentle girl was no match for the self-willed, impetuous being resolved on her possession. In vain she counselled submission to his own parent, and forbearance regarding hers. The filial duty with which her breast was filled found no place in his.

"Kate," he exclaimed, "my mind is made up. I go hence to-night: *how* I go depends on *you*."

"Oh, Robert, dear, what is it you mean?"

"What is it I mean?" he repeated with fervour; "why, that you must go with me. If I leave you here, surrounded as you are, I lose you—if I lose you I care not what becomes of me. Hear me—trust to me—I have planned and prepared all. I have friends to aid—a priest to unite us: the car waits to carry us to him and thence to Dublin, whence in the morning we may embark for England or America."

Pale, motionless, almost breathless as a statue, she stood and listened to him; at length she exclaimed—"Robert, Robert, what madness is this? Do you think I can so leave my father—leave him in his old age?"

"I see—I see," he impatiently exclaimed, moving proudly aside, "I have deceived myself. You care not what becomes of me. You can at such a time as this coldly abandon me! Your father—he is not alone and abused—*I* am. Your father—he has friends, a wife, a home—*I* have none of these. *I* am deserted, insulted, forsaken."

His tones searched her heart. She sprung to him, and caught his arm with convulsive energy; she could not speak, but her silence was eloquent of tenderness.

"At least," he said, returning to the gentleness of intreaty, "At least, consent to be mine—give me, ere I go, the certainty that no other shall possess you."

His persuasive impetuosity prevailed. A little while, and Kate was seated by his side on a car, followed by three or four of his friends on horseback, for if a rescue were attempted he was resolved upon a desperate resistance. Before midnight they alighted at the obscure dwelling of the priest, situated in a lonely glen, and there, surrounded by strangers, the pale and trembling girl became the bride of Robert Horrey.

"Now," she whispered, as soon as the ceremony was over, and she bowed her head upon her husband's bosom, "let us away—restore me to my father's roof before morning—let us not lose a moment."

Robert made no reply. Nothing was farther from his purpose than to part with her again. He wrapped her mantle round her, held a cup to her lips of which he made her drink, lifted her into the car, and resuming his place by her side, they drove rapidly away, she knew not whither. To be brief, the morning found them in Dublin, and Kate convinced that every other tie was severed, and her fate for ever linked with Robert's. She wrote to her father, not to criminate her husband and excuse herself, but to ask forgiveness for both. This was the first step on the path of sacrifice on which she had entered. Her father's reply reached her just as she was embarking for Holyhead. His letter breathed pardon, prayer, and blessing, and wetted with her tears she refolded it, and placed it in her bosom with a sweet superstition that it held a charm against every ill.

It is not in a sketch like this that the eventful life of Kate can be followed out in detail. Her constituent characteristics were energy of mind, and tenderness and firmness of affection. She loved her husband with perfect devotion, and notwithstanding many dark shades in his character, he had some fine qualities to attach her. Unfortunately one of those clever fellows who might be anything, he was really nothing, or what is equivalent, "Everything by turns and nothing long." His great passion had been for horses, and he inherited a few hundred pounds; this money had been the source of his quarrel with his mother, who desired its appropriation, in part at least, to the liquidation of debts for which she had in some measure become responsible. But he was more disposed to go forward on the path of apparent advantage than to tarry or turn back to acknowledge or repay past benefits. Perhaps he appeased his conscience by deeming this only a postponement, and promised himself that a time should arrive, when, fortune being realised, he should become just and even grateful; but that till then, under the pressure of his peculiar circumstances, he might give up principle for expediency, and grasp at everything that promised self-advantage. We shall see the wisdom of his philosophy. His means of living gradually settled into that of an agent for the sale and purchase of horses, and the employments which are contingent upon and incident to such a path. But circumstances rose out of it of a dangerous tendency to a mind so lax, and a temper so impetuous—it introduced him to society above his grade of fortune, and as deficient in moral principle: the seductive influence of gambling was at work; betting transactions, now fortunate, flattered him with unexpected success—now the reverse, plunged him into embarrassment. The ready refuge of the unreflecting, or those who dare not reflect, was at hand, and the glass, which a genial nature might have taught him to lift as a stimulus to friendly communion merely, was often snatched to drown the gnawing consciousness of past error or approaching ruin.

During all this time Kate had a large share of affliction. Her husband, of a jealous temper, and surrounded by promiscuous and questionable associates, anxiously secluded her in a remote suburban residence: with all his faults he loved her ardently, and respected in her the virtues he failed to act up to himself; ill, therefore, could he bear to expose her to the temptation and deterioration which were rife around him. But amid the storms of the life he led, she was often forgotten, left to endure solitude, sometimes privation. The irregular and extravagant man's home is in general the first sacrifice; legitimate claims are postponed in favour of the illicit demands which *will* be heard, and for which the criminal claimants know so well how to force attention from the hopes and fears of the weak and wicked defaulter. Periods of deep sorrow had, nevertheless, ever brought Robert to his wife; the death of her father, the successive loss of three children in their infancy, and the occasional illness of their first-born, who, though inheriting that fatal malady, consumption, had survived—had always found him a ready and tender sympathiser. Still, except in great emer-

gencies, Kate was alone. What floods of thought and feeling swept through her soul as she sat beside the bed or chair of her drooping girl, reviewing the sudden wrench by which she had herself been torn from every prop her childhood and youth had known, to be surrounded by circumstances of struggle and difficulty. It had been like taking the swan from the sequestered lake and giving to it the course of the sea-bird. How will it bear the alternation of sunshine and storm, and preserve its pristine beauty in both—how adapt its wing to its devious way? Kate yielded eminent proof of the wonderful elasticity seated in a spirit of large capacity and strong affection. Well was it for her that she was one of those whom the severe atmosphere of adversity braced with strength, for how did the termination of the twelfth year of her wedded life find her? Alone—in destitution—and worse than widowed! Her misguided husband had fallen into the toils; tried and convicted of horsestealing, he was transported for life to Van Dieman's Land.

We will not pause to dilate on Kate's suffering and heroism: how she stifled the agonies of her own spirit, and endeavoured to call up hope in his heart, while it died in her own. When all was over—when she had seen him for the last time—she returned home, and casting herself upon her knees, she poured forth her spirit, but in no selfish supplications. She prayed for him who was soon to be upon the wild waters, to pass, a branded outcast, to an allotment, the stringency of which she could not know, but which her imagination clothed in the darkest colours: she prayed for the innocent sufferer lying before her in feverish and fitful sleep—and for herself, what did she ask? *For strength to do her duties.* Life for her child, reunion with her husband—these were the boons she implored; and that power might be given her to assist the healing of the one, and to work out the redemption of the other. She rose full of pious confidence and patient courage. Her first care now was to gain some employment that would afford them bread; by her needle and laundry work she effected this, but only in a partial and uncertain way, intervals of compelled inaction at times consigned her to the severest want.

She had struggled through twelve months and no word of tidings or consolation had reached her from the wretched exile. One day she was kneeling beside her child, urging upon her the necessity of taking some nourishment, for her failing appetite began to refuse all food. What, under these circumstances, were the mother's means? Will wealth, will luxury, believe it? Three halfpence. Ere the poor invalid had gained power to reply, the sharp rap of the postman startled them. Kate ran to the door; she saw a letter in his hand—she knew the writing of the superscription—it was her husband's. (Some one had brought the letter to England, and posted it in London.) She trembled—she changed colour—she held forth the little sum she had in her hand—

"This is all I have in the world, but let me have the letter—it is from"——utterance failed her, and she burst into tears. The postman took the halfpence, put the letter in her hand, and departed, but in an instant he rapped again.

"And is this indeed all that you are worth this day?"

"All," she replied.

"Then heaven forbid that I should take it from you;" and thrusting it back into her hand he hurried away.

(To be completed in our next.)

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR

FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—NOVEMBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 55 min. past 6, and sets at 32 min. past 4, on the 1st; and on the 30th rises at 44 min. past 7, and sets at 53 min. past 3.—*Moon* rises at 40 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at 14 min. past 4, in the morn.; and on the 30th, rises at 43 min. past 2, afternoon, and sets at 28 min. past 4, morn.—*Moon's Changes.* Full on the 3rd, at 11 min. past 9, morn. Last quarter on the 10th, at 44 min. past 11, afternoon. New moon on the 18th, at 11h. 0m. afternoon. First quarter, 25th, at 31 min. past 10, afternoon. —*Mercury* an evening star throughout the month. *Venus* and *Mars* morning stars throughout the month.—*Weather.* Mean temperature, 42 deg 9 min.; highest, 62 deg.; lowest, 23 deg. The atmosphere is now saturated with moisture, and the days dark and dreary. The comparative warmth of the season is owing to the heat given out by the condensation of vapour into rain. "Now is the winter of our discontent," the season of London fogs and link-boys, when, according to Bishop Warburton, "little wretches hang or drown themselves, and great ones sell themselves to the devil or the court." The leafless woods, damp atmosphere, and leaden-hued skies, give a gloominess to the outward aspect of nature, and invest the unhealthy mind with melancholy. Rain-clouds driven along the face of heaven by fierce storms, finish the work of devastation which the arid blasts of October had begun in copse and forest, and these seem to have been the prevailing characteristics of the month with us fron a very early period. Mariners were accustomed to shelter themselves at home during its continuance, and by our Anglo-Saxon progenitors it was distinguished by the name of Wintemoanth, or the month of wind.

1, Sunday.—21st Sunday after Trinity. *All-Saints.* Proper lessons for the morning service: Habak. ii., Heb. xi.,to v. 33, and xii. to verse 7: evening service: Prov. i., Rev. xix. to verse 17. It is singular to trace the descent of the celebration of this day from pagan times to our own. It was the Roman anniversary of the feast of Jupiter; held sacred by the Druids as a day of rest and thanksgiving; and, finally, set aside by the Romish church in honour of the numerous saints to whom it was found impossible to dedicate a separate day. Laurestinus, dedicated to St. Fortunatus, flowers.

Events.—The great earthquake, 1755, by which Lisbon was destroyed, and 50,000 persons perished in the space of eight minutes; the shock extended some 5000 miles, from one extreme of the Atlantic to the other. Borough councillors to be elected.

Fair.—Saffron-Walden; cows.

2, Monday.—*All-Souls.* Before the Reformation, the churches were hung with black on this day, and masses said in them for the souls in purgatory. It was ushered in with the tolling of bells, and other ceremonies calculated to impose on the superstitious fears of the people, and subdue them to the power of the priests. The tombs were opened; in the nave of the church, a coffin was placed, covered with black and surrounded by tapers, and in one corner figures representing the souls of the deceased appeared mid-deep in flames. In our days these exhibitions are still continued in Catholic countries. Fungi are still found. Winter cherry, sacred to St. Marcian, common.

Fair.—Frankfort-on-the-Oder; manufactured goods.

3, Tuesday.—*Holywell Day.* Primrose (*primula vulgaris*), sacred to St. Flour, occasionally flowers. In Ireland and other catholic countries, the sick and devout perform pilgrimages to sacred springs on this day, repeating a certain number of prayers while passing round them on their bare knees, while the others drink or lave their bodies in the water: bushes in the vicinity of these places may be seen stuck with rags and other trophies, either charms or votive offerings of the patients.

Events.—Dominica discovered on Sunday, 1493, by Columbus. On the same day of the month, 1580, Drake arrived at Plymouth from his circumnavigation.

4, Wednesday.—Arbutus, or the strawberry-tree, sacred to St. Brinstan, in fruit and flower.

Event.—Columbus discovers the pine-apple in the wild demesnes of the king of the Cannibal Islands—*i.e.* Guadalupe, one of the Caribs, 1493.

5, Thursday.—The angular physalis (winter cherry) appears to-day in the floral calendar in honour of St. Bertille, abbess.

Events.—The Neptualia, or feast of Neptune, in ancient Rome, commenced on the nones of November, and lasted eight days. Gunpowder Plot discovered through the desire of one of the conspirators to save the life of his friend, Lord Monteagle, 1605.

6, Friday.—*St. Leonard:* the canonised Howard of the early ages. A nobleman of France, and high in favour at the court of Clovis I., he used his influence in the cause of humanity, and obtained a licence granting him the power of liberating any prisoner he visited, and wherever he found captives suffering for

their religion's sake, or other causes deserving compassion, he immediately procured their discharge. On this account he has always been considered the titular saint of prisoners: he died a hermit, 559. Yew is dedicated to him.

Fair.—Newcastle-under-Lyne; cattle.

7, Saturday.—*St. Willebord's Day.*

Event.—The Court being at Oxford, out of the way of the plague, the first gazette in England was there published, Tuesday, 1665.

Fair.—Rochdale; horses, cattle, and woollen goods.

8, Sunday.—22nd Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Prov. ii., Luke xxiv.; evening service: Prov. iii., 1 Thess. iv. This day, in catholic calendars, is sacred to the four crowned brothers, martyrs. Cape Aletris dedicated to them.

Biography.—The anniversary of the death of Milton, 1674.

9, Monday.—*St. John Lateran.*

Events.—The annual pageant of the Lord Mayor's inauguration takes place. It was first conducted by water in 1453. The title of *lord* was added to the office by Richard II., whose life Walworth, the then mayor, had saved from falling a sacrifice to Wat Tyler. With all its exploded usages, the ceremony is interesting from its associations, and if of no other use, affords the citizens one day's excitement at this gloomy season, and a theme of interest independent of the weather. Mayor and aldermen of boroughs to be elected.

10, Tuesday.—Scotch fir dedicated to the honour of St. Nympha.

Biography.—The birthday of the reformer, Martin Luther, at Eisleben, 1483.

11, Wednesday.—*St. Martin*, Bishop of Tours. He was famous for zeal, piety, and meekness, and seems to have been more adapted for the profession of a saint than that of a soldier, which previous to taking holy orders he had followed. The vulgar phrase, "My eye and Betty Martin," originated in the corruption of the commencement of a prayer to this worthy, "*Mihi, beate Martine.*" Martinmas instituted, 560. Scotch quarter-day. Fleabane (*conyza rugosa*) flowers.

12, Thursday.—*St. Nilus* the Anchorite. Grape aloe sacred to him. Moles make their nests this month; and the females and young of the brown or Norway rat leave their holes at the sides of ponds and rivers, and seek shelter in barns, outhouses, stacks, &c.

13, Friday.—The anniversary of *St. Homobonus*, to whom the monks have dedicated bay.

Event.—Eleanor Cobham, "mail'd up in shame with papers at *her* back," bare-footed, and bearing in her hand a lighted taper, does penance in the streets of the metropolis, 1441. This was the wife of the "good Duke Humphrey."

Fair.—Loughborough; horses, cows, and sheep.

14, Saturday.—*St. Lawrence* of Dublin. Portugal laurel sacred to him.

Events.—On this day, 1318, occurred the greatest earthquake ever felt in England. The sources of the Nile discovered by the traveller Bruce, 1770.

15, Sunday.—23rd Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Prov. xi., John vii.; evening service: Prov. xii., 1 Tim. iv. Sweet coltsfoot, sacred to St. Gertrude, begins to push forth its blossoms.

Events.—The first regular Parliament assembled by writ at Oxford, 1213. Certificate to be taken out yearly by any person admitted as an attorney or solicitor, or as a proctor or writer to the signet, or admitted and enrolled as a notary public, and by every sworn clerk, clerks in court, &c.; by any member of an inn of court in England acting as conveyancer, special pleader, or draftsman in equity, not being at the bar.

16, Monday.—African hemp appropriated to St. Edmund. Cattle are now taken into the farm yard, sheep sent into the turnip fields, and bees placed under shelter. We meet the hedger in our walks, with his curved hatchet and russet gloves; and hear in the depths of the solitary woods the ringing of the axe, and ever and anon the crash of sturdy boughs, or the fall of stately timber, beneath the stroke of the woodman.

Fair.—Llandovery (16th and 17th); cattle and pigs.

17, Tuesday.—Tree stramony dedicated to St. Gregory.

Events.—The accession of Queen Elizabeth, 1558; and the doing away with lotteries, 1826.

Fairs.—Andover (17th and 18th); sheep, horses, cheese: Wells; horses, oxen, sheep, and hogs.

18, Wednesday.—The dedication of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Rome, by the Emperor Constantine. The passion-flower sacred to this event.

Events.—The meeting of the Swiss peasants by night, in the field of Rutli, 1307, to concert measures for their independence; the republic of the 22 cantons sprang from this holy conspiracy, and the armour of the leader, Tell, is deposited at Berne, its capital. Westminster Bridge opened, 1750; defunct, 1846.

19, Thursday.—Apple-fruited passion-flower sacred to St. Elizabeth.

Event.—The junction of the Severn and the Thames completed, 1789.

20, Friday.—Red stapelia sacred to St. Edmund, king and martyr. He was put to death by the Danes, and interred at Bury-St.-Edmunds, which received its name from this circumstance. Canute the Great had a handsome church built over his remains.

Fair.—Boston (four days); horses.

21, Saturday.—*Presentation of our Lady.* Chrysanthemums, sweet scabious, marigolds, and other late autumnal flowers, remain in blossom to adorn this day.

Biography.—The birthday of Sir Thomas Gresham, son of Sir Richard Gresham, the king's merchant, 1579—himself the father of commerce.

22, Sunday.—24th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Prov. xiii, John xiv.; evening service: Prov. xiv., Titus i. Trumpet-flowered wood-sorrel dedicated to St. Cecilia, the reputed patroness of church-music, whose own melody is said to have drawn down an angel listener, yet could not charm the ears of her earthly persecutors. She is said to have suffered martyrdom, 230.

Fair.—Guildford; horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs.

23, Monday.—Convex wood-sorrel sacred to St. Clement, the titular saint of blacksmiths; why, it is not easy to say, except that he was indebted to their handiwork for the instrument of his martyrdom. He is said to have been flung into the sea, with an anchor suspended to his neck, about 100. Hence the recurrence of this symbol in the church of St. Clement Danes; where the weathercock, the index hand of the clock, and the insignia on the jackets of the charity-children, is an anchor.

24, Tuesday.—Starry stapelia dedicated to St. John of the cross.

Events.—Peace with America, 1814. Let us hope it may prove eternal.

25, Wednesday.—Sweet coltsfoot (*tussilago fragrans*) begins to flower about this, the anniversary of St. Catherine, and continues to bloom through the entire winter, unless a hard frost intervene. Its odour reminds us of hawthorn blossoms in May. The trial and martyrdom of St. Catharine formed the subject of one of the first religious spectacles, and was performed at Dunstable Priory.

Events.—The bill passed imposing a duty upon malt liquor, 1690. As early as 728, A.D., ale-booths were set up in England; and by the statue of James I., one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny.

26, Thursday.—Linear wood-sorrel dedicated to St. Conrade

Event.—On this day, 1308, James de Molai, grand master of the Templars, was conducted before the papal commissioners, charged with heresy, &c. It is recorded of him that when sentence of death (upon the most absurd and groundless pretence) was recorded against him and the rest of his fraternity, he cited the Pope and Philip the Fair of France to appear at the judgment-seat of God within twelve months: an event which happened as predicted.

27, Friday.—Lupin-leaved wood-sorrel sacred to St. Virgil.

Event.—The Pacific Ocean disturbed by the bark of Ferdinand Magellan, for the first time, 1519.

28, Saturday.—Variegated stapelia, dedicated to St. Stephen. Fogs, so general this month, are said to have the extraordinary effect of making birds fat; and that during one of twenty-four hours continuance, wheatears, ortolans, &c., become so corpulent as to be incapable of flying from the sportsmen.

Fairs.—Guildford and Gloucester; horses, cattle, pigs, &c. Harleston (for a month); Scotch cattle.

29, Sunday.—*Advent Sunday.* Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah i., John xxi.; evening service: Isaiah ii., Heb. v. Sphenogyne dedicated in the floral calendar to St. Saturninus.

Event.—The first newspaper (the *Times*) issued by a steam-press, 1814, at the rate of eleven hundred sheets an hour. The inventor of the machine is Kœnig, a Saxon by birth, and the invention was directed and executed by his friend and fellow-countrymen, Bauer.

30, Monday.—The anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Andrew, the younger brother of St. Peter. Three-coloured wood-sorrel sacred to St. Sapor.

Biography.—The clever, heartless, coarse, witty Jonathan Swift, born at Dublin, 1667. His satires are well known; and it was said of him, that he had never taken a thought from any author, ancient or modern. He died insane; but bequeathed in his lucid intervals the greater part of his fortune to erect a hospital in Dublin for idiots and lunatics. He is buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, of which he was dean; and his monument appears side by side with that of his first victim, Miss Johnson, the *Stella* of his works.

Fair.—Warrington (for ten days); horses, horned cattle, and cloth.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

By the German Painter, H. Mücke.

People's Picture Gallery.

THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

THE noble engraving which we to-day present to our readers, is the embodiment, by the German artist Mücke, of a beautiful monkish legend connected with "the Holy Catherine," an illustrious lady of Alexandria, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximin, about A.D. 307. She was to have perished by the wheel, but it is related that upon the first turn of this terrible engine, the cords with which she was bound were broken asunder by the invincible power of an angel, and so she was delivered from that death. According to the chronicle, her body was afterwards translated by angels to the Great Monastery at the top of Mount Sinai in Arabia, where it remains to this day, in a fair tomb of marble. The true meaning of this translation most probably is, that it was carried by the monks of Sinai to their monastery, that they might devoutly enrich their dwelling with such a treasure, it being well known that the name of an angelical habit was often used for a monastic habit, and that monks, on account of their purity and functions, were called angels. The painter has, however, adopted the more literal and beautiful reading of the legend—for art has always a glorious faith, believing that which is most pure, and least entangled with material associations.

Upon the white wings of the angels, he has represented the body of the sainted martyr as gently borne along. The face of one of the bearers, full of compassion and love, is turned towards the wan features of Catherine; another tenderly supports her feet; and a third, sad and earnest in countenance, a little in advance, bears the gleaming sword of martyrdom. And so, with the gentle motion of a summer cloud, the glorious company float onward through the air. Beneath, the artist has depicted a low and dreary-looking shore, stretching out into a rainy and sorrowful-looking sea, fit type of the world from which her bright spirit has been delivered. In this picture we hail that great school of painting which is now springing up in Germany. We allude not to tricksters in their art who, like Peter Schlemihl, have lost their shadows, or those who can only see greatness and power in the galvanic contortions of Albert Durer—they will be forgotten as they deserve to be—but to those earnest, simple-minded men who seem to have pierced into the heart of nature, and discovered where her fairest springs of truth and beauty abide. Every picture such as this is a rebuke to the scoffing spirit which is abroad, and a heavy weight lifted from the hearts of those who have feared that within the iron grasp of material progress the finer idealisms of the brain must necessarily decay.

A. W.

KATE OF KILDARE:

A WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

(Concluded from page 251.)

ROBERT'S letter was read and re-read by both mother and child amid convulsions of feeling. Its tone was contrite and tender. Kate saw in it evidences of improved character, and her soul yearned to be beside him, to strengthen his better purposes. Gradually the emotions so fondly indulged subsided, and she thought of the kindly being who had brought her a letter so precious, so consolatory. Having obtained the means to meet the little debt, she watched for him the next day, and many following days, but in vain. Humble life is a quarry full of facts (the details of the present story are strictly such), and these facts are pregnant with evidence of the high qualities of human nature. Fastidious refinement, revolted by repelling circumstances, refuses to look into it: the habitual denizens of the scene behold self-denial and self-sacrifice as matters of common occurrence, and know not the moral value they bear. But who that can compare and reflect, but must pause at the spectacle thus presented. How does starvation every day go forth in this great city, amid all the temptations which trade can devise to allure luxury and invite expenditure, and urged to no outrage, return to its squalid covert to eat its unpalatable crust in patience, or in like manner bear its utter privation! How will honest independence and the domestic affections reject the wretched and degrading refuge which is all that society will extend to the reproachless poor, to die in the pangs of destitution, but with the feelings of the heart and home yet round them!

At last Kate and Howard, the postman, (he was worthy of the name he bore,) met again, and an acquaintance grew up. He soon appreciated her character, and sympathised with her sufferings, and these, in a nature like his, induced exertion in her behalf. He gained her the notice of a charitable society, through the means of which the closing weeks of her child's life were furnished with some comforts, and when death had set the seal on her sufferings, afforded the mourning mother requisites for the last sad duties.

Kate was now indeed desolate. The being who had filled so large a space in her heart, given motive for so much exertion, was gone! All her desire, all her hope now, was to make her way to Hobart Town; but how to accomplish that? The humble philanthropist, Howard, listened to her wishes, and pondered with almost parental kindliness the means to realise them. One evening he appeared with a cheerful smile, and a newspaper in his hand. He pointed out to Kate an advertisement—it was for a young woman to go out as nurse and attendant to an invalid lady returning to the colony.

"Go," said Howard, "tell your story in your own simple way. I know something of Mr. Beaumont, the party advertising—the lady mentioned is his wife. His father was an old master of mine, and got me the place I hold in the Post-office."

Kate felt a prescience that her path was plain before her. She was not mistaken. Her truthful earnestness, her ingenuous aspect, had their effect: her humble friend had not overrated his power or her own—Kate was engaged for the voyage. An

application to her stepmother gained her the means of an humble outfit; and once more hopes akin to happiness dawned upon her. The elements seemed resolved to spare one who had met so many moral storms: "a fair wind and a flowing sail" bore her on through a prosperous voyage; and a fine autumn day in the beautiful month of March saw the good ship come to anchor in Sullivan's Cove.

Few who had known Kate in her brilliant joyous youth would have recognised her in the placid, self-possessed woman, who landed that day in Hobart Town; still fewer would have guessed how powerful were the feelings silently at work in her breast as the time grew near for meeting the lover of her youth, the husband of her heart, for whom she had sorrowed and suffered so intensely.

Mr. Beaumont made it his first business to inquire about Robert, for the sake of one, who in the short period of five months had established herself in the esteem, and entitled herself to the gratitude, of those she served. He was pleased to find him among the men employed by his own firm: the pleasure was, however, damped by the mixed report he gained. Horrey was described as a man not without his merits, but as one not to be depended upon. With a charitable trust in the force of improved circumstances, and renewed association with his reproachless wife, Mr. Beaumont brought them together. Unhappily, Robert Horrey was already involved in fatal associations, which began to develope themselves soon after his reunion with Kate. Investigation was at work, and detection, though slow in following upon his delinquency, was only too sure. The joy, the hope, that visited her heart was of short duration. A second time she beheld her husband arraigned as a criminal: his trial was a searching one, and his sentence was deemed severe. But, as a superior man among the prisoners, he had met encouragement and indulgence; the abuse of these advantages had deepened the die of his offences, had denied justice any ground for mercy, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

This blow appeared to crush the wretched culprit; he was conveyed back to prison as if paralysed. Kate succumbed but as it were for a moment; there was a regenerating power seated in her high purposes, and infinite trust in divine support, which pierced even the dense darkness round her. It is remembered how she immediately sought the governor, and when denied access to him, passed the night on the steps of the door of Government-house, and in the morning won her way to his wife. There another triumph was reserved for Kate: her indomitable perseverance, her peculiar character, and irreproachable conduct, prevailed over every obstacle—the governor's heart yielded to the pleadings of his own wife and the wife of the criminal, and the sentence of death was commuted to banishment to Norfolk Island—an island lying on the east coast of New Holland, and reserved as a place of punishment for the worst class of male convicts.

The Beaumonts, with the commiseration and respect for Kate which her circumstances and character commanded, offered her an asylum in their service, but she declared she could enter into no engagement that might interfere with what was now her great object—to join her husband in his last wretched exile. In vain she was assured that it was a scheme impossible of realisation—that no woman had ever been admitted to the place, and that existence for her there would be unendurable. She proved that every obstacle was destined to fall before her untiring energies—she memorialised the authorities, she assailed every avenue by which pity could make approach to power, and at length was allowed to proceed to Norfolk Island. A residence of five years there made her the mother of two children; now it was that she found herself compelled to choose between conflicting duties. The moral life of her offspring depended on removing them from a scene so unfitted for their opening perceptions. It was enough for Kate to arrive at a conviction of what she *ought* to do: this was the fulcrum of the resolute will by which she accomplished so much. She came back to Hobart Town, and by employment as a laundress obtained support for her children: but amid her maternal duties and daily toils, he who filled the first place in her heart was never forgotten, and in an interview with Mr. Beaumont she avowed, that to see Robert once again at home and happy, was still the vision and the hope, the purpose and plan of her life. The unconquerable character of her attachment, and the triumphs it had achieved, checked the incredulity with which, in any other case, Mr. Beaumont would have received such an idea; but he had learned to look upon the humble woman before him, so meekly ignorant of her own magnanimity, as chartered by her virtues to hope where all others should despair, and unexpectedly he found himself in a position again to give her aid.

Mr. Beaumont was appointed to a commission of inquiry into the state of Norfolk Island. On his arrival there, it was among his first objects to inquire out Robert Horrey; he heard he was an altered man—he soon saw he was a dying one. Representations, backed by certificates from the medical man, and sustained by powerful and universal advocacy drawn from sentiments of admiration and regard for Kate, were successful—when Mr. Beaumont returned to Hobart Town, he brought Robert Horrey with him, and with what he had left of life and strength, the wretched man found refuge with his devoted wife.

For a time he rallied—to behold himself once more in the secure shelter of his home, beside that creature who, through "bad report and good report," had unchangeably clung to his destiny; and to see his little children at his knees, to feel the babe which Kate had borne to him since they last parted, on his bosom, created a powerful reaction. The springs of his better nature gushed forth, as if to refresh and purify the heart, the pulses of which were now numbered—to regenerate the spirit which was soon to pass from time and trial for ever. One month after their reunion, Kate received his last sigh. There was no violence in her grief; her sorrow was as serene as the hopes that soothed it. "Now," she said, there is but one more journey for me. He cannot come to me, but I shall go to him. When Robert and I meet again, we shall part no more."

TRAINING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER (THE AMERICAN POET).

"Send for the millingtary!"
Noah Claypole, in Oliver Twist.

WHAT'S now in the wind? Sounds of distant music float in at my window on this still October air. Hurrying drum-beat, shrill fife-tones, wailing bugle-notes, and, by way of accompaniment, hurrahs from the urchins on the crowded side-

walks! Here come the citizen-soldiers—each martial foot beating up the mud of yesterday's storm, with the slow, regular, up-and-down movement of an old-fashioned churn-dasher. Keeping time with the feet below, some three-score of plumed heads bob solemnly beneath me. Slant sunshine glitters on polished gun-barrels and tinselled uniform. Gravely and soberly they pass on, as if duly impressed with a sense of the deep responsibility of their position as self-constituted defenders of the world's last hope—the United States of America, and possibly Texas. They look out with honest, citizen faces under their leathern vizors (their ferocity being mostly the work of the tailor and tinker), and, I doubt not, are at this moment as innocent of blood-thirstiness as yonder worthy tiller of the Tewksbury hills, who sits quietly in his waggon, dispensing apples and turnips, without so much as giving a glance at the procession. Probably there is not one of them who would hesitate to divide his tobacco-quid with his worst enemy. Social, kind-hearted, psalm-singing, sermon-hearing, Sabbath-keeping Christians; and yet, if we look at the fact of the matter, these very men have been out the whole afternoon of this beautiful day, under God's holy sunshine, as busily at work as Satan himself could wish, in learning how to butcher their fellow-creatures, and acquire the true scientific method of impaling a poor forlorn Mexican on a bayonet, or of sinking a leaden missile in the brain of some unfortunate Briton, urged within its range by the double incentive of sixpence per day in his pocket, and the cat-o'-nine-tails on his back!

Without intending any disparagement of my peaceable ancestry for many generations, I have still strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood, something of the grim Berserkur spirit has been bequeathed to me. How else can I account for the intense childish eagerness with which I listened to the old campaigners, who sometimes fought their battles over again in my hearing? Why did I, in my young fancy, go up with Jonathan, the son of Saul, to smite the garrisoned Philistines of Mechimash, or with the fierce son of Nun, against the cities of Canaan? Why was "Mr. Greatheart," in *Pilgrim's Progress*, my favourite character? What gave such fascination to the narrative of the grand Homeric encounter between Christian and Apollyon in the valley? Why did I follow Ossian over Morven's battle-fields, exulting in the vulture-screams of the blind scald over his fallen enemies? Still later, why did the newspapers furnish me with subjects for hero-worship in the half-demented Sir Gregor Macgregor, and Ypsilanti, at the head of his knavish Greeks? I can account for it only on the supposition that the mischief was inherited—an heir-loom from the old sea-kings of the ninth century.

Education and reflection have, indeed, since wrought a change in my feelings. The trumpet of the Cid, or Ziska's drum even, could not now awaken that old martial spirit. The bull-dog ferocity of a half-intoxicated Anglo-Saxon, pushing his blind way against the converging cannon-fire from the shattered walls of Cuidad Rodrigo, commends itself neither to my reason nor my fancy. I now regard the accounts of the bloody passage of the bridge of Lodi, and of French cuirassiers madly transfixing themselves upon the bayonets of Wellington's squares, with very much the same feeling of horror and loathing which is excited by a detail of the exploits of an Indian Thug, or those of a mad Malay, running *a muck*, creese in hand, through the streets of Pulo Penang. Your Waterloo, and battles of the Nile and Baltic—what are they, in sober fact, but gladiatorial murder-games on a grand scale—human imitations of bull-fights, at which Satan sits as grand alguazil, and master of ceremonies? It is only when a great thought incarnates itself in action, desperately striving to find utterance in sabre-clash and gunfire, or when Truth and Freedom, in their mistaken zeal, and distrustful of their powers, put on battle-harness, that I can feel any sympathy with merely physical daring. The brawny butcherwork of men, whose wits, like those of Ajax, lie in their sinews, and who are yoked like draught-oxen, and made to plough up the wars, is no realisation of my ideal of true courage.

Yet I am not conscious of having lost, in any degree, my early admiration of heroic achievement. The feeling remains, but it has found new and better objects. I have learned to appreciate what Milton calls the martyr's "irresistible might of meekness"—the calm, uncomplaining endurance of those who can bear up against persecution uncheered by sympathy or applause, and, with a full and keen appreciation of all which they are called upon to sacrifice, confront danger and death, in unselfish devotion to duty. Fox preaching through his prison-grates, or rebuking Oliver Cromwell in the midst of his soldier-court; Henry Vane beneath the axe of the headsman; Mary Dyer on the scaffold at Boston; Luther closing his speech at Worms with the sublime emphasis of his "Here stand I—I CANNOT OTHERWISE; God help me!" William Penn defending the rights of Englishmen from the bail-dock of the Fleet-prison; Clarkson climbing the decks of Liverpool slave-ships; Howard penetrating the infected dungeons; meek Sisters of Charity breathing contagion in thronged hospitals: all these, and such as these, now help me to form the loftier ideal of CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to my conception of a true hero. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as—sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of his friends—he still held fast his heroic integrity; rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, cowardice, and servility of his old associates! He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the foot of the shameless, debauched, and perjured Charles the Second—crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forswearing at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting-place; for, even in death, the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston-moor. He was left alone in age, and penury, and blindness, oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realising the truth of the language of his own *Samson Agonistes*:

> Patience is the exercise
> Of saints, the trials of their fortitude,
> Making them each their own deliverer,
> And victor over all
> That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country. Harlotry and atheism sate in the high places, and the "curses of wantons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government

which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute." But while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow. To the last he had striven against the oppressor, and when confined to his narrow alley, a prisoner in his own mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock, he still turned upon him an eye of unsubdued defiance. Who that has read his powerful appeal to his country, even when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which, at the expense of so much blood and treasure, had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does liberty speak through him! "If," said he, "ye welcome back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people who shall resist oppression, and their song shall then be to others, 'How sped the rebellious English?' but to our posterity, 'How sped the rebels, your fathers!'" How solemn and awful is his closing paragraph—"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss, 'The Good Old Cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not, I hope, seem more strange than convincing to backsliders. This much I should have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O earth! earth! earth!' to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to, nay though what I have spoken should prove to be the last words of our expiring liberties—which Thou suffer not who didst make mankind free! nor Thou, next, who didst redeem us from being servants of sin!"

Amesbury, Massachussets.

THE CONDITION OF FACTORY WOMEN—WHAT IS DOING FOR THEM?

By S. Smiles, M.D.

The condition of our Working Women is one of the last subjects likely to force itself on public attention, for many reasons. Women are not agitators. They are not getters-up of public meetings, and speakers there; nor is it right that they should be. They do not make themselves heard through the medium of the press, as men do. They do not din their wrongs into the public ear; and the public, perhaps, forgets that they have any wrongs. If their lot be one of suffering, they suffer on—patiently, contentedly, often cheerfully—biding their time, till their turn comes in the march of progress and amelioration; which, we trust, is yet destined to encompass all classes and conditions—women as well as men.

Lord Ashley has done a great public service by directing the attention of the legislature to the working of women in the coal-pits; out of which he has succeeded in dragging them, to perform their more fitting duties at home, as daughters, wives, and mothers. There was only one expression of opinion throughout Britain on the consummation of that great and truly philanthropic work. Let us hope that the effort will not be the last in the same direction; and that public attention may be fixed upon the evils endured by women in other departments of labour, with the view of ameliorating, and ultimately removing them. We rejoice to perceive that the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, the excellent vicar of Bradford, in Yorkshire, has been recently labouring, and with good effect, to bring under public notice the moral and social condition of the female factory operatives of that town; and, as will be seen by a notice in our "Annals of Industry," that he has succeeded in forming an association, with the view of ameliorating the adverse conditions of their lot.

The factory system must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary social features of modern times. James Watt's invention of the steam-engine so enormously and so suddenly increased the production of power, that immense numbers of people were drawn together indiscriminately into all the seats of industry, within an incredibly short space of time, there to tend and to guide the machinery which capital had set in motion. Hamlets suddenly grew into towns, and towns expanded into vast cities. Within a circuit of six miles of Manchester, more than a million of this new population located themselves. The West Riding of Yorkshire swarmed like a hive. Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and numbers of other towns, sprang up into importance; and men, women, and children, crowded thither for employment—often thousands labouring under one master—the only bond of connection between them being that of hire, or weekly wages.

This sudden and immense change contained in it the elements of social disorganisation. In the first place, it acted injuriously on the domestic relations of life. Children, as soon as they were big enough to work, were drafted into the factories, there to engage in the daily routine of toil. Home, that nursery of the best affections of our nature, ceased to exercise any further influence over them; and when they now entered it, it was only to swallow hurried meals, or, on their return from labour at night, to sleep, again to be up before daybreak to work. Infants became regarded as so many extra labourers, to bring in so much extra weekly wages; and so soon as they reached the requisite age—whether the children were male or female—they were sent after their brothers and sisters into the factory. Children grew up into men and women without education; for the provision for this purpose is only of very recent date. No moral supervision was exercised over them in the factory; they became regardless of home, and regardless of parents—for they felt that they were looked upon mainly in the light of money-getters. Bad example spread among them—for there was little of good example to correct it; and thus immense populations grew up in the manufacturing towns—such as we now find them.

But the most deleterious influence of all was as respected the young females so employed. Take the common case of a factory girl. She has been brought up, or rather dragged up, from infancy, mainly under the charge of a hired girl, little more than her own age; for, during the day, her mother, too, has been employed in the factory. Before her mind or morals have been trained, without any idea of the happiness of a home—for there has been little or no parental fondness or dalliance about her path—her domestic affections untouched, her feminine delicacy untrained—she is sent into the mill to work, and contribute by her little gains towards the common store. Prematurely she acquires the sense of independence. She feels that her parents are in some degree dependent upon her, and her companions perhaps foster this idea. The domestic tie becomes gradually weakened. She sees little of her brothers and sisters, and affection towards them expires.

In a recent government report by Mr. Horne, he says—

"The child instinctively feels that it is used as a mere bit of machinery. Its affections towards the authors of its being are soon weaned and worked out. Brothers and sisters are separated at an early age—go to different kinds of work—and soon lose all mutual affection and interest, if any had existed. They often appear to know very little of each other, scarcely having had time to become acquainted since the period of infancy."

Thus removed from the influences of home, and thrown into the society of other young women like herself, whose vices she insensibly imitates, the girl gradually begins to assert her independence. Without judgment or sound principles, or without any sense of moral responsibility, to guide her, she disconnects herself altogether from her parents and family, and determines to have the spending of her own wages for herself. She joins three or four others in taking furnished lodgings, where, removed from the influences of a salutary opinion, and throwing off all restraint, she speedily becomes initiated into the practices and vices of her associates. She has no caste to lose. No class cares for her. No provision has been made for her protection from immoral example, or for her moral elevation in society. A wide barrier divides the factory class from the upper classes, who are, for the most part, as ignorant of their condition, as they are of the inhabitants of an unexplored country. No wonder that the influence of bad example becomes contagious, and that mischief is propagated far and wide.

The mischief does not stop here. Suppose one of these young women marries, and becomes a mother. She has received no domestic education—knows nothing of the arts by which a home is to be made comfortable—has not acquired a single branch of female knowledge—cannot prepare food, except in the most wasteful and slovenly manner—perhaps is scarcely able to mend her own clothes; for she has had no leisure or opportunity to acquire such arts. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more unfitted for the function and duties of a mother than such a woman. How can she be expected to rear and properly educate her children—to awaken those tender affections and sympathies, and to cultivate that purity of morals and manners, without which men, in this rough, hard-working age, are so apt to degenerate into something very nearly approachng the condition of the mere animal? Herself totally uninstructed, and her moral energies stifled from her cradle—her life a perpetual conflict with circumstances of the most adverse kind—she is now worse than helpless. Her influence on those dependent on her is exercised for evil rather than for good, and she becomes the careless and unthinking instrument of propagating still more widely the evils from which she herself has so grievously suffered. Her ignorance of the conditions of physical health is visited on her offspring, a large proportion of whom die young—the registrar-general's returns showing that in some of the large factory towns one fourth of all the children born alive into the world die under a year old! Her ignorance of the conditions of moral happiness is visited on the children who survive, who grow up, with souls unawakened, with morals untrained, and with minds uncultivated. And what becomes of the husband? In numerous cases, he becomes lost. He finds his home uncomfortable, and his means dissipated, from his wife's ignorance of domestic thrift and economy; he turns from his door to the nearest public-house or beershop, there to shake off thought in intoxication, and to snatch the brief and delusive comfort which he cannot find at home. That this is no exaggerated statement, the following relation of a respectable working man of Birmingham, Joseph Corbett, published in the "Report of the Government Commission on the employment of women and children in mines, factories, &c.," will sufficiently prove:—

"Children," says he, "during their childhood, toil throughout the day, acquiring not the least domestic instruction to fit them for wives and mothers. I will name one instance; and this applies to the general condition of females doomed to, and brought up, amongst shopwork.

"My mother worked in a manufactory from a very early age. She was clever and industrious; and, moreover, she had the reputation of being virtuous. She was regarded as an excellent match for a working man. She was married early. She became the mother of eleven children: I am the eldest. To the best of her ability she performed the important duties of a wife and mother. But she was lamentably deficient in domestic knowledge; in that most important of all female instruction—how to make the home and the fireside to possess a charm for her husband and children—she had never received one single lesson. She had children apace. As she recovered from her lying-in, so she went to work; the babe being brought to her at stated times to receive nourishment. As the family increased, so anything like comfort disappeared altogether. The power to make home cheerful and comfortable was never given to her. She knew not the value of cherishing in my father's mind a love of domestic objects. Not one moment's happiness did I ever see under my father's roof.

"All this dismal state of things can I distinctly trace to the entire and perfect absence of all training and instruction on the part of my mother. He became intemperate, and his intemperance made her necessitous. She made many efforts to abstain from shop-work; but her pecuniary necessities forced her back into the shop. The family was large, and every moment was required at home. I have known her, after the close of a hard day's work, sit up nearly all night, for several nights together, washing and mending of clothes. My father could have no comfort here. These domestic obligations, which in a well-regulated house (even in that of a working man, where there are prudence and good management), would be done so as not to annoy the husband, to my father were a source of annoyance; and he, from an ignorant and mistaken notion, sought comfort in an alehouse.

"My mother's ignorance of household duties, my father's consequent irritability and intemperance, the frightful poverty, the constant quarrelling, the pernicious example to my brothers and sisters, the bad effect upon the future conduct of my brothers—one and all of us being forced out to work so young, that our feeble earnings would produce only one shilling per week—cold and hunger, and the innumerable sufferings of my childhood, crowd upon my mind and overpower me. They keep alive a deep anxiety for the emancipation of the thousands of families in this great town and neighbourhood who are in a similar state of horrible misery. My own experience tells me, that the instruction of the females in the work of a house, in teaching them to produce comfort and cheerfulness at the fireside, would prevent a great amount of misery and crime. There would be fewer drunken husbands and disobedient children. As a working man, within my own observation, female education is disgracefully neglected. I attach more importance to it than to anything else. For women impart the first impression to the young susceptible mind; they model the child, from which is formed the future man."

Such is an instance, but of tens of thousands which might be cited, of the evils which we have attempted, however feebly, to depict. We know, from personal experience, that the case of Joseph Corbett is a most common one in all the manu-

facturing districts; and that he has not exaggerated it in any feature. Doubtless there are many extremely well-conducted, prudent, economical, and virtuous young women employed in the factories, who do honour to their calling, and who, many of them, contribute by their gains to the maintenance of their parents and families. But in almost all cases, the ignorance of domestic management is the same; from the circumstance of their time being almost exclusively spent in the factory, and away from the domestic hearth. The consequence is, that when these young women become wives and mothers themselves, results ensue such as Joseph Corbett has above so truthfully and graphically delineated.

The number of females employed in our factories is very large. It is estimated that the gross number amounts to about 300,000. From a statement made in the report presented to the public meeting in Bradford, above referred to, it appears that there are 98 factories in that town, and that in them 12,000 females are employed. Of these 1,000 are under 13 years of age; 4,500 are from 13 to 18 years of age; and 6,500 are above 18 years of age. 2,000 of those above 18 are married women; and, one of the most painful features of all, 1,200 of the same class are young women living in lodgings or lodging-houses, severed from all domestic connection, and often uninfluenced by any moral restraint. Nearly the same proportions, it may be assumed, obtain in other manufacturing towns; in some, from the peculiar nature of the manufacture, the proportion of married women is smaller; in others greater. But the average will remain about the same. In other words—one sixth of the females employed in our various manufactures are married women, spending their days in toil, away from home, and the important duties becoming them, as the managers of households and the mothers of families.

Such is the evil and its extent. What is doing, and what may be done, to remedy it, we shall endeavour to state in a subsequent article.

Poetry for the People.

OH, TO BE YOUNG!

By Richard Howitt.

Oh, to be young whilst good is growing,
And earth is some new wonder showing,
Whilst mind expands, and art advances,
And Time at new discovery glances!

David, inspired, had wondrous merit;
Homer was blest in his own spirit:
But Milton was the happier being;
His works by them unseen, their's seeing.

Oh, great New World! Columbus sought thee;
But what thou art could he have thought thee,
The image vast his soul possessing,
His heart had burst with too much blessing.

And yet another world was hidden;
Our world unto his glance forbidden—
Our mind, with its enlarged dominions—
Old prostrate creeds, old spurned opinions.

The Austral world in talk unstable—
In Cowper's day appeared a fable:
Yet there, through foam the steamer rages,
And routs the ocean-sleep of ages.

And on we press—to life before us—
And watch the dawn that brightens o'er us;
Midst knowledge vast, of Time's discovering,
And other near us largely hovering.

Oh, to be young! We seem but newly
Come on the earth, nor know it truly.
Whilst Memory yearly grows more wealthy,
And Hope more vigorous is and healthy—
As interest grows in human doings,
Midst Hope's designs and Memory's ruins,
Age on us steals, and Death presuming,
And blanks for us the centuries coming!

Oh, to be young! Still happier mortals,
Sons of the dawn, now burst its portals;
Born where the light is stronger, bolder,
Whilst we are waning, dimmer, older.
Upon our dust come these to trample—
Of mould etherial, soul more ample.

Oh, to be young! whilst good is growing!
And Time is some new wonder showing!
Now Darkness past, the old, is waning;
And wide and wider Christ is reigning.
Peace is a glorious chief—Creation
Fast hastens to its renovation—
Till man, new-born, in Love's endeavour—
Heaven and the earth are one for ever!

A LAY FOR ERIN.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

"And when the assembly came together, Ardri said, 'Hath one aught for the ear of the assembly?' and all were silent. And the words on the roll of the laws, and in the book of the Chronicles, were read: and the heralds cried aloud—'Stand any on Tobrad* for justice?' *And none answered:* and the assembly went forth, and the doors of the high chamber were closed."—*O'Connor's "Chronicles of Eri."*

Hast thou forgotten—
By grief overburden'd—
Hast thou forgotten, O Erin, the time
When thy free hills among
Echoed no word of wrong,
When light hearts blent with the light of thy clime?
Fierce were thy warriors then—
Every lone wood and glen
Rung with the clamour of war's rudest tone;
Proud hearts to hurl wrong back,
Prompt ones to clear its track,
Were in those brighter days, Erin, thine own.

Left long and lonely
With Grief and Oppression,
And soul-wasting Want, thy true handmaids to-day—
Darkness above thee,
Around all that love thee,
Now hast thou thrown spear and buckler away!
And with the bolder heart
Armed for that better part,
Chosen for thee by the wise and the brave,
Forward thy march is set—
God speed thee on it yet!
Fear not His aid in such conflict to crave!

'Patience, thou tried one—
Hard word to the weary!—
Patience shall bring thee true glory at last!
Let the proud Saxon know,
Thou canst make rivers flow,
Purer than those that whelmed hosts in the past!
Rivers not murder-fed
Till they blush darkly red,
But such as—won from their bright source above—
Onward for aye shall run,
Till all beneath the sun
On their banks flourish in true brother-love!

* The ancient name of Tara.

SERVICES.—9: THANKSGIVING.

(Completed.)

Be thy thanksgiving
Clear-voiced and sure;
The song of glad living
Charm thee and cure;
Through all look thankfully!

Thankfully joyant,
Stout heart be thine;
Bow'd, be thou buoyant:
God's sun doth shine
Through all cloud joyfully.

Show by blithe sharing
How you can value
The fruits of Love's bearing:
Even so shall you
Answer God gratefully.

W. J. LINTON.

THE ROSHERVILLE GARDENS.

"Who does not love a garden?" inquires the late lamented Hood, in one of his inimitable fusions of the tender and the comic which he calls his *humorous papers:* and then he goes on to reply to this question, in the names of many of the mighty dead. Adam and Eve, I remember, set forth their love of Eden; and, I think, Semiramis talks grandly about her Babylonian Hanging-gardens; Plato speaks of Academus; Boccaccio, and Milton, and Lord Bacon, all declare they love a garden. The only person who declares that he does *not* love a garden is Hamlet's father's ghost; who, considering the circumstances, may be excused for his bad taste.

My respected fellow-creature!—why do you not love a garden? Because you are a great pundit, or a great politician; a great philosopher, or a great philanthropist? Because you think square roots, or word roots, or radical reforms, better than all the roots of the vegetable kingdom? Because any branch of the tree of knowledge—any specimen of the *genus homo*—is more worthy your attention than all the trees and flowers on this side Paradise?

We will not quarrel about a comparison. Mathematics, and philology, and politics, and philosophy, and philanthropy, are, I readily acknowledge, matters of more importance than a stroll in a pleasure-garden; *i. e.*, of more importance to some people. But there are many people—many thousands of people—at the present day, to whom a stroll in a pleasure-ground would be of more real service than folios, and problems, and scientific apparatus, and learned lectures—good as all these things are in themselves. England is famed for "arts and arms;" in one art only is she deficient to a great degree (I speak now of the *useful* arts), and it is one in which the French are very near perfection—*l'art de s'amuser*—the art of amusing themselves. It is not of much use to remind poor people of what their ancestors did in the days of good Queen Bess. Quoits, and foot-ball, and wrestling, are *not* the recreations for our weak and worn-out sedentary artizans of middle age, nor for their wives and little children; though the last may, by training, grow up to enjoy these sports. No: the operatives in many of our large towns are, we are sorry to say, much more likely to indulge in what Mrs. Caudle calls "the athletic game of cribbage" than in any other sort of athletic game. It is to these thousands of cribbage-board athletes that a garden is of real service. Such a garden as the one I am about to mention is to them, and to those who feel for and with them, an object of admiration and a fruitful subject of thought.

Fine ladies and gentlemen may despise Rosherville, because it is cheap, and easy of access to the lower orders. They will not go there, perhaps; and are contented with laughing at what they are quite sure must be the supreme bad taste of the thing. They hear of a "tower on a steep," "an Italian garden," "a wilderness," "a lake," various "lawns," "cliffs," "rugged precipices," "dark walks," "terraces," and "botanical gardens." All this made out of an old chalk-pit on the bank of the Thames, near Gravesend—made expressly for the multitudinous Cockneys who delight to go down the river to have a day's pleasure at Gravesend; thereby making that town as gay, and merry, and heart-easing, as it is unfashionable and *snobbish*. These fine ladies and gentlemen take it for granted that the Rosherville Gardens must be quite Cockney in style. The buildings, Cockney-gothic, or Cockney-Grecian; the cliffs and precipices, Cockney-romantic; the waters, Cockney-aquatic; the flower-beds, &c., Cockney-botanic. "Can anything really good in taste be relished by Cockneys? or be had for sixpence?" they ask; and they reply to themselves—"Certainly not. It is impossible! The Rosherville Gardens may do well enough for the lower orders of London; they get fresh air there, and are kept from the public-house; but it cannot be a place in which a person of cultivated taste could find any pleasure. It must be so thoroughly *vulgar*." I think it very likely that most of these people, if they would take the trouble to go to these gardens, would be obliged to confess that, if Rosherville *is* vulgar, vulgarity is not such a very bad thing after all.

For my own part, were I a rich landed proprietor, I should esteem myself fortunate if, on my estate, there were a spot with such natural advantages for a pleasure ground, as the old chalk pits which have now been made into the Rosherville Gardens. In that case, under your favour, (or without it,) my very *fine* fellow-creatures, I would have a garden much in this style, for the delectation of such of my friends as could appreciate it. They should each have a key to it, and walk there unespied of men whenever they pleased—just as Rousseau's Julie allowed her particular friends to do in her own private garden; which was not so very unlike Rosherville, by the way, as a disparager of the latter might suppose. In one respect Madame de Wolmar's garden must have been inferior to Rosherville;—it had no prospect such as may be seen from the summit of the tower in the latter garden. No broad silver Thames, stretching away eastward to the Nore, and westward to London,—through about sixty miles of its course, bearing, at every five minutes in the day, vessels to or from the greatest commercial city in the world. Hours might be spent in the observation of the various ships, steamers, barges, skiffs, and boats, which appear and disappear in this immense panorama. Julie's garden had no such view as this over Kent, to the confines of Sussex. There are not many prospects so animated, so extensive, so varied, and so beautiful as this, to be had throughout England. Perhaps the effect is enhanced by the feeling that a great

city, that London itself, is out there in the distance, though we cannot see it; and that it is she that sends forth all those vessels, and is the cause of all the life in the wide landscape before us.

It may be unnecessary to specify the particular arrangements of the Rosherville Gardens; suffice it to say, that real taste has been at work here. Probably some person of correct and acute perception saw it in its former state (a deserted chalk-pit—a very large one, for it contained about twenty acres), and felt how easily art might be brought to assist nature in the creation of a garden, where there was nothing then but a desert. The rugged sides of the excavation, which nature had covered with grass, and brushwood, and tangled trees of various kinds, have been almost untouched by art. Where the sides of the excavation are perpendicular, or overhanging, and rise to a considerable height (the guide books say to one hundred and sixty feet), art has not endeavoured to cover the bare, time-stained limestone, which has a very fine effect in the dim evening shade, or by moonlight, as it rises above you like a sea-coast cliff, apparently inaccessible to any animal without wings. There are, however, steep winding steps cut in the rock by which you can ascend the cliff in various parts; and I venture to affirm that few even of those persons who have been fortunate enough to visit Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and are apt to laugh at our *south* English ideas of a cliff or a hill, would consider it a mere joke to ascend the highest part of the Rosherville cliff, either before breakfast or after dinner.

As to the gardens themselves, they are very well designed, and beautifully kept. Extensive as they really are, they appear much more so, from the skill with which the walks are managed, and the variety of views which they present at every turn. The shrubs and flowers are very fine, and many are scarce and valuable. These attract the attention of the visitor, who feels that he shall never be able to see all that is to be seen. I could not help agreeing with a respectable middle-aged gentleman, who was looking from the top of the cliff the other day, and who observed to two ladies, his companions—"Why, you can't see this place, to take it easy, under a whole day, and that should be the 21st of June."

Besides these beautiful gardens—*in* them, but not *of* them—are various buildings for refreshment, dancing, and different sorts of exhibitions, a few wild animals, &c. At night, during the summer, there are fire-works; and, at different hours in the day, a band performs, for the delight of the visitors. There is an archery ground, and a shooting gallery; and there is always some extra pleasure going on—tight-rope dancing, slack-rope dancing, singing, jugglery, a balloon, or a flower-show, or a gala of some kind—which renders Rosherville a sort of Elysium to young Gravesend and young Cockayne. But perhaps it is the *very* young—the little children of each district—that revel most in these delights. I think the proudest despiser of the joys of the vulgar would find his heart melt to sympathy, at the ecstatic cries and exuberant rejoicing of infant Gravesend and Cockayne, when they are allowed to sit up late, to see the dancing and the fire-works at Rosherville.

Once more—"Who does not love a garden?" Of him I will beg pardon most humbly, but he must, indeed he must, go to see the Rosherville Gardens next season, if he would like to secure what a Roman emperor offered a great reward for—the discovery of a new pleasure.

J. M. W.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, AND EFFECTS OF THEIR TRAINING.

(*Continued from page 214.*)

We have in former numbers described the Industrial Schools in Aberdeen. We are now to consider some of the consequences of the peculiar features of feeding the children in school and sending them to their own houses at night. It has been said that religious instruction and moral training given to the child in school can have no beneficial effect so long as he is allowed to associate nightly with the worthless parent. We reply, that although some evils may result from this intercourse, yet the unnatural separation of parent and child is not without its baneful effects; and even if it were not so, we ask in what town are the wants of every indigent child anticipated, and all juvenile mendicancy prevented? Do not our large cities swarm with young beggars, and are not our prisons crowded with juvenile thieves? Until the workhouse and the hospital provide food and shelter to every needy applicant, the School of Industry is a necessary institution; and we are of opinion that the latter affords many advantages, both to the parent and child, which cannot be derived from the former, when they prohibit all intercourse, and suspend all the family affections. Before admission to the Industrial School, the child occasions his indigent parent much annoyance: always idle, he is ever in mischief; and always hungry, he is ever dissatisfied. Every meal is a scene of contention, and the sun rises and sets on family discord. Admitted to the school, all is changed; the parent pursues his occupation without anxiety, and eats his scanty meal in quiet. The child goes merrily to school, knowing that a plentiful breakfast awaits him. He spends the day pleasantly in work, lesson, and recreation, and at night he returns to his humble home happy and contented. Domestic affection is restored—the child is pleased to repeat the lesson he has learned, and the gratified parent is delighted to receive instruction. Often have we heard of such instances of improvement; and wherever parents are not utterly vicious, children should not be altogether removed from them. There are cases of such complete destitution and wretchedness, that no good can be expected from the connection. We have known two or three families inhabiting a single room—without bed or table—where all slept on the ground in the clothes they wore, and decency and self-respect were altogether wanting. From such scenes the child should be removed. He is there made to cater for his father's wants, and probably to minister to his extravagance; and so long as he frequents such squalid dens of iniquity, Industrial School training has no effect; a home in a respectable house should be provided, and the discipline of the school applied till his habits are reformed. Happily such cases are not so numerous as some imagine, and reformation has been effected in some which were deemed almost hopeless. Whenever an individual can be made to value a wholesome meal, change of raiment, and a comfortable bed, there is hope of amendment. But so long as his appetite is sated with strong drink, his person covered with rags, and the bare floor his only resting-place, he laughs with savage contempt at suggested improvement. Let the child be withdrawn from such a parent, whose very breath corrupts, and whose conduct utterly debases. But let not mere poverty, with its wants and its wretched-

ness, separate parent and child, for love and domestic affection alleviate many of its ills, and the mother's bosom is the best and happiest couch for the school-trained child: thither let him go when the school has impressed its lesson of duty, and induced its habits of cleanliness and industry; and let it be ever inculcated that the surest proof of his progress is to be found in the increase of the parents' comfort, and in the improvement of the household arrangements. Instruct the child to become a home missionary—to read the story-book and the bible to brothers and sisters, and to diffuse through the meanest dwelling the odour of sanctity—and we say that better missionaries cannot be found, for we have heard of many instances of their successful teaching.

The hospital-bred child has no such means of cultivating the moral affections. Cut off from all intercourse with his family, filial affection withers and dies, and a mother's love ceases to influence his conduct. He feels himself a unit in a strange society; and though all his wants are supplied, he seldom experiences any feeling of gratitude. The being constantly ministered to only increases his selfishness, and he knows nothing of social life till he is turned out to make his way in a world with which he is little acquainted. We never look at those splendid palaces for pauper children without being struck with their unsuitableness, and thinking how desolate the inmates must feel when they are dismissed. To descend in the scale of comfort is always disagreeable; but all their relatives are indigent, and to associate with them is to live in a wretched hut or miserable cellar. What becomes of so many hospital-bred children we know not, but we have heard of very few having raised themselves to a respectable position in society. It is unnecessary to pursue the contrast. Though hospital and workhouse education were unobjectionable, how few of the children of the destitute can obtain it. Edinburgh, with its numerous splendid hospitals, has hundreds of mendicant children roaming its streets, for whom Industrial Schools are about to be established—demonstrating the absolute necessity for such institutions.

We may now inquire what public good Industrial Schools are calculated to effect—what evil to prevent? Before answering these questions, let us look at the condition of the pauper child; and as one incident tells more effectively than numerous details, we may mention the case of a boy who was recently brought before a magistrate, accused of theft by housebreaking, and with having been three times previously convicted, and reputed a common thief. This mature criminal was only seven years of age! His crimes had outrun his age and understanding, and he was discharged, because he was deemed incapable of being tried for so aggravated an offence. His story was a common one. The son of a widow, whose parish allowance required to be supplemented by his begging, he spent his time in "seeking his meat," and while so employed had been made the tool of others in the commission of crime. Though exempt at present from punishment, the character he had innocently acquired will be urged against him when youth and inexperience cannot plead his defence, and he will, in all probability, in a short time be treated as a hardened offender, and his youthful limbs confined for a year within the limits of a cell, where, cramped and paralysed, his physical powers will be diminished and his moral and intellectual capacities little improved, and he will come out with even less ability to earn an honest livelihood than he had when first imprisoned,—and transportation, at no distant period, may be his expected fate. Such has been the lot of thousands—and such is the daily destiny of hundreds in this land of wealth and civilisation, where the starving child is sent out to beg his daily food; and in this debasing employment he is soon led to the commission of crime. When convicted, the only asylum provided is the prison. But the prison is no panacea for juvenile delinquency, the effect of ignorance and want. It is not even a palliative: and, if we may credit the inspectors and governors and chaplains of prisons, it is a positive incentive. If we look into the reports of these officials, we find that children of twelve years of age have been half a dozen times inmates of prisons; and if transportation did not at last interpose to break the connection, it would seem that the whole life of the criminal would be spent in going in and coming out of a place of confinement.

For the manifest evils arising from such a case and from hundreds of similar cases, the Industrial School is both the preventive and the cure. The generous spirit that dictates the institution of such an asylum, interposes no barrier to the admission of the necessitous child—nay it invites, it may be said it compels, him to come in, and the wretched wanderer there finds a shelter and a home. His hunger is appeased, his curiosity gratified, and his little hands are trained to industry. The wearisome days and nights of the prison-house are changed into gladsome days in the school among his joyous associates, and into happy nights in the humble dwelling of his widowed mother—vagrant habits are abandoned, and the juvenile delinquent becomes the docile scholar; no longer the pest of society, hunting the streets, and annoying the passenger, he is the regular attendant at school, and the delight of his teacher. Ask the citizens of Aberdeen what has become of the troops of vagrant children, usually to be met with in every large city, and they answer we have sent them ALL to the Schools of Industry. The right of every child to food, clothing, and education has been recognised. By giving food, the plea and the necessity for begging are removed; by teaching the rights of property, the vice of stealing is prevented. The public are thus freed from an intolerable nuisance, and the best interests of the children are promoted. Such are the results of industrial training, but it would be untrue to say that juvenile delinquency has been altogether removed, and we are not even so sanguine as to anticipate the period when it will be entirely eradicated.

The human heart is prone to evil; and after every attempt at juvenile reformation, there will still be need of the prison and the transport colony. Whether these corrective means are regulated by principles conducive to the prevention of crime, by deterring from its commission, and calculated to promote the permanent improvement of the delinquent, we cannot at present inquire. They are points of great importance, and we shall probably, at no distant time, give them our serious consideration. We have extended our observations farther than we intended, but the interesting nature of the subject carried us away, forgetting that we might not carry our readers along with us, and so may have lost our labour.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE REFORM.

We have seen the beneficial influence of Industrial Schools in stemming the tide of juvenile depravity, by withdrawing the vagrant child from his vicious courses, and training him to habits of in-

dustry. But we have said that *all* will not avail themselves of these advantages, and that some will resist every effort made to reclaim them, and persist in such a course of criminality as will render coercive measures absolutely necessary. These determined delinquents should be treated in such a manner as would tend to their reformation, and at all events effectually prevent them from annoying the public. When liberty has been much abused, constraint should be unsparingly used—constraint sufficiently prolonged to render the impressions of prison discipline permanent, and not that short confinement which renders the prison a jest, and its discipline a mockery—which, in the words of the inspector of prisons for Scotland, is not only futile with respect to the reformation of the offender, and calculated, unjustly, to bring good prison discipline into disrepute, but is also very expensive to the country. Instead of sending the neglected child to prison for a few days, on account of some petty offence committed through ignorance or to satisfy the cravings of hunger, we would inquire into his moral, intellectual, and physical condition, and if on all these points (as in nine cases in ten we expect would be the case) we found him deficient, we should remit him to the Industrial School for six or twelve months, at the expense of the parent or the public. There fed, and trained, and educated, and starvation and neglect, the main causes of crime, removed, we should anticipate a moral reformation. But in some instances there would be disappointment, and the young delinquent might again appear before the magistrate, when, on conviction, a sentence of imprisonment should be pronounced; not of days or weeks—which impress only a prison taint which years of good conduct cannot wipe off—not one of those short imprisonments which, in the opinion of the governor of the Glasgow prison, have no beneficial results, but, on the contrary, have the effect of hardening and depraving many who, with a more lengthened confinement at the outset of their career, might have been benefitted and reclaimed—but for a period of imprisonment long enough to insure, if possible, the correction of criminal propensities, the removal of bad habits, and the implanting and cherishing, by mental and moral training, habits and modes of thinking and acting which are likely to render the culprit a useful and respectable member of society.

The use of punishment is to deter from the commission of crime, and to correct and improve the offender. Short imprisonments do neither. Why then, continue them? Were the associates of J. C. D. (referred to in the report of the governor of the Glasgow prisons), awe-struck when they saw him, when eight years of age, sent to prison for ten days—or was he reformed or improved by that or the four subsequent imprisonments he endured before he was sent, at eleven years old, to the Perth prison for twelve months? Would it not have been better to have tried the effect of twelve months when he was confined for only ten days—or was any advantage gained by the hardening and depraving process of repeated imprisonments before the reforming imprisonment of twelve months was imposed? What was the cost of those several convictions, and what the amount of property stolen, when the little culprit was living on plunder, irrespective of that for which be was then convicted? It has been calculated that the public cost of a criminal ripened for transportation is about two hundred pounds; but who shall estimate the value of the stolen property plundered and squandered by the thief when luxuriating in his temporary freedom, and before detection brings him again acquainted with the judge? The system is so utterly useless as an example or a corrective, that we do not remember ever to have heard anyone defend it, yet it continues to be persisted in as if it were the most effective that could be devised.

But experience has demonstrated that even a lengthened imprisonment does not always effect reformation. The seclusion of twelve months, the admonitions of the governor, teacher, and chaplain, have fallen upon a listless ear, and the culprit leaves his cell as apt to steal as he was before he went in. Indeed, this is not to be wondered at: the prison certificate is a bad passport to respectable society or lucrative employment. Though willing to work, his service is rejected, or if accepted, his company is shunned by his fellow-workmen, and love of society makes him seek the companionship of his former associates who soon laugh him out of his recently acquired principles, and hurry him again into a new course of crime. There should, therefore, be a resting-place between the prison and the world, where the sequestered prisoner might pause and contemplate the scene before encountering its difficulties. But alas! there is no such shelter. For a long year he has lived apart from the world and all its vanities. Prosperity has succeeded depression, or depression prosperity. He was unconscious of the change. He has performed the stated task, and daily received the same amount of food, and, for anything he knows, the world, with all its busy interests and rapid fluctuation, might have stood still. And thus unprepared he is launched at once upon the stage, ignorant of the part he is to play, or the character he is to sustain. The wonder is not that he should soon fall, but that he should be able for any time to maintain a firm position. He may fall, and under any system some will fall, and, on conviction, should be transported. Now transportation has for its object the ridding the community of a bad subject, and it ought to have in view the ultimate reformation of the convict. It is this last we have to consider; and, to render it effective, we would propose the following scheme. The convict colony should not be too remote, and it should not be too confined. Canada presents great advantages. Its vicinity renders the cost of transport small; its wide uncultivated wastes afford extensive fields for colonisation; and there we would fix the site of our juvenile reforming colony. On one of its large rivers we would construct a Juvenile Delinquent School, to which every child under sixteen years of age should be sent, on conviction for a second offence. There he would be trained to a colonist's life. For some time the profits of his labour should be applied to defray the expenses of transportation; then the surplus earnings should be commuted to the value of land, and when he had earned enough he should become an independent settler, bound by no condition but to remain a colonist, and an observer of the laws. This plan implies a sentence of transportation for life. But so regulated, it would be one of restraint for a few years, and only so long as was necessary to qualify the convict for becoming a successful colonist. The cheering prospect of independence would stimulate his exertions, he would consider the place of exile his adopted country, and would not dream of returning home, because return, without leave, would forfeit all his advantages. We are no theorists, speculating idly on a subject we have not considered. We have seen the evils we have pointed out. We have seen the efficacy of some of the remedies we have described, and

we are persuaded that juvenile reformation can only be accomplished—

First. By providing liberally the means of moral, and religious, and industrial training, including food and clothing for the children of the poor. Second. In rendering prison discipline effective from the outset, and affording a refuge for the young delinquent, when he is discharged. And lastly, by transporting for a second offence every youth who refused the school training, and had failed to acquire in prison the ability to earn an honest livelihood, but returned to those evil habits which are inconsistent with the well-being of society. Thus have we sketched the causes and cure of a great national malady—the extent and evils of juvenile begging are known and lamented in every city in Great Britain. The advantages of early industrial training are beginning to be seen, and will soon be further proved, in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee. The inutility of short imprisonments has been demonstrated on the experience of every one connected with prisons; the utility of lengthened confinement, and of a refuge on dismission, is self-evident; and the necessity of transportation in cases of determined criminal purpose is equally clear. The whole matter is before the public. It is discussed daily in every journal, and we have no doubt that the soundness of our views will be confirmed by experience, and that the legislature will, ere long, give it the benefit of its collective wisdom.

Our Library.

BALLAD ROMANCES.*

By R. H. Horne, *author of* Cosmo di Medici, Orion, &c.

Real poetry, like real gold, is a thing of such intrinsic value that there cannot be two opinions about it. It has chanced, however, that some poets have rendered for a time the pure ore of their souls less universally acceptable than it otherwise would have been, through choice of subject, perhaps, or mannerism, or style of phraseology. Something of this kind there may have been about the author of *Cosmo di Medici* and *Orion*. That he was intrinsically a true poet no person, who understood what real poetry was, ever doubted; nevertheless, spite of a noble epic, brimful of magnificent poetry, which he sold by tens of thousands at a farthing each, he has not become a popular poet,—or, more properly speaking, a poet of the people. We know men of the highest judgment who place *Orion* only below the old Greek tragedians; and we assert it, that there are passages in it equal to anything in the English language; yet for all that the author has not found in *Orion* the string which will touch the popular heart. He must leave the struggles of the Greek Titan, heroic though he be, and full of application as the whole is to every great struggle after the right, whether in man individually or collectively, and come down to the every-day business of human life, with all its strivings and endurings, its joys and its sorrows, and he will be the poet of the people, without reducing the value of his wares to the lowest coin of the realm. Men with sound hearts and large sympathies, like the author of *Orion*, are wanted; and his deep pathos and his quaint humour (and none has truer humour than he) applied to the every-day life of humanity, would win for him an influence and a reputation beyond twenty classic epics, were it possible for each to be superior even to *Orion*.

It is from this consideration that we welcome warmly this volume of *Ballad Romances*—the only lyrical produstions of this author, we believe, which have yet been published collectively.

Our space will not admit of more than a few words of comment on each of the Ballads contained in this volume, and of but few extracts. *The Noble Heart*, the first and longest, and the *Ballad of Delora*, the fourth in the series, present so wonderful a contrast in design and execution, as to have excited considerable surprise that both should have issued from the same mind. But we know that the true poet must be capable of throwing his sympathies and his very being into his creations, and thus becoming, as it were, identified with them, living in their life, and necessarily presenting strange contrasts with himself. *The Noble Heart* is of Saxon simplicity in its language, its plot, and its characters. It is indeed so simple and bland that its power is not at first apparent. We read on smoothly and quickly, till the moral dignity of the principles which are being developed arrests our course, and changes the first feeling of mere pleasurable relaxation into a consciousness of grandeur.

Sir Ludolf, the hero of the *Noble Heart*, is sustained in his course by a self-centred power of conscious rectitude; a clear mind which seizes the right, separates the false and true, and governs his actions accordingly. To know the right is with him to do the right, no matter at what sacrifice. The course of the story, which is told with singular clearness and simplicity, shows him first called upon to decide between his love and his large possessions—and he relinquishes his broad lands; next, between his love and his high fame as a brave, chivalrous knight—and he risks and loses his knightly fame; and lastly, having relinquished for the *reality* of love the *shadows* of wealth and the world's honour, he is obliged to decide between the possession of her for whom he has sacrificed so much, and the certainty of exposing her to dishonour and death—and he sacrifices his love and his own happiness to her security. Finally, her true-heartedness solves the difficulty, thus making the title of the *Noble Heart* apply to each. This is a beautiful conception, and one of high moral character.

The ballad of *Delora, or the Passion of Andrea Como*, is in style, design, and result, one of the most original and powerful poems ever penned. It is full of savage strength and self-will, not displayed in bursts or starts, but in a sustained violence of passionate emotion, high-wrought and concentrated almost without parallel, and only stopping at the borders of insanity, with the death of its hero. In broken-hearted, passionate language, it reminds the reader somewhat of Tennyson's *Oriana*. It may also take rank with the *St. Simon Stylites* of the same poet, each of these poems showing what may be called morbid power,—not from morbidity in the poet, but in his choice of an extraordinary subject.

Andrea Como, a peasant, had been mysteriously bereaved of his bride, with whom, after long years of persecution and unwearied resistance to oppression, he was hoping to be happy. She had disappeared under the portal of a ruined tower, while playfully searching for flowers, and he never saw her again. In vain he searched; in vain he wandered the world over. He returned alone to watch

* Charles Ollier, London.

the spot where he last saw her; and there, through years, he sate, ever "fronting the archway." Travellers and peasants cast on him looks of pity, believing him mad; but let us listen to his most impassioned reason:—

Delora, spirit of my heart!
Delora, we can never part!
I see thy form: angelic bare,
Thou floatest 'mid thine auburn hair!
Delora, templed shrine of bliss—
Thou fled'st without one clasping kiss—
And maddening space takes this and this!
Delora!

Oh, man of ease! oh, moderate fool!
Stunted by dulness, fed by rule,
Carping at passion with a whine,
How dar'st thou limit God's design?
The self-poised sun, the changeless sea,
Emblemed the elements in me,—
But I am as a child with thee,
Delora!

Now I am old, haggard, and poor,
Delora; now doth winter frore
Knot up my joints: the wild wind whistles
Through my coarse hair, and through the thistles,
That, on the battlement forlorn,
Nod like the shapes of warriors gone,
In haze of twilight, even and morn,
Delora!

The wild goat cries i' the ruined hall;
The fiend-faced wolf looks through the wall;
The hoarse rooks sail and war and wail
O'er the cleft towers, till evening pale;
The goblin owl leaves her ivy old,
Then to hoot in moonshine cold;
While dim glides by Oblivion vast,
Wan image of the spectral past!
But ne'er one look on me he cast,
Delora!

This is fine poetry, full of passion and imaginative imagery; and at this pitch the ballad is sustained throughout. This ballad of *Delora* was first published several years ago in the *Monthly Repository*, and excited great attention at the time, and was an established favourite with those who may be reckoned of our first poets and judges of poetry. These admired it, not alone for its strength and intensity of passion, but because it vindicates the claim of humanity to the power of concentration and faithfulness in love. When we bow our heads in shame over the unutterable degradations, miseries, and crimes which are endured and committed under the outraged name of love, we are almost tempted to wish that love might be annihilated, forgetting for a moment that the best part of our nature must vanish with it. But we "may not limit God's design." "Death is sure, and Love is sure," says an eloquent modern writer. Both must be met, each in its way, nobly. But how shall the dross be expelled from the pure gold of love? It is said that the philosopher's stone was not a dream, nor were the alchemists deluded—that diamonds *can* be made, and the metals are to be transmuted. If, then, the chemists are working these wonders in the physical world, may the poets become the prophets of the spiritual! Officiating like priests at the altar of humanity, they tell us that, in the sacrificial fires of passion, all that is vile and mean and sensual will vanish, and the pure flame ascend heavenward. And we see daily that wherever pure affection fills the heart, impurity of life is abhorrent—even impossible. There is great teaching in this. It is not by thwarting and overcoming the feelings implanted in humanity that it will be purified, but by exalting them from instincts into passions. Thus sublimated, human nature would present aspects noble and heroic; great might be its woes, but great also would be its felicity. It is not a paradise of ease to which this would lead, but a grand, progressive course, wherein sympathy in its most powerful form would be a strong agent. Thus it is that the Passion of Andrea Como is a delineation of a tragedy such as might fall upon a soul so purified and exalted; and it is because it paints humanity thus exalted and purified that this fine poem speaks to the heart like a prophecy.

The old chronicle of *The Death of King John*, printed by Caxton, forms the subject of the ballad of *The Monk of Swineshead Abbey*. It is told in this legend (apocryphal enough, but that is no matter) how King John had sworn that he would prove the loyalty of his subjects by doubling the price of corn; and how he would turn the cultivated land into forest; and how, sleeping at Swineshead Abbey, a monk, after vainly endeavouring to alter the king's mind, gave him poison, and performed the office of taker himself, and so both died. All this is told by the poet with the true spirit of the tragic drama infused into the simple power of the ballad style. The following is a good specimen of dramatic truth of character in the rough, bold speech of an English farmer, threatened with condign punishment for exclaiming against the king's tyranny, and at the same time rebuked by the holy father for thinking over much of the body and its needs.

"Chop off my head!" the farmer cried,
"But first my tongue must speak!
Truth is for ever—nature's truth—
What is man's life?—a week!
So preached good Father Luke last eve,
In words as strong as meek.
Ye say the body should be held
Sacred from taint or hurt,
Yet do ye give it all vile names—
What *is* this sacred dirt?
But live somehow the body must,
And as a body should,
A good stout servant, and not dust
While full of true heart's blood.
Therefore, I say with Father Luke,
Corn grew before men built a church,
And souls, like birds, sang in the trees
Ere they were caged and made to perch.
Therefore I say, till crops have fair play,
Endow no abbey or saintly shrine;
For if it be built upon famine and guilt,
'Tis black as a bean-stalk, and naught divine."

Good, stout truths, these, of the worthy farmer's.

The following fine commentary on the difference between those times and our own is singularly applicable to the great struggle just ended, and to all now going on:—

'Twas willed—'twas planned—a deed was done
Which never can be done again,
In lands where despotism long since
Was buried with its rusty chain,
And barbarous age and ignorance
O'er thought and speech no longer reign.
A single will was once life's law
And death's, because it wore a crown;
Yet fate wrought fairly, for even then,
A single will could put it down.
Now doth opinion, multiplied
By thousands and by millions, take
The world along, and tyrannies
Like sands from out an hour-glass shake.
Slowly, surely moves the mass,
With so deep pressure, weight, and pain,
As leaves indented in the earth
Marks that no wheels need touch again.
It was not thus when King John swore
To double the price of God's free grain!

Very different from all this excellent argument —and yet it is excellent in its way—is the queer, random, half crazy story of Grandmother Grey and her four little ones, who, to their infinite amazement, caught a Woodland Elf and lost it again! What an antithesis is here—the author of *Orion* and the *Woodland Elf!*

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

By T. Creswick, R.A.

People's Picture Gallery.

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

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In no country, perhaps, in the world, excepting in England, could such a simple little landscape as "The Skirts of the Forest" be found. It is an admirable type of the sylvan scenery to be met with at every turn in our island. Showing just enough of cultivation to evidence the care of man, but unspoilt by what might be called a too great sophistication. In depicting woodland scenery, Mr. Creswick takes a very high stand in our noble English school. Wanting, perhaps, the depth and truthfulness of colour, of Ruysdael, he far surpasses him in his faithful expressions of different kinds of foliage, and in his knowledge of the play of light and shade, which weaves a golden lace-work on every inch of fern and greensward of our dear woodlands. Our town friends who are in the habit of visiting the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, will remember the many exquisite landscapes of this artist hung there. "The Garden Scene" in this year's gallery was, perhaps, one of the most beautiful specimens of his deep feeling for nature. Some of his finest pictures are, however, in the possession of Mr. Vernon, of Pall-mall, the munificent patron of native art.

Perhaps we shall not be thought out of place if we take the picture we give this week as a text from which to enlarge upon the characteristics of English landscape painting, in which branch of art we have a well-established superiority over other nations. This excellence doubtless results more from climate, the beauty of our atmospherical effects, and the variety of scenery to be found within the four seas which encircle us. To the perfect physical formation of the Greeks we doubtless owe those fine statues which have since held the world in awe; and in the mournful and expressive character of Italian beauty we see the source from which the divine Madonnas of Raphael's brain have issued. The models which nature has placed before us, we have equally taken advantage of. Where, in the wide world, can such rich landscape be exhibited as in the bosom of rural England. At every turn, we have pictures such as Hobbima would have coveted. Some, perhaps, will exclaim against their tameness; but Salvator himself would never have wished for more magnificent wildness than is to be found in Scotland, or more picturesque Wales. And then, again, what studies for water have we—from the clear beauty of the lakes, to the countless running streams which sing through the land. Each artist, obeying the impulses of his own heart, straps his knapsack to his back, and sallies forth to the fields he loves best; and there is choice enough for them all.

Copley Fielding takes him to the gentle undulations of mountain scenery, and watches the mist-wreaths roll away, or brushes the dew off the heather of the breezy and wide-stretching downs he loves to depict. David Cox is also a wanderer upon the uplands, but of a more gentle and cultivated kind. The ploughman driving his team up the brown shoulder of some hill in showery weather—the watery rays of the sun gleaming upon the passing share—are passages which he continually represents. All the thousand changes in our atmosphere are familiar to his pencil, and lend a charm to his pictures. Climate has certainly had no small hand in ministering to the excellence of this delicate painter. Constable has done for flat scenery what Cox and Fielding have accomplished for hilly districts. He might be called, with no small truth, the water-poet. There is a district in the neighbourhood of Pangbourne, on the Great Western Railroad, called "Constable's Country;" it owes this name to its abounding in fine river and canal scenes, with every one of which this painter has made us familiar in his pictures—pictures which on a summer's day are absolutely tantalising, from their suggestions of swift shallows and clear deep water in which to dive,

> Just
> Eluding water-lily leaves.

Weirs and lock gates he is particularly partial to. Who ever thinks of Constable, but a picture immediately rises to his mind of an old lock-keeper opening the gates, with his back gradually pushing against the lock-arm, chatting the while with the bargee, in his red woollen cap, who lazily sways the helm with his hip, the blue smoke from the little funnel of the cabin climbing up in quiet crooked wreaths against the shadows of the tree? He has given us such sketches a thousand times. To our own beautiful England, which has furnished him with such scenes, we must ascribe the eliciting of his genius. He found the fountain pure and he drank deeply. If he had lived in Holland, our friend Constable would have descended to paint dogger-boats, stagnant canals, floating "blue billy," and dead dogs! In Anthony, we have the representative of full sunshine—of days when the gilded vanes of maypoles and steeples seem silently burning themselves into the sky, and the gay flags hang like dead things upon the flag poles. We don't get much sunshine, it is true, and that, perhaps, accounts for our having no more than one Anthony—a pure worshipper of Phœbus. For forest scenery give us Harding, with his firm, nervous touches. How wildly he throws about the arms of the oaks—how gently he contrasts with them the silver birches running up beside their rugged neighbours like lines of light. To come, however, to our last and greatest example of the extent to which our climate more especially enters in producing our fine school of landscape painting, let us instance Turner, the more than English Claude. He is the only man who has ever succeeded in giving what the "Oxford Graduate" calls the "palpitating perpetual change" of our atmosphere—who, in the misty effects of sun-rise and sun-set, has presented nature to us in her glorious dreams, in which all hard realities seem melted into forms of ideal beauty. To look at his fine early pictures—his rivers of France for instance—it seems as if we were under the influence of some delicious melody. And then his water—who but Turner has given us all the magic of reflection? But if we go on speaking of the beauties of this great painter we shall outrun our space, which we fear we have already done. There are a hundred honoured names in English art which we have not touched upon in our hurried survey, but we have shown enough to give an idea of the characteristics of our landscape school, which never stood higher than it does at present, and we might safely take the dictum of "Modern Painters," that we can with success challenge even the old masters in this branch of art.

A. W.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN MANCHESTER?

By John Bolton Rogerson.

No. I.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW—MUTUAL AID SOCIETIES—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

Before we proceed to state what is now doing for the people in Manchester, it may not be uninteresting, for the sake of contrast, to take a brief retrospective review of the town and its inhabitants, as they appeared in by-gone days.

Manchester was originally a wild and thickly-wooded forest, untenanted, save by bird and beast; and about the year 72 it became the abiding-place of the Romans, who occupied it for a period of 300 years. In this time civilisation increased rapidly, and highways were constructed, connecting Manchester with various other towns. When the Romans found it necessary to abandon Great Britain for the purpose of protecting their own capital, the Pictish and Scottish borderers could no longer be prevented from ravaging the land, and the people summoned the Saxons to their aid, to enable them to expel the invaders. The Saxon allies, after they had driven out the Picts and Scots, took possession of a considerable share of what they had been instrumental in re-conquering, and the fort at Manchester was retained by them. The Britons aroused themselves, and succeeded in driving their false allies northward. About the year 593, when the country had been inundated by swarms of Germans, Manchester was compelled to submit to the Saxon power, and enterprise partially revived, after having been for a long period borne down by civil commotions. The Danes made Britain once more the theatre of ruthless invasion, and their ravages were heavily felt in Lancashire. They possessed the country for sixty years, and during that time Manchester and other cities and towns were in a great measure destroyed. The invaders were expelled by Edward the Elder, in 920, and that prince "repayred the city of Manchester, that sore was defaced with the warre of the Danes."

The modern history of Manchester may be dated from the conquest of William the Norman, who bestowed the place, along with others, upon one of his followers, William of Poictou. Re-grants were made by him, and the lordship of Manchester was shortly afterwards vested in the Grelleys; Robert de Grelley, the third baron of Manchester, being one of the "iron barons" who wrung the famous Magna Charta from the craven King John at Runnymede. This baron obtained permission from Henry III. to hold a fair in the town, and rendered many other good services to it. The "Great Charter of Manchester" was granted by Thomas de Grelley, in 1301; and though its provisions are now obsolete, it may be considered as the first measure which placed power in the hands of the people; one of the clauses being, that "the burgesses ought and may chuse a reeve of themselves, whom they will, and to remove the reeve."

It is not within our province to trace the progress of Manchester from a rude and barbarous state to its present position as the manufacturing metropolis of England. Its peculiar situation soon pointed it out as a place eminently adapted for manufactures, both from the great water-power which it could command, and the abundance of coal in the district. Before it obtained its celebrity for cotton fabrics, it was distinguished for its trade in linens and woollens; and from the fifteenth century it has been regarded as one of the principal seats of manufacture in the kingdom. It is, however, in the present century that those gigantic strides have been taken which place Manchester at the head of all other towns as a mart for labour. Fifty years ago, the commerce of the town was principally carried on by men of limited capital, who personally attended the different markets with their goods, and lived with the utmost plainness and frugality. The warehouses were unassuming brick buildings in old parts of the town, and had originally been dwelling-houses of the more opulent inhabitants. Ill-ventilated courts and alleys were crowded by small manufacturers, and a single tenement was not unusually occupied by more than a dozen of them. The late improvements which have been made in the streets have let light into many of these dark nooks and crannies, and have caused as much confusion amongst some of the primitive occupiers as though a rookery had been demolished.

At the commencement of the last century, the manufacturers' apprentices, who were many of them the sons of small country gentlemen, and paid premiums, were treated in a way which would ill agree with the young men of the present day, and which it appears was little relished by the youth of that period. The style of living in the country was not so luxurious then as now, but the fare of the Manchester merchants was still humbler. The leading men were accustomed to be in their warehouses, along with their children and apprentices, before six o'clock in the morning, and at seven they retired for breakfast, which was composed of a single large dish of thick oatmeal porridge. Masters, children, and apprentices were each furnished with a spoon, with which they helped themselves without ceremony, and dipped their porridge promiscuously into a basin of milk which stood in the centre and served for all. As soon as breakfast was despatched they returned to their work, which was not of the easiest, the apprentices being employed to turn warping mills, carry heavy goods through the streets on their shoulders, and other laborious business which is now performed by porters.

Manual labour pursued in the houses of the work-people was, for the most part, superseded by machinery and extraneous power at the latter part of the last century, when the factory system was established, and a new era dawned upon the commerce of England. There are now more than a hundred factories in the town, and three-fifths of the establishments for spinning and weaving cotton are in Lancashire. So populous has the district become, that it is calculated Manchester and within twelve miles around it contain upwards of a million of people, and that a circle drawn around the town, at the distance of an hour's ride, comprises a more numerous population than a circle encompassing London at the same distance. Those who are accustomed to look upon Manchester as a place of constant noise and confusion, and populated by a vicious and degraded class of operatives, will be startled by the following quotation from a speech delivered at a public meeting in February, 1839, by the Rev. R. Parkinson, Canon of the Collegiate Church. He says—

> Having had ample opportunity of observing and judging, and being in a position in which I can have no motive for a partial judgment, I maintain that if we can strike an average of all classes of our population, and the population of other districts, we shall find that the morality of this district will not be below

that of the most primitive agricultural population. I have the authority of a high military officer, and also that of other persons, for saying that the streets of Manchester, at ten o'clock at night, are as retired as those of most rural districts.

We cannot go along with the reverend gentleman to the fullest extent, though we believe Manchester might challenge a comparison, as to the peacefulness and general order of its inhabitants, with any other large town. We are not about to discuss the merits or demerits of the factory system. Much prejudice has been displayed, as well by those who condemn as those who uphold the system, but we are inclined to believe that the factory operatives are little inferior, either morally or physically, to those who are crowded together in other employments in great towns.

One distinguishing feature of the manufacturing system is its tendency to make men co-operate for mutual protection and benefit. It may interfere with domestic enjoyment; it may break in upon fireside happiness; but it leads men to form associations which provide for times of sickness and distress, and also for the burial of the dead. The largest and most extended of these societies is the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, which owes its origin to, and has its central government in, the town, though its branches or lodges are now established in the principal towns and villages of the United Kingdom, and in various parts of Europe, and in America. This order numbers 260,000 members, who pay their contributions monthly and fortnightly, and meet either in inns or temperance hotels, as the members of each lodge may think fit. A surgeon is connected with most of the lodges, and the members having not only medical attendance, but the means of procuring proper nourishments, the average number of deaths amongst them is less in Manchester than that of the adult population generally. Besides the Odd Fellows, there are several other societies whose objects are similar, though they are not so completely organised. It is calculated that one-fifth of the male adults are members of the Odd Fellows' society, and at least another fifth belong to the Foresters, Druids, Rechabites, &c.; a fact which speaks much for the provident spirit that prevails amongst the working-classes in Manchester.

There are several excellent charitable institutions in Manchester, at the head of which stands the Infirmary. The benefits of this institution extend to different classes of persons, and are not confined to the very poor. Patients are either received within the establishment, visited at their own dwellings, or furnished with advice and medicine on attending personally for them, according to the necessity of the cases. A Fever Hospital is connected with the Infirmary. There are Dispensaries for general purposes, as well as for distinct classes of disease, and all of them are excellently conducted. There is also a handsome building, situated near the Botanic Gardens, at the outskirts of the town, occupied as a School for the Deaf and Dumb, and an Asylum for the Blind. The Deaf and Dumb School was founded in 1825, and is supported by subscriptions and donations. Children of from nine to fourteen years of age are received and provided for gratuitously. It was formerly in the locality of the New Bailey Prison, and it was only in 1836 that the foundation stone of the present edifice was laid, though Mr. Henshaw, a resident in Oldham, had several years previously bequeathed 20,000*l.* for the purpose of maintaining an Asylum for the Blind in Manchester, when the inhabitants should be liberal enough to erect a suitable building. The money continued at interest until 40,000*l.* of 3 per cent. stock had accumulated, and a subscription was then commenced by which 9000*l.* was obtained.

Near the Collegiate Church stands a spacious old building, known as Chetham's Hospital, or more generally as the College. This hospital was founded by Humphrey Chetham, in 1665, and the building occupies the site of what was once the "Baron's Hall." Eighty boys are clothed, fed, lodged, and educated here, and when they arrive at the proper age they are apprenticed to a trade, and furnished with two suits of clothes. The boys have a healthy and cheerful appearance, and are remarkable for the peculiarity of their garb, which consists of a blue frock, yellow petticoat, and blue cap and stockings. There is an excellent library in the "College," which is accessible gratuitously to all, and contains some of the choicest and most valuable works extant. The books are not lent out, but a large and commodious room is at the service of those who may choose to frequent it. There is a Free Grammar School, which was founded at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Hugh Oldham, LL.B., Bishop of Exeter. There are ample funds attached to this school, but the scholars are composed of the children of the higher and middle classes, and the education which is given is not adapted to the children of operatives. The Jubilee, or Ladies' Female Charity School, was instituted in 1806, for the education and maintenance of poor girls, and the number is limited to forty. There are several other charities connected with the town, which belong to the past rather than the present movement in favour of the people, and we need not, therefore, particularly specify or dilate upon them.

One of the most excellent charitable institutions, and that which affords the most immediate, though temporary, relief to the destitute poor, is the Night Asylum. This benevolent design was carried into effect in the winter of 1838, when two cases of extreme destitution forced the matter upon the attention of certain gentlemen who are ever ready to lend their aid to suffering humanity, and who lost no time in putting their sympathies into active operation. Every individual who has no home in which he can lay his head, whether an inhabitant of the town or a wandering stranger, may find in the Asylum, at any hour of the night, a temporary supply of food, and a couch whereon to rest his wearied frame. A record is kept by the superintendent of the institution, who registers the names of the applicants, their age, employment, the parish in which they were born and to which they belong, with the reasons for their applying at the Asylum, and their views for the future. All applicants, upon being admitted into the Asylum, are required to *wash* themselves in the room provided for that purpose, before receiving the allowance of the institution, consisting of half-a-pound of bread and a pint of coffee. Half-a-pound of bread is also given to each inmate before he leaves the Asylum in the morning. From the commencement to the close of the year 1845, 173,141 cases had been relieved. Of these, 13,599 were inhabitants of Manchester, and 159,542 were strangers; male adults, 122,501; female adults, 33,830; children, 16,810; artisans and mechanics, 76,984; and labourers, 44,381. In 1844, there were sheltered and relieved 22,140 persons; in 1845, 17,672 persons, or a diminution of about 21 per cent.; a result arising, doubtless, from the better employed condition of the working classes. The annual expenditure is only 404*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, including every incidental charge for rent, wages, provisions, &c.:

or, for food relief, 1 63—100*d.* per head for each inmate. We cannot too strongly impress these facts upon the minds of all, showing as they do at what a trifling cost a vast amount of good may be conferred upon the wretched and the homeless.

A few weeks ago a public meeting was held at the Night Asylum to adopt measures for putting into practice a suggestion made at the quarterly meeting of that institution, for the establishment of a Ragged School, on similar principles to those which exist in the metropolis. A committee was appointed to carry the views of the meeting into effect; and, after having devoted much attention to the subject, they have resolved upon forming an Industrial School, on the model of the one so successfully established at Aberdeen.

The committee have felt that the name of "Ragged Schools" is open to objection; and, having been strongly advised against its retention, they recommend that the new institution shall be called—"*The Manchester Juvenile Refuge, and School of Industry.*" This name will be a great improvement upon the other, which carries a stigma upon the face of it; and there is no more powerful drawback upon any charity than to brand it with an opprobrious epithet. It is a too common practice to leave the feelings of the poor out of the question in such matters; and there is no greater fallacy than to suppose they are insensible to the pauper brand which is so frequently associated with otherwise laudable objects. The truly benevolent man seeks not for ostentation, but desires that his bounty should carry with it no self-abasing obligation to the receiver.

The committee conclude their address with the following words :—

By the adoption of such means as have been proved appropriate, we may certainly bring about a very improved state of things in our town, and especially among its juvenile population. Juvenile begging may be done away with. Industry may be substituted for idleness, and innocence for vice. The effects produced on the children will not be confined to them, but will spread to their parents and acquaintance. The community will derive increased power, order, and prosperity. The possibility of doing away with juvenile vagrancy is no dream of enthusiasm. What has been done in Aberdeen, under many disadvantages, may be done with greater ease in richer Manchester.

We heartily wish the committee God speed in their excellent undertaking! and we shall be greatly mistaken if the public of Manchester do not afford them ample means to carry out their views to the fullest extent. Immense sums have of late been raised, and are being raised, for all sorts of good purposes, and here is one which must speak directly to the feelings of every parent. Who that has an offspring growing about him in joy and beauty, can look upon their innocent gambols without thinking with a bitter pang on those desolate outcasts who know none of the sweets of childhood—whose fate is a bitter one from the cradle—no! cradle they have none—from their first weak cry, to their last moan of despairing agony? The young delights of existence are not for them. they are sent out to beg, or worse, whilst their more fortunate compeers are gathering in their harvest of education; they crouch in retired corners, in miserable dejection and weariness, whilst happy children bound laughingly into the glad sunshine; and at night they dread to seek their cheerless homes, lest their wretched parents should chastise them, because their day has been an unprofitable one. How many a degraded felon might have been a respected artisan—how many have been expatriated from the land of their birth, who might have conferred honour upon it—how many have paid the penalty of their crimes upon an early gallows, when they might have lived to a cheerful old age? Men of Manchester, you possess the power to remedy these evils; and we confidently leave to you the task of using it promptly and efficiently.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MACROCOSM.

By William Bridges.

> Past and Future are the wings
> On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
> Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.
> *Wordsworth.*

There is a beautiful sonnet by Blanco White, of which the conception is, that even as the withdrawal of the sun's light is necessary to reveal to our senses the planets and the constellations, so the transition from life to what is called death, may open up to us a now unfathomable knowledge, which our very incarnation conceals from our view. Of all metaphysical difficulties, that appears to be the most difficult, to conceive the relations of space and time, the meaning of the word eternity, of omniscience and omnipresence; and in what manner that can be possible, which yet is conveyed by the very notion of Deity—that the past, the present, and the future—the eternal concatenation of causes and effects—must be for ever present in the mind of the Creator. To approach even to a vivid illustration of this—to bring nearer to our minds the notion and possibility of an ever-existent and imperishable sensible idea—of every fact, event, and circumstance, of nature and history—is an aim not merely for the metaphysician and the philosopher, but one to come home to the bosom and the business of every man whose common destiny it is to be, and to think, and to remember, and to anticipate.

These thoughts are suggested by a very little and unpretending work, which has just issued from the press, entitled *The Stars and the Earth,** in which is elaborated the *converse* of the very simple theorem, that the heavenly bodies become visible to us, according to their distance, in a space of time, varying from one second to thousands of years; that conversely, in like manner, the earth becomes visible to the inhabitants of those distant orbs in precisely the same periods; assuming similar conditions, and similar laws, in both cases. As light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles per second, the visible idea of the moon, 240,000 miles distant, reaches the human sensorium in one and a quarter second; that of the sun, distant 400 times as far, in eight minutes; that of the planet Jupiter, about 600 millions of miles, in an hour; that of Uranus, 1,800 millions, in three hours; that of the nearest fixed star, in the constellation of the Centaur, eighteen billions of miles distant, in three years; of Vega, in the Lyre, in twelve years; while a star of the twelfth magnitude, 24,000 billions of miles away, does not reach the earth for 4000 years. To sum up the periods and distances, we find that the light from a star, distant six billions of miles, reaches us in a year; 600 billions, in a century; and 6,000 billions in a millennium.

Thus, our author argues, granting that a being

* The Stars and the Earth; or thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. London: H. Bailliere, 219, Regent-street.

of unlimited vision regards our planet from a star of the twelfth magnitude, he beholds the actual events and existences borne to the eye, not of the earth as it revolves in the present day, but as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the Patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface. Thus, too, and this is the most solid and inevitable corollary of the propounded theorem, if we imagine the eye of God present at every point of space, the whole course of the history of the world appears to him immediately and at once.

Present ubiquity thus appears to be the same as eternal omniscience.

Before passing to the conclusions of the author, and to an historical illustration which occurs to us in reviewing this theory, which is not only poetically, but, according to analogy, metaphysically true, we must correct an error into which the author seems inadvertently to have fallen, and which might be made use of to upset and bring into ridicule his whole superstructure. He says, page 14, "When the sun rises, *i. e.*, when the first ray from the outermost edge of the sun's disc reaches above the horizon, about eight minutes elapse before it passes into our eyes. The sun, therefore, has already risen eight minutes, before it becomes visible to us." Now, by the *reductio ad absurdum*, if we take eight minutes every morning to see the sun when he rises, by analogy of calculation we must take 4,000 years every evening to see a star of the twelfth magnitude; which being absurd, the premises here are unsound. The author and the reader will find, as indeed is assumed in the rest of the work, that (the rays having once reached the earth) we perceive the sun, and all other bodies (allowing for refraction), as soon as they come within our horizon, ever after.

Let us, carrying out this strange and novel, yet most pregnant theory, imagine that, as in six days God made the heavens and the earth—and a day is with him as a thousand years—he now permits one created mind to behold the whole of the six millenniums of our history unfolded before him in the period of six days, conveying him first, like Mohammed, to the "seventh heaven," and thence giving him the power of almost instantaneous flight from star to star, till in six days he reaches the near and the present.

I. Traversing the realms of space, from a point 35,000 billions of miles distant from the scene of human life, there is first—not reflected, but in actuality present to this mind, the morning of the first day, and the childhood of humanity, when our first parents have not yet fallen, but when Truth is going forth conquering, and (so it deems) for ever to conquer. He beholds, in the garden of Eden, the father and the mother of all men, innocent, as yet; he sees the first, not to be the last, of fraternal murders. Onward moving, he beholds at noon the first rude temple and religious formalities of Seth and the spreading family of Adam—Enoch walks the earth, the first man after God's own heart; and the bare events of the first peopling of the earth are evolved, before competition has made daily fraud conventional honesty, and before ambition has aggrandised wholesale murder into the glory of conquest. The transactions, unknown to us, of the lives of Methuselah, and the father of Noah—the deeds of their cotemporaries, whose names are recorded on no human monuments, pass in review; and the evening and the morning are the First Day.

II. Now upon the stage of the world appears the second father of all men, from whose three sons are to spring anew the distant nations of the earth—the founders of the great empires of antiquity—the respective prototypes of the Hebrew, the African, and the people of the West. The noon of the second millennium is quiet and full of sunshine—the security that precedes the overwhelming tempest. For now the windows of heaven are opened, and the nations are swallowed up, save the germ of a new generation.

The new race of men is scattered from the ruins of its Babel, and he sees the foundation laid of the empires of Belus and Ashur, of Madi, Elam, and Mizraim. Babylon and Nineveh spring up stone by stone; and while civilisation is planting its foot in Media, and Persia, and Egypt, the evening and the morning make the Second Day.

III. The Shepherd Kings reign in Egypt, and Abraham is called out of Haran, and again out of Canaan, because of the famine. For then, as now, threatened the cry of "a measure of wheat for a penny, and a measure of barley for a penny, and see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine." The Assyrian empire is consolidated under Semiramis; Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed; and Joseph directs the councils of the Pharoahs.

At the noon of the third day appear the two greatest types of two different human conquests—the conquest of the sword and the conquest of the pen—Sesostris, the Napoleon of mysterious antiquity; Moses, the historian, the philosopher, and the lawgiver. The Egyptians are hardened, and their victims and slaves rescued; the channel of the Red Sea is traversed; and the decalogue is proclaimed amid the thunders of Sinai. Cleaving the eternal spheres, the favoured spirit beholds the early promise of Athens, Thebes, Corinth, and Lacedemon, and the Judges are reigning over the selected nation. Not unnoted is the Arabian Job, intensely illustrating, before the era of Christianity, the virtues and graces of Christian resignation.

In the afternoon of this day, while Gideon, Samson, and Samuel are seen maintaining the great character of the heroes of Judaism, the exploits of Achilles and Hector, the sorrows of Helen, Briseis, and Andromache, rivet the minds of the classical nations. Here the lofty pyramids are piled up to heaven by generations of slaves; and there the Phœnicians, under the guidance of stout hearts and souls indomitable, are spreading their name and planting the seeds of literature over the destined fields of everlasting renown. Eneas flees from Troy to be immortalised by the Homer of Italy: the poet-king is seen laying the foundation of the Temple of Jerusalem: and the evening and the morning are the Third Day.

IV. The glorious temple of Solomon rises, and his fame and his wisdom and his commerce penetrate even to Britain. The Assyrian empire is annihilated, and the foundation is laid of Rome, the future mistress of the civilised world. The day, moreover, is ushered in, as it is to be closed, by an Elias calling in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and during the day and till nightfall, the song is ever renewed by the poets and the prophets of the stiffnecked people. The second temple is building by the remnant from the captivity—the Persian empire is growing to maturity—Rome is sacked by the Gauls. While High Priests reign and teach in Judah, Solon and

Lycurgus, Confucius, and Socrates, deliver their solemn laws and doctrines, and the triumph of liberty is achieved at Marathon. 'Tis evening: the brilliant career of Alexander proceeds and terminates—Carthage is levelled with the ground—the Ptolemies flourish and pass away—Cato, Sylla, Pompey, Antony and Cleopatra, live and move and have their being—Cæsar commands the homage of the world—the sun of the Augustan period passes down the meridian—a still small voice is heard proclaiming the advent of a greater than Cæsar; and the morning and the evening are the FOURTH DAY.

V. Christ is upon the Cross. He has come as a thief, and is received as a thief. His own bishops and archbishops do not know him: would they know him now? Jerusalem falls by the destroying hand of Titus, and the Jews are scattered over the face of the earth. The Western Empire of the Romans is dividing the strength of Rome; but the Roman power still seems to advance, and now grasps all Europe, and rules from Britain to Palmyra. But the Goths are descending, and the foundation-stone of London is being laid! The Saxon in England is succeeded by the Dane—the Venetian, the Turk, and the Frank, are gathering power—the Koran and the Sword are making proselytes to a new faith which is yet to number millions.

Noon is past: and the sun is declining. The Saracens are in Spain—Charlemagne is Emperor of the West—Alfred rules in England—the monks grow learned as well as fat on the Cam and the Isis—Canute the Great is seen discovering that he is not God; and the evening and the morning are the FIFTH DAY.

VI. William the Norman seizes England, and feudalism sows its dragon's teeth. The Crusaders—the missionaries of the times—go to purify Jerusalem,—themselves so pure! Wycliffe, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, are paving the way for the Reformation. Ireland is conquered; the Magna Charta of the English nobility is achieved; and the Inquisition of Torture is established in the name of Christianity. The fields of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt resound with the tones of triumph and of agony. But now it is noon: Caxton has *printed*; and the voices of Luther, Calvin, Huss, and Knox, terrify the priests and princes. A Protestant establishment rises on the ruins of the Romish: the East India Company go forth in the name of Protestantism to destroy, to plunder, and to acquire glory. Shakspeare lives, writes, and dies. Cromwell is seen creating a kingdom for himself, and his son gives it away. Fire and plague are ravaging the metropolis of the world. The last of the Stuarts receives his final lesson, and England is no longer a monarchy but an oligarchy, with a king for a secretary. Mirabeau opens the gates of the French Revolution: now the Reign of Terror is consummated in the overwhelming genius of Napoleon; a thousand millions of money are spent in gunpowder, and the lion is at length devoured by the multitude of ignobler animals. Now the *letter* triumphs, but the *spirit* is not yet. Still ground to the earth are the faces of the poor, and the unfathomable abyss of legislation sends up its fœtid fumes to heaven. Byron is, and is not. Constellations spangle the firmament of human genius. The hour is pregnant with still mightier events and mightier moralities; but the evening of the Sixth Day is not yet, and the Sabbath is to come.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. V.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

It is a large subject that we have to treat,—that of household education; for the main part of every process of education is carried on at home, except in the instance of boarding-schools, where a few years are spent by a small number of the youth of our country. The queen was brought up under a method of household education; and so was, no doubt, the last pauper who went to his grave in a workhouse coffin. Elizabeth Fry was brought up at home; so was the most ignorant and brutish convict that was blessed by the saving light of her pitying eye. Sir Isaac Newton, to whom the starry heavens were as a home-field for intellectual exercises, was reared at home; and so were the poor children in the Durham coal-pits in our own time, who never heard of God, and indeed could not tell the names of their own fathers and mothers. If thus, the loftiest and the lowliest, the purest and the most criminal, the wisest and the most ignorant, are comprehended under the process of household education, what a wide and serious subject it is that we have to consider!

The royal child must, of course, be trained wholly at home; that is, little princes and princesses cannot be sent to school. But, while reared in the house with their parents, the influences they are under scarcely agree with our ideas of home. The royal infant does not receive its food from the bosom first, or afterwards from the hands of its mother. She does not wash and dress it; and those sweet seasons are lost which in humbler homes are so rich in caresses and play, so fruitful in endearing influences both to mother and child. It is a thing to be remarked and praised by a whole court, if not a whole kingdom, if a royal mother is seen with her child in her arms; while the cottager's child is blessed with countless embraces between morning and night, and sleeps on its mother's arm or within reach of her eye and voice. The best trained royal child is disciplined to command of temper and manners; made to do little services for people about him, and sedulously taught that a child should be humble and docile. But the young creature is all the while taught stronger lessons by circumstances than can ever come through human lips. He sees that a number of grown persons about him are almost wholly occupied with him, and that it is their business in life to induce him to command his temper and manners. He feels that when he is bid to fetch and carry, or to do any other little service, it is not because such service is wanted, but for the sake of the training to himself. He is aware that all that concerns him every day is a matter of arrangement, and not of necessity; and a want of earnestness and of steady purpose is an inevitable consequence. This want of natural stimulus goes into his studies. I believe no solitary child gets on well with book-learning as a part of the business of every day. The best tutors, the best books, the quietest school-room, will not avail, if the child's mind be not stirred and interested by something more congenial than the grammar and sums and maps he has to study. And every royal child is solitary, however many brothers and

sisters he may have older and younger than himself. He has his own servants, his own tutor, his own separate place and people, so that he can never be jostled among other children, or lead the true life of childhood. And so proceeds the education of life for him. He can never live amidst a large class of equals, with whom he can measure his powers and from among whom he may select congenial friends. He passes his life in the presence of servants, has no occupations and no objects actually appointed to him, unless his state be that of sovereignty, in which case his position is more unfavourable still. He dies at last in the midst of that habitual solitude which disables him from conceiving, even at such a moment, of the state in which "rich and poor lie down together." Such a being may, if the utmost has been done for him, be decent in his habits, amiable in temper and manners, innocent in his pursuits, and religious in his feelings; but it is inconceivable that he can ever approach to our idea of a perfect man, with an intellect fully exercised, affections thoroughly disciplined, and every faculty educated by those influences which arise only from equal intercourse with men at large.

The home education of the pauper child is no better, though there are few who would venture to say how much worse it is. A pauper child must (I think we may say) be unfortunate in its parentage, in one way or another. If it knows its parents, they must probably be either sickly, or foolish, or idle, or dissolute; or they would not be in a state of *permanent* pauperism. The infant is reared (if not in the workhouse) in some unwholesome room or cellar, amidst damp and dirt, and the noises and sights of vice or folly. He is badly nursed and fed, and grows up feeble or in a state of bodily uneasiness which worries his temper, and makes his passions excitable. He is not soothed by the constant tenderness of a decent mother, who feels it a great duty to make him as good and happy as she can, and contrives to find time and thought for that object. He tumbles in the dust of the road or the mud of the gutter, snatches food wherever he can get it, quarrels with anybody who thwarts him if he be a bold boy, and sneaks and lies if he be naturally a coward. He indulges every appetite, as a matter of course, as it arises, for he has no idea that he should not. He hates everybody who interferes with this license, and has the best liking for those who use the same license with himself. He knows nothing of any place or people but those he sees, and never dreams of any world beyond that of his own eyes. He does not know what society is, or law, or duty: and therefore, when he injures society, and comes under the inflictions of the law for gross violations of duty, he understands no more of what is done to him than if he was carried through certain ceremonies conducted in an unknown tongue. He has some dim notion of glory in dying boldly before the eyes of a crowd; so he goes to the gallows in a mocking mood, as ignorant of the true import of life and human faculties as the day he was born. Or, if not laid hold of by the law, he goes on towards his grave brawling and drinking, or half asleep in mind, and inert or diseased in body, till at last he dies as the beast dies.

Here are the two extremes. The condition about half way between them appears to me to be the most favourable, on the whole, for making the most of a human being, and best fulfilling the purposes of his life. There are stations above and below highly favourable to the attainment of excellence; but, taking in all considerations, I think the position of the well-conditioned artisan the most favourable that society affords, at least, in our own day.

There is much good in enlarged book-learning; in what is commonly called a liberal education. If united with hard and imperative labour—labour at once of head and hands—it will help to make a nobler man than can be made without it: but a liberal education, enlarged book-learning, ordinarily leads to only head work, without that labour of the hands which is the way to much wisdom. The benefits too are much confined to the individual, so that the children of the wisest statesman, or physician, or lawyer are only accidentally, if at all, the better for his advantages; while the best circumstances in the lot of the well-conditioned artisan are the inheritance and the privilege of his children.

And again, the labourer may be so placed, in regard to employment, marriage, and abode, as that he may, possessing an awakened mind, be for ever learning great and interesting things from the book of nature and the word of God, while he has comfort in his home, and some leisure for training his children to his own work, and whatever else may turn up, so that they may grow up intelligent, dutiful, affectionate, and able continually to improve. The surgeon, the manufacturer, and the shopkeeper on the one hand, and the street porter, the operative, and the labourer on the other, may well work out the true purposes of life; but the condition which appears to me to be the meeting point of the greatest number of good influences is that of the best order of artisans.

That condition affords the meeting point of book-knowledge, and that which is derived from personal experience. Every day's labour of hand and eye is a page opened in God's best book—his universe. When duly done, this lesson leaves time for the other method of instruction, by books. During the day hours, the earnest pupil learns of God, by the lessons he gives in the melting fire, the rushing water, the unseen wind, the plastic metal or clay, the variegated wood or marble, the delicate cotton, silk, or wool; and at evening, he learns of men—of the wise and genial men who have delivered the best parts of their minds in books, and made of them a sort of etherial vehicle, in which they can come at a call to visit any secret mind which desires communion with them. And this privilege of double instruction is one which extends to the whole household of the chief pupil. The children of the artisan are happily appointed, without room for doubt, to toil like their father; and there is every probability that they will share his opportunity and his respect for book-knowledge. At the outset of life, they are tended by their mother, owing directly to her their food and clothes, their lullaby and their incitement to play. During the day, they are under her eye; and in the evening, they sit on their father's knee, and get knowledge or fun from him. In their busy home, all the help is needed that every one can give; so the real business of life begins early, and with it the most natural and best discipline. The children learn that it is an honour to be useful, and a comfort and blessing to be neat and industrious. So much more energy is naturally put into what must be done than into what it is merely expedient should be done, that the children are likely to exert their once-roused faculties to much better purpose than if their business was appointed to them for their own educational benefit. The little

girl who tends the baby, or helps granny, or makes father's shirt, or learns to cook the dinner, is likely to put more mind into her work than if she were set to mark a sampler or make a doll's frock for the sake of learning to sew. And so with the boy who carries the coals for his mother, or helps his father in the workshop: he will become manly earlier and more naturally than the highborn child who sees no higher sanction for his occupations than the authority of his parents. And how dearly prized are the opportunities for book-study which can be secured! The children see what a privilege and recreation reading is to their father; and they grow up with a reverence and love for that great resource. The hope and expectation carry them through the tedious work of the alphabet and pot-hooks. And as they grow up, they are admitted to the magnificent privilege of fireside intercourse with the holy Milton, and the glorious Shakspeare, and many a sage whose best thoughts may become their ideas of every day. They thus obtain that activity and enlargement of mind which render all employments and all events educational. The powers, once roused and set to work, find occupation and material in every event of life. Every-thing serves—the daily handicraft, intercourse with the neighbours, rumours from the world without, homely duty, books, worship, the face of the country, or the action of the town. All these incitements, all this material, are offered to the thoughtful artisan more fully and impartially than to such below and above him as are hedged in by ignorance or by aristocratic seclusion: and therein is his condition better than theirs. After having come to this conclusion, it is no small satisfaction to remember that the most favoured classes are the most numerous. So great a multitude is included in the middle classes, compared with the highborn and the degraded, that if they who have the best chance for wisdom will but use their privilege, the highest hopes for society are the most reasonable.

MISS BETSY BUSYBODY.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

It is interesting to watch the progress of one of the many new neighbourhoods which are arising around London. The builder comes with his line, and measures. The foundation is marked and dug out. About six in the morning shoals of dingy white-bloused labourers are seen making from town. The perambulating tin coffee shop meets their gaze at some convenient nook or cross-way, with its perfumes of chicory, and its ministrant old dame. They arrive at the seat of work, and the bright trowel rings an Orphean music upon the bricks. An Orphean music! for to its metal notes a little town arises, squares appear, places are positioned, terraces grow, streets manifest themselves, and villas are revealed.

The villas, and squares, and terraces, are first inhabited. But long before they are full, the streets become peopled. Impatient trade, driven by competition, flies from civicism, as a last resource to suburbanity. It lisps to its friends with the simplicity of a Damon, about the pleasures of the country; but it privately looks at its faulty ledger. Oh, how it hates the nasty, dingy, dirty, smoky town! With what virtuous indignation it seeks out, with a lynx eye, the situation of its shop in the new neighbourhood. First of all comes the baker, then the grocer, then the butcher, then the fruiterer, until at last fishmonger, pastry-cook, bookseller, chemist, and all the trades commercialise the scene. The red lamp of the surgeon shines through the laburnum trees of his little front garden. A brass plate upon Baskaville Villa announces "a seminary for young ladies," and a large board over Eglantine House informs the fond parent of "a classical and commercial academy for young gentlemen." To watch all this is legitimate vigilance; but the virgin lamp which Miss Betsy Busybody kept burning, extended its rays into other quarters of the new horizon.

Among the notables of suburban neighbourhoods are the names of the houses of which they are composed. After a profound investigation into this novel branch of natural history, we are able to divide these into five categories—the floral, the geographical, the nominal, the religious, and the miscellaneous. Of the floral class there is Violet Cottage, Rose Villa, Laburnum Lodge, and Magnolia House. This class is generally inhabited by flower-loving ladies, who blush fuchsia and smell verbena; or by old bachelor-like gentlemen, as dry as an hortus siccus, and as square and formal as their beds of tulips or their stages of auriculas. Not that in speaking light of these we would depreciate the love of flowers. The wisdom of him who knew from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall would warn us to forbear. God forbid. The love of flowers is a pure passion. It makes the garden an Eden again. But there is ever counterfeit for genuine, ever artificial for real. It is the affectation of the floral that we despise. It is the nondescript bloom on my lady's bonnet, or on her drawing-room paper, to the monthly rose of the cottage door. "Consider the lilies how they grow;" but give us the primrose and not the primula.

The second class into which the names of suburban houses divide themselves, is the geographical. Of this class there is Worcester Villa, Hanover House, Cambridge College, and Leominster Lodge. Reminiscenses of Bath become Bath-brick, and fond memories of Leamington are enshrined in cement and composition. Of the third category, the nominal class, there are more various inspirations. An old commodore retires upon his pension and inhabits Nelson House or Navarino Lodge. A half-pay major fights over again his battles in Wellington Ville, or Blenheim Cottage. A bewailing bachelor who lost his boyish love, and will never marry now, preserves her memory in his heart by residing in Elizabeth Lodge. In fact, all sorts of motives contribute to the nomenclature of this class. Of the fourth, or religious category, Ebenezer Cottage, raises itself. It is the pretty little rural residence of the worthy deacon of the methodists, Then there are Reliance Villa, Providence Lodge, and Zion House, and a host of others of the same class, all no doubt well intentioned memorials of Him who had no where to lay his head. Lastly, there is the miscellaneous class, which generally derive their name from particularity of situation, or special peculiarity of taste. Such are those honoured hovels which in that damp depth have received from their romantic and speculative proprietor the cognomen of the Vale of Health Villas. Such also is Prospect Cottage which looks upon or over a blank wall. Such likewise is Belle-vue Villa, the residence of Miss Betsy Busybody.

Belle-vue Villa did not command the scenery of the valleys of Kent or of the hills of Surrey. It stood where four cross roads met. It was the corner house of a row of separate cottages, which were fronted by a terrace, and was altogether a good site for observation. From one of the bed-room windows of this residence appeared the face of Miss Betsy Busybody. She was a spectacled spinster of some forty-eight years of age to the spectator, although her own chronology was either absent, or of some anterior date. It was rude of her young visitors to question her about it; they would grow old themselves some time. She might have been married fifty times over, but had never found the man she liked. The girls were so bold now-a-days that there was no bearing them. It was well for them to get married, but she was content to be as she was.

In thus noting some of the virginal vagaries of Miss Betsy Busybody, we do not mean to scale disrespectively the nunnery walls of old maids in general. Too much blasphemy has been uttered against old maids. There are many of the vestal sisterhood who keep religiously burning the sacred fire of the Gods. There is many a nephew and a niece who have plenteous causes fervently to bless the maiden aunt. There is many a married sister whose best nurse and friend is the plain unwedded one. But Miss Betsy Busybody was not one of these. She was in these respects alone in the world; and this solitude, instead of bringing her nearer to God, had soured her disposition against God's creatures. She had, however, an old crony and gossip, in the shape of her laundress, Mrs. Blanch, a widow.

As Miss Betsy Busybody looked out of the window, Mrs. Blanch approached, and they were soon seated in conversation together, in the snug little parlour.

"And have you found out any more about the lady in the first floor at the butterman's?" asked Miss Betsy.

"Very suspicious person, marm," answered the laundress. "Blind almost always down. Never see her face at the window, except may be for a minute."

"And the gentleman. Can you make out his name? I always see him with my glass. He calls every day, between one and two."

"Every day, marm, as witnesses my own eyes. Nobody knows nothing of him."

"And the boy who leads his horse about. Have you questioned him?"

"Yes, marm; tried him times and often. And the young rascal—beg your pardon, marm—only grins, and pushes up his eyelid with his dirty finger, 'Anything green there,' says he, with a wink of the other eye; and that's all I can get out of him, howsumever."

"Very suspicious, indeed," ejaculated Miss Betsy, showing the whites of her eyes.

"And how does that widow at the terrace get all her new dresses, Mrs. Blanch?"

"Heaven knows, marm; and the old gentleman with his own cab, and the green livery."

"But the lady—person, I should say—Mrs. Blanch, in the butterman's first floor, she does excite my curiosity."

"Aye, marm, she'll turn out no good; my word for it. She'll leave in debt all round, as sure as my name's Bridget."

After some further conversation of a like nature the cronies separated. Mrs. Blanch had not departed long, however, before a gentleman's servant, in plain dress, knocked at the door, and leaving a brace of birds, a hare, and a note, hastily went away. The note read as follows—:

FREE TRADE CLUB, October 3, 1846.

MADAM—Accept the enclosed, and allow me to invite myself to the honour of dining with you, at five o'clock to-morrow. A recognition will excuse this intrusion.

Madam, yours truly,

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Betsy Busybody.

Much surprised was Miss Betsy Busybody at this epistle. In vain she worried her brain to think whom it came from. Was it old Caleb Curry, who was near making her an offer some thirty years ago, and who had since been in the Indies? Was it the old bachelor who showed her over his garden at Broadstairs, and as she stepped over a flower-pot praised her ankle? Was it her spencer-habited widower, who once ogled her over the way? No; it was an old acquaintance. Who could it then be? Some of her father's friends, perhaps, who recollected her when a child. However, the dinner should be prepared to-morrow. Everything of her best should be out—the diaper napkins, the finger-glasses, and those deep-cut decanters, and a bottle of her father's old claret, and one of his prime aged hock. Busy enough was she all the next day, until the dinner-hour arrived.

As it approached no guest appeared. It struck five—no guest had arrived. It was a quarter past—the game would all be spoiled. In a panic of punctuality she ordered it on the table, and its savoury smell was diffused all over the room. She seated herself, still hesitating whether to cut or not. At the minute that a slice of the breast would have been delicately carved for her own particular palate, a knock and ring were at the door. It opened, and the servant, quickly followed by the visitor, entered the room: the former presenting the following card to her mistress.

MR. CLEMENT CAVENDISH,

Surgeon, etc., etc.

From the card, Miss Betsy Busybody glanced to her visitor, and how great was her confusion, when she recognised in him one who might indeed be termed an old acquaintance, in the shape of the gentleman who so regularly visited the fair lodger at the butterman's. The matter was evident. The lady was an invalid. This was her medical attendant. His notice had been attracted by the observations of herself and by the inquiries of her agent and laundress, Mrs. Blanch, and this dinner was the punishment intended for her. The colour of confusion covered her, but she had the presence of mind to motion her unexpected visitor to a seat, and to commence the duties of the table. The good viands not least, but also the easy manners of her guest, made the meal pass off less disagreeably than might have been expected, and the dessert had not long been introduced, before the servant announced that Mr. Cavendish was called for on professional business. He left simply saying—"Good bye, Miss Busybody, many thanks for your good dinner: I am happy that we have made correct acquaintance." He needed not to have made a longer speech, she fully understood the visit. The affair was, however, noised about by the servants, and our heroine thought it right

to leave the new neighbourhood. She departed, however, a better woman than she had entered it, for she went away eschewing Mrs. Bridget Blanch, Dame Gossip, and Madame Scandal, her former visiting acquaintances.

It would be well if all our misunderstandings, like that of Miss Busybody and Surgeon Cavendish's, could be made up over a good dinner, as their's was. They would thus pass over much more pleasantly and quickly than they now sometimes do. Extend this view nationally. More roast beef—less rebellion: more plum-pudding—less plundering: more sauce one way—less sauce another.

Oh, that every new neighbourhood was one in nature as well as in name! Oh, that it was new in state as well as in date. Then we should have less scandal, and less cause for scandal. Then we should have fewer Miss Betsy Busybodies and Mrs. Bridget Blanches, and more Surgeon Cavendish, knowing the true, forgiving, irresistible way of converting scandal-mongers into acquaintances. Such new neighbourhoods will one day be.

A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

No. II.—HALF A DAY IN HAERLEM.

I do not recollect ever having enjoyed half a dozen hours richer in pictures and impressions than those of my halt betwixt the Hague and Amsterdam. Forced, whether I would or not, to pass Leyden without a pause, the hour and a half on the excellently-managed railroad—in this how different from the iron ways of Belgium!—soon sped over. There is much to observe in such a transit. Betwixt the Dutch capital, and the magnificent commercial city of Amsterdam, whence I write, the road is in one place grubbed through the *dunes*, or sandhills—which the wind has heaped up on the sea-shore, and the resolution of man fixed in their place by planting them with coarse grass: in another it is carried over the enormous sluices between the Zuyder Zee and the Haerlem Lake, on the watertight strength of which the existence of a province depends:—the Traveller hearing, as he is whirled along, how these right nobly industrious Hollanders are proceeding in their vast enterprise of draining the Haerlemmer Meer aforesaid. You will see by this that I am not become tired as yet of the poetry of a flat country. The train of thought, indeed, it awakened, and the exceeding facility of the conveyance, set me down at the Haerlem station in a very happy frame of mind for the sights of the place.

They began almost immediately. Loitering down the sunny street from the railroad, in search of the "Golden Lion," I passed a stately house, with its windows and doors "staring wide," as people say,—while three or four of those clean and shrill-voiced creatures, who seem sent into the Dutch world to sweep lazy travellers out with their brooms, and to splash them over with pails of water, were setting matters busily to rights. Verily, theirs was a delicate and costly charge! The steps of the house were marble; and the pavement of the hall, and the pillars thereof, were marble also: and even from the street could be seen such a phalanx of huge china jars, and sumptuous chairs seated with velvet, and embossed with carved work, such Turkey table-cloths, and such curtains of fine net-work, as suggested what the inner sanctuaries must be, of a mansion entered through so gorgeous a vestibule. I found that I had looked into the house of the Great Man of Haerlem—the Master of the Horse and eke Woods and Forests of the district—who is a *virtuoso* in furnishing, picture-collecting, etc., to boot; and could have lingered, before it to the enrichment of *my* gallery, with the best will in the world, but for those busy creatures, with their water cataracts; who mistook my admiration of the house for curiosity with regard to themselves, and thought it proper to become energetic and irate accordingly.

The long street, in which stands this great house, ends in a very picturesque square, or open place, full of rich combinations of quaint building. The church of St. Bavon has been a good deal battered, 'tis true. Its east window is bricked up, and its central lantern is a frivolous, toy-like thing, by no means respectable as a piece of gothic building; but the whole looks striking, standing as it does close to the queer red and white Butchery. The latter is the handsomest meat-market I ever saw. Till lately, the Haerlemmers might buy their beef and mutton nowhere else: and the place was very richly decked, as befitting an edifice so important. The manner in which the large blocks of white stone are intermixed with the Indian red brick of these Dutch buildings is very pleasant to the eye. And here the tall gable, and the cock-loft windows, are notched and scrolled, and *curliqueued* (to use a child's word) most richly with such decorations. The frieze, made up with very well-cut bulls' and rams' heads, is capital, because thoroughly appropriate to the uses of the building. In another corner, hard by, stands the Town Hall, a more irregular and extensive mansion, with a broken line of front, a deep porch, and one or two heavy balconies. The houses generally are full-trimmed with stone-facings and festoons—the perpetual fan of trees, of course, not forgotten; though I noticed several coquettishly cut away, so as to make room for the eyes (or windows) to peer through. There seemed few people about: but I have seen no loungers in these Dutch towns to correspond with the three old gentlemen at the news-room window in England—or the loathsome cripples who hobble after you in France—or the black-eyed lazy painters' models, gossipping in the degraded portal of some dirty palace, who are used to travellers stopping to note them, in Italy; and rarely let him pass without a gibe or a "*Buon giorno!*"

The attraction to Haerlem was the Organ; and the capital little landlady of the "Golden Lion" packed me off at once to the church—where a party had that instant been collected to hear this far-famed instrument. I had time to look about me, ere called upon to listen. St. Bavon's, Haerlem, is as handsomely proportioned a parochial edifice as need be: very lofty and wide, and the roof vaulted with wood which has got that pleasant gray colour peculiar to this country, so far as I have seen; and which I suppose may be ascribable to the humidity of the atmosphere. A rich brass screen, with grotesques and vine tendrils, etc., separates the chancel from the nave, without spoiling the vista. The Organ has a much more magnificent case than it is now-a-days the wont to build. Truth lies between the old-fashioned trash of gilding and clouds, and cherubim with trumpets, which used to be heaped on the fronts

of these instruments; and the bald, formal boxes in which it is increasingly the fancy of the time to shut them up. It would seem as if the painters and decorators were far more associated with Music, in our forefathers' days, than now. There are harpsichord cases in being, painted by Rosa and Watteau. I have an old edition of Ranelagh and Vauxhall songs, with some of the best copper-plate book illustrations of the time. Now-a-days, the upholsterer and the lithograph-monger are the best artists who will condescend to give their labours to the musician. Might not the School of Design look after this, with a good grace?

There can be no question that the Haerlem Organ has been justly rated as *a* first, if not *the* first, instrument in the world. I doubt whether greater richness, clearness, and sweetness of tone be producible; or combination of stops which shall surpass in power and variety. The touch seems heavy: but the organ is a man's instrument; and by lightening the keys too much, some risk might be run of encouraging a poor and frivolous style, and of destroying that solidity of hand, which, in part, must ever be an affair of muscular strength. The great players, Buxtehude, Bach, and others, had to do with still heavier instruments. The *solo* stops are singularly excellent and mellow; in particular those which are apt to be too predominant and disagreeable—oboe, trumpet and clarion. The *carillon* (or chime of bells) stop is made a great marvel of by the guide books, and exhibited as such by the organist. There are other fancy-stops, too, with fancy names, which, translated, would afford no clear idea to any one interested in organ-building. And the town-player (who is by no means a Solomon on his instrument) will show off one after the other, to any person or party, commanding his fee of thirteen guilders, or one pound one and eightpence. The locality, too, in which the Organ is placed, is very good; the volume of sound has room to spread; but the imitations—on which uninstructed travellers dwell with so much zest—such as the cuckoo, the shepherd's pipe, the storm, and the like, are about as puerile and unworthy as the plaster Napoleon, with his cocked hat, or the gay old green parrot would be, among really fine statues: and all musicians will join me in wishing the great Organ of Haerlem a great player. The father of the youth who officiated for us, however, was described as far superior; but he is now rarely heard: and, indeed, to exhibit so gigantic an instrument is no task for a man of seventy-four.

The performance was pleasantly interrupted by the solemnisation of a Dutch wedding. To my English eyes this seemed an odd business. The party consisted of some twenty or thirty persons—bride and bridegroom both in deep mourning, the latter in black gloves—little children who would not be kept still on their little bench, but lounged up to the knees of the older people, and gave just as much trouble as if they had been at home—men who sate or stood as they pleased, with their hats on or off, as seemed good to them. The civil part of the ceremony had been transacted elsewhere: so we came in but for the exhortation. This was delivered by a comely Pastor, who arriving in his cocked hat, hung it up in the pulpit ere he began to hold forth; and really, to judge from the time he took, and the energy he bestowed on the subject, cannot have left out one duty, great or small. For three mortal quarters of an hour did his homily last. Let me not be irreverent, however:—there was one kindly creature in the party, of the tearful class, with whom the exhortation entirely succeeded, and who wept herself into something like hysterics. The Bride and the Bridegroom sate still, and looked, I must say, dogged, rather than submissive. Both were singularly plain—I say *singularly*, because I have rarely seen so many handsome, well-grown men, and fair women, as since I have been in Holland. The servant of the sexton's house, through which you must pass into the church, was worth the whole party put together, as a picture: an elderly woman, with a clear waxen complexion, deep gray eyes, soft dark eyebrows, and white hair, very neatly arranged within the wire-stiffened border of a rich lace cap: her clean dimity jacket, with a gay calico handkerchief by way of apron, making up a capital painter's figure, as she stood looking through the screen, and criticising the whole performance, methought, with a shrewd and *professional* expression of countenance.

Ere the Mrs. Dods of "the Golden Lion" has your dinner ready, there is a good deal to be seen in the Town Hall at Haerlem, even for those who do not, like myself, love empty old rooms and dark corners, and to fill these, with not merely the great emotions which belong to stirring times, but the common passions and desires of daily life. There is a quaint historical picture by Cornelius Vroom, of an entry into Flushing; valuable as a record of an old Dutch sea-triumph, and which as a painting may at least pair off with the similar subjects, by Gentile Bellini, I used to admire so much in the Academy at Venice. There are some fine portraits of the worthies and the chivalry of Haerlem, by Van der Helst and Franz Hals—as worshipful and grand an assemblage of gentlemen as was ever painted. Then there is a collection of books and manuscripts, containing sundry relics of Laurence Koster's early attempts at printing, on which the men of Haerlem are resolved to claim the credit of the invention. As I do not belong to Mayence, and have no Gutemberg blood in my veins, I freely admitted the claim while I stood there:—that I might have the pleasure of dreaming over those rude, brown pages. The world into which they were sent out was disregardful—some put it otherwise and say earnest—as compared with ours. But one may know from one's own sensations with regard to the wondrous doings of Steam, what a trouble of amazement, what a stir of hopes and ambitions and energies, the discovery must have excited in those who frankly accepted its practicability, and looked forward to a moderate extension of it as possible!—the full development hardly suggesting itself to the most enlightened, even in a dream. And one may be sure that there were good, conscientious, cautious souls, who rocked themselves in their elbow chairs, and groaned over their chests of half-a-dozen precious manuscripts, with the doleful certainty that from that moment the decline of learning and intelligence was certain to commence!

By this time dinner was ready:—and howsoever, brother Pilgrim, you choose to trifle with the punctuality of a landlord, never keep a landlady waiting, save you mean to be cut off with "empty shells," and her wrath over her spoiled cookery to be charged in the bill! She who keeps the "Golden Lion," at Haerlem, is one of the best of her race, but every inch a character. A short, zealous woman, running to and fro, on kind cares intent, without any visible use of her joints, and her rosy face serious with the exercise of bringing out her wonderful English, for her talk is a torrent, and in the language (she believes) of her guests. So heartily was my dinner set before me, and with

such indescribable coaxing ways, and little shrugs and gestures was I pressed to eat, that had it been "eye of newt and toe of frog," instead of clean well-cooked meat, I think I must have tried to make my way through it; while she fought over again her battles with the organist for his extortions—which kept strangers away, she shrewdly said—enlarged on the fine-lady airs and rudenesses of ladies' maids, described the Haerlem races, which had been held a day or two before, and with which the Prince of Orange had been discontented, and told out the bill of fare for a dinner of fifty, which she was to cook the next day for a wedding party. This led me to inquire about the funereal attire of the couple I had heard admonished so loud and long: and to mention that with us mourning must be laid by for the wedding-day. "I are believe," was her answer, "it muss parents been; noting else." But the clock struck—the time was up for the train to Amsterdam. I wish anyone may like my notes as well as I did the half day at Haerlem they try to record. In three quarters of an hour I was in the midst of Amsterdam fair.

Poetry for the People.

AUTUMN.

Oh! have ye seen that fairest queen,—
With looks and eyes of hazel brown—
With cheek as bright as is the light
Of western clouds when the sun goes down?
The purple mist that his beams have kist
Hath the hue of her floating veil;—
Her russet pall in its ample fall
Sweepeth the dead leaves pale.

Crowned with the flowers of bygone hours,
Enriched with their rare perfume,
To every land with bounteous hand
She giveth, to consume,
Fruits from her store,—enough and more
For its use through the barren time
Of the winter drear,—till another year
Shall bring another Prime.

They say not truth who teach that youth
Alone is bright and fair;—
Young Spring, indeed, hath beauty's meed,
But Autumn hath charms more rare.
Autumna, the Queen! the still! the serene!
Autumna, the matron bright!
Her gracious smile into life can beguile
Buds sered by an early blight.

While yet she stays let us sing her praise,
And love her as we ought
For her beauty's sake, which doth awake
Fond memories and high thought.
Thoughts of the past come thronging fast
As we gaze upon her face;
And the wise see gleams of hopeful dreams
In her melancholy grace.

And the Poet, still, o'er wood and hill
Will mark her purple veil,
And the ample fall of her russet pall,
Sweeping the leaves so pale.
He loves to be where he may see
Her locks and eyes of hazel brown,
And her cheek as bright as is the light
Of western clouds when the sun goes down.

J. M. W.

ENCOURAGEMENT!

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Speak not, in hale old England,
Despairingly or sad;
Her sons were ever hopeful,
Her daughters ever glad!
'Tis wonderous what battles—
What battles for the truth—
Have nobly been engaged in
By England's age and youth:
And ever from the turmoil
They took a step aright;
That step was ever *onwards*,
From England's hour of night!
And say not now, despairing,
"This thing can *not* be done;"—
Fear not, ye English people,
The battle *will* be won!
"Where there's a will,
There's a way."

'Tis true that, from dark alleys,
There comes a plaintive cry—
A moan upon the night-wind,
Beneath the dim night-sky:
'Tis true that in low dwellings
The waters have been stirr'd,
And souls of lowly dwellers
Are yearning for the word—
The word of Peace and Knowledge—
The word to make them free;
And there, amid the twilight,
They grope, but cannot see!
Up, Brothers! like the preacher,
Make sanctified clay,
And from the blind one's eyelids
Clear dusky night away!
"Where there's a will,
There's a way."

Lady, with milk-white fingers,
E'en *you* might join the band,
And do a deed worth doing
With that small, fairy hand.
Our "Ragged Schools" are round ye;
And sure 't would be good deed
To give your holy presence
And sow the tiny seed.
Ah! sow the tiny seedlet,
And, ere your locks are grey,
The good will come, returning,
In unexpected way.
Sisters of ours have ventured
With *courage, womanly*,
Amidst the darkest dangers:
Were they more brave than thee?
"Where's there's a will,
There's a way!"

(THE PEOPLE'S CRY.)
Come, brothers, come and help us
To reach your mountain height;
We have in this dark valley
But faint and flickering light;
We'll fear no stony passes,
Nor yet the steep crag-side;
A strength remains within us,
A strength as yet untried.
We'll heed no roaring torrent,
A-foaming down its spray,
But be of steady footstep
Up on the narrow way.
We'll grasp our lanterns glimmering,
Oh! help us in our part;
And YE'LL *find rich repayment*
When we are heart to heart!
"Where's there's a will,
There's a way."

Chorley, 1846. MARIE.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By W. Hunt.

CONDITION OF THE POOR IN LONDON.

By William Howitt.

The Report of the Committee of "The Health of Towns Association" on Lord Lincoln's Sewerage, Drainage, etc., of Towns' Bill, is just published.* It certainly unveils an awful spectacle to our view, especially of the condition of vast masses of the population of the metropolis. This dreadful state of things is the natural result of that mischievous course which the government of this country fell into and pursued for ages, of neglecting the social condition of the mass, even while that mass was rapidly augmenting, and directing all its energies and resources to foreign wars, and to party contests. Happily, the long peace that we have enjoyed has enabled the cries of the poor to come up into the ears of their rulers, and a spirit is now abroad which will impose upon government a more correct sense of its legitimate duties. The people are now recognised as of the first consequence in the state, and philanthropists are daily pressing on the attention of the legislature the real condition of things with an effect that cannot long be resisted. The present prime minister, on taking office, declared that the two subjects which demanded the most active attention of ministers were, the education of the people and their sanatory condition. What is that condition, this Report most frightfully displays, and before we advert to the remedies proposed by it, we will first look at the woeful realities which require these remedies, at the fearful wretchedness in which tens of thousands of the citizens of the most wealthy and most benevolent city in the world are daily and hourly living.

The first fact stated is that, spite of full employment and high wages, the rate of mortality in the districts of the metropolis inhabited chiefly by the working classes has, during the last eight years not diminished; on the contrary, has been actually increasing. Dr. Southwood Smith stated that, in consequence of the peculiar condition of the people in these districts, the fever which so frequently prevails amongst them has so much changed its character as to have become, as it were, a new disease. From the Report of the London Fever Hospital, just published, it appears that, during the year 1845, there was scarcely any part of the metropolis free from the visitation of fever; that in many instances it attacked and destroyed whole families; that in one of the cases recorded nine members of a family were seized with it, of whom six died; that it is certain that fever was prevailing in no less than eighty-two instances, in the houses and localities from which the patients were taken, and it was probable that this was the case with many more than could be ascertained from the patients themselves, because some were too ill and others too unobservant to give a correct account of the circumstances connected with their attack. From the evidence of Mr. Jeremiah Little, an extensive builder of third and fourth-rate houses in the metropolis, it appears that the average losses on the rent of such houses is one fifth, and that three out of five of these losses are from the sickness of the tenants, who are working men. When we penetrate into the real state of the habitations of the poor, and their mode of life in them, this prevalence of a destructive epidemic remains no longer a matter of surprise.

In the first place, the drainage is found to be extremely defective; a fact of itself sufficient to explain a thousand evils and destroying influences to the poor man. The jobbing in this department —that is, by the Commissioners of Sewers—is shown to have been monstrous; and the consequences of this jobbing to be, that not only has a terrific sum of the public money been expended, but the work itself so badly done that it has had continually to be repaired, and will probably have much of it to be done over again; while in the neighbourhood of poor houses there have been made drains of a far more costly character than was necessary, thus laying a great additional charge on the rent; or inducing the landlord to put up with defective drainage, or none at all.

The Report says:—

> Among the results of the inquiry by Her Majesty's Commissioners, perhaps at once the most remarkable and most instructive are the instances which it has brought to light of the waste of the public money, and the injury of the public health, consequent on granting to an irresponsible body the power to adopt or reject public works of the true character of which they are incompetent to form a judgment, and, at the same time, in the execution of which they have a sinister interest.

The Report then, in illustration of this charge, draws attention to some astounding facts. According to Mr. Butler Williams, civil engineer, upwards of forty miles of covered sewers have been built in Westminster within the last ten years, and that the Commissioners have, at a positive loss of 66,669*l.* 15*s.*, constructed deficient and inefficient sewers instead of those of the best build, and such as can be flushed with water. Mr. Leslie, one of the commissioners, states that a large proportion of the acting commissioners in this district are in practice there as architects, surveyors, agents, and solicitors! Such are the appointments to these important offices—as if it were the direct intention to create a job, instead of doing the public business thoroughly. Again, the King's College Scholars' Pond Sewer is another instance of this monstrous and wicked jobbing. Spite of the acknowledged excellence of a plan by Mr. Rennie, and

> notwithstanding the condemnation of this sewer by both their professional advisers, and after this official condemnation of it, the Commissioners have actually expended upon it nearly two hundred thousand pounds! The entire length of the sewer being 16,522 feet, they have spent upon a small portion of it, namely, 5233 feet, the sum of 70,101*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and of the portion upon which this amount of money has been expended, it is stated that it is at the present moment an open, uncovered sewer, with the exception of 1009 feet recently covered in by Mr. Cubitt, at his own expense, with an outlet so bad, that the water is forced back during a considerable period—six hours—of each tide; a most disgraceful nuisance in a great metropolis. On the remaining part of this condemned line the Commissioners have spent the further sum of 100,000*l.* and upwards; leaving the evils of this sewer, which existed prior to the expenditure upon it of a single shilling of their money, still existing in their full force.

This is a specimen. There are numbers of other such disgraceful facts as to the jobbing in the sewerage brought forward. But none of these are more flagrant than the case of Hackney parish, which may be found in a *Letter to the Inhabitants of Hackney on the Sewer Rates*, published in 1841, by Masters, Aldersgate-street, and which we recommend to the perusal of the Committee. From that it appears that the parishioners of Hackney were put to 5000*l.* expense for additional sewers, which were rendered unnecessary by the natural drainage of Hackney brook and the river Lea; and therefore, at the time of the publication of this letter, not above a dozen persons had availed themselves of these sewers by conducting drains to

* Health of Towns' Association.—Report of the Committee to the Members of the Association on Lord Lincoln's Sewerage, Drainage, etc., of Towns' Bill. London: Charles Knight, 1846.

them. A fact already stated in this *Journal* is also pretty strongly surmised by this writer:—

It would seem as if the honourable corporation of the East London Water Works, having some ill-natured designs on the parish, had cozened the Commissioners of Sewers into absorbing all the *spring* water, in order that the East London *mixture* of water (by courtesy so called) and oxide of iron may be in large demand.

The money thus wasted, instead of promoting the sanatory improvements of the metropolis, tends directly to obstruct them. Builders are compelled to make much larger sewers for small houses than are necessary, that they may spend more money, and this extra charge having to be laid on the rent of the poor man's house, landlords do all they can to evade drains at all.

Thus, the drainage of poor houses being defective, the selfishness of water companies comes next into play; and instead of laying on the water constantly, as they ought to be compelled to do, at the high rates they charge—rates by which the New River Company has raised its original 100*l*. shares to the value of 21,000*l*. each—they lay it on only occasionally, so that all houses are obliged to have cisterns—another charge on the rental—or they are often totally without that water for which they pay so smartly. By standing in these cisterns, often of lead, the water spoils, and becomes frequently poisonous. The people, for want of water to wash themselves, their houses, and clothes with, contract habits of filth, and with them disease and death. The Report shows—and especially from the evidence of Mr. Hawkesley, the able manager of the water-works at Nottingham, where it is practised—that water may and should in all instances be laid on constantly; and that it can be done at a very trifling additional expense, both to the incalculable health and comfort of the people. Being always on, it is the surest preventive against fire, as it can be spouted over any house in all directions, instantly. A constant supply of water may thus, it asserts, be afforded at one penny per week per house, and that the inhabitants of Nottingham do have it at this rate, poor people being charged by their landlords one penny per week in the rent for it. By this means, too, it shows that all cesspools and their noxious effluvia may be done away, and every house, however poor, may have its water-closet. The Report exposes the want of such conveniences in yards and courts of houses, where there is but one place of retirement for the whole population, and says truly, that nothing can be more shocking than for a delicate and pure-minded woman, accustomed to cleanly habits and becoming decency, to come and live in one of these places. That it has a direct tendency to destroy health and propriety of feeling, and to deteriorate deplorably the whole moral character.

The Report next deals with the subjects of want of ventilation and with the smoke nuisance; which latter, notwithstanding all legislation upon it, has not been in the manufacturing districts, or indeed anywhere, materially abated. See now what is the condition of our swarming London population, when death enters their dwellings:—

The descriptions given by witnesses whose duties require them constantly to visit these wretched abodes, present to the imagination a picture of human misery and degradation, from which it would be the part of wisdom to turn away our eyes and thoughts, if such a state of things was inevitable and irremediable; but it is not irremediable, and it would, therefore, be both a folly and a crime not to fix attention upon it. Who can read such descriptions as the following without an emotion of horror, without a feeling of wonder, that this can be possible—nay, that it is the actual, that it is even the common state of things, existing at the present moment in this metropolis in hundreds and thousands of instances?

"There are some houses in my district," says Mr. Leonard, surgeon, one of the medical officers of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, "that have from forty five to sixty persons of all ages under one roof. In the event of death, the body often occupies the only bed, till they raise money to pay for a coffin, which is often several days. In the lodging-rooms, I have seen the beds placed so close together, as not to allow room to pass between them, and occupied by both sexes indiscriminately. I have known six people sleep in a room about nine feet square, with only one small window, about fifteen inches by twelve inches. There are some sleeping-rooms in this district in which you can scarcely see your hand at noon-day."

The same gentleman states the following as the consequences to the survivors, of the retention of the dead body in these crowded places:—

I remember a body being brought from the Fever Hospital to Bullin-court; the consequences were dreadful. This spring I removed a girl, named Wilson, to the infirmary of the workhouse, from a room in the same court. I could not remain two minutes in it: the horrible stench arose from a corpse which had died of phthisis twelve days before, and the coffin stood across the foot of the bed, within eighteen inches of it. This was in a small room, not above ten feet by twelve feet square, and a fire always in it—being the only one for sleeping, living, and cooking in.

Upon the 9th of March, 184-, M— was taken to the Fever Hospital. He died there. The body was brought back to his own room. Upon the 12th, his step-son was taken ill. Upon the 18th, the barber who shaved the corpse was taken ill, and died in the Fever Hospital; and upon the 27th another step-son was taken ill.

Upon the 18th of December, 1840, I— and her infant were brought ill with fever to her father's room in Eagle-court, which was ten feet square, with a small window of four panes: the infant soon died. Upon the 15th of January, 1841, the grandmother was taken ill; upon the 2nd of February, the grandfather also. There was but one bedstead in the room. The corpse of the grandmother lay beside that of her husband upon the same bed; and it was only when he became delirious, and incapable of resistance, that I ordered the removal of the body to the dead house, and him to the Fever Hospital. He died there; but there the evil did not stop. Two children, who followed their father's body to the grave, were—the one within a week, and the other within ten days—also victims to the same disease. In short, five out of six died."

Mr. John Little, the medical officer of the Whitechapel district of the Whitechapel Union, says:—

In the eastern part of the metropolis nearly the whole of the labouring population have only one room; the corpse is therefore kept in that room, where the inmates sleep and have their meals. Sometimes the corpse is stretched on the bed, the bed and bedclothes are taken off, and the wife and family lie on the floor. The consequence is most fatal.

Mr. Bastow, relieving officer of Bethnal-green, states that the majority of weavers live and work in the same room; that the children generally sleep on a bed pushed under the loom; that in case of death the corpse is stretched on the bed where the adults have slept; and the length of time during which the bodies are kept under such circumstances is a very serious evil.

I have known (he says) as many as eight deaths from typhus fever follow one death. A man named Clark, in George-gardens, having been kept a fortnight unburied, I was directed to visit the case. The house consisted of two small rooms, wherein resided his wife and seven children. Ann Clark, one of the family, was lying upon some rags, very ill of fever: she ultimately died. Shortly after, I found the mother and the whole of the children ill of fever: out of seven affected, two died. My attention was shortly afterwards directed to Henry Clark, of Barnet-street, who was a relative, and had taken fever, it was stated, by having attended the funeral of his friend. He, it seems, communicated it to his wife and two children, one of whom died. Next followed Stephen Clark, of Edward-street, who, having visited the above-named relative, and attended the funeral of their infant shortly afterwards, had fever; also his wife and three children, one of whom died."

Numbers of such cases are produced in evidence by the surgeons and parish-officers of different parts of London; but we may take the statement of Mr. Wild, an undertaker, as a specimen of these cases, and of the wretched condition of the poor population of London generally. He states that—

In three-fourths of the cases he has to visit, the poor have only one room; that frequently there is only one bed in the room, and that is occupied by a corpse. Often there is no sacking to the bed; when the people have to borrow a board or a shutter from a neighbour,

in order to lay out the corpse upon it: they have to borrow other necessary articles, such as a shirt. In cases of rapid decomposition, there is much liquid, and the coffin is tapped to let it out. This liquid generates animal life very rapidly; and within six hours after a coffin has been tapped, if the liquid escapes, maggots, or a sort of animalculæ, are seen crawling about: has frequently seen them crawling about the floor of a room inhabited by the labouring classes, and about the tressels on which the coffin is sustained. In such rooms the children are frequently left whilst the widow is out making arrangements for the funeral, and the widow herself lives there with the children; frequently finds them altogether in a small room with a large fire. The other day a little boy died of the small-pox: soon afterwards his sister, a little girl who had been playing in the same room, was attacked with the small-pox, and died: a poor woman, a neighbour, went over to see one of these bodies, and was much affected and frightened; she was attacked with small-pox, and died. The other day, at Lambeth, the eldest child of a person died of scarlet fever; the child was four years old; it had been ill a week; it died. Then came two other children. One of these children was taken ill, and died. The corpse was retained in the house three weeks, at the end of which time the other child also died.

Let it be remembered that those are but single cases out of a frightful mass, which every day and every hour, in all parts of the metropolis where the poor reside, is augmenting itself.

Such (says the Report) is the slaughter of the living by the dead, which goes on unceasingly. And these sufferers are incapable of helping themselves. They can neither alter nor prevent the wretched circumstances in which they are placed, nor raise themselves above them by any energy of their own. They are too impotent, too much depressed by the causes that destroy them, even so much as to raise a voice of complaint.

The Report goes on to show the mischievous operation of the window-tax on the construction of the houses of the poor; how it contracts the supply of light and fresh air; and how it operates --by cooping up the poisonous effluvia from filth, disease, and dead bodies—to infect the living system, and spread contagion. It shows, too, how unequally this tax falls on the poor: the poor, in fact, paying four times the amount that the rich do, for the same quantity of light.

Thus, bad drainage; bad admission of God's own light—which he sends down untaxed for the poor, but which our government intercepts and doles out in miserable modicums at a monstrous price; and so little space in their houses that they kill one another with contagion: these, added to their labour and poverty, are the daily evils to which the great mass of the richest of all cities in the world, and of most of our large towns, are exposed. The public must with one voice demand that this shall be remedied. The "Report of the Health of Towns Association" gives great credit to the provisions of Lord Lincoln's bill for the purpose, but points out additional measures as requisite. Of course, it urges strenuously the most thorough reform of the systems of drainage and of the construction of the houses of the poor; that a constant supply of water be laid on to every dwelling, and all cesspools done away with. They would have an Inspector of Nuisances appointed, and also an Officer of the Public Health; who shall be empowered to visit all houses, both of rich and poor, and inquire into all matters connected with health and cleanliness. That he shall inquire into causes of death, so as to bring the subject, if necessary, under the notice of the coroner. It is well known that many such causes are now carefully concealed, and the very end of a coroner's inquest thus defeated.

It is a disgrace to this country that in all these measures we have been long anticipated by our continental neighbours. In Germany, every nurse is bound, under severe penalties, on the death of the person on whom she has been attending, to proceed at once to the medical officer appointed by the government as inspector of the dead, and give him due notice of the fact. This officer at once proceeds to the house where the deceased lies; ascertains the cause of death, and the condition of the body. The law does not allow of a corpse being kept longer than till the third day, unless the officer doubts whether the person be really dead, in which case it is removed to the dead-house, and there remains till symptoms of decomposition show themselves. If there be fear of contagion from a corpse, the officer orders the funeral to take place at once. Coffins are kept in readiness, and are furnished at a most moderate price to all classes, at the government magazine in each parish; so that no delay in any case need take place.

The committee, in their report, believe that such officers as an inspector of nuisances, and an officer of health, would detect and prevent much crime, which now is fostered and escapes in the crowded and neglected haunts of poverty and depravity. There can be no doubt of it; and that many of the horrors which have lately been shown to be connected with the system of female prostitution, must, by the same machinery, be equally prevented. It is a singular fact that this, one of the most crying, offensive, and horrible evils of our large towns, should have been passed over in a report of a committee of the "Health of Towns Association" without a word. What monstrous evil has become more monstrously destructive to health and morals than this, and more demanding of sanatory regulations? If any one wishes to know what the system is by which the victims of seduction are supplied in thousands and tens of thousands, let him read the reports of "The Association for the Protection of Females," and a little pamphlet published by Mr. Logan, a missionary of the Home Mission, who has visited the abodes of such victims in London, Glasgow, and other large towns. The horrors and outrages committed on young and unsuspecting creatures in these hells, into which they are inveigled even by advertisements in the papers, as to good services, are not to be surpassed by anything in the annals of Inquisitions, or of any villany or crime. The subject demands the instant attention of government; and the frightful amount of drunkenness and disease that is by this means introduced amongst our population, should certainly not have escaped the attention of a committee of sanatory inquiries. The very measures, however, which they recommend will tend to break up this frightful system of unexampled horrors—this hidden source of crime, of murder, of demoralisation, and death. With this conviction, therefore, as well as of the many evils which it *does* expose, and of the value of the remedies it recommends, we earnestly exhort our readers to make themselves masters of the contents of this most important report.

THE PRIZES OF VIRTUE IN FRANCE.

By Julia Kavanagh

In a preceding article on the working classes of France, we dwelt at some length on the dignity, independence, and love of literature and art by which they are characterised, but omitted speaking either of their moral feelings, or of the manner in which those feelings, when well directed, are generally displayed. This omission we now mean to repair; and an excellent opportunity for doing

so occurs in the recent distribution of the prizes of virtue, founded by Monsieur de Montyon.

The reader is perhaps acquainted with the nature of these prizes, yearly given away in France. If so, he must be aware that they consist of various sums of money, which, according to the will of the late M. de Montyon, who left a fund for that purpose, are delivered over by the French Academy to those individuals who have rendered themselves conspicuous by a series of noble or heroic actions. We say a series, because it has been wisely thought that an individual act of goodness, courage, or humanity, by no means constituted virtue, since such an act might as well flow from a momentary impulse as from the persevering practice of all that is noble, pure, and exalted, which is generally found to characterise real goodness.

On the 10th of September, of this year, the members of the French Academy accordingly held a solemn meeting, in order to award impartially, and to the best of their judgment, the prizes of virtue to the most meritorious amongst the individuals whose cases had for the last six months been submitted to their notice. These cases are stated to have been more than a hundred in number, whilst only four prizes and twelve medals (the name generally given to the lesser prizes) were distributed. Four prizes were given to single men, six to single women, and six more to married couples.

The highest prize was that of 4000 francs (160*l.*); one of 3000 francs (120*l.*), came next; then followed two prizes of 2000 francs (80*l.*) each; three medals of 1000 francs (40*l.*), and ten of 500 francs (20*l.*). Thus sixteen prizes in all were given away to different individuals, and the whole sum expended was equivalent to 19,000 francs or 760*l.* The meeting is stated to have been unusually crowded, and productive of much pleasure and interest to the numerous spectators of the whole proceedings.

Without entertaining a wish to discuss in this present paper the propriety of giving or receiving prizes for virtuous actions, it may not be out of place to mention two of the principal objections which have been raised to this institution. Not only has it been thought by some persons entirely needless to bestow any reward, and especially one of a public nature, upon virtue, but it has also been asked, whether to seek for such a reward does not naturally seem repugnant to the humble modesty of real excellence and goodness; whilst other individuals have gone so far as to assert that, if this principle be carried out much longer, the French working classes will henceforth do virtuous deeds merely for the prospect of obtaining one of the Montyon prizes. The first of these objections would be reasonable enough if it were true; but it is a well-ascertained fact, that the persons who have hitherto obtained the prizes, far from betraying any desire for publicity or reward, almost always shunned both, and never personally took any share in the proceedings necessary to forward their success. Indeed, in some cases, they have been known to respectfully, but firmly, decline this honour.

As to the objection that individuals will henceforth be actuated to do virtuous deeds by the hope of a reward, and not by the pure and disinterested love of virtue itself, we believe that it will be quite sufficient, in order to refute it, to give a brief narrative of the facts which induced the French Academy to bestow the great prize of 4000 francs on the old soldier and bootmaker, Miller.

This poor but noble-hearted man successively adopted five children, whom he and his wife, by their own unaided exertions, have brought up with the tenderest care. The first of these children was an orphan whom Miller found in the snow after the disastrous Russian campaign. Such was the excellence of the education he received, that this boy (now a man), is a commanding officer in one of the regiments of the French army. Another child, likewise adopted by Miller, is a parish priest in the country; a third is respectably settled in life as a bootmaker; and a fourth is a soldier. The fifth child is a girl abandoned in her infancy by her father, a brutal and profligate soldier, and rescued by Miller and his wife from vice and misery. When she had been with them for several years, her unnatural father, seeing the love and affection her adopted parents felt for her, took her away from them, and only agreed to restore her on condition of receiving a large sum of money. Miller was poor, but he gladly made heavy sacrifices to win back his adopted daughter, who has shown herself deserving of this love, and is now the comfort of the worthy pair in their old age. They are even thinking of settling her in life, and the 4000 francs Miller has received from the Academy will doubtless help to effect this desirable object.

There is in this obscure but useful life of the industrious old soldier a touching and more than common charm. In rescuing, as he did, five poor children, not only from want and misery, but also from vice and ignorance, in maintaining them through the most trying difficulties, and by untiring perseverance enabling them to assume that rank in society which they now hold, he did more than a good or humane action, he behaved with what the French have aptly termed, "intelligent virtue"—virtue which goes beyond mere present considerations, and aims towards the general, even more than the individual, good. The Academy was chiefly influenced by these considerations when it bestowed upon Miller the prize of 4000 francs. Yet who will venture to assert that the noble-hearted man thought of obtaining this paltry sum whilst devoting the whole energies of his being to the accomplishment of his task of usefulness? Living as he did in a remote province, he had perhaps never even heard of the Montyon prizes, and was unaware of their existence. Would, indeed, that virtue might be purchased at so cheap a rate as some seem to think! And if the prospect of a similar reward should induce even a few to imitate Miller's example, and thus, instead of dissolute or abandoned characters, give useful citizens to their country, we must confess that—however much it ought to be deplored for the sake of principle—we should greatly wish to see this plan of rewarding virtue and its followers somewhat more extensively applied.

Though we do not intend—notwithstanding our warm sympathy for the French working classes—to restrict to them feelings and virtues which it is to be trusted are as universal and widely spread as man and human nature; still we cannot, when reflecting on the beautiful instances of Christian love and charity displayed by the individuals on whom the French Academy bestowed the prizes of virtue for this year, refrain from acknowledging that great truth confirmed by Michelet in his book "*Le Peuple*," that the poorest amongst them are always the most ready to sacrifice their little all, not only where duty and affection call upon them to do so, but often for the sake of the first unhappy stranger who may chance to cross their path. Is this because the poor know best what it is to suffer? Because, having themselves fathomed the depths of human woe, they can grieve with

those that are sorrowful, and, according to the Apostle's precept, "weep with those that weep."

Of these was Anne Billard, an old dressmaker, on whom the Academy bestowed a medal of 500 francs, and who was so wretchedly poor that she has been known to live for days together on bread so nauseous that prisoners would have thrown it away with contempt, and on vegetables literally the refuse of the streets. Yet in this abyss of wretchedness and misery Anne Billard has done more in the way of true charity than many a daughter of luxury and wealth. An old governess who had known better days, for four years became her guest; then followed an infirm soldier who had long passed his seventieth year; and after him a poor Polish refugee, whose name Anne never even knew. In this manner have been spent the last thirteen years of her life; her unhesitating charity has made her poor, for she might now by her industry be above the reach of want; but, though growing infirm and old, Anne bears her lot without repining, she seeks no praise, and never speaks of the good she has done. Many persons have been found to wonder at the excess of her poverty, but to those who question her on this subject she merely replies—"It is the will of God!"

The same humble and disinterested spirit breathes throughout the whole conduct of the artisan Rouy, another of the individuals who received a medal of 500 francs. The parents of Rouy's wife had for several years, out of mere compassion, adopted a poor idiot girl, whom her parents, disgusted with her infirmity, had abandoned. When they grew old and helpless, and became unable to support themselves, Rouy cheerfully received them, with their adopted child. Shortly after this, his sister—whose husband was a very dissolute and profligate man—died, leaving a little boy behind her. The widower soon married again; and, after having had another child by his second wife, abandoned both, leaving them in the greatest distress. Rouy's conduct now became truly admirable. Not only did he receive under his roof his sister's child, but unwilling, through a feeling of refined delicacy many might envy, that the brother of his young nephew should want whilst he had a home, he likewise adopted him. Five helpless beings are now, besides his own family, dependent on Rouy; but, noble as his conduct has been, none have yet been able to persuade him that in acting thus he did more than his duty. And truly, is not charity a most holy and imperative duty?

Another striking characteristic of several individuals, to whom the Academy voted prizes, is the untiring devotion to the sick displayed by several noble-minded females, to whose sex it is for obvious reasons chiefly confined. Those women are mostly very poor, some of them are even weak and infirm creatures, but all have manifested in every circumstance the most sublime devotedness. What is more remarkable still, is that, though ever found in attendance on the sick bed of the unhappy and destitute, they live by their own industry, unaided and alone. We say "they;" because, with very trifling differences, the life of one of these noble women is that of all—a life of heroical charity.

Thus, whether we speak of Suzanne Monnet, who, in attending on her aged and infirm mother, first felt the sublime calling which bade her relinquish all earthly thoughts to devote herself to the sick and the poor; of Bertine Guidin, the deformed but noble peasant girl, from whose scanty earnings of fivepence a day, the best part has, for the last forty-three years, gone to the unfortunate of her parish; of Catherine Quéron, who—after sacrificing herself to the tormentors of her youth with that most admirable of Christian virtues, forgiveness of injuries—has, from her untiring zeal and charity, chiefly displayed at the epoch of the cholera, been termed "the providence of the village:" whether we speak of one of these, or of the three, words, when recording such deeds as have marked their obscure though noble existence, must ever grow cold or tame.

Catherine Quéron is however to be distinguished, even from her companions, by a very remarkable trait. She inhabits a village where a medical man is not always at hand; and influenced by this consideration, Catherine has made it her constant study, in her attendance upon the sick, to notice the various symptoms of disease, and the most effectual remedies to be applied. Her experience has at length grown considerable; and she has not only effected several remarkable cures, but even succeeded in saving many individuals whose lives had long been despaired of by the faculty. Struck with her sagacity and perseverance, the Academy voted her a prize of 2,000 francs.

We will conclude these remarks with another instance, which displays a singular degree of self-denial.

Fanny Muller was, in the year 1830, servant in a *hotel* of Paris. Amongst the lodgers of the establishment was an Italian officer in the service of France. He was suffering from a fearful wound, which it was Fanny's daily duty to dress: she thus contracted a kind of intimacy with him. After some time she learned that her master had given his lodger warning to leave. The Italian's last resources were exhausted, and he was now reduced to utter misery. Fanny earned about thirty shillings a month: out of this she had saved a pretty round sum, which she resolved to devote to the unhappy foreigner. Learning that he was able to give lessons in music, she took a small apartment for him, furnished it, and endeavoured to find him pupils—a task in which she partly succeeded. The Italian's youthful son was then in London with his mother, but on hearing of this he came over to Paris. Though the burden upon her thus grew doubly heavy, Fanny did not complain. She still continued to contribute towards the support of the Italian, and wholly provided for his son's education. But before long the wounded officer was unable to attend to his pupils, and consequently became entirely dependent upon Fanny. Her humble means were now exhausted; yet, hoping for happier days, she borrowed money from her friends. Things, however, went on from bad to worse. She was compelled to repay what she had borrowed. This she could only effect by sacrifices which in her position were immense; but still she did it, and the debts were paid. Fanny had long been betrothed to a young man of her native place (she was born in the north of France), named John Peter Wat. About this time he came to Paris, to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and to tell her that as he had from his earnings saved the sum of 2,000 francs (80*l.*), there seemed no reasonable obstacle to make to his plan of marrying immediately. Fanny loved her betrothed truly and sincerely, with all the fervour of her noble heart. She raised no objection to his request, but candidly told him all that she had done; how, but for her, the poor exile must have perished of want, and his son have remained in ignorance: she merely told him this, and then asked him what she now should do. "As you have done hitherto," was Peter Wat's reply. And giving her his 2,000 francs, he returned alone to his village.

Since then the exile has died: not a *sou* of Peter's savings remains—the whole two thousand francs have been expended for the Italian and his son. Fanny is still in Paris, where she labours assiduously to give the orphan an education befitting his station in life. Peter and she are compelled to live apart: their youth has been spent in this arduous task; and years of hard work for both must perhaps yet elapse before they can make up the small sum necessary for their outfit in wedded life. But still they labour on, cheered by a holy confiding faith, and a more than earthly hope.

Aid has come from the quarter whence they least expected it. A clergyman, who had known them both for years, struck with their patient devotedness, forwarded a notice of these facts to the French Academy. The consequence of this step was, a medal of 500 francs (20*l.*) awarded to Fanny Muller, in order to facilitate her marriage with Peter Wat. May heavenly blessings for ever rest on the noble-hearted pair.

Such are the individuals on whom the Academy has bestowed the prizes of virtue for this year. Of their patient devotedness, charity, and humility, the reader has been able to judge. Little did they think of a reward, when bent on the accomplishment of their noble task! And would, indeed, to heaven that, instead of sixteen, a hundred prizes had been distributed, not only in France, but in every Christian land; were it only in order that something more endurable and noble than the fame of blood-stained triumphs should live to be glorified and exalted for ever in the annals of mankind.

THE PENCIL OF NATURE.

By Andrew Winter.

Under this title it is our intention to say a few words to our readers upon the sun pictures as produced by Daguerre, and by our own countryman, Mr. Fox Talbot.

Daguerre's process, familiarly known as the Daguerreotype, has been practised so extensively in this country within the last two or three years, that no explanation will here be required as to the general appearance of these pictures. All of us who have achieved immortality for ourselves for seven and twenty shillings (a morocco case included), without laying claim to more than the ordinary share of vanity, have been firmly impressed that, in taking a sitting of the great luminary for our portrait, the artist has looked too much on the dark side of things. The common remark upon showing your sun picture to friends is, "Well, it isn't a flattering portrait, but it must be like, you know!" and to this very candid criticism people have hitherto been obliged to submit; the mighty artist, Phœbus, of course, not being suspected capable of making a mistake.

Like most people who have a character for telling disagreeable truths, however, his company, in an artistic sense, came gradually to be avoided; and, like many others of his mundane brothers, he had nearly, in despair, flung away the pencil of nature. What was the use? His shadows might be more profound and impressive than those of Caravaggio—his details more delicate than those of the best Dutch painter who ever courted the inspection of a magnifying glass; but what signified all this, if the ladies would not sit to be made "such frights of."

In a happy moment, however, Mr. Beard thought of adding colour to the pictures: it was the Promethean touch which at once gave life to what hitherto had been an image, whose dull blackness reminded one of the ghastly lights and shades of an eclipse. The tinting, which is an after process, is accomplished with a brush, as in ordinary painting; the pigments being transparent, and consequently allowing of the shadows showing through them. These shadows, it is true, still retain a blackness which is not to be found in nature, but the advance upon the old system is immense.

As a great deal of the effect of these portraits, as pictures, results from the manner in which people go dressed for a sitting, we wish to give our readers a rule or two, which they would do well to bear in mind.

Avoid pure white as much as possible. Some ladies dress themselves out in snowy berths and spotless wristbands; but many a good picture is spoiled by the spottiness occasioned by the powerful action of this colour upon the plate. Violets have also the same effect upon it. A lady takes her sitting in a purple dress, and is astonished to find herself in a white book muslin in her portrait; this particular colour acting even more intensely than the pure light upon the prepared silver. The very best kind of dress to wear on such occasions is a satin or a shot silk, or any material, in fact, upon which there is a play of light and shade. Plaids always look well; and an old tartan shawl thrown across the shoulders, and well composed as to folds, would form an admirable drapery: but this is an artistic liberty which ladies are very loath to submit to. At most of the Daguerreotype establishments, articles of apparel, suitable as regards form and colour, were at first provided; but nobody would use them. "We wish to be taken as we are," was the invariable remark; and so they were stereotyped to their heart's content in a heap of finery put on merely for effect. We wish ladies would be a little less prim on such occasions. It is quite melancholy to see the care they take to brush their hair, and apply that *abomination*, fixiture, to make it "look nice;" whereas, if a good breeze had broken it up into a hundred waves, the effect in the Daguerreotype would have been infinitely more beautiful. And let them by all means abjure the system of making up a face for the occasion. The effect is painfully transparent. The mouth, so expressive in all faces, in these portraits is nearly always alike; and for the simple reason, that we put its muscles into attitudes which are not at all natural to it—we substitute a voluntary for an involuntary action; and, of course, stiffness is the result. If the ladies, however, must study for a bit of effect, we will give them a recipe for a pretty expression of mouth—let them place it as if they were going to say *prunes*.

Many people imagine that the Daguerreotype will supersede the labours of the artist. This is a very mistaken idea, the artists who hang out their specimens at the door, labelled "In this style, one guinea," will, without doubt, be entirely swept away by this powerful competitor; but with the province of the true artist it does not interfere. It must be borne in mind that the Daguerreotype does nothing more than copy nature in the most servile manner—it elaborates a pimple as carefully as the most divine expression. It has no power of selecting what is fine and discarding what is mean in its representation of any object, this, Art, in the best sense of the word, is alone capable of doing. As an auxiliary, however, the "Pencil of nature" is of infinite use to the painter. Some

of the best portraits we have seen of late have been copies from the Daguerreotype, the portrait of the Duke of Wellington in the white waistcoat, which is seen in every printseller's window, is a glorious example of what use it can be made as a handmaid of Art. In all matters of outline and light and shade, these sun pictures might with great advantage be copied, and we should recommend those who cannot afford to have their portraits painted by first-rate artists to have copies taken from a Daguerreotype. They will be startled at the excellence of the general likeness and picturesque effect which an indifferent painter will thus produce.

The Talbotype, as the process is called by the friends of its inventor, Mr. Fox Talbot, only differs from that of the Daguerreotype in the material on which the sun picture is drawn. In the latter, as is well known, a copper plate covered with a preparation of silver is employed; in the former, simple paper washed with a chemical preparation receives the picture. We wish to draw attention to this latter process, more particularly as it is one which all travellers in search of the picturesque should avail themselves of, if they would wish to bring home with them faithful copies of striking scenes. A little *camera obscura* (which might be made to fold up and put in the pocket), and a quire or so of this prepared paper, and he is set up with materials for the production of a series of pictures, whose beauty of detail Gerard Dow would have despaired to have accomplished, combined with a most artistic breadth of effect. Any person might produce these "sun pictures;" and to ladies in particular, the art would be peculiarly fitted. All that the operator has to do is to place the *camera* opposite the object to be copied at the proper focal distance—slip in a sheet of the prepared paper—let it stop a few seconds (experience alone will teach the exact time)—and he draws forth a perfect image; which, however, like the tune in Munchausen's horn, is at first latent, and requires warming, &c., to draw it forth. As many of our readers might like to make themselves acquainted with this art, we give them the recipe for the preparation of the photographic paper as communicated to the Royal Society. It is as follows:—

Preparation of the Paper.—Take a sheet of the best writing-paper, having a smooth surface, and a close and even texture.

The water-mark, if any, should be cut off, lest it should injure the appearance of the picture. Dissolve 100 grains of crystallised nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water. Wash the paper with this solution with a soft brush, on one side, and put a mark on that side whereby to know it again. Dry the paper cautiously at a distant fire, or else let it dry spontaneously in a dark room. When dry, or nearly so, dip it into a solution of iodide of potassium containing 500 grains of that salt dissolved in one pint of water, and let it stay two or three minutes in this solution. Then dip it into a vessel of water, dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finish drying it at a fire, which will not injure it, even if held pretty near; or else it may be left to dry spontaneously.

All this is best done in the evening, by candlelight. The paper so far prepared I call *iodized paper*, because it has a uniform pale yellow coating of iodide of silver. It is scarcely sensitive to light, but, nevertheless, it ought to be kept in a portfolio or a drawer, until wanted for use. It may be kept for any length of time without spoiling or undergoing any change, if protected from the light. This is the first part of the preparation of Talbotype paper, and may be performed at any time. The remaining part is best deferred until shortly before the paper is wanted for use.

When that time is arrived, take a sheet of the iodized paper, and wash it with a liquid prepared in the following manner:—

Dissolve 100 grains of crystallised nitrate of silver in two ounces of distilled water; add to this solution one-sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. Let this mixture be called A.

Make a saturated solution of crystallised gallic acid in cold distilled water. The quantity dissolved is very small. Call this solution B.

When a sheet of paper is wanted for use, mix together the liquids A and B in equal volumes, but only mix a small quantity of them at a time, because the mixture does not keep long without spoiling. I shall call this mixture the *gallo-nitrate of silver*.

Then take a sheet of iodized paper, and wash it over with this gallo-nitrate of silver, with a soft brush, taking care to wash it on the side which has been previously marked. This operation should be performed by candlelight. Let the paper rest half a minute, and then dip it into water. Then dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and, finally, dry it cautiously at a fire, holding it at a considerable distance therefrom. When dry, the paper is fit for use.

As we have said before, the images produced upon the paper are at first invisible; they are brought out, however, by washing the paper again with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming it before the fire. The artist should watch the picture as it developes itself; and when it has obtained the required degree of strength and clearness, he should stop further progress with the fixing liquid.

The Fixing Process.—To fix the picture, it should first be washed with water, then lightly dried with blotting paper, and then washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, containing one hundred grains of that salt dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water. After a minute or two, it should be again dipped in water, and then finally dried. The picture in this manner is very strongly fixed, and with this great advantage—that it remains transparent; and, therefore, there is no difficulty in obtaining a copy from it. The Talbotype picture, it should be remembered, is a *negative* one, in which the lights of nature are represented by shades; but the copies are *positive*—having the lights conformable to nature. The copies are taken by placing the picture upon the prepared paper, with a board below and a sheet of glass above it, and pressing the papers into close contact, with screws. A great number of pictures might thus be obtained from the original; a fact of much importance, as they might be used as illustrations to books of travel with the greatest success, binding up with the letter-press like ordinary engravings. After a little time, the original, it is true, grows faint; but it can be renewed at will, by washing it again with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming it.

May our readers profit from the perusal of this article. It is in the power of any of them to secure for ever many a dear association—many an old shady nook in the garden, where dear parents used to sit—many a social group caught in a happy moment—many a dear face now buried in the grave: what would we not give, when these have disappeared — their vague echoes still dwelling in our hearts—that we might snatch them from the great tide of oblivion to which they have drifted? We would gladly, then, see this art become general; that each family might thereby have its inner life chronicled by an artist so faithful and so expeditious, and whose charges come within the compass of the great mass of *the people*.

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

No. III.

BENTHAM—the distinguished man to whom I alluded at the end of my second article—has given to the doctrine which I oppose, as condemning democracy to impotence, the support of a principle, which he thought identical with human nature. By the power of his *criticism*, by the multitude of

his labours, by the universality of the applications he made of the principle, and by the clearness of his method,—for this, in my opinion, is Bentham's great merit,—he is not the founder, but the real head of the school. Through all its numerous transformations, the study of which contains a complete refutation of the principle, St. Simonians, Fourierists, Owenites, Communists, all are followers of Bentham. They differ on the employment of the means—on the organisation that is to ensure the triumph of the principle; but that principle is the same with them all—*utility*. Man has a right to happiness here below: *well being*, the *greatest possible happiness*, is the object of all individual and social labour.

I know that the theory of *rights* does not find favour with Bentham by name; but for all who understand the spirit and not the mere dead letter of Bentham, this is evidently only a quarrel with the word, or, to speak more correctly, a quarrel with the manner in which rights were understood when he began to write. Those were the times of Blackstone: the right spoken of, by whatever name it was called, natural or other right, was a something indefinite, malleable, which was identified with I know not what primitive, unwritten contract between the nation, the aristocracy, and the monarch. And he, the man of written law, a mind fond of codifying in the smallest detail; he who very justly denied the existence of that contract, and who considered the legislation and organisation of society radically bad, was irritated by the very name of *right*, and has somewhere called it the greatest enemy of reason. But ascending to a more elevated sphere than that of Blackstone or any other temporary application of right—*right*, that is the *individual*—the two schools which I have called those of Right and of Duty, are distinguished precisely by this, that one takes for its starting point the *individual* man, while the other starts from a collective idea, from the mission of humanity to trace his path for the individual. Bentham's writings recognise no idea superior to the individual; no collective starting point; no providential education of the human race; no progress of all towards the realisation of the ideal of a standard of excellence. An understanding able to sound the depths of an idea, but of no elevated horizon, fed from his tenderest youth with the doctrines of Helvetius, evidently devoid of all religious sentiment, and disinherited of the common inspiration of humanity by his contempt for the past—how should he have dwelt upon anything but on the sensations, or on the instinctive sympathies and antipathies, of the individual? Bentham, then, viewed in his whole tendencies, belongs to that philosophy of the last half of the eighteenth century, which, in the name of individual feelings and rights, proudly stood forward against the falsehoods of a society without life, and which was powerful to make a clear field of what existed, and to throw out promises for the future, but powerless, as I think, to realise them.

Man, then, is a being susceptible of pleasure and of pain. To seek the former and avoid the latter is the law of his being; to calculate well, his wisdom. Society may facilitate and guarantee to him many pleasures; it may avoid for him many pains: its object is to organise every thing with a view to the greatest happiness principle for all. In this way the public interest will be confounded with private interests. The act from which the greatest number of pleasures are derived will be virtuous; that which produces most pain will be vice. This, if I am not mistaken, is a dry, crude, but faithful enunciation of the doctrine of Bentham, and of two-thirds of the present democrats, in its essence.

Its incompleteness as to knowledge of human nature—its omission of all the finest, noblest, most dignifying capacities of our soul*—its abstraction of the supreme law of the collective world, the continual progressiveness of thought—the very vagueness of this word *utility*, which receives a different interpretation from every individual, and according to time and place—are things with which I have here nothing to do. To the power of the principle in producing the social transformation which we all invoke, to that alone I wish to draw the attention of my fellow labourers. A complete estimate of a man like Bentham cannot be even sketched in two or three pages.

Now I can understand that in face of a society founded on privilege, organised with a view to a monopoly of enjoyment by the minority, one should say as a protest—"*No: society ought to see to the well being of all.*" To have said this boldly and without reservation is the glory of Bentham. But to come to a party which pretends to a future, which in its faith is already emancipated from all veneration of privilege and monopoly, which demands from its chiefs an educational principle for society to come; to say to such a party—"*teach utility, the love of pleasure, and the abhorrence of pain,*"—this is what I own I cannot understand.

What! we desire to be a reforming, renovating party; we are bound to be more noble, more high-minded, more virtuous—for thence alone we can derive the legitimacy of our efforts—than the men of the party we oppose; we complain that at every step we meet with egotism; we deplore the systematic warfare to which an unbridled competition, without any higher regulating principle, has reduced society; we are continually speaking of fraternisation, association, and love; and to remedy those evils, to realise an ideal superior to that which now exists, we seek our weapons in the arsenal of the enemy; we say, "*That flag, under which the heart of the privileged has become narrow, withered, and sterile, shall be ours; we will aggrandise it, so long as it covers us all with its shade!*" To attain our object we must go back to principle; must re-attach the nations, which now go about groping their way in empty space, to the laws of progress, to humanity, to God; must raise the now fallen moral sense; must revive a sentiment of duty in the heart of these men now sunk into calculating machines; we must hold out a worthy object to all that thoughtful youth, which, born in the midst of ruins, falls so soon into doubt and discouragement, we must reconstitute for man a moral existence by enthusiasm and love; for the old existence founded on privilege and inequality is now only dust and ashes. And shall we pretend to do this, and to get men to follow us, while saying to them, "*Weigh pleasure and pain, and choose ye?*"

Let us see: 'tis certainly the present time that we are forced to take for our starting point. 'Tis no new-born generation, issued from beneath the robe of Bentham, gifted with his good intentions, warmed by his Utopian philanthropy, that we have to teach. No; 'tis the world which swarms around us—suffering, enjoying, competing, coveting, envying: 'tis the existing society, with its masters, its servants, its men who have everything, and its men who have nothing. You have there, on the one hand, a minority which possesses by right of inheritance, by aristocratic tradition, all the ele-

* See Bentham's *Table of the Springs of Action.*

ments of wealth—land, capital, machines; on the other, the majority, possessing only its arms, its power of labouring, and reduced to hire this out on the terms imposed by the former, on pain of death by famine. Between these two classes, you who would transform society throw down the word *utility*, the greatest possible well being. How reconcile these conflicting interests? The utility of the landowner is to sell his corn for the highest possible price—the utility of the manufacturer is to produce the most at the least possible expense. What suits the one is monopoly, the prohibitory system: what suits the other is the lengthening of the day of labour, and the greatest possible diminution of wages. How will you, without sacrifices and privations, reconcile these two utilities with that of the workman, which requires not only the assurance of an abundant return for his labour, and the acquisition of hours in which to develope his intellectual, and satisfy his moral, faculties, but which must inevitably urge him to seek a progressively increasing share of the profits with his employer? There is clearly no question here of a balance, of something correlative in matter of interest. The question is one of concessions and privations on the one hand—of gain on the other. By what arguments will you convince the former that for them utility consists in sacrificing a part of their enjoyments? By placing before them, you will say, the security they will thus acquire for the remainder; for if they refuse to do this, they will run the risk of losing the whole by a commercial crisis, by a famine, by an insurrection of the working classes. I know it well; but, honestly, do you think the uncertain future has much share in the calculations of the individual? Do you think the vague prospect of the scaffold has prevented many assassinations? Do you think the prospect of a future revolution enters much into the calculations of a statesman who upholds a despotic government? Have we ever seen the fear of a glut hinder many traders from throwing their goods into newly-opened markets? No; man in general calculates his utility for the duration of his own life; he willingly repeats for his private behoof the saying of the diplomatist—"*After me the deluge;*" or if he goes so far as to see a black spot rising on the horizon, he says to himself—"Let us wait for the storm; if there is one, we will then see to it."

You have—the example has been quoted already, but to me it appears striking—you have an inheritance to divide. Divide it, says the system by the voice of Bentham, so that the subsistence of the rising generation shall be secured, the pains of disappointed expectation shall be prevented, and the equalisation of fortunes promoted. How so, pray? What measures will you take that, in this country where I write, there shall be no disappointed expectation, either on the side of the eldest born or of younger sons? That in every country there be no disappointed expectation on the part of the generation that is passing away, or that which is rising in the country?

I know that there will be loud outcries against this: the utility, it will be said, that we have in view is the *general* utility: it embraces future generations. The landed proprietor, the head of a manufactory, must feel that the question concerns not their interest, but that of all; the first-born will not think his expectation disappointed because an injustice has not been committed: man should desire, as far as possible, not *his own* well-being, but equality of well-being. *Should?* And why? Do you not see that you are appealing to another principle?—to a religious principle? Do you not see that you have invoked something superior to all the individualities that constitute your society; something superior to all the laws that you can promulgate in the name of utility; viz., *Justice?*

Again it is said, Justice and Utility are identical: Justice is the idea—Utility is its symbol, its outward sign. By preaching the latter, then, we by implication preach the principle. Yes; Justice and Utility are identical to the world, but not to the agent; in their final, but not in their intermediate results. In the eyes of all who can penetrate great historical events, the Crusades struck the first blow at feudalism; they were providentially made to further the progress of humanity. Does this prove that the thousands of crusaders who fell by famine and the sword in Hungary and Greece, even before they kissed the dust of the tomb of Jesus, reaped any advantage on their way? The fall of the Roman empire, again, was providentially an advance in the progress of the species; in the only way in which they then could draw near each other, the north and south of Europe came into contact, and by their shock prepared the way for a vaster world than the Latin world. Can we say that the millions of Italians, pillaged, crushed, enslaved by those who were then called Barbarians, would not have had a right to protest in the name of Utility against the law of circumstances which imposed martyrdom upon them? Utility, a higher degree of material and moral well being, is always the *last* consequence of a great revolution, of a great justice accomplished; but how many tears, how much bloodshed, how many sacrifices to attain it! The instinct of human responsibility, the instinct of Justice, may induce a people to sacrifice one or two generations on the field of battle, or in the slower and less brilliant martyrdom of civil struggle—of moral sufferings: but who will say to it: "*In the name of thy own advantage, sacrifice thyself! in the name of thy well being, die?*"

The obstinacy with which men perseveringly cling to an idea, often to a word, when once adopted, has something in it astonishing: one would say that, like the shipwrecked mariner in the immensity of ocean clinging to a fragment of wood, as to a plank of safety, so the human mind, struck with fear of falling into the void gulf of scepticism, seeks to make of that word, of that fragment of an idea, a pillow to rest on. I have known souls eminently religious, whose every feeling was stamped with the poetry of faith, whose every thought was an aspiration after infinitude, persevere, perhaps in consequence of a reaction against the God such as sectarians had painted him to them, in denying God, and in making of the great and beauteous universe a lifeless machine, a huge body without soul, floating over the abyss of annihilation between Chance and Fatality. I have many times met with utilitarians in theory—sincere, ardent, enthusiastic—who accepted all our belief in duty, in sacrifice, in a collective advance on the great ways of progress, and saying to me—"*That is what we desire,*" without seeming even to suspect they had, speaking logically, no right to do so; that they could not spring from individual advantage to general utility without introducing into their theory a third term superior to the former two, which is not in it, and which, if introduced into it, would break it to pieces. Their heart taught them better than their understanding; or rather, their understanding had, without acknowledging it, long since abandoned a theory too

lightly adopted: the word alone remained with them; and that word annoyed and fascinated them by turns; that word persecuted them like Frankenstein's monster, demanding of them a soul; they wanted to give it our's; they would willingly have introduced Plato, the man "who talked nonsense," into Bentham. They acted like our Neo-catholics, who seek to introduce Liberty beneath the infallible mitre of the Roman Catholic Papacy.

But let me conjure you, my friends, think what you do. Here the question is not of you, but of all—of the now living, with their corrupt inclinations, their want of moral vitality—of those who shall come into life, a tablet virgin of all impressions, a white leaf without written characters, calling on you for a principle of education. And this principle of education can be but a definition of human life. Is life a sensation, a succession of sensations? or is it a finite manifestation of the eternal Idea, developing itself progressively through temporary forms? Is it a simple *fact*, without antecedents or consequences? or is it a *duty* to be fulfilled? Is it the search for happiness here below? or is it the accomplishment of a mission—the search for, and successive realisation of, the ideal, of the divine thought which presided at our birth, at the birth of those milliards of worlds that roll in harmony around us, and melt together into a unison of which we shall seize more and more? Will you say to these young men, will you say to your children—"*Calculate pleasures and pains?*" or will you repeat to them that beautiful saying of one of our party*—"*There is but one sole virtue in the world—the eternal sacrifice of self?*" Will you intrust their young spirits to the barren, godless formula of interest; or will you comment for them that great saying of Jesus—"*Let him who would be the first among you make himself the servant of all?*" This is what you are called on to determine. But in deciding, forget yourselves. Look to men such as you have them in general around you. Do not—because you live with our life, because unknown to yourselves you breathe the morning breeze of the day that is about to dawn—do not pretend that all which is found at the bottom of your heart arises spontaneously in the heart of the millions. Do not say, because you are ready to see your utility in martyrdom, that the Glasgow workman and his master, the Irish labourer and the middleman, the child who works in the mine and he who with a strap prevents him from falling asleep, will not find theirs elsewhere. *Martyrdom!* Your theory is disinherited of it. It cannot impose it on the individual in the name of his well being. Jesus is unintelligible to it: Socrates, if it be at all consistent, must seem to it like the *nonsense-talking* Plato, a sublime fool. There was, at the bottom of his cup of hemlock, something more than a calculation of pleasure or of disappointed expectation.

What I am about to say does not appear very scientific, but I could wish people would submit to take the answer to the problem from the words of a mother—a good mother—to her child. There, in that primitive instruction dictated by love, and in which God reveals himself by sudden illuminations that are worth many volumes—there, I think, will be found the condemnation of the principle of utility as the basis of education. Mothers know, and we also know it, that if happiness here below was the object of life, our world would be but a sad failure.

The life of man is a journey, whose end is elsewhere. Like the flower, it has its root in the earth, and must force its way through its element, to blow in a subtler element, air. Pain and pleasure, happiness and unhappiness, are the incidents of the journey. The wind blows, the rain falls, the traveller fastens his cloak, sets his hat on firmly, and prepares for the struggle; at a later time the storm passes off, a ray of sunshine breaks forth and warms his numbed limbs: the traveller smiles with pleasure—he thanks God in his heart. But have the sun and the rain changed the end of the journey?

Bentham and his school have taken the incident for the object. To speak more correctly, they have seized one of the results of a principle, and have said—"That is the principle itself." They saw that with every great *moral* progress of man, with every great conquest of the spirit of association and love in history, there corresponded, sooner or later, a material amelioration, an augmentation of comfort; and from this providential fact—which is but one of the means of verifying human progress, and which, I repeat, is almost always realised, when the immediate agent has disappeared—they concluded that we have only to make this fact the basis and the object of life. They began the problem at the end, and attempted to poise the pyramid on its apex. Their conduct somewhat resembles that of the child, who maintained that the two expressions—*to eat to live*, and *to live to eat*—were identical. How did they fail to see that by substituting the fact for the principle, they deprived themselves of what alone can produce the fact?—that, in order to realise it, a society is needed ready-formed and immutable, imbued with the principle?—that setting out with private interest, they must end either by making egotists, or by the absurdity of a private interest realised for the individual in the interest of those who shall live after him?—lastly, that one may indeed give an apple or a cake in the evening, as a reward to the child who has occupied his day industriously and well; but that if one were to think of saying to him—"*Thy object is the cake or the apple*," one should run the risk of seeing the child rob the neighbour's shop or garden as soon as he hoped to do so undiscovered? Here there would be but one reply—repression; and one would say that Bentham instinctively felt this, when he commenced the series of his labours by organising the Panopticon. But what sort of educational principle is that which is founded on repression?

No, it is not by speaking of interest and pleasure, that Democracy will remould the globe; it is not by a theory of utility, that we shall make the sufferings of the poorer classes, and the urgent necessity for a remedy, *felt* by the well-lodged, well-clothed, and well-fed classes. It is possible you may make them think your theory very ingenious; but between that and *action*, between that and devotion, is an abyss which you will never fill. Man, some one has said, is quite willing to admire knowledge, but on condition that knowledge shall not derange a hair of his head. So sweet is careless ease by one's paternal hearth, in the midst of smiling faces, when the storm blows without, and the driving rain beats against the strong panes of the window!

There were utilitarians, also, about the time of the fall of the Roman empire. Their formula was then *panem et circenses*—bread and amusements; and under the reign of that formula, accepted by the people, Rome, devoured by the gangrene of egotism, rotted and perished. Jesus came. He endeavoured not to save the perishing world by analysis. He spoke not of their interest to men

* Georges Sand.

whom interest had degraded. He laid down, in the name of heaven, some unknown axioms; and these few axioms *did* change the face of the world. A single spark of *faith* effected what all the schools of the philosophers had not even a glimpse of—a step in the education of the human race.

THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

By Georgina C. Munro.

It was the last day of the assizes in a country town, and a man sat on the wayside a few miles distant from that town, his chin resting on both hands, his elbows on his knees, his gaze fixed on the ground, and his whole air betokening the extreme of despondency or sullenness. Perhaps of both; for though he was young, scarce two and twenty, there was a deep gloom on his brow, which might be referred to either feeling, and a lurid gloom was in the downcast eyes, while his cheeks were pale and sunken, through anguish of mind, not want or illness. His entire worldly possessions were contained in the small bundle lying beside him, tied up in a handkerchief. Truly all his possessions, for he had neither good character nor friends. At those assizes just terminating, he had been arraigned for murder—the murder of his dearest friend, the ascribed motive being the appropriation of a trifling sum belonging to the deceased. There was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him, but a connecting link was wanting, and he was found "Not guilty:" a Scottish jury would have said "Not proven;" but no such middle course being allowed in England, the result was an acquittal. But what an acquittal! No hand was extended in friendly greeting; no voice welcomed him back to liberty; no eye looked kindly on him. He was restored to all the privileges of a free-born Englishman; but he was an outcast from the society of his countrymen. The law pronounced him innocent; but the public voice proclaimed him guilty, and renounced his fellowship. On being recognised that morning, he had been dismissed with insult from the miserable lodging whither he had betaken himself the previous evening. He had been reviled, hooted, and pelted beyond the outskirts of the town, and only saved from personal injury by the interference of the officers of that law it was assumed he had offended; and his spirit was chafed and his feelings wounded by the contumely with which he had been treated.

How long he had been there he could not have told: the shadows might have moved, but he marked them not—all was shadow now to him; while the flight of time was unevidenced by any diminution of the weariness of body or lassitude of mind which had bade him pause there to rest. There were footsteps along the road, and voices approaching, but he did not look up; at that moment he seemed not to care who the passers by might be. Suddenly one near to him pronounced his name and the crime for which he had been tried, coupled with opprobrious and insulting epithets. He started to his feet with his bundle in his hand, and looked wildly round him. Several lads were gathered in a semicircle, and one of their number having just proclaimed his identity with the object of universal detestation, they were gazing on him with looks of mingled aversion and curiosity. "Stand back, all of you!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in a threatening tone, indignant at being stared at in that manner, like a wild beast.

They retreated a few yards; then, emboldened by distance and numbers, began to taunt and upbraid him with the death of his friend, and with many a degrading thought and evil passion which had never entered his heart nor his imagination, until stung to madness by their provocations, he raised a large stone which lay at his feet, though more with the intention of dispersing his tormentors than of injuring any one of them. A shout of defiance from the young ruffians strengthened his purpose, and already the missile was poised in his hand, when a voice seemed to echo that hated word "murder," but in warning, in his ear; then recalled in an instant to himself, he repulsed the temptation of revenge, cast the stone to the ground, and springing over the hedge, amidst a yell of exultation from the youthful champions of justice, bounded away across the country, over fence and ditch and field, in his headlong flight towards his home.

Home! What a world of meaning is conveyed by that single word? What does it not imply of hope and gladness, of sweetest memories, strong affections, and pure and stingless pleasures. And shunned and miserable as he was, even that unhappy being had a home, where dwelt those who were very dear unto his heart. But how might they receive him! The doubt had inflicted greater agony on his spirit than the bitterest taunts of his most savage persecutors. It was dusk when he entered his native village, and involuntarily he slunk along with a stealthy step, lest the sound of his foot might awaken animosity. Many weeks had elapsed since he was there last, and though all was still the same, it looked different to him. There were the same cottages with their low quaint fences, and walls draperied with honeysuckle and roses; but as he passed they seemed to frown on him somewhat of the abhorrence with which the once kindly tenants now would meet him. The village church, built on a rising ground, was soon observable, looking shadowy and spectre-like amid the gloom; and he remembered his childish awe, in years gone by, at the thought that he should one day be placed beneath the green turf which girt it round—now he would that he had been laid there then. There, too, was the blacksmith's shed, where he had so often loitered in idle hours; some work still detained the blacksmith at his anvil, and it was surrounded by loungers, talking eagerly—alas! he could but too well guess the subject of their conversation! A little shop, with oranges, eggs, cakes, bull's-eyes, and such kinds of sweetmeats, in the window, stood near: it was his mother's—he had not seen her since his arrest, and he knew that she had been very ill during the interval—ill through distress at the charge brought against him. Long ere this she would have known of his release: would she, could she, too, share in the general aversion he had excited?

With a faltering step he entered beneath the humble roof—the shop was empty, and he passed onward to the open door, which led into the inner room. At the sound of his footstep, a girl, who had sat crouching on a low stool beside the fire, rose and came forward, and on seeing him, flung herself into his arms, and burst into tears. She was his sister, his only one, and they had been a great deal to each other; yet as he kissed her cheek, he almost fancied she shrunk from the caress. He released her from his embrace, and approached his mother, who, ghastly pale and

looking, as she was, heartbroken, sat motionless as a statue in the ancient high-backed chair, which his grandmother used to occupy of old. Her countenance was so rigid, her form so deathlike, that he dared not, as he could have wished, fall upon her neck, but he knelt down at her feet, as he used to do as a child, when she would teach him those prayers he had too frequently omitted of later years. The poor woman laid a hand on either shoulder, and looked into his face. "Thank God, you have come back!" said she in a low voice—"thank God that you are safe! But, oh that I should ever have lived to see this day!"

"Mother, mother!" said the wretched man, hoarsely, "I am innocent—I am innocent of shedding blood, as when I lay an infant in your arms! Mother, say you do not think me guilty!"

"I hope you are not, Richard," replied the mother. "God only knows how earnestly I hope you are not."

And this was Richard Drewatt's welcome home, after all his sorrow, his sufferings, and his danger, and by those who loved him better than did any one else on earth. But the curse of imputed crime was upon him; and even his nearest and dearest could not feel towards him as of old. They were kind to him, however, and strove hard that he should perceive no difference in their mode of treating him; though, notwithstanding all their efforts, scarcely a minute passed without some involuntary betrayal of the change. For some days he remained quiet, without stirring abroad: he was, indeed, unfit for looking after anything. But while keeping still as death in the little room over the shop, the kindly-meant, but often ill-judged, remarks of the occasional customers—from whom his arrival was attempted to be concealed—reached his ears, telling him in what estimation he was held by former friends.

The village stood within two miles of a large town, whither he at length proceeded one morning in quest of employment, having stolen from his mother's dwelling before daybreak, like a thief escaping from prison, and gained the open country ere any of the neighbours were awake. Near the entrance to the town was the shop where he had learned and wrought at his trade of cabinet-maker, and he called there first, not with any expectations of success; for though his former master had given him a good character on his trial, he had not shown him any kindness afterwards; but Richard had nerved his mind to the effort to stem the tide of persecution, and assumed that, being acquitted, he must necessarily be considered innocent. But to his application, the master answered coldly that his place was filled up, and no more hands were at present needed. He went to another, and yet another, until he had been at every shop of the description in the town, but with equally bad success: in each establishment there was some one that knew him, and his application was cut short at once. The last of the number belonged to the former foreman of his old master, and his refusal of employment, though as decided, was more kindly worded than most others. Drewatt turned to go away, and yet he hesitated. "It is this unfortunate story against me prevents your taking me on," said he, at length. "Surely, sir, you cannot believe that I am guilty?"

"I do not myself," was the reply, "but I am sorry to say there is a feeling against you, and my men would not let you work with them."

Sad, and sick at heart, Richard stole back to his mother's house in the dim twilight. How different it was in former times, when from that very town which now rejected his proffered labour, he used to return every evening, tired perhaps with his work, but gay and happy, and to a home indeed made blessed by affection and innocent and spontaneous merriment. Now they were forced and very mournful smiles which greeted him; and he had scarcely voice enough to reveal his disappointments, expected though they had been.

On the following morning he set forth again, on a similar errand, to another town, about twelve miles distant from the village. But the same ill-fortune still attended him: some really had no vacancy for workmen, some looked suspiciously at him—for his description had gone the round of all the papers—and then declined engaging him. One person there was, evidently inclined to give him work, who asked his name, looked queer on hearing it, and inquired if he had not been till lately in the employ of Mr. Dunn at C. Richard replied in the affirmative, and was told there was no employment for him there.

Yet more dejected than before, the unfortunate man retraced his steps, resolving without further loss of time to quit the village perhaps for ever, to prosecute at a greater distance from the scene of his rebuffs and insults, his search of an opportunity to earn his subsistence honestly, by the labour of his hands. His immediate removal was indeed requisite; for the fact of his presence began to be whispered abroad, and people were growing chary of sending their children to the shop, where a reputed murderer might be encountered, and were not over-ready to come themselves. And this shop being now the widow's sole support, loss of custom would be too ruinous to be lightly hazarded. Were we giving the rein to *invention*, we might have sought to work upon the reader's feelings by depicting such loss of custom as being the immediate consequence of the general feeling against Richard. But we are relating a plain unvarnished tale; and in this instance the worthy villagers did not thus visit the presumed misdeeds of the son upon his unoffending parent; though the school which Kate kept formerly had inevitably to be discontinued.

[*To be continued.*]

Poetry for the People.

NATURE'S CARNIVAL.

By Andrew Winter.

Standing by the garden gate,
Little Mary scarce can wait
For her promised game of play
In the orchard blanched with May.

Oh, I see her, this way, that,
Glancing, whilst her old straw hat
Just a little mask hath made
'Thwart her brow of shifting shade!

"Now," says she, "I'm full of fun;
Take my hand and let us run."
Stooping heads and shading eyes;
Out behind, our hair, it flies.

Swift as swallows skim the grass,
In and out the trees we pass;
Sun and shade, like golden lace,
Falling on each rosy face.

Now the blossoms, white as snow,
Pelt us as we run below;
Nature holds her Easter day—
These her bonbons of the May.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE AVENGING ANGEL.

By the German Painter, Rathel.

THE AVENGING ANGEL.

THIS engraving is a German rather than a Grecian representation of the Nemesis of the mythology. According to the classical reading, she should be represented with a stern countenance, holding in one hand a whip and in the other a pair of scales, and her province was that of avenging crimes which human justice left unpunished. Rathel, the painter, with true genius, gives a natural embodiment to this beautiful and impressive allegory. His Spirit of Retribution is rather the Avenging Angel of the Scriptures, which pursueth crime unceasingly to its punishment. The manner in which he has treated this fine moral idea is grand in the extreme. He has represented the Angel holding in one hand the hour-glass in which, grain by grain, Time counts the approach towards the final day of retribution; in the other she holds the avenging-sword. The artist has daringly violated our ordinary ideas of flight in the upright attitude of the Angel; but in doing this he has only sacrificed a material verity for the purpose of exalting a moral truth. By this means he the more forcibly contrasts the calm aspect of coming justice with the perturbed flight of the murderer, who, even on the wide heath, flies darkly from his victim, pursued by guilty fear. The moaning wind sweeps across the waste, as expressed by the thistles which bend beneath its influence. This little incident is an example of the German fondness for bringing into harmony the aspects of nature and human feeling. With their better class writers, and with the most eminent artists, this sympathy between mind and matter is a very peculiar feature, and one in which the Greeks alone surpassed them.

And now let us say a word or two in answer to hints which we have received, that in presenting these master-pieces of art, we have adopted too high a standard of excellence for a portion of our readers—the Working Classes. Great minds want for their audience human passions, human sympathies—men and women, in short, as contradistinguished from mere gentlemen and ladies. Shakspeare, we find, is banished from the patent theatres, and has retreated to the unfashionable neighbourhoods of the Surrey Theatre and Sadler's Wells: there he is listened to with breathless attention—there his noble sentiments receive their full and deep echo in the applause of an audience, unpolished, if you will, but still true to nature. Macready, night after night, reads the plays of our great dramatist in mechanics' institutions! Who shall say, then, that what is really great and noble cannot be yet appreciated by the Working Classes? Indeed, if we contrast their amusements with those of the fashionable world, they seem to have the best of it; for all the West End has of late been running after disgusting dwarfs, the human tripod, and Vidocq the thief-catcher! We rely, then, and shall continue to rely, upon the working men for a due appreciation of our efforts in this department of our paper. To elevate the masses is our great aim; this can never be done by either writing *down* or painting *down* "to the meanest capacity," as the practice has hitherto been of popular Literature and Art. To familiarise the eye to what is Beautiful is to educate it. In doing this we are labouring in a worthy cause, for this knowledge of the Beautiful is the one great point in which our working classes are inferior to those of continental nations.

A. W.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY FRANKLIN FOX.

NO. IV.—MADAGASCAR.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S Bay is the great rendezvous on the coast of Madagascar for whale ships who put in there to recruit—that is to obtain a "fresh mess," a small supply of live stock, wood, and water. The bay is partly formed by a river, from the mouths of which (there are two) the shore stretches out to the left, forming a high bluff headland, and to the right branches into a cove wooded to the water's edge, and extends its low wavy line of bay and sandy beach far as the eye can see. This cove is as beautiful in appearance as it is the reverse in name, and in the associations that are connected with the tragedy enacted there. It was christened in the blood of four of our countrymen—the boat's crew of an English frigate—as "Massacre Bay." They were murdered by the treacherous and revengeful tribe of savages that frequent there, and inhabit a place called Tent Rock, a little lower down on the coast, and from which a party of them take their name. The canoes which they make use of are exceedingly light, made from the trunk of a tree hollowed out, and they manage them very skilfully. One of them ranged up within speaking distance of the "Endeavour," as we were sailing in, and a well-made copper-coloured fellow, who was standing up in his canoe, nearly naked, hailed us with all the authority of a harbour master. "What ship's dat? Who's captain dat ship, sar?" shouted he, as we swept past his little bark, leaving him gesticulating vehemently, and stamping with impatience at the laughter which his would-be magnificent air of command had excited on board.

"Let go the anchor," sung out the old man. "All gone," and here we are ready for our last weary toil, to wood and water for the passage home, and then "Hurrah! for Bedford—homeward-bound, and a full ship, my boys!" cry some; and "Hurrah! for Yankee land!" say the rest of us. "It's all the same—so roll up your shirt sleeves, and go to work, *Jack*," interposed the mate.

In the meantime, before the anchor was well down, we were surrounded by a fleet of canoes, and the natives, with their spears in hand, were swarming up on every side, and the ship was speedily crowded with them. It has been established as a rule, by vessels visiting here, that two of the natives should surrender themselves unarmed, and always remain on board as pledges of the good faith of their countrymen, and to insure the safety of the lives of the crew when ashore. Notwithstanding this, our captain was rather alarmed at the numbers that infested the ship, particularly as we were so short-handed; however, there was no help for it, and we had nothing left us but to be civil to them. Many of them brought shells of various descriptions, and fruits, chiefly cocoa-nuts and water-melons, which they bartered for all kinds of linen cloth or calico, indiscriminately designated as "clouty," brass buttons, powder (which they prize highly), or iron hoop for their spear heads. The squaws—nearly all of whom were well-formed, and many of them good-looking—were under the protection of hideously ugly old things, of what sex was always a matter of doubt to me, resembling superannuated baboons more than anything else. Some of the men stalked about the deck, spear in

hand, and fine athletic, graceful-looking fellows they were: they would occasionally stop, when they thought themselves unobserved, and seizing one of the iron rings bolted in the ship's side, pull at it with all their might, thinking they had a great prize. Every now and then one would seize a sailor by the arm, and leading him apart with an air of immense importance, say—"Ah! you friendly the me?"

"Oh, yes," replies Jack.

"Me friendy the you—givey the beef."

This was a capital argument for them, but they did not see the full weight of it when reversed by us, with an accompanying demand for water-melons.

The women display some taste for music, and have a large collection of tunes of all sorts gathered from the sailors of ships visiting there. Of an evening, twenty or thirty of them would group themselves together, lying about the deck in the moonlight, and sing these tunes with words of their own. Amongst the rest they had "Jim along Josey" (which was a late importation, quite new, and consequently a favourite), which was chaunted by them all in unison. The most striking thing they sung was a sort of Funeral Wail. One commences with a few prolonged mournful notes; the rest all join in, with a wild chaunting chorus; then the solo again, and so on alternately throughout. They keep capital time, and it has a fine effect when you catch the notes, mellowed by distance, breaking the silence of those calm, warm nights.

"As soon as you get through eating," said Mr. Studson to his boat's crew, who were at breakfast with the squaws alongside, and a hungry circle round them, some few days after our arrival, "as soon as you get through eating, I guess we'll go wooding, so light your pipes, and put the axes in the boat."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"All in the boat—let go the warp." Hoist the sail, and away we go from the muddy-coloured water of the rapid river into the clear sparkling sea round the headland, and follow the bold rocky coast in search of a fit place to begin our labour. This we found after an hour's sail. The cliffs gradually shelved down into sandy beach, and we glided—apparently almost touching—over coral beds wreathed with sea weed, and hauled our boat up in a little inlet, with a beautiful carpet of fine sand, and a thick wood in the back-ground.

It was now nearly mid-day, and the heat was most intense. There was a broad strip of dried sand above high water mark, between the boat and the wood, across which we had to pass and repass with our burdens. This became so heated that, to us who were barefoot, and sailors in hot climates are seldom otherwise, it was at last almost impassable. After every load we ran into the sea, and sat up to our necks in water to cool ourselves. The little keg of fresh water we had been supplied with was finished, and as there were trees enough cut down for our purpose, we started different ways in search of water. Two of us wandered away towards the cliffs, and found several springs bubbling up through the sand in pools of salt water. After a while we discovered a cave with a clear little rivulet sparkling through it: this was a glorious sight for us, and we laid and rested in the cool shade, and drank—and drank again. We retraced our steps to the boat after a while, and found that the rest had been equally fortunate, and had filled our keg with a fresh supply. By the time we had chopped the wood into lengths, and loaded the boat with it, 'twas nearly sundown, and we set off for the ship.

"I say, Mr. Studson," said Leigh, as we pulled along, "What a note 'twould be if them natives was to box the doctor (cook) up in the galley and take the ship."

"Yes—by gracious," said Studson, "we're the wrong side of the hedge this time, if they have."

"There's many a true word spoke in jest," said Jack.

"Stretch out, my lads," cried Studson, "we'll soon be on board, now—we're close to the ship."

That we certainly were, but not quite so near getting on board as we expected. Quite a different scene was presented to our astonished eyes. The savages, in the absence of the captain with the other boat's crew, had taken possession of the ship (not a very difficult matter, as the mate and cook were alone left on board), and a double row of fierce warriors and bright spears faced us from the ship on every side. As we approached they threw sticks of wood and every missile they could lay hands on at us, and yelled out to us to keep off.

We laid on our oars—out of their reach—and looked at each other in silent bewilderment for some time.

"Well, I'm bless'd," said Leigh, breaking silence, "if it a'nt a case with us."

"What shall we do? Where's the old man, I wonder?" said Studson. "If they've pinned him ashore, we *are* in a mess. Those wretches will have ransacked the whole blessed ship. Take to your oars; we'll pull inshore, and find the captain if we can."

"I think it wouldn't be a bad move," said Bill, "to pitch some of this wood away out of our road."

"Hold on with that wood, Jack. Don't heave them away," replied Studson.

"What, sir?" inquired Jack.

"Leave half-a-dozen sticks like that," replied Studson. "We shall want to use 'em for *persuaders*, like enough, before long."

The wood was all cleared out, with the exception of some stout handy cudgels, and we pulled inshore. We soon left the bay, and passed between the sandy flats that here bank the river, and are intersected by numberless tributary streams, some joining the other branch of the river, and the rest filled by the tide at high water. We followed the main branch, and stretched out manfully against the fast ebbing tide. None would acknowledge, though all felt, weariness from the heavy toil of the morning; nor did any of us allude either to the uncertainty of finding our captain, or to the dark side of the prospect before us. It was looked upon as coolly, after the first few minutes of surprise, as if it were a matter of every day occurrence.

We had pulled about a mile up the river, the banks of which had changed from sandy flats to green marshy ground, with trees and bushes, and were now close upon the cluster of huts that composed Prince Willy's plantation. We could see their cooking fires glimmering through the trees, and faintly catch the reflection of the natives' dusky forms as they flitted round before them.

"Come, boys," cried Studson, "let's get there. I guess we've got but dreadful little time to lose. Start her up, now, there's good fellows."

"Pick her up, my boys, that's the stroke," cried Harry; and answering to that never-failing rallying cry, which roused us up, and gave our arms fresh strength, we did stretch out right gal-

lantly. A few minutes brought us opposite the plantation. The captain's boat was there, tied to a tree on the river's bank. Ashore, some hundreds of the natives, their war spears in their hands, were grouped around, apparently in angry discussion with our captain and his little band, who were standing in the centre of them. The fierce and angry gestures of the natives, as they moved about among the trees or round the fires, rendered the scene no pleasant one for us to look upon.

"Darn'd if I don't think the old man's got hisself into a considerable fix here," said old Leigh, as the boat grounded on the grassy bank, and he jumped out with the warp in his hand.

"Yes," said Jack, "and if we ain't pretty spry, I guess they'll fix us off too. Here, boys, come and get your beans," cried he, as he handed out the cudgels to each of us.

"Never mind one for me," said Leigh, taking one of the harpoons out of the boat, and shouldering it as a soldier would a musket. "This here is my weepon. Go ahead, now, as soon as you like. I'm sudden death at a long dart."

"Be careful, Leigh," said Mr. Studson, as we hastened up towards the captain, who was parleying with the chiefs a couple of hundred yards ahead of us. "Don't strike the first blow. If you kill one, not a man of us will live to tell the tale."

The natives stood around; some leaning on their spears, and some clustered in little knots by the fires, talking loudly and with fierce gestures. They appeared uncertain what to do, or waited the signal from their chiefs, who with our captain stood in the centre, quite apart from the rest. As we approached we caught some of their conversation. "You savey me, Captain Taber—me friendy the you—me very good man—suppose you leave one man to-night—plenty bullock, plenty water-melon, plenty harp-shell, to-morrow."

"See you blow'd first," said the old man. "I guess you would come to-morrow."

"Ha!" said the savage, stepping back into the nearest group. He waved his spear, and a party of the natives started off among the trees.

"Hullo! Studson," cried the old man, "you're just come in first-rate time; this fellow says we shan't go off to the ship unless we leave a man here."

"They'll pretty well get into everything aboard the ship," said Jack, "if we dont make a move—sudden too."

"Got the ship," roared the old man.

"Yes," said old Leigh, "and there's a gang round there will have our boats, too, most dreadful quick."

"That's a fact," said the captain. "We've nothing left but a run for it. Now, my boys, altogether, start fair—off"—and off we went at full tear. This movement on our part was unexpected, and the astonished natives, with a loud yell, started after us. Half the ground was traversed that lay between us and the river, when the hidden party that had before gone round, plunging from the bushes, sprang into our boats.

"Now or never," cried the captain, as we saw them cutting the boat ropes with their spears. The warps were severed as we reached the water's edge—one dash—one spring—some in the boats headlong—some in the water—what could withstand a charge like that? A glance was quite sufficient for the natives—as our feet left the bank, they breached like frightened wildfowl from the boat into the river. Another second, and the boats are floating down the tide. A shower of spears fell harmless in the water as we pulled out beyond their reach, followed by their yells and curses.

"Are you all in the boats?" cried the old man.

"All in, sir," is the reply.

"Thank God for that. Now give way, boys, for the ship." The tide was with us and we moved rapidly along down the river and out into the bay, and as we came still nearer to what we all now felt the value of—our floating home—many an anxious look was turned that way.

"Ain't those canoes, sir," cried Mr. Studson to the captain, pointing to some white specks dimly visible through the darkness.

"Yes, by gracious," said the captain, "I believe they're off."

Another minute, and we spring upon deck. Not a soul was to be seen, but everything portable was carried off. In the galley was the poor old cook, with his arms tied and everything topsy turvey—pots and kettles capsized upon him. The mate was down below in a condition little better. Everything eatable, or that they fancied of any possible use to them, was gone.

"Come, cook," cried old Leigh, "go below and turn in; let me cook some supper. Blow'd if we ain't first men in the last boat, after all."

"So we are," said Jack. "Don't catch me wooding again though, in a hurry, I reckon."

AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR

FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—DECEMBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 45 min. past 7, and sets at 53 min. past 3, on the 1st; and on the 31st rises at 9 min. past 8, and sets at 58 min. past 3.—*Moon* rises at 20 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at 40 min. past 5, in the morn.; and on the 31st, rises at 35 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at 36 min. past 6, morn.—*Moon's Changes.* Full on the 2d, at 46 min. past 10, afternoon. Last quarter on the 10th, at 16 min. past 9, afternoon. New moon on the 18th, at 42 min. past noon. First quarter, 25th, at 36 min. past 6, morning. —*Mercury* a morning star at the beginning of the month, becomes invisible till about the 13th, when it remains till the end of the month an evening star.—*Mars* is throughout the month a morning star.—*Weather.* Mean temperature, 39 deg. 3 min.; highest, 55 deg.; lowest, 17 deg. Frosts are frequent this month, but seldom continue: wet fogs and rain render more gloomy the short dull days, and man depends almost entirely on the pleasantness of his home to make up for the cheerlessness of everything out of doors. Now, the humblest hearth, garnished with cleanliness and ministered to by a kindly spirit, becomes a little haven of delight. The cozy fire, the well-trimmed lights, the neatly placed and kept (though it may be poor and scanty) furniture, the pleasant looks and tones, from the placid smile upon the mother's face to the crowing of the baby in her arms, that welcome from his day's toil the owner of the humble homestead, have a potency in their charms, never stronger than at this dreary season—

"There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit winter home."

1, Tuesday.—Dark stapelia dedicated on this day to St. Eligius. Forster, in his rustic calendar, notes that, if the weather suits, beans and peas should now be planted.

Events.—On this day, 1783, M. Charles made the first attempt (since Icarus), in aerostatics: he was a physician, and distinguished member of the French Institute. The mariner's compass invented by Flavia Giovia, a native of Amalfi, in Naples, 1302. Its variation first observed by Sebastian Cabot, the Bristol navigator, though Ferdinand, the son of Columbus, asserts that his father observed it on the 14th of Sept., 1402.

Fairs.—Bury St. Edmonds and Rotherham; cattle and horses.

2, Wednesday.—*St. Bibiana*, virgin martyr.

Events.—Napoleon inaugurated with Josephine at the cathedral of Notre Dame, 1804. He placed the diadem with his own hands: an action in keeping with those that put him in possession of it. The first stone of the London Mechanics' Institution, in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, placed, 1823; on the following anniversary it was established.

3, Thursday.—Indian tree sacred to St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies.

Biography.—On this day, 1823, Belzoni, the traveller, died.

Event.—The election of Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever sat in St. Peter's chair, to that high dignity, 1154. He was the son of a monk of St. Albans: his bull, under the title of Adrian IV., to Henry II., permitting him to make the conquest of Ireland, is still in existence.

4, Friday.—On this day we find Barbadon gooseberry dedicated to St. Peter Chrysologus. Few insects are now seen; the small birds flock to our dwellings for food and shelter; the wren sings amidst the snow; the robin, with delightful confidence, taps at the window pane for his accustomed crumbs, and rewards our care of him with his cheery notes. It seems quite a duty at this time of year to strew the waste of the table-cloth and bread-basket in the way of these feathered pensioners. In severe seasons, wild fowls now resort to inland rivers, and, in making their escape from "winds and wintry weather," fall a prey to the sportsmen, who are everywhere on the alert.

Fairs.—Dursley; cattle and pedlery. Atherston; horses and cattle.

5, Saturday.—Long-stalked Hibiscus appears on this day's floral calendar in honour of St. Crispina.

Biography.—Mozart finishes his *Requiem*, and expires, 1791. This extraordinary genius was born at Salzburg, Jan. 1756: his father was a musician, and under his instructions Wolfgang, at four years old, could play correctly simple airs and minuets on the harpsichord; at six, he actually dictated compositions which his father wrote down, and before he was twelve years of age, had played at nearly all the principal courts of Europe. Intense affections and extreme sensibility characterised him. "His short life passed," says one of his biographers, "like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstacy of love and the shudder of awe." With all his genius, acknowledged even in Italy as a master, he was left to toil on in poverty, with no better appointment than that of music teacher to the children of the Elector of Mentz, with a salary of forty pounds per annum.

Event.—An order for the expulsion of all Gipsies throughout England, 1537; they had left Egypt when attacked by the Turks, 1515, and had wandered nearly all over Europe. They were driven out of France, 1560, and from most other countries in Europe soon after.

6, Sunday.—2nd Sunday in Advent. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah v., Acts vii. ver. 30; Evening service: Isaiah xxiv., Heb. xii. Nest-flowered heath (*Erica nidflora*,) dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of sailors and children, from his having protected stranded travellers and orphans. In Catholic countries, it is customary for mariners to offer votive pictures, &c. at his shrine. In Russia there exists a custom, on the eve of this day, that reminds us of one on Christmas-eve in Germany; but instead of "Kneck Rupert," St. Nicholas, in pontifical robes, jewelled mitre, and with his pastoral staff in his hand, makes his appearance at *family* houses, and inquires into the conduct of the little people; passing lightly over their faults, he gives them a world of good advice and eulogises their virtues, and in the midst of the children's awe and admiration takes his departure; by and bye, on going to rest, each little body deposits his or her shoe in a room the door of which is carefully locked, and the next morning opened in sight of the whole household, when, behold, the shoe is seen covered with toys, trinkets, and bonbons, of course, the work of the good saint.

Fairs.—Bodmin; oxen, sheep, and cloths. Higham Ferrers; horses, horned cattle, and sheep.

7, Monday.

Biography.—The anniversary of the beheading of Algernon Sidney, the political writer and patriot; he adopted Marcus Brutus for his model, and died like him in the cause of liberty. He was falsely accused of being concerned in the Rye-house plot, tried by Judge Jefferies and a packed jury, and suffered on Tower-hill, 1683. On the same day (B.C. 43), the murder of Cicero, the unrivalled statesman and orator, was perpetrated near Formium.

Fair.—Cheltenham (on this and the 18th); cattle and pedlery.

8, Tuesday.—*Conception of the Virgin Mary. Arbor Vitæ* dedicated to this festival, which was instituted by Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, in consequence of William the Second's fleet coming safe to shore through a tremendous storm. Compliments to the Virgin, on such occasions, were then as common in our country as they still are on the continent—witness the church at Reculver; and an old topographer tells us, that formerly at the pier of Dover there was a small chapel built by a nobleman who, having escaped shipwreck, landed there. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was called the Lady of Pity's Chapel. Very beautiful is the spirit of pious gratitude which dictated these offerings, and which no doubt (whatever the medium) ascended to the bestower of all mercies.

9, Wednesday.—*St. Leocadia.* Corsican spruce dedicated to her.

Biography.—On this day, 1732, died John Gay, author of the *Beggar's Opera*, and the well-known exquisite fables.

Events.—The commencement of the great frost mentioned by Matthew Paris, 1150, which lasted two months and ten days. The Thames was traversed by horse and foot.

Fair.—(9, 10, 11,) Bradford (Yorkshire); hogs and pedlery.

10, Thursday.

Events.—Grouse shooting ends. Elizabeth signs the warrant for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, 1586: the 8th of this month, 1542, was the birthday of this unfortunate princess. Luther makes a bonfire of the bull against himself, and the works of the anti-reformers, behind the walls of Wittemberg, 1520.

Fair.—(10 and 11,) Bewdley; first day, hogs only: second day, horned cattle, horses, cheese, &c.

11, Friday.—The Aleppo pine dedicated to this day.

Fairs.—Baldock; cheese, cattle, &c. Boston; cattle.

12, Saturday.—*St. Eadburge*, to whom crowded heath (*Erica conferta*) is dedicated.

Events.—The appearance of a remarkable comet visible all over England, 1680. Cromwell, with much abuse, and the aid of three hundred musketeers, dissolves the Convention known as the Barebones Parliament, 1653.

13, Sunday.—3rd Sunday after Advent. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah xxv., Acts xiii.; evening service: Isaiah xxvi., 1 Peter i. On this day, cypress is dedicated to St. Lucy of Syracuse, who rightly conceiving poverty to be a state of trial and tribulation, gave up her fortune for the sake of self-mortification; and having been discovered endeavouring to make proselytes to Christianity, was put to death by the officers of a heathen judge, A.D., 305.

Event.—The Islands of New Zealand discovered by Abel Jansen, 1642.

14, Monday.—Swamp pine sacred to St. Spiridon.

Events.—Professor Braun ascertains the congelation of quicksilver, 1759; Mrs. Orbelin at Vienna, 1785, discovered how to render it malleable. It was first given to patients under inoculation in 1745.

Fair.—Thirsk; horned cattle, horses, sheeps, &c.

15, Tuesday.—Pitch pine dedicated to St. Florence.

Event.—The abdication and exile of Rienzi, 1347—"who," says the title-page of Father Cerceau's memoir of him, "from a low and despicable situation, raised himself to sovereign authority in Rome, in the fourteenth century, assuming the title of Tribune, and proposing to restore the ancient free republic;" "but Rienzi formed not his sentiments agreeably to the meanness of his extraction—he became an excellent scholar, and as he had a spirit elevated as his ideas, he soon obtained the character of an extraordinary person, and merited the esteem and friendship of the celebrated Petrarch, his cotemporary."

16, Wednesday.—Chinese *arbor vitæ* sacred to St. Alice. This day is marked in the Church calendars *O, Sapientia!*—the commencement of an anthem in honour of Christ's coming, which was sung from this day till Christmas eve. It is also the beginning of the Ember days or week, an ancient fast, when the monks were enjoined to more than ordinary abstemiousness, preparatory to the feast of Christmas.

17, Thursday.—White cedar dedicated to St. Olympias.

Biography.—The birthday of the illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy, whose important discoveries in chemistry have won him a place amongst the greatest philosophers of his time. He was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, 1778; he died, May 30, 1829. It is worthy of remark, as showing how prone the very wisest of us are to prejudices, that when the practicability of lighting London with gas was first mooted, the great experimental philosopher laughed at the idea.

Fair.—Hounsea; horses and cattle.

18, Friday.—New Holland cypress sacred to St. Winebald. About this time good housewives commence the amalgamation of mince, and in other ways prepare for Christmas; the prices of all sorts of edibles are raised as we approach it; therefore, as old Francis Moore is wont prophetically to remind us, "a word to the wise is enough."

19, Saturday.—*St. Samthana.* Two-coloured heath *(erica bicolor)* sacred to her.

Event—One of the most curious in modern history—the return of the Emperor Napoleon from his exile's grave in St. Helena, to the church of the Invalides at Paris, where his relics were entombed with much solemn pomp and public sympathy, 1844.

20, Sunday.—4th Sunday after Advent. Proper lessons for

the morning service: Isaiah xxx., Acts xx.; evening service: Isaiah xxxii., 2 Peter iii. Stone pine dedicated to St. Philogonius, whose day this is.

Biography.—The birthday of Gray, 1716, author of the exquisite *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* He died, 1771, after having had the honour of refusing the laurel.

21, MONDAY.—Midwinter, or the shortest day. Sparrow-wort (*erica passerina*) sacred to St. Thomas the Apostle. He is said to have preached Christianity to the Parthians, Medes, and Persians, and to have extended his mission to the Indies, where having brought upon himself the hatred of the Brahmins, he was assassinated at their instigation. This day was anciently called Doleing Day, and in many places it was customary to give wheat or other alms to the poor, who went round to the farmers' houses collecting it. In London, wardmotes are held for the election of the Inquest and Common-council men.

22, TUESDAY.—This day, pellucid heath (*erica pellucida*) sacred to St Cyril.

Biography.—This day, 1744, was born Thomas Holcroft, the dramatic writer and novelist; one of the many instances that genius, like every other natural gift, is confined to no class or circumstances. His father was a travelling tinker, but who (a great thing for a tinker in those days) could read, and took some pains in teaching his son. The lad, who had quick faculties and a strong memory, used to learn whole chapters of the bible by heart; for the bible, at first, comprehended his library. Sometimes the persons who heard him gave him pence, which were hoarded, only to be spent at some old book-stall. Then he worked as a horse-boy, to earn enough to pay for instruction in the rudiments of education, and eventually became an author. He died, March 23rd, 1809.

23, WEDNESDAY.—Cedar of Lebanon sacred to St. Victoria. Markets, shops, and houses begin to exhibit by this time strong indications of the approaching festival; and grocers, butchers, and poulterers, vie with each other in producing the most appetitive effect. The Christmas fruit in its abundance looks of a richer quality than at any other season of the year: the little caskets of luscious figs and sultana raisins, the purple muscatelles, that look as if they had been packed in the bloom, the frosted heaps of candied citron and lemon, and all the spicy concomitants of plum-pudding, oppose themselves to beef of a larger growth than any country but that of cattle-shows can produce; while broad-breasted geese, gigantic turkeys, and fat capons, put forth their separate claims to be equally acknowledged by the wealthy caterer of Christmas cheer.

24, THURSDAY.—Frankincense sacred to the Saints Emiliana and Thrasilla. Branches of misletoe, with its pearl-like berries, and boughs of holly set with scarlet ones, are almost as plentiful in towns this day, as in the woods where they were gathered. Herrick tells us, that the adorning of houses with green boughs was not confined to Christmas; box succeeded, at Candlemas, to rosemary, bay, and holly; at Easter, yew was the fashion; at Whitsuntide, birch; then oak boughs and bent brought in the flower-wreaths of May. How natural were these ornaments before art furnished us with more enduring ones. The Glastonbury thorn comes into flower, and carols are common.

Event.—Robin Hood dies at a nunnery called Berckleys, in Yorkshire, 1247.

25, FRIDAY.—Christmas-day. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah ix. to v. 8, Luke ii. to v. 15; evening service: Isaiah vii., v. 10 to 17, Titus iii., v. 4 to 9. Holly, sacred to the Nativity, still finds a place in the church, the festive hall, and the humblest dwelling. Our feast of Christmas answers to that of the Saxon festival of Thor, of which the misletoe and yule log are remnants. The spirit "of peace and good will" seems shed abroad at this season throughout society, and charity and hospitality go hand in hand. It affords a happy opportunity for renewing the covenants of family affection and social friendship, and serves to bind anew those ties which the wear and tear of this working-day world has somewhat loosened.

26, SATURDAY.—Purple heath, sacred to the blood of the protomartyr, St. Stephen. Christmas gambols commence. Apprentices, postmen, &c., pay morning calls for the not always appreciated purpose of boxing. In Ireland a singular custom exists on this day, a sort of Catholic reprisal for old Pope-day. An unfortunate little wren (a sparrow very generally answers the purpose) is taken and sacrificed on St. Stephen's morning; and, being fastened to a bunch of holly elevated on a pole, decked with ribbons, &c., is carried from house to house, followed by a mob of lads and children. One of the party repeats some doggrel lines, and another carries a purse for contributions. The origin of the practice is said to be as follows:—The English army, under William of Orange, had encamped after a hard day's march, some distance, as they supposed, from the enemy; and a little drummer, after eating his supper off his drum-head, had fallen asleep without unbracing it. Meanwhile, the Catholic army had advanced, and towards morning were quite close upon them; in fact, would have surprised the sleeping camp, but that a wren, lured by the crumbs, alighted on the drummer's instrument, and the vibration of its beak on the parchment woke him up just in time to awake his comrades, and frustrate the enemy. In revenge for this the wrens annually suffer.

27, SUNDAY.—1st Sunday after Christmas. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah xxxvii., Rev. i.; evening service: Isaiah xxxviii., Rev. xxii. Flame heath dedicated to St. John. An ancient fashion existed on this day of eating wine manchets, to preserve the partakers from poison.

28, MONDAY.—Innocents' day. *Erica cruenta*, or bloody heath, dedicated to them. It was formerly regarded as an unlucky day, and the coronation of Edward VI. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas day.

Fair.—Bridgewater; cattle, &c.

29, TUESDAY.—Senista heath sacred to St. Thomas a Becket.

Biography.—On this day, 1384, died John Wickliffe, the English Reformer.

30, WEDNESDAY.

Event.—Royal Society established by patent in the reign of Charles II., 1660; but this patent was all the king, though a lover of the sciences, granted it,

31, THURSDAY.—*The last day of the Old Year.* "Those," remarks Hone, in his *Every-day Book*, "who have not been accustomed to keep an account of household or personal expenses, should begin from this day. Those in trade, who have not been accustomed to take an annual account of stock, should begin from this day. Without cash-books, and without stock-books, trade is little better than a game of chance."

Poetry for the People.

THE MISANTHROPE'S CURE.

BY EBENEZER JONES.

One had counted every blow
Which the lofty deal the low
Till his wretched soul could know
Naught beside.

And to him earth seemed a plain
Where each strove his good to gain
Through some other's loss or pain;
Evil all.

Common fate! such watch will blind
Even a wise and learned mind
To the goodness in mankind,
Rooted deep.

For—be it well or be it ill—
To each man the universe will,
Like his own experience, still
Ever loom.

He grew sick with wrath and gloom;
And one day, to ask his doom,
In the leech's waiting-room
Waited pale.

But a dame and maid coming in,
He from *them* his cure did win;
How, it were a heavy sin
Ever to hide.

From the city's farthest side,
Through the city five miles wide;
Twice each week the dame here hied,
Lone and old.

To be present while the maid,
Paying naught, sought the leech's aid—
Lest the maid's fair fame might fade—
Hied she here.

Told this, to the dame he said,
"Five miles walked you with this maid?"
Said she, "For her ride I paid;
She is ill."

"Then you are kin to her?" said he:
"No, oh no! but those that be
Would not do it, sir," answered she,
Softly still.

Asked he, "Could you both not ride?"
"Little, since my husband died,
Have I; she has nothing," replied
Yet the dame.

Looked he wondering in her face;
Heavenly shone its human grace;
And to him the world apace
Heavenly shone.

As, when in a wood, a shower
Lights up every leaf and flower,
Was the universe in this hour
Lit for him.

Oh, let none learn good by stealth;
Tombing so earth's real wealth;
Thus regained its moral health
This poor soul.

MEMOIR OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

By Mary Howitt.

If we were to write ten volumes on the atrocities and miseries of slavery in the abstract, we could say nothing half so impressive and conclusive as is the simple, honest narrative of a real slave, written by himself. Listen, then, to a brief outline of such a history, ye good, warm-hearted, working men and women of England. The man whose history it is, is now among you: welcome him kindly, wherever you meet with him, for he is a noble human being; and beyond this—and this is what he will ask from you—waft across the Atlantic the sighs of your deepest sympathy for the millions who suffer daily as he has done—claim the whole coloured race as your brethren, and demand that they shall be free!

Frederick Douglass is a slave. There is one man in America to whom he belongs, as a chattel: were he in Maryland, where that master lives, he might be chained, and scourged with a cowskin whip till blood flowed to his feet. He can read and write, and has very much knowledge. Some minds gather knowledge by intuition: his is of that kind—but for this very cause would his master treat him more savagely. If he escaped, he might be hunted with bloodhounds, and when retaken might be tortured as if he had fallen into the hands of fiends. The *Book of Martyrs* contains nothing more horrible than that master might legally inflict on Frederick Douglass, were he again to fall into his hands.

There are, in the slave States of America, about three millions of slaves: some of these are used better, many of these are used much worse, than Frederick Douglass has been. But now, to his history. Slaves very rarely know their ages, any more than domestic animals do—for there is no parish register for them—no birthday anniversaries: Frederick Douglass, therefore, can only conjecture how old he is. His mother was a slave; his father was a white man and her master. Slaveholders generally have large families by their female slaves; but these children have no claim on the father's affection—he sells them, or makes them his own slaves, just as may suit his convenience. This is one way of increasing his property. Our little new-born slave, Frederick—for the slave has no surname; that is his master's privilege—was, as is customary, separated from his mother soon after he was born; for the slave must have no affections, any more than the horse or cow. He never, he tells us, saw his mother more than four or five times in his life, and then but for a very short period, and in the night. She was hired out to a Mr. Stuart, who lived twelve miles off: and she used to go in the night to see her child, travelling all the way on foot, after her day's work was done; and if she were not back at her work by sunrise, she was severely whipped. He never saw her by daylight; she came to him in the dead of night, lay down beside him, folded him in her arms to sleep—but when he woke next morning, she was gone. Thus, for a few times, met the mother and child; and then Death, the kindest friend to the slave, put an end to these meetings, and to her hardships and sorrows at the same time. He might then have been about seven years old.

The father of the little slave was one Captain Anthony, who lived on a small farm belonging to a large plantation. He was the overseer of the overseers, and possessed about thirty slaves. To give an idea of an overseer, we will give a sketch of the one who had the oversight of this unfortunate thirty. He always went about armed with a cowskin whip and a heavy cudgel. He used to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even Captain Anthony was angry with him; and yet Captain Anthony himself was not merciful—he had considerable pleasure in whipping a slave. One day he tied up a poor female slave to a joist, and whipped her upon the naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers from his gory victim could move his iron heart. Little Frederick stood not far off, trembling, and saw it. He says "he never shall forget it. It struck him with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hall of slavery, through which he was about to pass." These are his own forcible words.

This inhuman wretch thought, nevertheless, that some religious instruction was necessary for the slave. The preacher and religious teacher always enforced obedience to their masters; that was the true pith of the lesson, and therefore they must learn religion betime. During the summer, therefore, little Frederick and about "thirty" other little lads were sent every evening to the prayer-school, the only school they went to. This was kept by a very old slave, who was fit for nothing else. He had been beaten all his working days, and now that he had a little power himself, he sate with a large whip in his hand, and taught the children the Lord's Prayer; and for every inattention, mistake, or forgetfulness, he gave them a cut with the lash. The Lord's Prayer and the stinging lash became early associated. Thus were they taught.

Captain Anthony had two sons, and one daughter married to one Thomas Auld, or Captain, as he was called, because he was master of the trading vessel in which the product of the whole plantation was sent to Baltimore. The plantation be-

longed to Colonel Lloyd, and consisted of about twenty smaller farms. The Colonel's residence was called the Great House Farm, and this was the central place of business. all disputes were settled here, runaway slaves were publicly whipped here, and here, too, each month, the slaves came, or rather a few out of the whole number came, to receive their stipulated allowance of food and clothes. Each slave received for the month eight pounds of pork or fish, and one bushel of corn-meal. This was all they had to live on. Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one jacket, one pair of trowsers, one pair of stockings, one pair of shoes, all of the coarsest kind. Two coarse linen shirts a year constituted the sole clothing of the children, until they were fit for work. Beds, the slaves had none, unless one coarse blanket be considered such. But the slaves suffer less from the want of beds, than the want of time to sleep. When their day's work is done, they have to work for themselves—to wash, to mend, to cook: they have nobody to do these things for them, and thus they are done at night; and when they are ended, they lie down in their miserable blankets, and sleep till the driver's horn calls them to the field, and the driver's whip hurries them into it.

A great deal has been said of the irrepressible gaiety of the slave; we have been told that his songs are incessant, and this has been made an argument in favour of his condition. Let us hear, then, why the slaves appointed to fetch from the Great House Farm the monthly allowances of food made the dreary old woods for miles round reverberate with their wild songs, for there is a deep argument in the fact. "Their songs," says Frederick Douglass, "revealed at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They composed and sang as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up came out, if not in the word in the sound; and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the saddest. Into all their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:—

I am going away to the Great House Farm,
Oh, yea! oh, yea! oh.

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have frequently thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do. I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude, incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle, so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then beyond my feeble conception; they were tones long, loud, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for a deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears whilst hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs now affects me. To those songs I trace the first glimmering conception of the dehumanising character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, and deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him in silence analyse the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul; and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because there is no flesh in his obdurate heart. It is impossible to conceive a greater mistake than that slaves sing because they are happy. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart, and he is relieved by them only as an aching heart is relieved by tears."

To return to our little Frederick, yet wearing nothing but his juvenile garment of a shirt. Beside going to the prayer school, his business was to look after Captain Anthony's cows and poultry, and to run errands for Mrs. Auld. They did not very often whip him, but he suffered bitterly from hunger and cold. At length he was seven, and old enough to have a pair of trowsers and to work. He was sent, therefore, to Baltimore, to Mr. Hugh Auld, Captain Auld's brother, to wait on Master Thomas, his little son. Hugh Auld had married a wife from one of the Northern States, a young woman who had worked for her own bread, and never till now had owned a slave: her heart, therefore, was full of human kindness. She received the little slave with a face beaming with good nature, and it caused the most inconceivable happiness to fill his soul. Presently, this kind woman began to teach him to read, and allowed him strange liberties. One Sunday evening, when his master was gone to chapel, he lay down under the table and fell asleep. In awhile he was woke by a sound of reading in his ears—it was his mistress reading the bible aloud to herself. She read the first chapters of Job: the little slave had never heard anything like that before—he raised himself up silently on his elbow and listened. She read with great earnestness, apparently deeply impressed with the sense of the chapter; and as she read, he determined never to rest till he too could read and gather up for himself wonderful histories like that. When, however, he had got so far in reading as to spell words of three or four letters, his master made the discovery of what his wife was doing, and instantly put a stop to it; for it was unlawful, he told her, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. In the hearing of the boy he said, that "learning would spoil the best nigger in the world; it would unfit him for a slave; it would make him discontented and unhappy."

These were not wise words of Mr. Hugh Auld, for they gave rise to a train of reasoning which was never silenced again. "It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things with which his youthful understanding had struggled in vain. He now understood the white man's power to enslave the black man. From that moment he understood the pathway from slavery to freedom."

Seven years went on, and changes took place. The mild, gentle mistress had profited by her husband's words, as well as the slave. Irresponsible power had converted even her into a cruel tyrant; and now, the highest crime which, in her eyes, a slave could commit, was to read. Frederick, however, learned to read, spite of all her efforts to prevent it. He had also a little library of his own, curiously enough collected, and not consisting of

volumes, but of minute portions of them; for, whenever he saw printed paper of any kind lying in the kennels, or trodden under foot in the streets, he picked it up, carefully cleaned it from the mud, washed and dried it, and possessed himself of its contents. In this way he became the proprietor of several stray leaves of the bible. But, in the meantime, this reading and thinking had produced that very discontent which his master had foretold. He now understood the difference between a free man and slave, and this knowledge embittered his existence to such a degree, that he often wished for death. All his faculties were alive, and from everything which surrounded him he derived exciting knowledge. He heard people talking a great deal about abolitionists, and one day his master said in his hearing, that "all the wickedness of the slaves was owing to these abolitionists." What in the world could an abolitionist be? By good fortune, he presently fell in with a dictionary, and eagerly looked for the word—but no light was thrown on the subject there, though light came in process of time; and then that knowledge, like all the rest, as Mr. Hugh Auld had said, only made him more discontented and unhappy.

He learned to write, too, by challenging boys in the street to writing-matches with chalk on the pavement and board-fences, when he himself knew the form only of two or three letters; and later, by practising in Master Thomas's old copy-books when the family were at chapel.

After awhile, Mr. Hugh Auld and his brother Thomas, whose property Frederick was, quarrelled, and he took back his slave. Thus he came back to the place of his birth. Old Captain Anthony was now dead, and Captain Auld was master in his place. This man was mean, cruel, and cowardly; his very slaves despised him. He believed himself, nevertheless, a very religious man; he prayed morning, noon, and night, and seemed to think that this show of religion would cancel the most atrocious cruelties. Of all his slaves he hated most the slave whom he had lent to his brother; he said that a city life had spoiled him, and that he would corrupt the rest of the slaves. A dreadful charge this, and therefore it must be met by severe means. Not far off lived one Edward Covey, a famous negro-breaker—not a *horse*-breaker, good reader, but a *man*-breaker—rather a new occupation to your ears. This man had a little farm, and the slaveholders used to send their reading and writing and thinking slaves—those who had any spark of manhood about them—to be broken-in by him. Covey had immense reputation in this line. What a tophet of misery must his little farm have been!

Let us hear what our poor reading and thinking slave says of it. "If at any one period of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, it was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. Scarcely a week passed without his flogging me. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it would never rain, blow, hail, or snow too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely less the order of the day than the night. The longest day was too short for him, and the shortest night too long. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of his discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye departed; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me." The house where all this intense misery was endured stood on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. The poor heart-broken slave would often stand for hours in the stillness of the Sabbath, watching with agonised heart and tearful eye the countless number of shipping going forth over the free ocean. The sight affected him powerfully, and from this sight again were rekindled aspirations after freedom.

Covey's savage cruelties increased day by day; they were beyond the endurance of the most spirit-crushed slave. Frederick was hiding one day in a wood, and his master was in chase of him, when he fell in with another slave with whom he was acquainted. This slave, whose name was Sandy, on hearing his troubles promised to get him a certain root out of the woods which, if he always wore on his right side, would entirely disable Covey or any other white man from flogging him. Sandy himself had worn it, he said, for years, and never since so doing had received a blow. The magic root was found and immediately placed in its proper position, and in the strength of this talisman the poor runaway returned back to Covey's house. Strange to say for two days the savage man was mild, but on the third the virtues of the root were put to a severe test.

Covey, who seemed to have waited only for an opportunity for revenge, found it, and fell upon his victim with tenfold fury; at that moment, however, whence came the spirit let the wise say, the soul of the man rose up within the slave, and the end of it was that he was the victor. This, he tells us, was the turning-point in his career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within him a sense of his own manhood. It recalled the departed self-reliance, and inspired him again with the determination to be free. Strange to say, Covey never spoke of the triumph his slave had had over him; no doubt he feared that if this were noised abroad his reputation as a negro-breaker would be gone for ever.

A year or two afterwards Frederick lived with a Mr. Freeland, and here began secretly to teach his fellow slaves to read. He had a Sunday-school, and devoted also three evenings a week to this laudable purpose; and yet, had it been known, he would have been liable to severe whipping, all instruction of the slave being unlawful. Many slaves by this means learnt to read. The utmost affection and unanimity existed among these poor fellows. "They were noble souls," says he; "they not only possessed loving hearts but brave ones also."

In the year 1835 he resolved to make a great attempt to secure his liberty. He communicated his resolve to some of his beloved companions in affliction. Five of them entered into this league. On the Saturday night previous to the Easter holidays they determined to take a boat up the Chesapeake Bay, and then turning their canoe adrift, follow the guidance of the North Star till they got beyond the limits of Maryland. Frederick wrote a pass for each of them, for without such pass no slave could leave his master's plantation.

Nothing could equal their intense anxiety as the time drew near. Each was pledged to each other in the most solemn manner. At length the day came, the coming of which was fixed upon for their enterprise. Early in the morning they went as usual to the field; they were at work, "and all at once," says he in his narrative, "I was overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, in the fulness of which I turned to Sandy (he who had given him the root), and said, 'We are betrayed!' 'Well,' said he, 'that thought has this moment struck me!'" They said no more.

And they *had* been betrayed. One of their little band was too weak for the trial, and they were all taken at breakfast-time; beaten, bound, and sent off to jail. Upon the whole they managed well; by one way or another they destroyed their passes, and agreed among themselves to own nothing. Contrary to all expectations the others were taken back by their masters, and Frederick alone left to be sold. But he was not sold; he was once more sent to live at Baltimore with Mr. Hugh Auld, and here he again busied his mind with plans for gaining his liberty, and from this place he actually effected his escape.

The means by which this was done he does not tell for a humane and wise reason. Were they known, he says, it would involve others in the most embarassing difficulties, and would also cause still greater vigilance on the part of the slaveholders; and thus, as he says, "perhaps be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondsman might escape his galling chains." He had for a long time fixed upon the 3d of September, in the year 1838, for the day on which he would make his great attempt; and accordingly, so well were his plans laid, that on that same day he left his bondage and succeeded in reaching New York without the slightest interruption whatever. Of the means he used or the route he took we know nothing. One little characteristic circumstance we must not omit here, which we have heard him relate, and which exhibits the excited state of his feelings whilst this great scheme was agitating his mind. The thought of it was never absent from him; but it could not be spoken aloud. He was known however to his master as a Methodist, and thus he poured out the full current of his thoughts in hymns which, applicable to the captive spirit looking for emancipation in death, were applicable likewise to the living bondsman about to escape from his outward fetters. Thus he would sing words to which the following would be the refrain:—

> Run to Jesus, shun the danger;
> I don't expect to stay much longer here!
> I thought I heard them say
> There were lions in the way:—
> I don't expect to stay much longer here!

It is impossible to give the full effect of these simple, but expressive words; those who have heard this extraordinary man speak of his former life, or have heard him sing, can imagine the deep pathos, the intense significance given to them in this way.

Within a fortnight after his escape he was married in New York to Anna Murray, a free woman, his long intended wife, and one who probably had a hand in his deliverance. Five minutes after his marriage, his bride shouldered one part of their luggage and he the other, and off they went on their way to New Bedford, as happy as if life had all been one pathway of flowers. Wherever they went they found the friends of the poor and the oppressed; he began to feel that he was a free man among the free. At New Bedford he received his permanent sirname of Douglass, hitherto he had changed it many times. A friend of his had just been reading the Lady of the Lake, and suggested her patronymic name as his. He adopted it; and long may he and his descendants bear it!

"I found employment," says he, "the third day after my arrival at New Bedford, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil. It was new, dirty, and hard work, but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand. I was now my own master. It was a happy moment, the rapture of which can be understood only by those who have been slaves. It was the first work the reward of which was entirely my own. I worked that day with a pleasure I had never before experienced. I was at work for myself and my newly-married wife. It was to me the starting point of a new existence."

Soon after this he became acquainted with the writings of the Abolitionists, and a new life then, indeed, began in his soul. He now fully understood the meaning of the word. He attended Anti-Slavery meetings, and now and then said a few words in them; the power to speak grew stronger and stronger, and at length he came out as one of the most able advocates of the cause of emancipation. The secrets and horrors of the prison-house were known to him; he was naturally eloquent, endowed with great powers of mind, and one every way calculated to assert the claim of the coloured man to the rights of common humanity. For four years he was employed by the Anti-Slavery Society of America as a lecturing agent, producing by his burning eloquence as he went along a thrill through the heart of the people, and putting forth in his own person the most incontestible argument on behalf of his brethren in bonds, who, though slaves, are yet men. This was not done, however, without considerable risk to himself. In many places the greatest excitement was produced by his exposures of the horrors of slavery. The pro-slavery party followed him with the most inveterate hatred. Great mobs, in many instances, collected to assail him. And in one instance, at Pendleton, Indiana, in 1843, he had his right hand broken by the violence of the people, who assailed him and his companion with sticks and stones. According to his principles as a non-resistant, he could make no reprisals; but endeavoured by mild words and a peaceable demeanour to disarm their fury. A little boy, however, ran up to him and said that the people were killing his companion; whereupon, at once forgetting non-resistance, he rushed in among them, rescued his friend, and came off with an injury the traces of which he will carry to his grave. In 1844 he wrote the narrative of his life—the boldest step which he had yet taken in his career as a free man. This little book sold immensely, but such was the excitement produced by it that it was thought advisable he should for a time leave the United States, more especially as he had in it published his identity and place of abode, by which means his *owner* might take measures for regaining possession of him, it being legal by the constitution of the United States for any master to seize upon his escaped slave in any part of their territories where he might have taken refuge.

This was one reason for his coming to this country, but there were yet others; he wished to acquaint himself with the land of his *paternal* ancestors, and to improve and enrich his mind from the stores of knowledge which would here open to him; but, above all, to advocate with us the cause of his degraded and oppressed people, to excite, as he himself says, "such an intelligent interest on the subject of American slavery as shall re-act upon his own country, and tend to shame her out of her adhesion to a sytem so abhorrent to Christianity and her republican institutions."

Such is Frederick Douglass, the *chattel* that was, the *man* that is. We have seen something of him, we have heard more, and all tends to place him higher in our esteem. We acknowledge him as a brother man, give him the warm, right-hand of fellowship, and heartily wish him God speed!

THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

By Georgina C. Munro.

(*Continued from page 294.*)

It was night when Richard reached the first straggling houses of the hamlet; yet after passing them he sat down in the deeper obscurity at the foot of a ruined wall, for his heart failed him at the thought of meeting those at home, with the tale of repeated denials he had to tell. He heard a footstep coming along, and shrunk down to the level of a large stone and the rank weeds beside it, for whose vicinage he was thankful; for, more especially in his present irritated and desponding mood, he hated the very idea of encountering any of his former acquaintances. Presently he heard a lighter though slower step approaching from the opposite direction; and while still the angle of the wall prevented his seeing this second person, the man, who was by this time close to him, called out—"Why, who comes here? is't you, Mary?"

"No—it's me—Kate Drewatt," replied Richard's sister in a trembling voice, and the next instant he could discover her form amid the dimness.

"Oh! ar'n't you almost afraid to be out so late? shall I go home with you?" inquired, with considerable hesitation, the former speaker, whom Drewatt recognised as one he had often considered Kate's most favoured lover. Poor girl! it was in those bygone days when she had several.

"No, thank you: I can go home by myself," said Kate in a prouder tone.

"Why, Kate, you mustn't take it ill of me, that—that—" began the youth. "I mean, you mustn't put any blame on me because that—"

"I put no blame on anyone for anything," replied Kate sadly. "But you needn't tell me plainer what you mean, George Rushwood, for your looks and your behaviour have spoken plainly as a printed book already."

"But what I mean, Kate, is not for you to be going to think I didn't love you, because I can't now wish you for my wife. If you were changed, Kate, as you can never change; if you were ugly and frightful, instead of the prettiest girl hereabouts, I would have loved you all the same—I could have worked for you, and for your mother, if she was poor and old, and had a dozen helpless children, I'd have worked for them all. But no, Kate—though it goes nigh to break my heart to say so—I can't have the folks say, that my wife is Dick Drewatt's sister."

"You might have waited till she was offered to you before you refused her," replied Kate with a little feminine spirit, though even then she could hardly speak for weeping. "But though Kate Drewatt is very, very unhappy, she is not yet so miserable as to wish the love or the pity of any man, much less any man who could despise her."

During their short dialogue, the poor girl had moved past Rushwood, and she now hurried away, without leaving time for a reply. Her sometime suitor, and even now lover, gazed after her for a minute. "No—I can't do it!" he exclaimed at length, striking his stick loudly on the earth: "I can't! Father and mother would come out of their quiet graves to curse me, if I did it!" and with a bitter malediction on his unsuspected listener, Rushwood went his way.

Can anyone guess that listener's feelings? they cannot imagine them more painful than they were. He knew before that he had been the means of heaping fearful misery on his family; but until then he had not seen its full extent. But self will have its due on all occasions: even amid his aggravated distress on their account, it cost him a bitter pang to know that Kate had not made a single attempt to vindicate him. He could not, therefore, marvel at the imperfectly concealed loathing with which she endured his parting embrace, even while murmuring best and sincerest wishes for his happiness; his mother, too, as she blessed him, breathed a prayer rather for his reformation than his preservation from evil ways; and he left them with a heavy heart, inwardly resolving never again to cast the blight of his presence over them.

However, fortune seemed disposed to smile more kindly on him in the distant town, which, after many days of weary travelling, he reached at last; for there he obtained employment, under a feigned name, and by his expertness and industry appeared to have secured a fair prospect of its continuance.

One day there came a person on business to Drewatt's employer, whose face the wanderer half fancied he had seen before, though, as the stranger appeared to take no notice of him, he thought it must have been mere fancy. After that day it occurred to him, however, that his fellow-workmen kept more aloof, and were little disposed to enter into conversation with him, and not at all to seek his companionship—a circumstance rendered the less remarkable, it must be owned, by his being in general silent, moody, and reserved; for, strive as he might to prevent it, the hard usage he had of late experienced had wrought such change in his demeanour. When Saturday night came, he was asked whether he had ever gone by the name of Drewatt; he could not deny it, and was at once discharged—penniless, except for his last week's wages, since he had made a constant practice of transmitting every farthing he could spare to his mother, whose declining health and narrow means—narrowed yet more through Kate's loss of her school—stood in much need of such assistance.

Richard judged truly, that after this discovery it would be of no avail to seek employment in the neighbourhood, and on the impulse of the moment he determined on taking his departure instantly from the place where the stigma of hatred and disgrace had followed. So packing up his personals, which had not much increased in bulk during the interval, he set out that very night to recommence his wanderings. He had gone scarcely half a mile with this intent, when he perceived a horse standing by the roadside riderless. On drawing near he found that he who should have been the rider was lying, head downwards, in a dry and shallow ditch, in the heavy sleep of intoxication, with one foot still in the stirrup, and his life at the horse's mercy. But, wiser than his master, the animal stood perfectly quiet,—one might almost fancy, meditating on the fallen state of man. The stranger appeared in danger of instant suffocation; therefore, Drewatt hastily extricated his foot, dragged him to a safer position on the grassy bank, and loosened his cravat. It then occurred to him to try to discover some clue to the residence of his unwished-for charge, whom he did not much like to leave alone in that condition, and who was to all appearance a farmer well to do in the world. On examining his pockets with that view, Drewatt found a large sum in gold, and notes to evidently a greater amount. The voice of the tempter spoke at once to his heart, and met a fearful echo there. Would that wealth were his! for

wealth it would be to him more than life could hope the toil of his whole lifetime would amass. And what but his own will were required to make it his? and then no more weary wanderings in search of work—no more dependence on the whim of his employers—no more depressing fears lest the breath of slander might deprive him of the poor man's chief earthly blessing, leave to labour for his livelihood. Here was enough to convey him to a distant country, where none could recognise him: here was enough to establish him well in business for himself in that strange land; and to enable him to provide sufficiently for his mother's wants. And she need never know how he had gained that money which supported her old age—nor need the world; and even should suspicion of the robbery be cast upon him, it could not follow him in his flight; he could guard against being tracked; and as for that name, which must be left as a useless encumbrance behind him, it could not be consigned to greater ignominy than already covered it, or be exposed to deeper execration than had been already poured upon it.

He began to remove the talismanic treasure from the sleeper's pocket; but, at its touch, better thoughts came over him: the thought of that world hereafter, where each should be judged by his deeds and feelings, and not according to the opinions of his fellow men; the thought also of this world, where he would thus be lending a darker colouring to the calumnies of evil wishers, overwhelming his unhappy relatives with yet more poignant anguish.—No, he would not do it! the temptation had passed by, and the gold seemed to scorch his hand as if it had been burning coals, and the notes felt like living scorpions, as he quickly replaced them, eager to get the now hated things out of his sight. His next consideration was, what to do with the senseless, brutalised being who had steeped his senses to complete submersion in his inebriating draughts. There was no house in view, and he could not remove him without assistance, while at the same time Drewatt feared to leave him, for at that moment the dread lay painfully heavy on his mind, that should the farmer be robbed, it would be ascribed to him. He sat there for some time: at length a person came along the road, whose aid he claimed. They shook the sleeper until he was as wide awake as his stupified faculties would permit, then placed him on his horse, and, supporting him on either side, conveyed him to the town, where, in the first respectable inn they came to, he was left to finish his sleep, his property being first counted over in the presence of several persons, and consigned to the safe keeping of mine host. Then, with a well pleased conscience, and the satisfaction of having done his duty, Drewatt sought a lodging for the night, within the precincts of the town which, but a few hours before, he thought he had left for ever.

On the following day he was, to his inexpressible amazement, taken into custody on suspicion of having robbed the very man who was so much indebted to his kindness. It appeared that at a cattle market, held on Friday, the farmer had effected sales to a great extent, for which he had been paid in gold and notes; of the latter he had marked down the numbers, and now asserted that one, for five pounds, was missing. On the Monday Drewatt was examined; he was proved to have been alone with the complainant, after which period there was no opportunity for commission of the theft. His previous bad character, which now came forward, likewise went against him, and he was remanded until further evidence could be procured. And this was the reward of all Richard's good resolves and withstandings of temptation! Would this story, also, reach the village, to furnish food for ill-natured comments, and carry renewed sorrow to that dwelling which misfortune had already made its own. He did not doubt it: indeed, he was in that frame of mind not much to doubt that the note would be discovered in such position, and other circumstances transpire, so as to perhaps convict him. "It is as well to do evil as good," he thought; for he thought, too, that had he stolen the money, he should not have waited for detection.

We will not do more than allude to the whirlwind of varied passions which convulsed Drewatt's mind during the interval, until, looking indeed like a very culprit, he was again brought up for examination. But there an unexpected witness presented himself—the landlord of the public-house where the farmer had passed the Friday night, and staid drinking in honour of his good fortune, nearly all Saturday, and he produced the note in question, with which his customer had paid his bill. The state of intoxication in which the farmer was at the time prevented his recollecting the circumstance; and he was severely reprimanded by the magistrate for his recklessness in thus preferring a charge against an innocent man, when a more careful computation of the gold in his possession would have proved his property in a state of security which he had not deserved. Perhaps the magistrate's animadversions drove the idea out of his mind; but at all events, Drewatt's accuser walked away without offering any recompense to the man who had in all probability preserved his life. Drewatt was told he might bring an action for false imprisonment, with every certainty of damages: but he would try nothing of the kind; he was sick of the law—sick of himself—sick of the world altogether; nor was such feeling much diminished by discovering subsequently, that the general impression was, that he had meditated the robbery, but that the approach of another person had compelled a change of purpose. What else could such an evil-minded man have meant to do?

A fortnight after this, pale, emaciated, and enfeebled, Drewatt passed out of the town. He had been ill, very ill indeed, since his discharge, and all his money and some of his clothes were gone, one shilling alone remained for his expenses, and he felt that soon he must beg, or starve,—or steal! Walking was toilsome to him then; but on he went, slowly indeed, and with frequent rests, yet he had gone a good many miles, when, an hour or two after midday, he sat down to make his humble meal. There was an alehouse by the roadside, and a little beer might have recruited his strength; but he had no money to waste, and passing it by some distance, he drew forth the slice of bread and bit of cheese he had brought with him for his dinner. While engaged in eating it, Richard perceived something lying a little way farther on, on the other side of the road, and when he had finished, he went over and picked it up. It was a green silk purse,—though not exactly what every one would have called a purse, being simply a little silk bag, tied round carefully with the cord which formed its string. Such as it was, however, it was not empty, and Richard's heart leaped for joy as he felt that it contained two large coins besides smaller ones. Here was fortune! here was enough, in all probability, to keep him some time longer from want, perhaps until he should be able to meet once more with employment. Yet, though the sight of its contents would have been pleasing

to his eyes, he put the purse into his pocket without loosening the string; not from any doubt as to the appropriation of the money, but he felt some misgivings about meddling too much with it in a hurry, lest this apparent good fortune should be the source of fresh trouble. He went on with a lighter heart and a firmer step, most thankful for the timely assistance thus thrown in his way. After a time, he began to wonder how the money had been dropt, and who had lost it. "Would it had been a farmer," he thought, "were it ten thousand times as much, and sunk in the deep dark ocean, and of no benefit to me!" Such are the feelings which the misconduct of one man too frequently excites towards his class. But the aspect of the little bag forbade the idea; it had belonged, most probably, to some one in very humble circumstances, perhaps was the sole treasure of one whom its loss would leave poor and wretched as himself—and he knew how hard such misfortune was to bear. This thought poisoned his delight, and as he proceeded he employed himself in further conjectures as to the loser.

At length he saw a young girl coming along, looking from side to side of the road, and examining every tuft of grass with the unmistakeable air of one who has missed some article which should have been forthcoming. "Have you lost anything?" he inquired.

"I have, indeed!" she replied, turning on him a look of deep concern.

"Was it a purse?"

"Oh yes?—a little green silk bag, with two half-crowns, a shilling, and three sixpences!" exclaimed the girl eagerly, evidently in a hurry to identify it.

It was immediately restored to her, and the most heartfelt gratitude was poured forth with that natural eloquence which has its source in feeling. But almost as eloquent, and yet more welcome to Drewatt, was the language of those bright and truth-fraught eyes, as also the expression of that youthful and ingenuous countenance, whose beauty they enhanced. Drewatt had seen many pretty girls, but never one who seemed half so lovely in his eyes—the voice of kindness and friendship sounds doubly sweet to ears unaccustomed to receive it, and hers being that voice might have some influence on his feelings. She observed how ill he looked, advised him to rest, and insisted on his accepting the best share of some fine plums she carried in a basket. And very pleasant and refreshing they were to Drewatt's weariness, though yet more refreshing were the kind words, and fearless demeanour of the girl, as, seated near him on the bank, she eat her own division of the fruit. Had she but known who was her companion, what difference might it not have occasioned in her conduct! Drewatt did not try the experiment, but after the fruit was finished, they walked on a little way together, when he assisted her over a stile, and she departed in her ignorance; though the whole of the story of her own life had passed into his possession; and he knew that to increase, instead of being a burthen on the scanty resources of an infirm father, she had, as soon as her younger sister was old enough to supply her place in the house, procured a situation as needlewoman, in a city a considerable distance away, whither she was now proceeding; her entire fund for travelling expenses consisting in the little treasure he had restored to her, to make the most of which, having sent on her box, she was performing a portion of the journey on foot.

The following day Drewatt reached another town, and recommenced his series of applications for employment: but all in vain, trade was bad, and many of their regular hands being out of work, no one would engage him—otherwise his sickly look might alone have barred success, as it did in his endeavours to procure any other kind of work. A second fit of illness seized him, and when its violence was passed by, and he emerged from the wretched dwelling which had sheltered him, he was utterly destitute, without a farthing, or anything in the world, excepting the clothes he wore. He had no resource but beggary, and for some days he subsisted on the fluctuating charity of the townspeople. Then this failed, also, and he was reduced to fearful want. Food had not passed his lips for more than twenty-four hours, and he stood in a quiet street, near the door of a baker's shop, eyeing its contents as they alone can do who are starving. There was no one in the shop—no one in the street; the bread, for whose want he was perishing, stood before him in tempting piles; and so near the door! nothing could be easier than to slip in and carry off one little loaf, no one would see him, no one would ever know it. For a moment he wavered, and advanced a step; then he drew back—during his recent illnesses the lessons which his mother had imprinted on his mind in childhood, the precepts of that holy volume which she had made her guide through life, and the words which he had so often heard the clergyman utter in the pulpit, had all wrought powerfully upon his heart, and were not without their fruits. No, he would not yield to the temptation; a few days sooner or later it might be that he died, but he would not prolong his existence by dishonesty. Resolutely, though with trembling limbs, he walked away, and turning into a sort of lane, sat down beneath a wall. The worst seemed to have come at last—he had begged in vain, he would not steal, nothing remained now but to starve. Presently a man came down the lane whistling. As he came near he walked slower and looked at Drewatt. The latter knew him well—it was a native of his village, who, having been imprisoned for theft, had on his return been driven away by the general insult and avoidance; and *he* had been one to show his contempt for the convicted thief—how his heart smote him at the recollection! The other stopped and gazed on him for a moment, ere he could fully recognise the sadly altered face, then exclaiming,—"Is this you, Dick Drewatt?" extended his hand, which was clasped most eagerly. "You do'nt avoid me *now!*" observed the same speaker, with a smile. Drewatt burst into tears: bodily weakness and conflicting feelings subdued him to such unmanly emotion. "Nay, I did not mean to vex you," continued his former acquaintance, with a kindly roughness, at the same time sitting down by him. "I should be the last man to pick holes in anybody's jacket."

"But I am *not* guilty," said Drewatt, earnestly.

"So we all say," replied the other, with some bitterness, "only the world won't believe us. So I told the court; but they paid no respect to my assertions, they never do. It's a good job that they did not find you guilty, and hang you up like a dog that was not worth a place among the living."

"It might have been as well as giving the dog an ill name," remarked Drewatt, mournfully.

"Ay—so that's it? Well, tell me all about it; I am not so bad or so reckless as I appear, and am earning my living honestly. But first come along, and let us have a pint of beer, and a slice of beef too; you don't look as if they would hurt you: fretting and fearing won't keep a man alive."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY THE GERMAN PAINTER, GRIMEAUX.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—*St. Matthew*, xviii, 10.

In our last week's number our engraving represented the *Nemesis*, who avenged human crimes; our present woodcut shows the fairer idea of the Guardian Angel guiding the footsteps of the trustful child. Grimeaux, the painter, has taken for his subject the two beautiful passages in the ninety-first psalm.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

The old masters, who, like the German artists of the present day, drew their best inspirations from the scriptures, never, perhaps, embodied a more beautiful idea than that of the Guardian Angel. A little Germanesque it might be, but what really great effort is untinged by nationality? We might, perhaps, make a slight objection to the dress of the little pilgrim, and to the beads that he is dropping, as symbols of a particular creed, in place of a more Catholic representation of human trustfulness. This, however, is a trifling objection, and one which we do not wish to urge, as the picture, taken as a whole, is a fine moral poem, and full of meaning in every line. The dangers of life are typified by the dark sea which lies on each side of the narrow neck of land down which the child is being guided by the Angel. The brink of the precipice on either hand is hidden by flowers, which represent the delusive pleasures of the world. The Angel, from behind, like a mother waiting upon the trembling feet of an infant, with careful palms watches lest he should swerve from the narrow path. She does not touch him—to his own *free will* his footsteps are left, until his inherent helplessness calls forth the gentle guidance of her hands. Her white wings curve around as though doubly to assure the child, for does it not say in the psalm:—

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.

The face of the Angel is very fine. Annibal Caracci, whose angels, "with hair blown back," reach the highest point of spiritual feeling, never painted a more beautiful one. But description is dull when employed upon such a picture; we have been vainly attempting to paint with the pen, what the reader can understand at one glance by looking at the woodcut. Mr. Linton has done full justice to the design by the masterly manner in which he has engraved it. Both in idea and in execution it is a work of High Art. We might say the same of its companion picture, published last week. Let us recommend those of our readers who appreciate their beauty to obtain separate copies of the numbers containing such engravings, and to have them framed. Such pictures as these are too good to remain merely closed up in a book. Go forth, then, little prints! take the place upon the walls of the artisan's dwelling of the coarse daubs which appeal only to the worst passions—pictures of prizefighters, of Battles, of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, made heroes of by those who should have elevated instead of degraded your taste. Let the spinners put them up against the beams of their looms—such pictures as these are lessons which a man cannot have too constantly before him. We feel sure of the portfolios of the drawing-rooms. It is *our* ambition that the dull walls of the workshop be made eloquent by such appeals as those pictures to the best emotions of the heart.

How grand is the experiment we are making! Disregarding the suppressed sneers of the mere *dilletanti*, we say boldly to the working man, we trust you, we believe in you; Art is for you as well as for the select circle. True Art addresses itself to the breadth and depth of human feeling rather than to the narrow edge of conventionalism, however refined. A. W.

MEN OF THE PEOPLE.

No. II.—HENRY VINCENT.

There are probably few of our readers but have heard of the name of Henry Vincent. Many of them must have listened to him in person: for there are few men who have, within a shorter period, addressed larger numbers of the British people than he has done. Wonderful is the energy and activity of Vincent! The rapidity of his progress—in one of his national tours in the cause of Temperance, Peace, Education, and Political Liberty—seems almost electric. The flame of his eloquence suddenly courses through the island—from Cornwall, where the miners admire him, to Scotland, where thousands assemble at the sound of his coming. One would think that he discoursed as he ran; and that there was no time for stopping that audiences might collect. Look at the papers which record his progress, and you find that one week he is in Nottingham, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Newcastle,—and the next, he is in Haddington, Edinburgh, Dundee, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. As he flies along, tens of thousands collect to receive his passing words; and he preaches to these multitudes peace, charity, temperance, love of liberty, independence, industry. During the last year, we see, from watching his progress, he has addressed about *three hundred* crowded meetings; and has travelled from *seven to eight thousand miles* to address them! It is only a man filled with the inspiration of great ideas—possessed of the soul of a hero and the enthusiasm of an apostle—who could have braved so much, attempted so much, and accomplished so much, as Henry Vincent has done. Without vital and enduring faith in the power of goodness and truth to overcome evil and error, Vincent could never have persevered so unswervingly, through good and evil report, in the cause of human progress. To give a brief outline of the history of this energetic public teacher, is the object of the present article.

Henry Vincent was born in High Holborn, London, in May, 1815,—so that he is as yet but a young man, so far as years are concerned. His father was a respectable gold and silver smith, whose shop was in the street above named. When Henry had reached the age of seven years, his father became unfortunate in business; and, though he succeeded in satisfying the claims of his creditors, being unable to maintain himself in his former position, he removed to Hull, in Yorkshire, with Henry and a younger sister, and his wife. Here, after an attempt to establish himself in business, misfortune followed him. Between the years 1824 and 1827, by which time the family had increased to six children, they were living in a state of deplorable destitution. At the end of that time, the elder sister was smitten with a brain fever, by

which she was deprived of her reason; Thomas Vincent, the father, died; and distress and sorrow seemed to be the destiny of the unfortunate family. In the meantime, Henry, with youthful courage, did his best for their sustainment. By ten years old he worked away at various callings, earning small sums of money, which served in some measure to mitigate the sufferings of his relations. At a suitable age, he was apprenticed to a printer, and soon won the confidence of his master by his attention to his interests and close application to business. Here Henry Vincent's education commenced. Books were his almost constant companions, when not engaged at work. In the evenings he would run home with a book, and spend the night in reading it. He sedulously applied himself to the work of self-improvement, and made rapid progress. His mind expanded beyond himself, and he began to take a warm interest in the work of social progress. The times favoured the development of his opinions. The agitation for Catholic Emancipation had fired his boyish mind, and he became an ardent emancipationist. But the event that most thoroughly roused him into political activity, was the French Revolution of 1830. The sound of that movement fell upon him like a clap of thunder. We have heard him say that he stood speechless when he first saw the bill at the door of a newspaper office, headed "*Revolution in France!*" and then he ran excitedly home to borrow the necessary money to buy the paper, and, eagerly devouring its contents, hurried through the streets announcing the great event to every friend he met. He now became more political in his views, and at the period of the Reform Bill agitation, took active part with the radical or universal suffrage party; and, while yet in his teens, he was elected a member of the council of the Hull and Saltcoats Political Union. When his apprenticeship terminated, he removed, with his mother and the rest of the family, to London, and through the recommendation of respectable friends, obtained a situation in the King's Printing Office. He soon left the firm with about sixty men, being dissatisfied with the way in which the government printing was conducted.

The death of a relative having by this time provided Henry Vincent with a small independence, and his mind being filled with aspirations after human progress and hopes of general enfranchisement, he determined, in the year 1837, to devote himself for a time to the propagation of his deeply-cherished principles. He soon joined the celebrated and virtuous William Lovett, and a few other men of similar views, in an attempt to put the nation in motion for a peaceful and moral movement in favour of the just representation of all classes of the people in parliament. This led to the production of the document called the "People's Charter," which was drawn up to show the possibility of embodying the principles of just representation in the form of an act of parliament; and upon this the country was appealed to. Henry Vincent soon became one of the most noted of the many enthusiastic advocates for the measure. He traversed large districts of the country at his own expense, making great way among the middle and working classes. He entered Bath in 1838, amidst the ringing of the abbey bells, and the firing of cannon from the adjacent hills.

The excitement caused by the new movement extended into Wales, where the fiery descendants of the ancient British embraced the views so earnestly put forward by their young advocate, with an unwonted enthusiasm. Vincent laboured among them in public meetings by night and by day; and at the same time he started a cheap paper, the *National Vindicator*, which extensively circulated in South Wales and the West of England. The vehemence of Vincent's language, and the excitement produced by his addresses, alarmed the Whig government, who took the opportunity of apprehending him while on a visit to his mother in London, on a charge of using seditious language; and, after being tried, he was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Monmouth gaol. At the end of eight months he was brought from his cell to stand a new trial, and was again sentenced to other 12 months' imprisonment.

During his confinement, he suffered many hardships and privations; but he never murmured. He was confined in Monmouth at the time of the unhappy Monmouth riots, and deeply deplored those terrible events. The prison being full, and, apparently with the view of crushing his spirits, the authorities confined him in the *condemned cell*, contrary to all law and decency; but he preserved his playfulness of mind, and appeared to be more cheerful in disposition as his sufferings increased. At length public opinion in and around Monmouth so grew in his favour—even among the respectable and influential classes—that the government resolved to remove him to London; and the news of the removal spreading abroad, his ride to London was quite a triumph. As the coach passed through Ross, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Oxford, he was welcomed by the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of people. In London, he was confined in a solitary cell in the wretched Penitentiary; and it was while confined in this dungeon that the generous-hearted Serjeant Talfourd (who had held the government brief against him), with a kindness of heart peculiarly characteristic of him, brought his case before parliament. He spoke of Vincent in the highest terms; blamed the government for their cruel treatment of him; and said that the sentence passed upon him had been violated by the sufferings he was undergoing. The government was so hard pressed, that they promised to mitigate the severity of his treatment. Lord Normanby shortly after visited him in the Penitentiary, to whom he delivered his sentiments in a manly and earnest way, that went the round of the papers at the time. He was next day removed to Oakham gaol, where, after fourteen months' dreary imprisonment, living upon prison fare, and subject to every indignity, he was treated in a more christian manner, and allowed the use of books, pen, ink, and paper.

The first use Vincent made of his new privilege was to write his celebrated *Address to the People on behalf of Temperance*, which address was extolled in nearly all the public journals. It was in this address that he told the people, that "*No government can long withstand the just claims of a people who have had the courage to conquer their own vices.*" At length, after twenty-two months' imprisonment, he was liberated by the government, two months before the expiration of his sentence. His liberation was celebrated by a large public dinner, at which he was received with great enthusiasm, and he at once again resumed his career of public usefulness, advocating the elevation of the working classes, the extension of their political rights, their emancipation from the baneful influence of intemperate habits, with the same zeal and devotedness as ever. But he had now had some discipline in the school of experience and suffering, and the effects were visible in his public addresses: he now appealed more to the judgment and less to the feelings; and aimed less

at making men angry at the bad, than at inducing them to love and aim after the good. Take, for instance, the following peroration of a Complete Suffrage address, delivered by Mr. Vincent at Leeds, in October, 1842:—

I would not leave you (said he) without impressing this night upon your minds, that however beautifully true our principles may be, you should remember that they may be sullied by our own follies; and that he is the truest reformer who seeks to elevate the masses—who declares war against drunkenness and vice —who seeks, through the spirit of self-improvement, to make men worthy the rights they lay claim to; for, oh! gentlemen, there is not a truer elevator, nor a more powerful democratic weapon, than the spread of virtue and the advance of mind. Recollect, that just in proportion as the mind of the nation shall grow—just in proportion as the people shall advance in virtue and knowledge, shall we approach nearer to the day when those principles shall be calculated to win a glorious triumph amongst us. Feel, then, perfect and undying faith in the power of truth —feel that if you have right on your side, you need not play the bully to make men love your principles. Feel that liberty is not a fiend; that she is not some wild and savage beast, with talons sharp, to tear in pieces all who differ from us—but feel that liberty is a kindly guardian angel, that, in her passage through the world, drops thoughts of fatness and words of kindness in the human bosom; feel this, and you will do more to make your principles respected than ever can be done by force, by folly, or by fraud. Let there be a diffusion of mind, a spread of enlightenment throughout the world. In the beautiful creation of this world, when it yet half slept in the womb of night, and chaos enwrapped it round, creation seemed waiting to bring forth her beauty at the voice of the Almighty one, who said, "Let there be light," and as the light beamed forth, this lovely and fertile earth sprung upon the view, and, last of all, the godlike form of man. And as in the physical creation, so is it now in the moral world; man's political destiny seems enwrapped in a dark and chaotic mass, but there is a new creation preparing, thoughts are breaking from the lower masses of society, threatening to burst into pieces the trammels that have hitherto pent them up; all things are ready for a new and more glorious day; and rely upon it, he is the highest, truest patriot who sends forth, and backs it up by honest exertions, the soul-enchanting sound, "Let there be light." And as the glorious flame shall burn from mind to mind, and warm from heart to heart, soon shall be seen in the irradiating blaze of its glory, the eternal, the immutable rights of man.

During the last few years, Mr. Vincent has been engaged, with Mr. Joseph Sturge and others, in labouring to bring about a reconciliation between the middle and the working classes in their efforts to obtain a greater extension of the public liberties. His popularity has greatly increased among the middle and propertied classes, who no longer fear, as they did, to place political power in the hands of their fellow-men—even though these men should labour for their sustenance with their own hands. Vincent has taken the opportunity of testing this feeling on several occasions during the last few years, and with remarkable success. At Banbury, where he contested the election with a Whig and a Tory, a large minority of the electors, and almost the whole unfranchised population, were on his side. During the election he was offered one thousand pounds by one of the parties, to retire and use his influence against the other. He refused; because his contesting the election was a matter entirely of principle. After the election was over, he received the public thanks of the authorities for the way in which he had suppressed intemperance and preserved the peace of the town; and all parties combined to greet him at a large public *soiree*, which was attended by upwards of eight hundred persons in that small town. In 1842, when the Whig members had been turned out of their seats at Ipswich for bribery, Vincent, though quite a stranger in the town, appeared and offered himself as a candidate. Never was such a candidate heard of in Ipswich before! He denounced drunkenness, bribery, and corruption, in all their forms; and at the same time put forth his own democratic opinions, so as to command the attention and respect of all classes. Most of the dissenters of the town supported him, and a large proportion of the middle classes; and it is said, that but for the farmers of the neighbourhood he would have been elected. As it was, he polled four hundred and seventy-three votes. In 1843, he contested Tavistock against all the influence of the house of Bedford, and lost the election only by forty-one votes. He has since stood for Kilmarnock and Plymouth, taking advantage of these opportunities for having his large views of political, moral, and social questions, brought fairly under the notice of the public.

We have been informed, by those who were present throughout the Plymouth contest, that the influence exercised by Mr. Vincent upon the population during the election, was of the most salutary kind. The previous parliamentary contest had been distinguished by the grossest behaviour on the part of the populace, whom both of the opposing parties had endeavoured to bribe and debauch, chiefly by means of intoxicating drink. Vincent set himself determinedly against all such beastly methods of influencing the voices of the electors. He urged on the large audiences which crowded to hear him night after night, the duties of self-respect, self-reliance, sobriety, good conduct, and manly integrity. He preached of democratic virtue as Christianity realised and in action; and enforced upon the working classes that, without sobriety, virtue, and intelligence, they never could obtain their rights; nor, even if obtained, could they, without these, exercise them sufficiently for their own and the public advantage. The results of this teaching were apparent on the day of election, at which the vast crowd behaved with a propriety and decorum heretofore unknown in Plymouth on similar occasions.

Of late, Mr. Vincent has extended the range of his useful operations, by lecturing on historical subjects, temperance, education, religious liberty, and the peace question,—for he has become a convert to the doctrine of the sanctity of human life, and the sinfulness and impolicy of all war. He was delegated to the late World's Peace Convention by the peace societies of Manchester and Tavistock. He has lately been on a mission through Scotland, where he has addressed immense numbers of the people, and has had the use of the churches of all denominations, including some of those belonging to the State Church in that country, where the ministers of the parish usually presided.

With respect to Mr. Vincent's private life, we can only farther add that he has now been married five years, and is blessed with two children. His lady has recently founded a boarding and educational establishment for young ladies in the neighbourhood of London, which is likely to become one of the most useful of our schools for the daughters of the middle classes.

In person, Mr. Vincent is rather below the average height. He is firmly and handsomely built; his complexion is fresh and ruddy; his hair is light and flowing; and his dark blue eyes are keen and animated. His head is large, and well developed in the intellectual regions; his features are finely cast, and expressive of much feeling, benevolence, and humour. In his moral character, we believe him to be unimpeachable. Taken as a whole, he is a noble specimen of his class—of whom he has a thorough knowledge, with whom he deeply sympathises. We believe him to be a man endowed with qualities and faculties which may yet render him of immense service to the cause of truth and human progress; and we trust he will go forward in the path which he has marked out for himself, until he sees the objects which are so dear to his heart completely accomplished.

THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

By Georgina C. Munro.

(Concluded from page 308.)

After that welcome meal, it was a blessing to the persecuted man to pour forth without reserve the detail of his sorrows, his disappointments, and his misfortunes, to one who would not scorn, or mock, or shrink from him. The recital was listened to with an air of sympathy which could not be assumed, and the first words of genuine consolation and encouragement, from one who knew his actual circumstances, were uttered by the man whom in brighter days he had contemned. In return for Drewatt's narrative, his old acquaintance, Martin, related somewhat of his own experience of the world since he had quitted their native village—how want of character had stood in his way, and how, recognised when he least desired, that evil had been eclipsed by a character for dishonesty—how the only classes that had welcomed him, were those which no companionship nor example could corrupt, and the only promising way of gaining his livelihood was by disreputable means—he told how easy he found it to sink, how difficult to rise, how hard to extricate himself from the moral quicksands ready to engulf him; how he had striven, and how constantly the sincerity of his efforts had been discredited. But the love of evil had not been in his heart; and resolutely disentangling himself from its temptations, he had set forward on the more stony path. Destitute of a trade, having been the factotum of the hamlet's only shop, he had at first earned his subsistence as a bricklayer's labourer; but the work was hard and the wages were small, and having some inkling of the craft of basket-maker, he had attempted it with sufficient success to induce him to stick to it altogether.

"It makes a fair enough living, one week with another," he concluded, "and making a little allowance for disagreeable thoughts, I am as happy as possible. You met me in a very merry humour to-day, for I've sold all my stock, and that's always a piece of good fortune to rejoice at. And now you must come with me, my little room will hold us both, and when we get richer we shall have a better lodging."

"But how am I, at least, to get richer?" asked Drewatt sadly. "I'm not strong enough for a bricklayer's labourer, and could not even make a basket."

"But you'll soon be strong enough to be a capital workman, as you know you are by rights," said Martin cheerfully; "and then you can make something more to the purpose than a basket. I once heard of a man who made a very large fortune, and he began by putting a common wooden box outside his door. Don't you think a table or a chair might do as well? So, cheer up, Dick, my boy, we'll be well to do in the world some day! Only get rid of that unlucky name of yours, which would be enough to condemn a saint. We must christen you over again; what shall it be? nothing out of the common way. Ah, Joseph Richards will do, and not seem so strange to you either. So now come home with me, and a good sleep will soon set you all to rights."

A few days, with food and rest, and the cheerful companionship of Martin, did wonders in recruiting Richard's shattered health; and as soon as he was capable, he put his friend's plan in execution. A few articles, of the best construction which the materials Martin could afford to buy, and the tools he could borrow or buy, permitted, invited, not without success, the purchase of the passenger; and as they were converted into money, others of superior description filled their place; until at the year's end the two friends were enabled to hire a shop, a very humble one truly, but still a place where the articles produced by their joint industry might be exposed for sale to better advantage, and in greater quantity, than before. As we have already intimated, Richard was a very superior workman, and as Martin also displayed no small ingenuity and taste in the fabrication of his lighter wares, their competition with establishments of longer standing and higher pretensions gradually increased in success, and their receipts in value, the greater portion of which their steady and frugal habits enabled them to employ in the improvement of their business, so that in three or four years more they were sufficiently prosperous to take a large shop in one of the best streets in the town. Here might be seen through one window a crowd of highly finished and fashionable furniture, while the other displayed Martin's baskets, and a hundred other elegant trifles for use or ornament, which the partners had deemed it advisable to add to their stock in trade.

At this time, likewise, their household received an addition in the person of one whom Richard had little expected ever to welcome to his home. But though worldly affairs had prospered, all else had not gone so happily with him in the interval, and he had grieved deeply to hear of his mother's death, which his own evil name had hastened. And she had gone down to the grave, though blessing him, still mourning over his presumed delinquencies, and in that thought there was bitterness unspeakable. Poor Kate, thus left alone in the village, with none to love her, none to whom she could cling for support and comfort in her desolation, had yet at first declined her brother's request to join him. But when she came to seek the means of providing for her own subsistence, the fact of Richard's relationship paralysed her efforts. It had been her wish to procure a place, no matter as what, anything for which she was fit, no matter with rich or poor, so it was with somebody respectable. But though not so plainly intimated, the truth was clear enough to her comprehension, no one would have her brother's sister in their house; and, in the end, that brother's entreaties and arguments prevailed, and Kate took up her abode beneath his roof. Here then she found again, and through him, that respect in the world's eyes, of which he had been the means of depriving her. Taught somewhat, also, by her own slight experience, of the hardships which had so nearly crushed Richard for ever, what he must have suffered, Kate felt that his punishment had been adequate almost to his imputed crime; and recognising in his struggles to regain his lost position, and in the uniform exemplary conduct and probity, which had secured the good-will and opinion of his fellow townsmen, the unfeigned desire of well-doing, she found esteem and approbation mingling once more with the affection which had clung to him through all his darkest hours. She no longer shrunk from him now, but strove to make the past forgotten in the present—perhaps there were times when she even deemed that past might have been misinterpreted, and that public opinion had condemned him wrongfully. However, the expression of her sentiments was little called for, as the days

gone by were but rarely spoken of in that house; there was to all much in their events to which they would not that the very walls should listen, and they were usually allowed to rest in silence well nigh as deep as though they never had existed.

The same care and frugality as of old still characterised the household, to an extent beyond what circumstances might appear to call for; but not merely did its members feel little disposition for amusement or luxury, but not knowing on how precarious a tenure their present prosperity might be held, all were anxious to place themselves above the danger of that helpless penury, to which they had seen that general aversion could so easily reduce them. Thus a dentist occupied the best rooms; and Kate, with Martin's assistance, attended the shop, while Richard, glad to escape the necessity of often entering it, industriously pursued his occupation, in which he was now able to employ two or three men and apprentices. Perhaps he might have hoped that, thrown so much together as they were, a kinder sentiment than friendship would grow up between his sister and Martin, thinking that a marriage between those who knew so much about each other's circumstances, that time could scarcely reveal anything to their disparagement, would be as matters stood, the best thing that could occur. However, there seemed little probability of such an event; on the contrary, Kate Richards, as she now was named, soon attracted the admiration of a respectable young tradesman, considerably to the embarrassment and vexation of her brother, who foresaw nothing but evil arising out of this attachment, however it might end; since, whatever might prove Kate's decision, it was evident that the young man was not in himself disagreeable to her.

One day Richard had been called into the shop, to receive directions about some furniture which was to be made to order, and he was still loitering when three persons entered. The first glance recognised the pretty owner of the little green silk bag, and though he did not make himself known, he could not think of retiring. She was accompanied by a younger female, and a person who evidently either was, or soon would be, the husband of one of them, since it was very obvious that they were selecting furniture for their best rooms, and also that it was the first time of furnishing at all. From her evincing most interest in the matter, Richard—somewhat oddly—at once set down his acquaintance of an hour as the bride then or to be. And yet the idea vexed him, though he felt that there was no just reason for its doing so; for what could it be to him? At length the bright eyes of his way-side friend were turned on him; she half-started, and in a moment looked again—he could not appear unconscious, and she exclaimed with the same lively frankness which had marked her demeanour of old, "Surely, sir, I've seen you before? Was it not you that once gave me the purse I had lost?"

This recognition met a cordial response, and in a few minutes the whole party were talking as though they had known each other for months. And in a little while Richard had learned by what chance he had again encountered Mary Hope, for in her lot also there had been changes. Her father was dead, and her sister being about to make an exceedingly good match, by marrying a tradesman just set up for himself in that very town, they had persuaded Mary to give up the situation which she still held, and come to live with them for altogether. And so she was neither married, nor to be married; yet, again, what should that be to him? Did he not feel that a viewless barrier divided him and his from the rest of the world? Had he not regarded with pain the possibility of an attachment between Kate and one otherwise well suited to her? and if such considerations weighed in her case, should they not weigh a hundred times more heavily in his own? Alas! the prudence and foresight which had before been watchful, slumbered now that his own feelings required their utmost vigilance. Brought in contact with the only woman whose face had ever lingered in his memory as a fair thing to be treasured, he yielded to the fascination, thoughtlessly seeking her presence, and cultivating the willing friendship of her relatives, until, ere he had once reflected on consequences, he was so deeply attached, that it would indeed have needed a powerful effort to break the charm which bound him. But no such effort did he make; hope whispered sweetly, and he listened but too willing to be persuaded, as she argued the improbability of misfortune again assailing him, or evil report once more casting its shadow over his path, and blighting the happiness of those allied to him; and set forth the folly of throwing aside the proffered blessings of his lot, through dread of mere unlikely possibilities. A scene seemed spread before his eyes of cloudless joy and felicity—of his sister and himself tasting that happiness of which they had once thought to have taken leave for ever—united to those they loved, and enjoying the gifts of fortune, and the respect and friendship of their acquaintance. He could not turn from the enchanting vision, he would not repel it; but resigned himself to its contemplation, to the almost total forgetfulness of the thundercloud which might burst over him when least expected; destroying all his brilliant hopes, and bidding Mary and his sister's lover upbraid and scorn both him and Kate.

Thus matters went on; Richard heeded not that Kate was on the very point of uniting herself to one who knew not her father's name, still less suspected her brother's character—he heeded not that he had himself all but asked Mary Hope to be his bride. He had made up his mind to fearlessness—to be happy, and tremble not at shadows. He was in this mood one day walking with Martin, who had not a little contributed to his satisfied frame of mind, when a stage coach passed to its place of stopping, but a little way off. Richard at once turned deadly pale. "I am lost!" he said. "A man on that coach has recognised me, and I know well what will follow."

"But are you certain?" asked his friend.

"Ay, certain enough. I saw he recollected me as well as I did him. He was a fellow-apprentice of mine, and one of the witnesses whose evidence, though true, went so unfortunately against me. We were friends of old, and he spoke kindly of me on the trial; but that is nothing—I have learned the extent of such friendship, and know I shall be ruined. Fool that I was, to think it would be otherwise! If I had not been a fool indeed, what misery might not have been spared me!"

"Then let us hurry home," said Martin. "By keeping in-doors a day or two, he may never find you out."

"It is too late," replied Richard, glancing round, and there sure enough was his old friend hastening after them, though to his surprise with outstretched hand, and friendly air. His greeting, too, was friendly, and betokened much pleasure at meeting Richard so obviously improved in circumstances.

It was impossible to avoid asking Berry to accompany them home, and, in fact, Richard felt as

though it would be in vain to struggle against the inevitable ruin now closing round him. On their way, Berry addressed Drewatt by that now unwonted name. "That name is unknown here," said he, sadly, "to all except this friend who is now with me. Whatever you may do afterwards, do not call me by it to-day!"

Berry understood his meaning instantly, and answered rather to it than to his words. "Do not fear me, Dick, I never will betray you—I know what you have suffered. I, for one, believe you innocent, and am delighted to find, as must be the case, if this place is yours, that all this knocking about has done you no harm in the end."

Richard led him into the shop without replying, for though this declaration had for the time reassured him, he remembered but too bitterly all that persecution had already cost him. After a few hours of equally friendly communion, Berry left them, and Richard knew that his secret still was safe, that his identity with a person whom he had heard mentioned even by them, was yet unsuspected by his fellow townsmen. But the satisfaction this gave him was of but short duration. He had been rudely awakened from his dream, and his eyes would not reclose, but remained open to the precipice on whose brink both Katherine and himself were standing. The slightest breath might dash them down, and what right had they to drag with them others who were unconscious of their danger. Kate also was aroused from the pleasant visions *she* had indulged in; but that he knew not, nor dared he at that moment disturb her tranquillity with these considerations he had himself so long forgotten. It was his own conduct, with respect to poor Mary Hope, which most forcibly struck on his conscience, and called forth his remorseful feeling. Had he not, heedless of the misery it might bring upon her, striven to win her affection, and of late thought he had succeeded? Lovely, amiable, and gentle-hearted as she was, was this all to which his love for her had tended? Deeply guilty as he felt towards her, no reparation was possible; but his past conduct could not be persevered in, and he at once made up his mind as to his course.

On the evening after encountering Berry, he went to her sister's house and asked Mary to take a walk with him. She complied, and they gained the open country the nearest way, almost in silence, Mary catching somewhat of the contagion of her companion's grave demeanour, which greatly aroused her wonder. At length, when they were far from the noise and bustle of the town, Richard began to tell her of his attachment, of how truly and fervently he loved her, and how that feeling had grown to be the one thing ruling both thought and action. Earnestly, even eloquently, he spoke, for his heart was with his words; and Mary listened, as perhaps few girls have listened to such a tale; for though it was pleasant to her ears, there was something in the speaker's manner which seemed to cast the foreshadowing of coming evil over her spirit, and all other emotions were mastered by a nameless fear. When he paused, she looked up and would have spoken, but he prevented her. "You have yet more to hear," he said; "you have to hear much, Mary, which my love for you could alone extenuate. But I do not try to excuse it—I know how wrong and basely I have acted, and I do not ask for pardon. Let us sit here, and in a few moments you shall know all."

Pale and trembling, Mary sat down at the foot of the tree he indicated, while Richard placed himself near. He then went on to tell how a dark cloud had settled over his name, and blighted his character, and how it had injured those who were then dearest to him; he sketched his fate since that unfortunate period, and finally he told her his name and the crime with which he had been charged, and with which her memory had instantly connected it. Mary's face was hidden by her hands and the tears flowed fast through her fingers. They seemed to fall like drops of molten lead upon his heart. "And now, Mary," said he, rising, "you know all. You know why I dare not now ask you to share my miserable doom; but you cannot know how madly adoring you, I was induced to believe myself beyond the reach of danger, and therefore in my blindness thought to win you for my wife. All the guilt of that deception I now feel and confess—I know I have behaved like a brute and a villain; and yet the knowledge that you will hate and despise me, is almost punishment enough."

"Hear me, Richard Drewatt," exclaimed Mary, as she rose also, and dashed the blinding tear drops from her eyes; "for once I will call you by that name, to tell you that, from all I have known and heard of you, from all you have suffered and withstood, I believe you to be as guiltless of that terrible crime as I am myself. I cannot blame your conduct; I know not if it was prudent; but I cannot wish you had done otherwise. And why should you so despond? you have not done evil, and good is sure to triumph at the last. Why should you be certain of misfortune, when it may never reach you? Safe and undisturbed, as you have lived here so long, you may remain—every year added to your age would lessen the danger of discovery, and at best or at worst, come weal or woe, Mary Hope is willing to share it with you, if you will let her!"

Richard's first emotion was one of rapturous delight at this unexpected declaration. But with reflection came wiser and more generous thoughts; he remembered that with her feelings so wrought upon, she was incapable of judging calmly, and he dared not accept a sacrifice so rashly offered. He told her this, and bade her take time to weigh and consider, ere she pledged herself, in word or thought, to share the fortunes of one so strangely situated. Mary yielded to his arguments, but feared no change in her resolve, nor that the appointed space of a week would leave her less inclined to repeat the pledge he now refused.

On his return, Kate's eyes told Richard she had been weeping bitterly, and inquiry elicited that she had dismissed the lover, in whose keeping her heart was left. And this too was his doing—another evil of his lot. He was deeply grieved, and besought her to allow him to speak to the young man in explanation, that there might at least be no ill-will between them. But she would not hear of it, her dread of contempt was too torturing; and he could scarcely win her to regard with patience his intention of doing so, should Mary Hope's feelings remain unaltered by reflection.

The week was nearly ended when Richard received a communication from a clergyman, requesting him to visit the death-bed of one who had greatly injured him, and wished his forgiveness ere he died. The clergyman added, that the injury he would find in part repaired. Apparently intended to prevent an excess of pleasant emotion, this letter raised expectations Richard almost feared to indulge in; and half doubting whether, after all, it might not be merely some person who had wronged him of a few pounds, he obeyed the summons without delay. Twenty miles were soon

passed over; but he arrived barely in time to hear the self-accusing confession of Berry, who, irritated by a sudden quarrel, had committed that crime for which he had himself been tried—to comfort the parting and deeply repentant spirit with his forgiveness, and close the eyes of his former friend, who, run over by a waggon, thus died a death of lingering agony. The full and complete confession had however been already signed and attested; and in a few days it was known all over England, that the supposed murderer was innocent, and that the actual criminal no longer lived.

That very evening saw Drewatt enter the house of Mary's sister. The true-hearted girl met him with the frank smile and ready welcome which bespoke a changeless heart. "I have come to you," he said——

"To find me still the same," she added. "There is no change in me, Richard; nor shall be to the latest hour of my life."

"Nay, it was not that brought me here," he continued, "I should not have so forestalled the time. But were I alone concerned, your trust and truth might well make me happier than the tidings which I bring, that it is not a wretch shrinking from the knowledge of his fellow creatures, but one who can fearlessly hold up his head in the company of honest men, who now thanks you for that confidence."

And very thankful he was for that power; thankful not merely that the stigma under which he had so long languished was removed; but even more, that in all his sufferings, and all his trials, he had never yielded to the temptation of doing aught which would now have embittered his happiness, and left his reputation sullied by his own evil act, when the shadow of misfortune had been withdrawn. It was a proud day for Richard Drewatt, when his own rightful name, untarnished and uncontemned, was placed above his door. But it was yet a prouder, when at the altar he received Mary's hand, and gave his sister's to a worthier and a richer lover, than the one of whom his evil name had robbed her.

"I have much to thank you for," said he to Martin, some time afterwards. "Our common prosperity is entirely owing to your cheerfulness, perseverance, and foresight, which prevented two innocent men sinking beneath the blind injustice of the world."

"Why do you not say innocent *man*?" demanded his partner bluntly. "You are proved so, but I am not."

"But I feel you are as innocent as myself—I do not wait for proof, nor must we hope for it. Strangely as this exculpation has come to me, to you it is almost impossible."

"It would indeed be impossible!" said Martin; "for I am *not* innocent. No, Drewatt," he continued with some bitterness, "I was guilty of all they said. But they never asked by what temptation I fell—my sister was starving and was too proud to beg, and I had sent her everything I had. Think, Dick, if you knew that Kate was starving! However, my theft did not save her, and she died, thank God, without knowing of it! But for all that, because I had erred once, I was not worthless, though very nearly I became so. Ay, Dick, it was *once*, then; but injustice, necessity, and the impossibility of earning my living honestly, made me do things afterwards which gladly, very gladly, would I forget. And difficult indeed was it to get on the right path, after my feet had, as it were, become glued to the wrong one. But I did it at last, and *you* could not guess how many temptations I had to resist and conquer. But I always hated myself when I did evil, though people made me do it, by pretending that I loved it. Ah, Richard! should you ever have a child to educate, teach him not merely not to condemn too rashly, lest he overwhelm the innocent with the punishment of the guilty; but teach him, also, that even the guilty may often be as deserving of his pity as his censure; tell him that misfortune is the parent of more crimes than is a wicked heart; tell him that even the fallen should retain some claim to the forbearance of a fallen race; and bid him, at least, leave the way to reformation open, and drive not the unhappy wretch from evil to worse, and, worst of all, to the fellowship and example of those who are ever ready to seize on fresh pupils, and become tutors in crime."

JOURNAL OF A SELF-OBSERVER.

Under this title, a man truly worthy of being called virtuous has, during a period of twenty or thirty years, kept a faithful and minute record of his actions and most secret thoughts. This estimable and pious individual is no other than he who has been called the Swiss Fénélon—Lavater, the pastor of Zurich, whom few know otherwise than as the author of the work on Physiognomy.

The German manuscript of this invaluable journal has become the property of M. George Gessner, Lavater's son-in-law; and up to the present time, only two inconsiderable fragments of it have been given to the public. One, which comprises the first month of the journal, January 1767, was published in 1771, unknown to the author, through the well-intentioned indiscretion of one of his friends, M. Zollikofer. Lavater one day received by post a small anonymous pamphlet which, after reading the first few lines, he recognised as his confessions. This breach of faith caused him some disquietude at first. "Has not the public," said he, "a right to blame one who intrudes upon it all his private affairs, thoughts, and feelings? If all did as much what would be the result?" The moral influence of the little book, however, which was bought and read with avidity, in some measure calmed his scruples, and he was even prevailed upon to sanction the publication of a second portion of his journal, containing some months of 1772 and 1773. But there it ceased. the remainder has been confined to the circle of his family and friends.

Recently, in 1843, a French translation of these two fragments, which Germany has possessed for almost three quarters of a century, appeared at Neufchatel. The following translation of extracts from it will, we trust, prove acceptable to our readers. A good man who applies himself diligently to the study of his own heart, not from a mere impulse of frivolous curiosity or pure vanity, but with an earnest and sincere desire to eradicate the principles of all evil tendencies, and to develope and confirm all good ones, is at once a useful example and a noble spectacle. Far from meriting censure, as Lavater feared, in exposing to the public the secret workings of his mind, he deserves our highest gratitude. He shows how we may read and understand ourselves; he teaches us to be more severe for ourselves, more indulgent for others; he probes to the very bottom of our consciences those moral feelings which naturally have

too great a tendency to slumber, and he makes us ashamed of the indifference and thoughtlessness which cause us to attach so little importance to the title of a good man. Such, at least, should be the influence of confessions written with the double authority of talent and of virtue.

January, 1769.—Be sincere, oh, my heart; hide not thy depths from me. I will make a covenant with thee. Know, my heart, that of all the affections of the earth, there is none so wise or so rich in blessings as the friendship of a human heart with, and confidence in, itself. He who is not his own confident, can never be the friend of God or of virtue. The farther we fly from ourselves, the nearer we approach to hypocrisy; and of all things I most dread being a hypocrite.

Those who know mankind have justly remarked that sincerity ceases the moment we begin to perceive that we are observed. But this principle should be applied inversely when the exact observation of self is in question. "Sincerity commences when our heart begins to perceive that it is observed by itself." But, that I may not deceive myself, I am resolved to show these thoughts to no one, to keep them secret with the greatest care, and to write in a cipher, unintelligible to others, whatever might offend or injure anyone, should some unforeseen accident cause my journal to be brought to light. I shall note down whatever I may observe in the course of my feelings, all the secret artifices of my passions, and everything that may have a particular influence in the formation of my moral character, with as much exactitude and sincerity as if the Almighty himself were to inspect my journal, and so that on my death-bed I may draw up from it as faithful an account of my life as that which will be demanded of me after I have breathed my last sigh.

At three o'clock this morning I awoke and heard the night-watch. I never hear it without experiencing a kind of gentle sadness, together with a rapid consciousness of the brevity of life, and a confused recollection of the beings who watch by, or who suffer on a bed of sickness. But this morning my impressions were more than usually vivid; I could not restrain my tears; I recommended to Divine mercy my brothers and my sisters, the inhabitants of the whole earth.

I am resolved this day to wish no one a happy new year with my lips only, and without my heart fully joining in the wish. What an offence it is to truth to give expression to wishes and blessings that the heart has not formed, and of which perhaps it would not fulfil the conditions if the accomplishment depended upon it. Sentiments of sincerity live in me this day; and thou, my heart, never forget that it is base hypocrisy to use the form of a wish when thou feelest no desire for its fulfilment.

I have not found it easy to keep this resolution. Sometimes the words precipitated themselves before I had time to think, but I recalled them, and I experienced a secret gratification whenever I felt that they were accompanied by the unction of sincerity and love towards mankind. Oh God! what sublime joys do we drive from our souls when we banish thence the sweet feeling of human brotherhood which is its most precious jewel! Men like myself, my brothers, and my sisters, you inhabit the same globe, you inhale the same atmosphere, you rejoice in the same sunshine, and yet it requires an effort even to wish you any good.

In wishing a happy new year to the girl who serves me, I smothered some bitter reflections which were rising, and was enabled to give to my voice that easy tone which is the inseparable companion of simplicity and truth: but, I cannot deny it, I felt that I overcame my bitterness, I thought that I had done something great. How humbling, oh, my heart, that thou succeedest so imperfectly in conquering thyself?

Towards evening, I sought to be alone as much as possible. I must live with myself this year, if I wish to live more virtuously, more happily: that was what I said to myself this morning. Consequently, I commenced writing my journal and continued it thus far. The clock struck five. "Already five o'clock!" said I, "and I have not yet done one positive act of charity towards my neighbour. I may, it is true, perform two tomorrow, and thus atone for the omission of to-day; but I will not begin by deliberately breaking an engagement to which I have solemnly pledged myself before God and my conscience; I will not let this first day of the year pass without having performed a special act of brotherly kindness." Perhaps, too, I wished to be able to recall this day with the pleasurable feelings inspired by a good action. "But where shall I direct my steps? I need not go farther; our servant-girl has a sick mother, who needs old linen."

I went to my wife. "Dear friend," I said, "there is a new year's gift to be made."

"For whom?"

"For me, or for a poor person; or, if you prefer it, for He who has said: 'That which ye have done unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"Well, what is it?"

"A little old linen for Catherine's mother."

"Is that all? I will get it immediately."

My wife brought the linen. "I wish to give it to the girl myself," said I. My wife called her, she answered very crossly that she was busy and could not come. I kept my temper at this reply, but I prided myself upon having done so, and upon being able to make her ashamed of her ill-humour. Five minutes afterwards she came.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Catherine," I said, in a perfectly mild and quiet tone, "here is something for your mother; you may take it to her at once." In truth, it was a triumph to me to see how surprised and ashamed she was. She is gone, and I feel satisfied with myself.

January 3.—A day of terrible distraction! I have not been able to read, think, or work; and all by my own fault. I was unpardonably lazy this morning, and should have remained in bed longer, had not the odour of the smoking and half-extinguished night-lamp caused me to open my eyes, and I saw in all its brightness a fine winter's day. I had slept till nine o'clock! What should I have thought, if having myself risen at a reasonable time, I had entered the chamber of a man in perfect health and found him in bed at such an hour? What a despicable condition for a being capable of such great things, and destined to so high an end, to be in! Could I look without shame upon a drawing which should represent me in such a situation? Good heavens! if I had drawn from life every situation of the sort in which I have found myself, could I ever again have a moment's pride or vanity!

It was then nine o'clock when I arose, vexed and peevish. The sun shone so brightly, dazzling my eyes through the half-frozen panes, that, thoroughly ashamed of myself, I hardly knew how

to begin. Some one knocked at the door; it was M. M——.

"I hope I do not disturb you?" he said.

"Not at all, I am glad to see you." And yet I was very much annoyed at his visit, having pressing business to attend to.

"If you will allow me," said he, "I will read you a trifle I composed a few days ago; I should like to have your opinion of it."

He took a paper from his pocket-book and began to read. I was surprised, but as he went on his looks seemed to demand my approbation. I smiled and nodded in sign of approval, as if what I heard appeared to me excellent, when in fact I did not understand the half of it, so absent was I. At length, "Excellent!" I exclaimed; "you should have it published."

"Your approbation," he replied, "is of sufficient value to encourage me to so bold a step. But you are too partial. May I venture to leave the manuscript with you that you may look over it at your leisure? It has still many faults."

"It is not necessary," I replied; "however, if you desire it, I will do so, and I have no doubt it will improve on a second perusal." Alas! how much flattery, uttered at random, flattery and also hypocrisy! M. M— gone, I sat down to read his manuscript, in which I found several grave faults. "Thou hast deserved this, my heart, thou art punished now. But how shall I recall my first judgment? It would be odious to confirm it; and it is equally difficult and humiliating to retract it."

In the first place, to punish myself, and to serve as a warning for the future, I shall endeavour to retrace, as vividly as possible, all the circumstances, all the words, and all the gestures which rendered my conduct so despicable and so guilty at the first reading of the manuscript, which I shall then return to the author with the following note.

Monsieur and Friend—I have reperused your composition. You expect from me a judgment in writing. Let me, first of all, confess to you that my judgment of this morning was that of an inattentive, absent, and only half-awakened man. I have taken the liberty of marking the passages which appear to me to require amendment; some of them the very same to which I remember having signified my approbation. It is I alone who ought to feel humbled at my opinion being different now. I think, however, you perceived, when you proposed leaving the manuscript with me, that my assent was not altogether sincere. I thank you for your friendly confidence, so little deserved on my part: how grieved I should have been, if some alterations, which I consider indispensible, had been omitted in consequence of my unlimited approbation. You see that I redeem my past precipitation by a liberty which could hardly have failed to offend one less unassuming, less noble, and less philanthropic, than yourself.

I despatched the note, and went down to dinner. "Good morning, dear friend," said my wife. I became more cheerful after the note was gone, and was even capable of joking. After the meal, I returned to my room, but I felt idle, and could not set to work. I asked for a light, to light my pipe. A visitor was announced. "Well," said I, "anyhow the day would have been lost." I dressed myself, smoked another pipe, and three o'clock struck. The evening was spent in talk upon the present situation of affairs, anecdotes of the States and of private families, digressions on temperature, on books, comparisons between the theatres of Hamburg, of Vienna, of Leipzic—nothing of more importance, and so the day ended.

Which of my resolutions have I kept this day? I shall read them all over, to my deep humiliation, so as to place clearly and expressly before my eyes what conscience says on the subject.

January 6.—On going down to dinner to-day, I found my friend N—, whom my wife had detained to give me pleasure. We sat down to table. A decanter was thrown down and broken. A gentle, smiling, and beseeching glance from my wife quelled the anger that was rising within me. An anecdote was related on this occasion of a pious man who one day received a present of a porcelain vase of great value. He refused to accept it; it was again sent to him: at length, he took it, dismissed the carrier with a gratuity, and taking a key, he struck the beautiful vase with it, and very coolly broke it in pieces. "It is probable," said he, "that this vase would have been broken at some time or other, and that its loss would excite guilty anger in the breast of the possessor, or secret distress in that of the author of the accident. Myself, if I often saw and admired it upon my table, I should, perhaps, be very much vexed if it were broken by the carelessness of others, or by my own; and that is what I wish to avoid." I thought this an example worthy of being followed. It was argued for and against; but to me the action appeared that of a wise and benevolent man.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN MANCHESTER?

By John Bolton Rogerson.

No. II.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION—ATHENÆUM AND ITS SOIRÉES—FREE-TRADE HALL—PHILHARMONIC INSTITUTE.

The object of the present paper is to notice those sources of instruction and amusement which are available to the great body of the inhabitants of Manchester—the middle and the operative classes. We can, therefore, only mention the existence of the Royal Institution, established for the advancement of the arts and sciences—the Portico, with its fine library and news'-room—the Lancashire Independent College, a splendid building erected for the education of those designed for the ministry—the Concert Hall, with its select auditory—and the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which the late Dr. Dalton was president: all excellent, but not for the many.

It is always a source of extreme gratification, when we find men whose daily avocations are of the most bustling and industrial nature, availing themselves of every leisure interval to cultivate and increase the means of intellectual enjoyment. It is to us a convincing proof that mind cannot be controlled by matter, and that there is something within us which will not be checked or satisfied by what is merely physical or sensual in its operations. There are no greater ornaments to a town than those educational and literary institutions, which, emanating from the people, are adapted to the wants of the people, and are supported by the people. No matter whether they be of brick or stone—whether splendid temples, or simply utilitarian erections—their object sanctifies them, and they are invested with a host of pure and delightful associations. In the very centre of hard-working Manchester, where hurry and anxiety are depicted on the majority of faces, and Commerce is the deity that rules and animates the community, it is alike pleasing to the visitor, and honourable to the inhabitants, to find two spacious

buildings devoted to the diffusion of education and knowledge.

The Mechanics' Institution was founded in 1824, and is a plain, but most commodious building. The sum required for its erection was contributed by shareholders, and the cost was about 7,000*l.* It was the first edifice ever erected in the country for the purposes of a Mechanics' Institution, and, though its early years were beset by many difficulties, it is now wholly redeemed from debt, and in a most flourishing condition. Much of its present prosperity is owing to the efficiency of its directors, and more especially to the practical views and persevering energy of its talented managing director, Mr. Daniel Stone, junior. It possesses 1,850 members, and the library contains 10,500 volumes of books on all branches of literature and science. The circulation daily is near 400. It has also an excellent reading-room, supplied with 80 periodicals, and a news-room containing the leading London and provincial papers. The lecture-room is judiciously constructed, so that the lecturer may be distinctly heard and seen in all parts, and it will seat 1,000 persons. A noble organ has been erected in it, which cost 600*l.*, and its rich and pealing notes form an agreeable prelude to the lecture. Weekly concerts are given, to which not only members, but the public, are admitted at a cheap rate, and the directors spare neither pains nor money to secure first-rate talent both for the lectures and concerts. There is a discussion society, and a monthly *conversazioni* on literary and scientific subjects. There are 23 day and evening classes, which are attended by an aggregate of from 800 to 900 pupils. The evening classes are for males, and the day classes for females. The female classes are open only in the afternoon, so that those who attend may look after their domestic duties in the early part of the day. In these classes, besides the general educational routine, the pupils are taught to make bonnets, dresses, &c., not as a trade, but to qualify them for the home circle. They are also taught the art of modelling, with a view to enable them to follow it as an occupation; and the directors have it in contemplation ere long to teach them the art of engraving on wood, and perhaps watch and clock making. Considering the limited sphere in which female labour can now be exercised, this is an excellent idea, and we trust it will not be lost sight of. The females who attend the afternoon classes are, on the average, about 16 or 18 years of age, and range from 12 to 30. We noticed several married females amongst the pupils. The evening classes are attended by males of all ages, and every variety of trade. It has been urged by some that the building can scarcely with propriety be called a Mechanics' Institution; but though this might appear to be in some measure correct, to those who frequent only the lecture room and attend the discussion societies, a very different opinion would be formed by those who will take the trouble to pay a visit to the evening classes. It is there that the principles of the Institution are in full operation; and the mechanic may be found, after the toils of the day, busily employed in storing his mind with the elements of useful and practical knowledge.

The Athenæum can scarcely be called, in the strict sense of the phrase, an educational institution. Its aims are of a more ambitious character than the Mechanics' Institution, and it was expressly designed for the use of the young men employed in the various mercantile establishments of the town. It was opened in temporary rooms on the 1st of January, 1836, and the foundation stone of the present building was laid in May, 1837. It is an elegant fabric, and is only divided by a small street from the Royal Institution, which was designed by the same architect, Mr. C. Barry. The library contains upwards of 13,000 volumes, and the daily delivery exceeds 500. During the winter months, lectures are delivered twice each week. The news-room is supplied with the principal daily and weekly newspapers, and 100 copies of quarterly, monthly, and other reviews and magazines. A gymnastic club is attached to the institution. There is also an essay and discussion society, which meets fortnightly during the winter season. In 1842, from commercial distress, and other causes, the Athenæum was involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and, after a futile attempt to clear off its liabilities, it was resolved that it should be closed at the end of 1842. This resolution determined a few of the members to attempt the revival of the institution. The annual subscription was reduced from 40*s.* to 25*s.*, and some new blood was infused into the directory by the appointment of parties from the body of the members. At the close of 1842, the number of subscribing members was 418; and, at the termination of 1843, the number was 1,373, being an increase of 146 over the number at any other period. Economical retrenchments were made, and the directors were encouraged to use their efforts to get rid of a debt of 3,400*l.* A bazaar was held under distinguished patronage, and the sum realised was 1,566*l.*, which was increased by donations to 2,358*l.* Before the close of the year 1844, the whole of the debt was discharged, and efforts are now being made to clear off the mortgage debt upon the building, amounting to 6,000*l.* Nearly 2,000*l.* have already been subscribed, and it is hoped that ere long the whole amount will be raised.

The *soirees*, which have been so eminently attractive and popular, were commenced in connection with the above-named bazaar, and the first was held in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday, the 5th of October, 1843, when Mr. Charles Dickens occupied the chair. Upwards of 1,600 were present, including many distinguished personages. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli presided over the second *soiree*, which took place on the 3rd of October, 1844. At this meeting there were present 3,200 persons, and several parties eminent for rank or talent addressed the meeting. The third *soiree* was held on Thursday, the 23rd of October, 1845, under the presidency of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, when about 3,800 were present; and the fourth *soiree* was held on Thursday, the 22nd of October last, under the presidential auspices of Viscount Morpeth, when not less than 5,000 were assembled, being much the largest meeting that has yet taken place. The Free Trade Hall was, on this last occasion, joined to the Theatre Royal, and the pit being floored over on a level with the stage, an additional magnificent ball-room was provided. Though the issue of tickets was so large, it is stated that thousands more might have been sold, if the purchasers could have been accommodated. Previous to the *soiree*, a breakfast party assembled together, at the Albion Hotel, at nine o'clock in the morning, when several of the distinguished guests of the evening were present, and various addresses were delivered. At twelve o'clock, the proceedings terminated, and many of those present adjourned to attend a meeting at the Town Hall for promoting the establishment of the Juvenile Refuge and School of Industry.

The Free Trade Hall has now become univer-

sally known as the arena in which have been held those many meetings which have had such an influence in spreading abroad principles of liberal commercial policy, and even when its walls are levelled with the dust, its name will live in history as the place where Richard Cobden has so often enunciated his plain, practical wisdom, and denounced monopoly with honest and fearless indignation. The Free Trade Hall is situated in a spacious, though not leading street, and is close to the new Theatre Royal. Its outward appearance has nothing whatever to attract admiration, and a stranger might be puzzled to think to what uses such a huge unsightly brick building was devoted. The site on which it stands will long be memorable as that on which the drama of Peterloo was acted. A wooden building was originally erected on the spot, for the use of the Anti-corn-law League, but, having been destroyed by fire, the present structure was built in January, 1843; and at the first aggregate meeting which was held there, between seven and eight thousand persons were present. It is now let for concerts and other general purposes, and is, in fact, the only building in Manchester adapted for very large meetings. The inside of the hall is admirably constructed for conveying sound, and is beautifully decorated with characteristic devices. On the day we have named, the 22nd, three-fourths of the hall was filled by half-past six o'clock in the evening, and presented a most animated and gay appearance. The larger proportion of those assembled consisted of the gentler sex, and their personal beauty, and light and graceful apparel, contributed much to enhance the charm of the scene. The following parties were amongst the most distinguished guests:—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; Rev. D. West, D.D., chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin; Charles Mackay, Esq., LL.D.; William Chambers, Esq., (one of the editors of *Chambers' Journal*); John Bowring, Esq., LL.D., M. P.; Thomas Gisborne, Esq., M.P.; Joseph Brotherton, Esq., M.P.; the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P.; Mark Philips, Esq., M.P.; William Brown, Esq., M.P.; William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; Lady Mary Howard; Lord Ebrington, M. P.; Hon. Charles Howard; Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.: Lady Heywood; the Mayor of Manchester; George Dawson, Esq., M.A., of Birmingham; Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Secretary to the Poor-law Commissioners; John Bright, Esq., M.P.; Charles Swain, Esq.; W. B. Hodgson, Esq., LL.D., of Liverpool; Professor William Gregory, of Edinburgh; John Macgregor, Esq., of the Board of Trade; Leonard Horner, Esq., &c., &c.

Lord Morpeth took the chair shortly before half-past seven o'clock, and was most flatteringly received. On rising to speak he was greeted with long-continued plaudits. His lordship was singularly happy in alluding to his predecessors in the presidential chair. He remarked:—

The last echoes of this place, which I feel a hardihood in myself to rouse again, answer to the accents—deep, gentle, and earnest as his own spirit—of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Why, gentlemen, the name of the Athenæum itself suggests that it is a befitting theatre for all the utterances of the bard of *Ion*, and the *Athenian Captive*. Next before him, I know your spirits must have thrilled under the spell of so potent a magician as Mr. Disraeli. In the very hottest conflicts of political party, from which we are happily here sheltered, I think it would have been impossible, even for his most exposed victim, to have been blind to the point, the genius, the brilliancy, which played even around the wounds they made. But here, on this gorgeous stage, amid this packed and congenial auditory, on the topics so familiar to him, of literature, of art, and of imagination, I, who could only read in cold print what he said, apart from all the kindling accessories of time and place, can easily believe the admiration, which is not withheld from him even on the barren ground of political controversy, must have been swelled into enchantment. On the first of these annual occasions—the first at least that was held upon this scale of size and splendour—this chair was filled, and it never could be filled more worthily, by Charles Dickens. That bright and genial nature, the master of our sunniest smiles, and our most unselfish tears, whom as it is impossible to read without the most ready and pliant sympathy, so it is impossible to know—at least, I have found it so—without a depth of respect, and a warmth of affection, which the rare union of singular qualities alike command.

The following remarks are also worthy of quotation:—

I rejoice that in Manchester, beyond all dispute the first city in the ancient or the modern world for manufacturing enterprise and mechanical skill, you have not been content with that display of wealth which may jostle in your streets, or be piled in your warehouses; you have not thought it sufficient to raise factories tier upon tier, or magazines that will accommodate the traffic of the world; but you have thought it your business, too, to build and set apart a home and a haunt for innocent enjoyment, for useful instruction, for graceful accomplishments, for lofty thought—a shrine of *Pallas Athenæ*, in a Christian land. Long may it be the resort—with the other ennobling and kindred institutions, which it does not seek to overlay and eclipse, but rather to encourage and excite—along with them may it be the resort, where all that are engaged and engrossed in the business or labour of this unparalleled hive of industry may find repose for their flagging spirits, a neutral ground for their manifold differences, invigorating food for their reason, and an impulse onwards and upwards to all the best and highest tendencies of our nature. I am glad to perceive that while the benefits of your institution are not confined to any condition, to any class, to any denomination, so also they are not exclusively appropriated even to one sex. Women have always played an important, perhaps, I might dare to say, not uniformly a beneficial part, in this world's history. But, as civilisation advances, I have all confidence that they will play both a more recognised and a more elevated part than they have ever yet done. And among the many currents which the restless activity of our time is ever eddying along, I trust that a prominent one will be devoted to make the education of women sound, substantial, enlightened, all that it ought to be to train those who, in any case, must be the real trainers, and who may be the best trainers, of all our artisans, and all our workmen.

One other extract, and we have done:—

What you may seem, is subject to a thousand accidents and misapprehensions. What you may do, is even under other control than your own. What you are, is under your own eye. You may be all you should be. Depend upon it, however humble may be any of your positions in life; however obscure the labour which engrosses the precious hours as they pass; however insignificant your whole life's drudgery in this mean and unenvied position, in this wearing and benumbing drudgery, you may earn for yourselves the qualities, you may build up for yourselves the characters, which princes, if they knew them, would trust—which multitudes, if they could discern them, would adore.

It is impossible to speak in terms of too great praise of such gatherings as the above, characterised as they are by intellectual and humanising influences of the most elevated and pleasing kind. They form epochs in the history of Manchester and its inhabitants, which must always be looked back to with pleasing regret, and anticipated with hopeful delight. They afford an opportunity for those who have moved in aristocratic circles to mix with and contribute, if only for a brief period, to the enjoyment of the sons and daughters of industry, who furnish in return an evidence that courteous behaviour and propriety of manners are not confined to the higher classes. They show to those who occupy high places as teachers of the Word, that industry and attention to worldly interests do not, at all times, prevent the mind from receiving its due share of cultivation, nor hinder men from meeting together in a cheerful, brotherly, and Christian spirit. They give to the statesman the privilege of mixing with those for whom he has to legislate, and they supply him with a lesson as to what is most likely to conduce to the happiness and social advancement of the people. Those who have won for themselves a name in literature or science can leave for awhile their quiet studies, and find here an audience anxious

and willing to hear from their own lips how delightful a task it is to lay up a hoard of knowledge, if even its sole reward be the gratification of its acquirement. To those who congregate together to see and hear the celebrated strangers, the opportunities and the occasions are golden ones, and they linger with them as the "shining lights on memory's sea." Our hopes are that the Manchester Athenæum may continue to go on with increasing prosperity, and that its *soirees* will for a long period renew their annual existence.

The working classes of Manchester and the adjacent towns have long been celebrated for their love and successful cultivation of music. There are in Manchester numerous musical societies where the more wealthy portion of the inhabitants may indulge their love for the art, but these are entirely inaccessible to the population generally, whose means are inadequate to the payment of the required annual subscriptions, and who yet possess the desires and the capabilities to participate in the beneficial influences which music is capable of imparting. The Philharmonic Institute was founded for the purpose of increasing the innocent enjoyments of the working classes, and giving to them the necessary instructions to enable them to take part in choral music. The professed objects of the directors are to diffuse, as much as possible, musical knowledge, &c. among the public at large, but more especially amongst the labouring classes, which knowledge may prove a source of the purest enjoyment for the fireside of the working man, assist him in his devotions, or add to the enjoyment of himself and the public by assisting at the grand musical performances of the Institute. The means employed are.—1. Classes for instruction in singing.—2: Upper schools or choirs for rehearsing classical music.—3: A library for circulation amongst the members.—4: Great musical meetings, *soirees*, &c., at which the members who are competent assist. These objects are carried out partly by annual subscriptions (the subscribers receiving an equivalent in tickets for the concerts given by the Institute), by the proceeds of concerts, and a small subscription from the members of the elementary classes. The elementary and advanced classes of the Institute meet every week. They are under the able superintendence of Mr. R. Weston, whose zeal and industry in the cause are untiring.

There is no town, with the exception of the metropolis, where music saloons are so abundant as in Manchester. This proves the desire which exists amongst the operative classes for musical entertainments, especially when they can participate in them at a cheap rate, and are on terms of equality with those whom they meet. Publicans have found it to be their interest to provide singers, and to furnish themselves with organs and pianos. On the week-day evenings the vocalist may be heard, accompanied by the notes of the piano; and on Sundays the attraction is kept up by sacred music, aided by the solemn tones of the organ. The directors of the Philharmonic Institute endeavoured to withdraw the working classes from the gin-shop and the tavern by the substitution of cheap and legitimate concerts, held weekly at the Free Trade Hall. The result was unsuccessful in a pecuniary point of view, the expenses of the room being so large as to absorb more than half the gross receipts. The idea, however, is not abandoned, and, under more favourable auspices, with the benefit of experience, may yet be efficiently carried out. Efforts have also been made to improve congregational singing, without reference to sect or party, but the only result of these efforts now remaining is two choirs of forty members each, formed out of the schools connected with two Catholic churches.

There can be no doubt that musical taste, when properly cultivated and directed, has a tendency to lead the people from gross and debasing amusements to those of a more refined and intellectual character, and we hope that the Philharmonic Institute will be able to maintain its course with a full share of public patronage. Like other institutions, the object of which has been to elevate and improve the working classes, it has had many serious difficulties to contend with, and has incurred some pecuniary responsibilities. An amateur opera and dramatic performance have been lately got up with great success at the Theatre-Royal, for the purpose of aiding to free the institution from debt, and we have little doubt that it will shortly be rid of its embarrassments. We trust that it may be so, and that an institution so well calculated to sweeten the lot of the humbler classes, and advance them in the scale of unalloyed happiness, will not be impeded in its progress by a want of that public support which it so well deserves.

[To be continued.]

Poetry for the People.

PRIMROSE TIME.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Birds begin their sweet spring lays,
Hedges grow in young bright green,
Suns light showers up with their rays,
Rainbows span the heavenly scene;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Gauzy wings flit in the beam,
Daisies bud amid the grass,
Butterflies of summer dream,
And of May-day dreams the lass;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Redder, lips! eyes, brighter far!
Pulses warmer, fonder beat!
Fairer shines the evening star,
Lighter trip the fairies' feet;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Patriots with the sunbeams shine;
Poets bud verse with the flowers;
Love of country grows divine;
Poems chime in with the hours;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

The People's Portrait Gallery.



W. C. MACREADY.

By R. Thorburn.

W. C. MACREADY.

By W. J. Fox.

In any department of social life, the world will always find the man of genius a benefactor. Harness him as a drudge, and his mechanical invention will lighten the load for others. Employ him in matters of detail, and he will classify and generalise till the jostling crowd of atoms arranges itself into an orderly creation. He will elevate the lowliest occupations into dignity. To the question with which notices of distinguished persons often commence, in the *People's Journal*, "What has he done for the world?" it is an answer full of good if we can reply, "He was a man of genius." Let his work be only to illustrate, and in illustrating he will be sure to originate. This is what Mr. Macready has accomplished in Theatricals. Both as actor and manager he has *revived* Shakspeare; and that new life is a creation of which his own poetical and philosophical spirit is the agency.

William Charles Macready was born in London, in the parish of St. Pancras, March 3, 1793. His father was the manager of a provincial company, and lessee of several theatres; but, with a feeling not unusual, desired a different profession for his son; whose wishes, as time developed them, he found perfectly in accordance with his own. The subject of this notice was sent to school at a very early period; and at ten years of age entered at Rugby, where he soon acquired considerable reputation by his classical attainments, and was regarded as giving high promise of future celebrity at the bar or in the church. To an actor's life he felt no vocation; perhaps it is not too much to say, that he had a strong repugnance. In his seventeenth year, while looking forward to speedy matriculation at Oxford, his father's affairs became deeply embarrassed. This fact was not necessarily fatal to his prospects, had those prospects alone been consulted. Assistance was not wanting, by which he might have been extricated from the household wreck; enabled to win the academical honours already bending to his grasp; and set forward on his prosperous career. With severe self-conquest, and with prompt devotedness, he took the nobler course, and applied himself to the task of retrieving the fallen fortunes of his father. In June, 1810, the juvenile manager made his first appearance on the boards in the character of Romeo, at the Birmingham theatre. Under his direction, the disorganised company was rendered efficient. He was at once recognised as a provincial "Star." Success attended his exertions. His father was saved from ruin, and his own destiny was fixed. It was an appropriate introduction to some passages of his subsequent history, that moral feeling and high principle should first have given the young Macready to the stage.

Till Christmas, 1814, Mr. Macready remained with his father's company as principal actor and stage director; performing with great applause at Birmingham, Sheffield, Chester, and Newcastle. The two following years saw him at Bath, Dublin, and Glasgow, with a widening and rising reputation, which ensured him a Metropolitan engagement. On the 16th September, 1816, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, as Orestes, in the *Distressed Mother*. This performance fixed him at once in the foremost rank of his profession. It was the commencement of a series of successes. It was also the commencement of a series of struggles and difficulties.

The course of merit, like that of true love, "never did run smooth." Macready's first season at Covent Garden Theatre was John Kemble's last season. The veteran favourite was running through his whole range of characters, previous to his retirement. Miss O'Neil was in the zenith of her fame. Kean was thundering and electrifying at the other House. And Young was firm in his stately position. The town had other topics for its talk, more attractive than the new aspirant. If we may judge by its later characteristics, Macready's style of acting was nearly as new as his person to the boards. He was no second-hand Kemble or Kean. His effects were produced neither by the sententious stateliness of the one, nor the abrupt transitions of the other. Broad and powerful, where the character admitted, and the situation required; their distinctive qualities were of a subtler and deeper kind than came within the compass of either of those celebrated actors. But by them had the taste, or rather the two hostile tastes, of the public been formed. Each was the standard of perfection to a party. In those days, Shakspeare—and all tragic actors are tested by Shakspeare—was the monopoly of the two patent theatres. There was no open arena for competition. And to render the system still more exclusive, almost every prominent dramatic character was claimed as a sort of private property by some established performer. "Within that circle, none durst walk but he." A club called *The Wolves* threatened any intruder on Kean's domain with the force and fury of organised opposition. Under this combination of influences, Mr. Macready was for a long period either restrained from, or not appreciated in, those Shakspearean representations on which his fame now rests. He became the hero of what (as distinguished from our own great classic, himself romantic,) may be termed the romantic drama. In this sphere, but in this principally, his power was acknowledged. He was pronounced great in Gambia, and won renown in Rob Roy. That is to say, he made character where he did not find it; filled up with vitality and expression the imperfect outline; and could "create a soul beneath the ribs of death." At length the *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles afforded him chance for justice. In it, he took the heart of the public by storm. The play itself was the revival of a purer dramatic taste. There could be no question that the power manifested by the actor was of the highest order. All "circumscription and confine," in prejudice or in practice, were trampled down. Macready speedily took his place in personating the great Shaksperean characters. The path was open, though with long and toilsome steps in the ascent, to the throne of dramatic supremacy.

For the sake of the theatrical art, it might be well that the difficulties of such a career, the petty jealousies, the base intrigues, the popular prejudices, and the literary censorship which often panders to them, besides having its own purposes, caprices, and corruptions, should be fully detailed: they would serve for the warning and guidance of future aspirants. Within the limits of this notice, we must jump gradations; say nothing of new characters, chiefly Shakspearean, from year to year; of a triumphant visit to America in 1826, and an enthusiastic reception at Paris in 1828, where he was pronounced second only to Talma, after Young, C. Kemble, and Kean had been coldly regarded; and view him in 1835—6, the one great actor of the British stage, by universal acclamation.

What made, and makes him so? An adequate reply must penetrate to the ultimate principles of theatrical criticism. I can only venture a few obvious suggestions. Modulated recitation, "with good emphasis and discretion," in appropriate costume, with appropriate gesture, may suffice for the parts called characters, in dramas formed according to the old French fashion. They only require certain verses to be declaimed, and certain stock passions to be mimicked. Shakspeare's men and women are not of this puppet kind. They are not abstractions of particular qualities, this representing ambition; that, love; a third, jealousy, &c. Nor are they the author's messengers, ordered on the scene to put themselves in complicated positions, and then be extricated, and sent about their business. A great dramatist, and especially *the* great dramatist, always conceives *character*. Some qualities may be more prominent than others, but all are linked together by a vital principle. Every one of Shakspeare's *dramatis personæ* has a will and thoughts of his own. Upon the whole, he serves his maker, but seems at times to forget him, and follow the devices of his own heart. He is not a lay figure, but a living soul. He is rounded off, like a statue so posited that however much or little you may see, it serves to assure you that whatever is out of sight does not lack its finish and proportion. His business on the stage may be only to strike a blow; but you perceive at once that he is something more than merely a hand which grasps a weapon. He breathes, speaks, walks, and talks, like other men; or, in some respects, unlike others. He has an independent being. If he be the simplest sketch, still it is the sketch of an entirety. Hence the faith of the philosopher in Shakspeare. The metaphysician quotes his dramas as confidingly as he quotes the most authentic biography. The critic, like Morgan, in his *Essay on Falstaffe*, when he would find the fat knight guilty or not guilty of cowardice, institutes an investigation like that of a coroner's inquest, or a court martial. He asks what the other personages said of the party in question; how they conducted themselves towards him; what was his public repute. He calls witnesses to character, and sifts their evidence, and allows for the influence of nearness or distance, of rank and station, of prejudice or partiality; and the dramas bear this scrutiny, which so powerfully testifies their truth to nature.

The physical requisites of his art, and facility in their use, being presupposed, what is most important to the actor who would personate Shakspeare's heroes, is an intellect so constituted as distinctly to realise the author's conception of character. Gathered analytically, not only from the words of his own part, but from careful study of the entire play, this conception becomes a synthesis, which reacts on every tone and gesture. It modifies the expression of every passion. The jealousy of Othello widely differs from that of Laertes; and both from that of Posthumus. The remorseful moments of Macbeth take a different colouring from those of King John. Conception of character is the guiding star, without which the most efficient actor may go wrong. Edmund Kean had that wonderful insight into character which is given by the intuition of passion. When that failed, as it sometimes did, he blundered. One instance of its failure is remembered, even in so powerful a performance as was his Shylock. At the exclamation, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" he started back, as with a revulsion of paternal feeling from the horrible image his avarice had conjured up, and borrowing a negative from the next inquiry ("no news of them?"), gasped an agonising "No, no, no." The trick was triumphant. The house rang with plaudits. It was a hit. It would have been hissed by an audience that understood the play. Shylock had not the strength of paternal feeling implied in the revulsion. The spirit of the scene is the alternation of the two passions of anguished avarice and hopeful revenge. There is no room for a third. Its introduction mars the succession of contrasts. It supposes a different state of mind which, once induced, must have changed all that follows. It is an interpolation which betrays itself and wants coherence. It is a falsification of Shylock and of Shakspeare.

Those who think "that does not signify, so that it tells," occupy a parallel position with the debater who disregards truth to fact, or to his own mind, and pollutes discussion by the unscrupulous utterance of a popular or plausible sophism. They abdicate the noble task of artistically expounding the noblest poetry. They fail of their proper function, though they may succeed in startling and affecting the audience, and win rounds of applause and shouts of "bravo." Neither, to gain, nor to sustain theatrical sympathy, has Mr. Macready ever been untrue to the poet whom he undertakes, by his acting, to illustrate. The spirit of a character is ever before him, in its personation. And the spirit interprets the letter throughout. It pervades his performance. His enactment is "one entire and perfect chrysolite." He never deviates from the dramatist's purpose to make a point, because his point is, to make obvious and impressive the purpose of the dramatist. The philosopher has studied the being whom the artist delineates. Tone, gesture, and demeanour are evolved from the conception of character, as the scenery in some of Tennyson's poems, *Mariana*, for instance, grows out of the sentiment. Hence a truth and unity, the influence of which is felt by many who are utterly unconscious or regardless of the cause. The effect is analogous to that of the perfect proportions of a Greek temple. It is like that produced by a well-constructed poem, with its passages of brilliancy or pathos, as well as those which only tell the story or paint the scenery; but which no particular passages, however powerful, can produce. Appeal is made to the sense of harmony, proportion and unity, within us. When the book is closed, or the curtain falls, a fullness of satisfaction remains, of which all incongruuos and isolated efforts must fail, however splendid.

I believe this to be the key to the peculiar excellence of Mr. Macready's acting. Sympathy, terror, and tears must have been at the command of his consummate art and power in the presentation of suffering or passion. They must have placed him at the head of his profession. But he has brought to the exposition of Shakspeare, the richer and rarer endowments of intellectual cultivation, attainment, taste, and philosophy. These are the informing soul of his artistical faculties. Rare qualities are they in his profession; and about as rare in any other profession. Such a man was made for Shakspeare; and it may be truly added, though in a lower sense, that Shakspeare was made for such a man. The difficulties and prejudices which obstructed his occupying and being recognised in his proper sphere, were a fight against nature. He has no scope out of Shakspeare. To put him in the melodramatic, meagre,

and patchwork parts, to which he was at one time almost restricted, was like employing a locomotive to draw a wheelbarrow. Yet he raised their significance, and made them raise his reputation. Meantime, the study of his art, in its minutest details, and of its objects, in all their grandeur, was incessantly and vigorously pursued. He was never fooled by that false faith in genius which neglects the good works of industry. Mr. Macready is a student still, and will be till he dies. His latest performances show that the hand of the master has been touching and retouching wherever an added tint, although most faint and delicate, and to the many wholly imperceptible, could bring the picture nearer to perfection.

Every performance of Mr. Macready's is a study. It is a lesson in art. It is a lecture on dramatic poetry. It is a chapter of the philosophy of human nature. Not that the manner or effect have anything in them of the didactic. On the contrary, whatever is most passionate, or impulsive, best appears so from this harmony with the character represented. The laboured rhyming of Iago is more laughable, and the desperate defiance of Macbeth is more terrific, in connection with each personation as a whole. All the rest tells in, and aids the effect of every portion. Were theatrical and dramatic criticism extinct as an art, it could be revived by studying the performances of Macready. A reason, derived from the character, may be found for whatever he does in that character. Apart from the enjoyment, from the interest which attends the power that plays on every passion and sympathy, there is thus a refined intellectual pleasure in witnessing his delineations. And there is something yet above this. Philosophy and philanthropy are intimately related. The best knowledge of humanity induces the truest love of humanity. Shakspeare's villains, like those of Nature, are not *all* villain. It has been complained that he "never drew a hero." Certainly his creative power never attempted "that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." Nor did he ever make man simply a demon.

> The darkest night that shrouds the sky
> Of beauty hath a share;
> The blackest heart hath signs to tell
> That God still lingers there.

In the true spirit of Shakspeare, Mr. Macready never enacts a character so as to put it utterly beyond the reach of human sympathy. He co-operates with the poet to bring out the faintest scintillation of good. The detestation of bad men never is, as it never ought to be, unmitigated. The performance of King John is a memorable instance. The mean and bloody tyrant was human nevertheless. He breaks down under the burden of guilt and retribution. The crushed spirit, once so daring and unscrupulous, cannot be contemplated without emotion. No actor has ever made evident this tragedy of a soul, like Mr. Macready. His King John always leaves the mind in a state of deep and mournful commiseration. He makes tragedy achieve its noblest function, "to raise the genius, and to mend the heart." We are unconsciously taught to think better and kindlier of our fellow-creatures; to regard even the guilty "more in sorrow than in anger."

The mysteries of Shakspeare melt away in Mr. Macready's acting. The darkness becomes light. In accurate conception of character he holds the clue of every labyrinth. Even a poet has puzzled himself and his readers with the oft-repeated question—"What does Hamlet mean?" The scene with Ophelia, after the famous soliloquy, has been falsified by the greatest actors before him, to make it, as they thought, less offensive and incomprehensible. In his performance, it becomes simple and touching. The frank reliance of Hamlet on one truthful and loving being, is painfully dashed with just suspicion. He struggles with the unwelcome thought. He tests Ophelia, and gives her a chance of escape from the conspiracy which has made her its tool. "Where is your father?" She lacks the moral courage for an honest reply. The detection of falsehood where he loved, and was loved, is forced upon him. Bitterness and agony only vent themselves truthfully in the reproaches of simulated madness. There is neither trick nor brutality. His brain reels at sight of this unexpected treachery. The erring hand that, under misleading influence, touched them falsely, has made those "sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh." I mention this scene, because it has so often been a puzzle and a stumbling block. Elucidating difficulties is a very incidental effect of fine acting. Its main work is to give truth, beauty, and passion their full power over the audience. To make obvious to their perceptions the moral beauty of the loving Stoic—

> Whose life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world—"This was a man:"

the depth of Othello's tenderness, when his soul "hath her content so absolute;" and the impetuous rush of his passion, forcing all the flood-gates of reason asunder: the autumnal melancholy that sheds a fitful gleam upon Macbeth, before the bursting of the storm that rouses all the fury of his lion heart; and the sublime desperation, mingling the ferocity of the savage beast and that of the rebel archangel, in the fight with fate: and, above all, Lear, that "grey, discrowned head," finer than genius ever stamped upon the antique gem; that doting fondness, so confiding and expectant, that the heart is sad at its foreseen and fatal disappointment; that fitful energy, the spiritual age of a strong mind and will potential, which swelling and rising to the intensity of the memorable curse, shatters the intellect in its explosion, and makes pity stand appalled; the wildness that outstorms the storm; and the grotesque, wonderful, and varied thoughts, relics, and reminiscences of a wealthy and mighty intellect, that are confusedly upturned, like the treasures of ocean deeps in the world's convulsions: the touching bewilderment of returning sanity, trusting fearfully, and with most piteous deprecations; and that awful howl over the corpse of Cordelia, followed by the flickering of life, an instant, till it breathes out its last faint sigh, and all is at rest—the dust in the darkness: these are the great works of the great actor—they have linked the name of Macready with that of Shakspeare.

It is a noble position, to stand between the Dramatic Poet and the People. Such an actor as Mr. Macready makes these extremes meet. He brings into communion the one and the many. His art unites, for their mutual good and enjoyment, the unrivalled genius and the common intellect. For the time he is living poetry, an incarnation which makes it visible and palpable. He cannot lower the Bard; he does raise the multitude. We are elevated by him to an appreciating companionship with Shakspeare. The gods are amongst us, in the likeness of men. We find something in ourselves of the wonders which the actor interprets from the poet. "Every man is Hamlet," said one of our best critics. He is so in

the community of feeling, however momentary, with the spirit that fashioned Hamlet, and so many other grand and fair creations. Noblest poetry thus becomes, in different proportions, according to the nature of the recipient, an element of common life. We not only admire a poet's power, but think a poet's thought. He is breath of our breath. There is a spiritual possession, as there used to be a demoniacal: The magic of the actor's art instals the poet in his mental mastery. We have glimpses of *his* mind, as he penetrates our minds. In a far loftier sense than that of the Political Economist, this is to "better the condition of the people." Make city crowds Shakspearean; —the fact will furnish a happier epitaph for their tombs than "I, too, was an Arcadian."

(*To be continued.*)

Our Library.

WILD SPORTS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.*

We have seldom met with anything more picturesque or more richly descriptive of Highland scenery than the work before us. It transports us at once to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." We see the Highland lakes lying deep and still in the bosom of some lonely strath, or on the stretch of some dun moorland, where a spirit of melancholy and brown desolation seems to brood for ever. We see the low-roofed Highland hut, with its rude wicker chimney, or perhaps without any chimney at all; we smell the peat which is burning within; we exchange a few words with the solitary inhabitants who come thronging out to see the stranger—we accept their proffered hospitality, take a draught of milk or whiskey, lighten our pockets of some of our loose coin, and then go on our way, filled with the poetry and romance of the whole scene. The Highlands of Scotland are, indeed, beautiful—are full of that peculiar character which makes an indelible impression on poetical minds—a character perhaps as completely opposite to that of busy, bustling, striving city life, as it is possible to conceive. Welcome, therefore, to all steamboats and railroads that convey body and mind-wearied citizens, rich or poor—and if they be poor all the better—to the mountains, and glens, and lakes of Scotland. In this one particular we differ from our author. The tone of his remarks on steamboats of Loch Lomond and Loch Ness is full of insolent dandyism, and to our feelings is far more offensive than the pseudo shooting jackets and the tartan scarfs which displease his dignified exclusiveness. Witness the following passage:—

> I had been for some time stretched on the ground, enjoying the quiet beauty of the picture, till I had at last fallen into a half-sleeping, half-waking kind of dreaminess, when I was suddenly aroused by a Glasgow steamer passing within a hundred yards of me, full of holiday people, with fiddles and parasols conspicuous on the deck, while a stream of black sooty smoke showered its favours over me, and filled my mouth, as I opened it to vent my ill-temper in an anathema against steamboats, country-dance tunes, and cockneys.

The steam-boat certainly acted rather peculiarly in thus saluting Mr. St. John, but we think its conduct quite excusable, considering the temper he was in; and, therefore, we say, well done steamboat! and we hope, in time, that Mr. St. John, and everybody else, will learn to sympathise cordially in other people's pleasures.

* Murray.

But we will now give an extract from the staple material of the book, which, as we said before, is so excellent. He is out ptarmigan shooting, and is interrupted by the sudden coming on of mists:

> I remember (says he) a particular incident in that day's ptarmigan shooting, which, though it stopped our sport for some hours, I would not on any account have missed seeing. Most of the mist had cleared away, excepting a few cloud-like drifts, which were passing along the steep sides of the mountain. These, as one by one they gradually came into the influence of the currents of air, were whirled and tossed about, and then disappeared; lost to sight in the clear noonday atmosphere, as if evaporated by wind and sun.
>
> One of these light clouds, which we were watching, was suddenly caught in an eddy of wind, and after being twisted into strange fantastic shapes, was lifted up from the face of the mountain like a curtain, leaving in its place a magnificent stag, of a size of body and stretch of antler rarely seen: he was not above three hundred yards from us, and standing in full relief between us and the sky. After gazing around him, and looking like the spirit of the mountain, he walked slowly on towards a ridge which connected two shoulders of the mountain together. Frequently he stopped, and scratched with his hoof at some lichen-covered spot, feeding slowly (quite unconscious of danger) on the moss which he separated from the stones. I drew my shot, and put bullets into both barrels, and we followed him cautiously, creeping through the winding hollows of the rocks, sometimes advancing towards the stag, and at other times obliged suddenly to throw ourselves flat on the face of the stony mountain, to avoid his piercing gaze, as he turned frequently round, to see that no enemy was following in his track. He came at one time to a ridge, from which he had a clear view of a long stretch of the valley beneath. Here he halted to look down, either in search of his comrades, or to see that all was safe in that direction. I could see the tops of his horns, as they remained perfectly motionless for several minutes on the horizon. We immediately made on for the place, crawling like worms over the stones, regardless of bruises and cuts. We were within about eighty yards of the points of his horns; the rest of the animal was invisible, being concealed by a mass of stone, behind which he was standing. I looked over my shoulder at Donald, who answered my look with a most significant kind of silent chuckle; and pointing at his knife, as if to say that we should soon require its services, he signed to me to move a little to the right hand, to get the animal free of the rock, which prevented my shooting at him. I rolled myself quietly a little to one side, and then silently cocking both barrels, rose carefully and slowly to one knee. I had already got his head and neck within my view, and in another instant should have had his shoulder. My finger was already on the trigger, and I was rising gradually an inch or two higher. The next moment he would have been mine, when, without apparent cause, he suddenly moved, disappearing from our sight in an instant behind the rocks. I should have risen upright, and probably should have got a shot; but Donald's hand was laid on my head without ceremony, holding me down. He whispered—"The muckle brute has na' felt us; we shall see him again in a moment." We waited for a few minutes, almost afraid to breathe, when Donald, with a movement of impatience, muttered—"Deed, sir, but I'm no understanding it"—and whispered me to go on to look over the ridge, which I did, expecting to see the stag feeding, or lying close below it. When I did look over, however, I saw the noble animal at a considerable distance, picking his way down the slope to join some half-dozen hinds who were feeding below him, and who occasionally raised their heads to take a good look at their approaching lord and master. "The de'il tak the brute," was all that Donald said, as he took a long and far-sounding pinch of snuff—his invariable consolation and resource in times of difficulty or disappointment. When the stag had joined the hinds, and some ceremonies of recognition had been gone through, they all went quietly and steadily away, till we lost sight of them over the shoulder of the next hill. "They'll no stop till they get to Alt-na-cahr," said Donald, naming a winding rushy burn at some distance off. And then we were constrained to leave them, and continue our ptarmigan shooting, which we did with but little success and less spirit. Soon afterwards, a magnificent eagle suddenly rose almost at our feet, as we came to the edge of a precipice, on a shelf of which, near the summit, he had been resting. Bang went one barrel at him, at a distance of twenty yards. The small shot struck him severely, and dropping his legs, he rose into the air, darting upwards nearly perpendicularly, a perfect cloud of feathers coming out of him. He then came wheeling in a stupified manner back over our heads. We both of us fired together at him, and down he fell, with one wing broken, and hit all over with our small shot. He struggled hard to keep up with the other wing, but could not do so, and came heavily to the ground within a yard of the edge of the precipice. He fell over on his back at first, and then rising up to his feet, looked round with an air of reproachful defiance. The blood was dropping slowly out of his beak, when Donald foolishly ran to secure him, instead of leaving him to die where he was: in consequence of his doing so, the eagle fluttered back a few steps,

still, however, keeping his face to the foe. But coming to the edge of the precipice, he fell backwards over it, and we saw him tumbling and struggling downwards, as he strove to cling to the projections of the rock—but in vain, as he came to no stop till he reached the bottom, where we beheld him, after regaining his feet for a short time, sink gradually to the ground. It was impossible for us to reach the place where he lay dead, without going so far round that the daylight would have failed us. I must own, notwithstanding the reputed destructiveness of the eagle, that I looked with great regret at the dead body of the noble bird, and wished that I had not killed him, the more especially as I was obliged to leave him to rot uselessly in that inaccessible place.

We regret that we have not space for many passages which we had marked for extract; but in conclusion we say, and there needs no higher praise, that these volumes are full of the spirit of Edwin Landseer's noble sporting paintings, and further that they verify what William Howitt has said, in his *Book of the Seasons*, of the true Sportsman's intense love of nature. "If," says he, "you ask a sportsman whether he is an admirer of nature, he has perhaps never thought on the subject, but the moment he goes forth he practically testifies of his attachment. He goes to the free and fresh air, to the solitude of the heath and mountain, to dells and copses, where his fine dogs plunge amid the red fern and the fading leaves, and the pheasant, and the partridge, and the hare, start forth in their wild beauty; where the tall dry grass, and the autumnal tree, fill the soul with their richness; to the clear winding stream that rushes on in sunshine and shade. Is it merely the possession of his game that delights him here? The enthusiasm with which he dwells on one of Landseer's inimitable pictures refutes this. His every day actions and words deny it. He crouches down for a momentary rest on the hill-side, where the country opens before him in pictorial loveliness. He flies from the pelting shower to the hut, or the tree, and recounts at eve, by his own fireside, with his dogs basking on the hearth before him, his whole day's round of adventure—with every outward expression of enthusiasm, with such happy and picturesque phrases, as make the place rise up before you, and with an inward glow of happiness that exclaims to itself—'This is life!'

A sportsman's humanity, it must be acknowledged, is a most discreet, accommodating quality. Mr. St. John's regrets for the past do not betray him into any better determinations for the future. He will still, like his brethren, doubtless, continue to despise the poet's noble teaching:—

> Never to blend our pleasures or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

ADVENTURE OF THREE MIDSHIPMEN IN MEXICO.

(Extract from a Private Log-book.)

The little patch of burning hot sand and desolation, called the Island of Sacrificios, shall not cause me to delay my story: although I would fain stop to say a few words of the squalid garrison at the dilapidated fort, and of its *Commandante*, who sat all day in his shirt, smoking, and wearing no other clothes, except a cloak of precisely the same length. However, I will pass on, and even forego the description of some of the horrors of yellow fever—of certain ruins supposed to have been ancient temples—and of the wreck of human skeletons and other bones which strewed this miserable sea-shore. I am speaking of the period when the old Spaniards still held the castle of San Juan Ulloa, just before their final expulsion.

A very absurd misunderstanding, which might have cost a life or two, concluded this my first visit to Sacrificios. As it may serve for an illustration of the fanaticism, ignorance, and absence of all accurate war arrangements among the Mexicans at this time (to say nothing of the foolish conduct of three English midshipmen), I may as well relate it.

From the vacant saloon of the unbreeched commandant we strolled away over the little sandy desolation, and, soon finding the heat quite unbearable, went down to the sea and bathed. Binding silk handkerchiefs over our heads, to protect them from the scorching rays of the sun, we remained swimming about, and sometimes sitting close in shore with only our heads out of water, during an hour and a half, or more. As we had discovered a small spot of shadow under a sand bank where we could dress at leisure, the next thing we did was to extend ourselves upon the sand, with the usual tropical indolence, and take a nap. We slept so much longer than we had intended, that when we awoke the sun was down. We walked along the beach towards the point where we expected to find our boat, which had been ordered to return for us, and on the way we picked up the skeleton of a horse's head, the bones being entire, teeth and all, and blanched as white as chalk. Mr. A— (a middy, of sixteen), persisted in carrying it with him, saying he should take it to the doctor on board, as a specimen of the unnatural productions of the island.

We had not gone far before we were hailed by a sentry on one of the outposts. No doubt we presented an odd and suspicious appearance enough to the eye of this unusually vigilant Mexican. Even if he had seen us arrive and pay a visit to the fort three or four hours ago, he could never have supposed it was the same party; because nobody "in their senses" ever remained five minutes longer upon this sandy hot-bed of pestilence than he could possibly help. What must he have thought? We had each of us got a blue jacket over our heads, with the arms dangling down, as languidly as the sensation which had induced us so to place them, the compression round the arm having been unbearable; and on the top of this one of the party was carrying the skeleton of a horse's head as though it had been his own, his face being hidden by the hanging jacket! The shades of evening were around us. No wonder, therefore, that the poor sentry (a pure Indian, not a half caste) was astounded at the sudden appearance of such a figure marching along the margin of the sea, with two attendants! To the call of the sentry we made some idle reply or other; in fact, we did not know the pass-word, and had never once thought of asking for it. He challenged us a second time. We answered, more foolishly, if possible, than at first, and with ill-suppressed merriment; so down he came running with his musket and fixed bayonet, and demanded who we were—how we came—what we came for—where we were going—and what was *that?* The figure at which he pointed stood quite still; and I am by no means sure that the young gentleman underneath the skeleton skull did not feel himself in a most uncomfortable predicament. Thinking to pass it off as a jest, and at once relieve the soldier's mind from all further responsibility, I answered pleasantly, as I thought, that "it was only one of the gods of Ancient Mexico, whom we had found among the ruins!" However ill-judged and un-

becoming such a reply may have been, it certainly was a compliment, rather than otherwise, to most of the hideous gods in question. But whether it was the *purity* of his aboriginal Indian blood, my bad Mexican *patois*, some strange misconception of personal insult, or an unmixed furor of fanatical rage, I know not; but, uttering the word "Dios!" as if in horror, he in an instant discharged his piece in the air as a signal. We were quite unarmed, not having even the little ornamental midshipman's dirk with us; so away we bolted along the sands, to make for the boat, the discomfited Mexican god now carrying his huge head in his arms, and the sentry pursuing us with his bayonet charged, and crying out in a shrill voice, "*Hoo-dee-os Cas-tee-yaa-nos! Hoo-dee-os Cas-tee-yaa-nos!*" (Jews of Castile! Jews of Castile!)

A signal musket answered from the fort, and just as we came in sight of our boat, the *Commandante*, still in his short cloak-shirt, with his drawn sword in his hand, and followed by the whole of his squalid garrison, appeared upon the top of the nearest sand bank. Our sailors seeing that there was something "amiss," instantly pulled away to meet us—ran the boat ashore—and before the *Commandante* and his raggamuffin guard could make their way down to the water's edge, we had scrambled in, and pushed off into deep water. *Hoo-dee-os Cas-tee-yaa-nos!*" screamed the sentry, as he joined the guard. "*Fuego!*" cried the *Commandante;* and "pop! pop! puff!" went four or five of the rusty muskets, the rest only flashing in the pan, if they did that. One bullet struck the boat's stern, and a bit of burning wadding flew into the neck of the bow oar. We answered this ridiculous attempt at a volley by a loud shout of derision, which was prolonged into a screaming crow by the Mexican god, who lifted up his white head in the air; but perceiving that the soldiers were all busy reloading, he suddenly put down his head, and called to our men, "Pull for your lives!" At this sudden change of tone, the old coxswain, who always went with "the young gentlemen's boat," laughed so excessively that he almost rolled over the boat's side. They fired again, but—nobody was hurt.

EX-MEXICANO.

THE POET FREILIGRATH IN ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE King of Prussia on ascending the throne excited the liveliest hopes of the nation. At his coronation he voluntarily promised his subjects a free, representative constitution. He proceeded to invite into his capital the most learned men, and placed them as professors in the university there. Not men learned merely, but distinguished for their political liberality, were amongst those thus invited and established. He went the length of inviting several of the seven professors of Göttingen who had been expelled for refusing to sanction the king of Hanover's destruction of the Hanoverian constitution. Amongst these were the brothers Grimm, so well known here by their Children and House Tales; but still better known in Germany as most learned philologists. No wonder that these acts excited the most *couleur du rose* expectations in the mind of entire Germany. Not merely was a second Augustan age anticipated in Prussia, when such men as the Grimms; as Rückert, the poet and orientalist; Cornelius, the painter and founder of the Düsseldorf school; Savigny, the first professor of Roman law in Germany, and other men as eminent in their different departments, were invited to make the capital of Prussia the theatre of their labours and their fame; but when it was seen that the king offered to learned men persecuted by a brother sovereign, to men who refused to sanction the destruction of liberty in their own state, the refuge of his capital and the right-hand of his support—the most unquestionable evidences were believed to be thus given to the whole world that the king of Prussia was resolved to stand forward in the glorious character of the defender of rational liberty.

It is now needless to say how miserably have all these hopes been shattered; how utterly has this worthless king falsified all these promises. To this hour he has not made a single advance towards the establishment of a free constitution. On the contrary, when the different states of Prussia have, from time to time, reminded him of his promise, he has not only refused the demand, but refused it in the grossest and most insulting language. It was soon seen too, that his invitation of celebrated men of liberal mind to his capital was not to enable them to diffuse their liberal sentiments, but to muzzle them more completely. Not a man of them has been allowed to utter in his lectures, much less to publish a sentiment having the most distant resemblance to freedom. When such sentiments have been uttered in their lectures, they have been ordered not to repeat them. The Grimms themselves have been put into jeopardy of their posts by merely receiving as their guest their old friend of eighteen years standing, Hoffmann, of Fallersben, a liberal poet. More than one professor has resigned, refusing to be thus tongue-tied. The most stringent suppression of liberal writings has been exercised through the censorship, and the authors imprisoned for years. Even statesmen from other states have, on entering Berlin, been waited on immediately by the director of police, and ordered to quit the capital and the kingdom in twenty-four hours. This was the case in the summer of 1845 with Welcker and Itztein, two of the most eminent liberal members of the parliament of Baden. This was in utter violation of the articles of the German Confederation, was laid immediately before the Grand Duke by those gentlemen, and excited the greatest sensation throughout Germany. But in vain.

Amongst the literary men on whom the King of Prussia has attempted to put the muzzle is Ferdinand Freiligrath. He is but one amongst many who have been obliged to flee from Prussia to escape a dungeon. Paris abounds with such literary refugees, who, under a more genial system, would have been at home amongst the most useful subjects, and greatest ornaments of their country. These facts are too numerous to be stated here. They can be brought forward at any hour, and ere long they may. At this moment let us, however, confine ourselves to the task of showing our readers what Ferdinand Freiligrath is, and why he is here. As a poet and a literary man I cannot give a better idea of him than I did in 1842, in my "Rural and Domestic life of Germany," which I therefore quote.

There are amongst the young writers of Germany those perceptible, who, in a more heated political or social atmosphere, would start up speedily into a magnitude astonishing to themselves. They are full of native vigour, and breathe a fervour of political freedom which amazes one in connection with the existence of the censorship. Such are Herwegh, now a refugee at Zurich, author of *Gedichte eines Lebendigen*, just pub-

lished; Dinglestadt, author of *Cosmopolitische Lieder eines Nachtwachters*; the author of *Tchherkessiche Lieder*; Anastatius Grun, the assumed name of an Austrian poet and nobleman, Count Auersperg. Auersperg, besides his other poems, has published the bold, and indeed revolutionary *Spatziergange eines Wiener Poeten*, from which most of these other fiery bards date their inspiration; and Hoffmann von Fallersleben, lately professor at Breslau, but stripped of his professorship for his *Unpolitical Songs*, has been threatened by the Prussian minister with prosecution, and not only his poems, but all the publications of his publishers, Campe and Hoffmann, in Hamburg, forbidden by the king entrance into Prussia. Since the fire at Hamburg, the Prussian monarch has taken pity enough on these publishers to remove this proscription, but accompanied with a solemn warning and an expectation that they will publish no more such spirit-stirring lays.

But more than all, I should say Ferdinand Freiligrath possesses the life and vigour with the fiery aspirations of the young poet, which more than justify the enthusiasm with which his productions have been received all over Gernany. They stand amongst those of his contemporaries with bold and prominent effect, and make you feel that he needs nothing but the recurrence of a more stirring period, the stormy dawn of a more eventful day, to spring forth into a greatness equal to the occasion. The originality and fire of genius in him are prodigious. You feel that there lies in his bosom a well-spring of them, that only requires the jar of a social earthquake to send them spouting up like geysers into the glittering air. He is an inspired painter. His words are colours—and those of the rainbow, of the sunset, and of the seas and sands of the burning tropics. In want of high and fitting theme enough at home, he goes wandering round the earth, gathering heat and intensity, with which he clothes the Indian and the Arab in their native wilds till they glow again, warm as their own rocks and deserts. There is a power of language in him which makes the hardest German flow like metal from a furnace; and sets deserts, tents, mosques, an army in march, or the negro in his lion chase, before you in such life, that you do not read but see and are present. Even with the most insignificant matter in his hand, such as *Moos-Thee*—that is an infusion of Iceland moss, he brings round you the wildest regions in the most vivid reality. The very titles of his pieces indicate the characters and propensities of his genius:—*Bible Pictures; The Steppe; The Lion-Ride; The Vision of a Traveller; Under the Palms; Leviathan; Mirage; The Emigrant Poet; Henry, the Sea-Voyager; The Dead in the Sea; Shipwreck; The Scheik at Sinai in* 1830; *The Sword-maker of Damascus; The Songs of the Pirates; The Burial of the Bandit; The Watcher in the Wilderness; The Negro Prince; The Greek Woman in the Slave Market in* 1833; *The Emigrant; &c.*

In all these he flings himself with such vitality into the scenes and characters, that you are in the midst of them in all their truth and colour. The *Negro Prince*, in particular, is magnificent: and the *German Emigrants*, especially the Schwartzwald girl, with her long plaited hair, and German jug in her hand, going, not to her native well in the Black Forest, but to one in Missouri, where the brown Cherokee comes to drink; are so graphically brought before you, that no English eye which has seen the original scenes and figures can behold them without admiration, and no German one, I should imagine, without tears.

The king of Prussia, with his usual discernment, has bestowed a pension on this young and every-day rising poet, and if the elements of political commotion, which even to a casual eye appear at work in Europe, look forth over the present generation as briskly as there is but too much reason to auger that they will, there is no writer in Germany who, without himself being political, we may prognosticate will ride more loftily on the swell of the agitated waters of life, making even wrecks and breakers beautiful with his genius. The power with which he describes the destruction of the world bound to a comet's tail, like Brunhilde bound by Clothaire to the tail of a wild horse, and the burning feelings and fancies of a man in a fever, show what he would do in the midst of an atmosphere on fire with all that stirs the heart and energies of man.

But Freiligrath's translations from the English are not less admirable in their way than his original compositions. In these he throws himself as completely into his subject, and exercises the same masterly power of language. You forget, when reading his translation of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, that you are not reading the original. The same may be said of the songs and poems of Moore, Lamb, Keats, Burns, Southey, and Scott, which he has translated. *The World is all a fleeting Show*, and *The Pibroch of Donald Dhu*, are wonderful. We hear that he is now engaged in translating Mrs. Hemans's poems, of which one little gem, *The Better Land*, appears in his own volume. Freiligrath is well acquainted with English literature; and by translations and criticisms, particularly in the Morgenblatt, he makes Germany acquainted with it. It was he first who, through this means, awakened the Germans to a knowledge of the excellence of Burns, and now they have three translations of this poet. He is a great admirer of the poetry of Mrs. Howitt and Ebenezer Elliott, and has introduced various of their poems to his countrymen."—Pages 475—8.

It will be readily perceived why the wily King of Prussia, whom I have, in the above article, given credit for discernment in such cases, was anxious to get Freiligrath into his net. He was full of power, and capable of doing infinite damage to the cause of despotism. He therefore took his usual course with him, and endeavoured to stop his mouth with a lump of pudding; in other words, to Freiligrath's great astonishment, without the most distant idea of such a thing, without the slightest solicitation or expectation, presented him with a pension. The pension once given, however, it became speedily obvious what the object of it was. The poet, who was going calmly on his way, wise and generous, and sympathising with the better hopes of his people, as a true poet must, but no fiery demagogue, no dabbler in the muddy though most necessary waters of politics, was speedily called upon to notice that now scarcely a single poem of his of the most sober kind, and on the most indifferent subject, could appear in the literary journals without being mutilated by the hand of the censor, and sometimes could not appear at all. Alarmed at this ominous discovery, high-minded and sensitive of his honour, he saw that, this permitted, would soon force upon him the charge of having sold his independence for a pension. An occasion soon offered to test this matter. He had sent some small poems to the *Cologne Gazette*; they were suppressed by the censor. He demanded an explanation, and appealed against the decision of the local censor to the High Court of Censorship in Berlin. Here is one of the poems which alarmed Prussia, with its half million of soldiers. To decide whether this poem might see the light unmutilated, the High Court of Censorship held its sitting in Berlin on the 13th of February, 1844, in which no less grave and dignified personages than the Actual Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice and Secretary of State, the President Bornemann, and the members Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice, Zettwach, Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice, Goeschel, Privy Upper Tribunals' Counsellor, Ulrich, Privy Government's Counsellor, Aulicke, Actual Counsellor of Legation, Graf von Schlieffen, Professor von Lanciolle, and Privy Finance Counsellor, von Obstfelder, sat in deep deliberation—on what? To consider whether this poem might, without danger to the State, be published entire; and decided that it could not, without the omission of the two lines given in italics in the poem, which follows:—

> The Tartar vulture tore the rose of Poland
> Before our eyes, and grimly left it lying.

It must be amusing to Englishmen to see out of what trifles tyrants create the bugbears that break their rest: and what a lunatic the King of Prussia has become, attempting to shut out of his kingdom that light which immediately bursts in from all sides, from Hamburg, Switzerland, France, and England. The unfortunate man should abandon the *Eagle* as the symbol of Prussia, and adopt that of the *Ostrich* sticking its head in the ground. The forbidden lines were pronounced a libel on the king's brother-in-law, the Czar of Russia, the Steppen-geir or Tartar Vulture. The poem, of course, appeared without those two lines in Prussia, but was immediately published with them in Hamburg:

ON MANHOOD'S TREE, SPRINGS CROWDING FLOWER ON FLOWER.

By Ferdinand Freiligrath.

> On manhood's tree, springs crowding flower on flower,
> By an eternal law they wave thereon;
> As here one withereth in its final hour,
> There springs another full and glorious one.

An ever coming and an ever going,—
And never for an hour a sluggish stand!
We see them burst—to earth then see them blowing,
And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!

We who yet wander with young feet this wo-land,
Already have seen many crushed and dying;
The Tartar Vulture tore the rose of Poland
Before our eyes, and grimly left it lying.
Through Spain's green foliage, sternly on her way
History storms onward—shall she fall then thus?
Shall not another realm's long, dank decay
Be blown and scattered o'er the Bosphorus?

Yet, near to these, which the world's spirit motion
Shakes from the bough with its resistless might—
Others we see full of young life's commotion
Clear eyed and joyous, pressing towards the light.
Ah! what a budding! what a rich unfolding!
What thronging germs in young wood and in old!
How many buds have burst for our beholding—
How many crackle loud, and full, and bold!

And Germany's rich bud, too, God be praised,
Stirs on the stem! It seems to bursting nigh,—
Fresh as when Hermann on its beauty gazed,—
Fresh as when Luther from the Wartburg high.
An ancient growth! with life still proudly teeming,—
Still yearning towards the genial sunbeams ever,—
Still ever Spring—still aye of Freedom dreaming—
O shall the bud become a blossom never?

Yea, with full chalice—if our care but tendeth
That which with joy and freedom doth expand—
Provided that which bounteous Nature sendeth
We lop not as wild shoots with savage hand.
Provided that we let no mildew cling
To the young leaves—a canker many sided:
Provided brand and sheers away we fling—
Provided—yes, I only mean—provided!

Thou at whose torch the flowers unfold their glory,
O breath of spring on us, too, warmly blow!
Thou who the germs of nations ope'st in story,
O breath of Freedom on this pour thy glow!
Thy stillest, deepest sanctuary render,
O kiss it into fragrant splendour free!
Lord God in heaven! what a Flower of Wonder
Shall Germany one day all peerless be!

On manhood's tree springs crowding flower on flower,
By an eternal law they wave thereon;
As here one withereth in its final hour,
There springs another full and glorious one.
An ever-coming and an ever-going—
And never for an hour a sluggish stand!
We see them burst—to earth then see them blowing,
And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!

These circumstances awoke Freiligrath to a sense of his actual situation; they awoke him more fully to the real condition of his country. He reflected deeply on that condition, and the result was that which became a high-minded and honourable man. He threw up instantly the pension, and prepared to utter such a clear statement of his sentiments as should at once remove from his character the suspicion of having for one moment consented to sacrifice his own independence, or the welfare of his country to a selfish advantage. This he did by a volume of poems called his *Glauben's Bekentnisse*, or Confession of Faith. In this boldly, warmly, yet not intemperately, he proclaimed his deep sympathy with his Fatherland in its enslaved condition; and called on his countrymen to unite to obtain constitutional freedom. To this volume I shall one day draw more particular attention. Before its publication, the prudent poet took the necessary precaution of stepping across the frontier into Belgium. The event proved that the caution was well-grounded. An immediate order for the suppression of the poems, and the arrest of the author was issued by government. Spite of this, 5000 copies of the work were almost immediately dispersed throughout Germany, and the sale of the work has since continued to be great. The avowed accession of so distinguished a man to the cause of national freedom created a vivid and universal sensation. The author retired with his accomplished wife to Brussels, where he resided some time. But here he found himself not safe from the long arm of Prussian influence. A Herr Heinzen, who had been obliged to flee from Prussia to Paris for a similar cause, was, while living there in the utmost quiet, ordered, through the influence of the Prussian ambassador, to quit France in eight and forty hours. He came to Brussels, and with him Freiligrath concluded to seek an asylum in Switzerland. Within six hours of his quitting Brussels another German, singularly enough of the same name and residing in the same street, was arrested for Freiligrath by mistake. From that period, 1844, till recently, Ferdinand Freiligrath has been residing at Zürich. But, exiled by his patriotism and deep sense of honour from his native land—for enter any part of Germany, and by the articles of the German Confederation he must be delivered up to Prussia—it has always appeared to me that the only genuine home for such a man in such a position was England. I have, therefore, never ceased to press upon him to establish himself in—

The inviolate island of the brave and free.

He has now done it, and the event has justified the soundness of the advice. Here he has been received with open arms, not only by the large body of his own countrymen—a body in London of great wealth and enlightened character—but by our own countrymen. Ferdinand Freiligrath is a man as practical as he is poetical. He was early educated in the first continental houses to commerce, and he has wisely resolved to devote his business hours to the strenuous pursuit of business, and his leisure moments only to literature. With connections already secured to him by his countrymen that insure an honourable independence, with a mind at ease, and his person in safety, there is no doubt but those moments will produce in the course of years the best guarantees of an extended fame. From the impregnable citadel of British Freedom, from amid the throng of free men who fear no tyrant's deadly hand, no blighting touch of censor or of slave, he will send forth his heart in his poems to his countrymen all the world over. Here he can more calmly and more successfully serve the cause of his country and of man, without the bitterness of personal irritation, but with the strength of untroubled wisdom. From this day forwards England is the home of Ferdinand Freiligrath, and as he will derive from us a sense of personal security, we shall derive from his presence the honour of one more true patriot and noble poet amongst us.

Poetry for the People.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

By J. C. Prince,

Author of "Hours with the Muses."

Oh! ye have glorious duties to fulfil,
Nor faint, nor fear upon the weary way,
Ye who with earnest rectitude of will
Marshal the millions for the moral fray;
Ye who with vollied speech and volant lay
'Gainst the dark crowd of social ills engage—
Lead us from out the darkness to the day
We languish to behold; exalt the age,
And write your names in fire on Truth's unspotted page!

With hopeful heart, and faith-uplifted brow,
Press on, Crusaders, for the goal is near!
Desert and danger are behind, and now
Sweet winds and waters murmur in our ear;
And plenteous signs of peaceful life appear,
And songs of solace greet us as we go,
And o'er the horizon's rim, not broad but clear,
The light of a new morning seems to flow—
We journey sunwards, on! and hail the uprising glow!

In the sad wilderness we've wandered long,
Thirsting amid the inhospitable sand,
Cheered by that burden of prophetic song,
"The clime, the time of Freedom is at hand."
And lo! upon the threshold of the land
We strive and hope, keep patient watch, and wait;
And few and feeble are the foes that stand
Between us and our guerdon—Back, proud gate,
That opes into the realm of Freedom's high estate!

Not ours, perchance, the destiny to see
The unveiled glories of her inner bower;
But myriads following in our steps shall be
Equal partakers of the coming hour.
The unencumbered heritage, the dower,
With its full fruits, is theirs, with all its store
Of fine fruition and exalted power,
And Truth shall teach them her transcendant lore—
"Man towards the Perfect Good advanceth evermore!"

And in our upward progress through the Past,
What giant evils have been trodden down!
Dread deeds which struck the shrinking soul aghast,
Branding the doer with unblest renown;
The Inquisitor's harsh face, and gloomy gown,
Girt with a thousand torture-tools; the flame
In whose fierce folds the martyr won his crown,
Are gone into the darkness whence they came;—
There let them rust and rot, in God's insulted name!

Knowledge hath left the hermit's ruined cell,
The narrow convent, and the cloister's gloom,
With world-embracing wings to soar and dwell
'Mid purer ether, and sublimer room.
The vollied lightnings of her press consume
The tyrant's strength, and strike the bigot blind;
Day after day, its thunders sound the doom
Of some old wrong, too hideous for the mind
Which Reason hath illumed, which Knowledge hath refined!

Knowledge hath dignified the sons of toil,
And taught them where pure pleasures may be won;
The peasant leaves his ploughshare in the soil
For mental pastime, when the day is done;
The swart-faced miner, shut from breeze and sun,
While nature reigns in beauty unsubdued—
Creeps from his caverned workshop, deep and dun,
And in his hovel's fire-lit solitude
Storeth his craving mind with not unwholesome food.

'Mid the harsh clangor of incessant wheels,
Beside the stithy and the furnace-blaze,
Some soul, still hungering and enlarging, feels
The silent impulse of her quickening rays;
In the lone loom-cell, where for weary days,
And weary nights, the shuttle flies amain,
With his white web, the weaver weaveth lays
To speed his labour, or beguile his pain:—
Lays which the world shall hear and murmur o'er again!

Proud halls re-echo with exalted song,
With wise instruction, or impassioned speech;—
And who outnumbers the heart-listening throng?
The Artizan, who learns that he may teach.
Longing, acquiring, holding, like the leech,
He cries "Give, give!" with unallayed desire,
No point of knowledge seems beyond his reach,
Effort begets success, and higher, higher,
Like eagles towards the sun, his full-fledged thoughts aspire!

And by this patient gathering of thought,
And by this peaceful exercise of will,
What wonders have been nursed, matured, and wrought—
What other wonders will they *not* fulfil?
Upheaves the valley, yawns the opposing hill,
Man and his hand-work sweep triumphant through;
Time halts, space narrows, prejudice stands still
And dwindles in the distance; high and new
Are all our dreams and deeds—yet much remains to do.

But war, that tawdry yet terrific thing;
The Ethiop's brand and bondage; the vile show
Of God's frail image from the gallows string
Dangling, and heaving in convulsive throe.
These man-made ministers of death and woe,
Shall we not crush them, Reason, Mercy, say?
Shall we not fling behind us as we go
These ancient errors? Reason answers, "Yea:
Pure hearts and earnest souls will clear the encumbered way."

Thus the old idols crumble to the dust,
Their altars shattered, and their glory shorn,
Old sophistries, once taken upon trust
As Wisdom's spirit-words, are grown outworn.
Another incubus, though newly born,
Dies of its own unholiness; a cry
Of simultaneous triumph mixed with scorn
Comes from the toil-bowed multitudes:—Ah why
Do soul-sent sounds like these ascend the placid sky?

"Farewell thou lawless law! thou death-in-life!
Thou labour-lowering Bread-curse, and thou bane
Of God's blest bounty! thou remorseless knife
Held at the throat of Enterprise! thou stain
On Freedom's fairest page! thou gainless gain!
Thou nightmare of the nation! we awake
And fling thee off; thy many-folded chain
Consumeth like the lightning-kindled brake;
The far off shores clap hands, and all thy champions quake!"

Hail to the lofty minds, the truthful tongues,
Linked in an universal cause, as now,
Which break no rights, which advocate no wrongs,
Firm to the loom, and faithful to the plough!
Commerce, send out thy multifarious prow
Laden with goodly things for every land;
Labour, uplift thy sorrow-shadowed brow,
Put forth thy strength of intellect and hand,
And plenty, peace, and joy may round thy homes expand.

Hail, mighty Science, Nature's conquering lord!
Thou star-crown'd, steam-wing'd, fiery-footed power!
Hail, gentle Arts, whose hues and forms afford
Refined enchantments for the tranquil hour!
Hail, tolerant teachers of the world, whose dower
Of spirit-wealth outweighs the monarch's might!
Blest be your holy mission! may it shower
Blessings like rain, and bring, by human right,
To all our hearts and hearths love, liberty, and light!

THE COLISEUM.

Considering that we have always been a hard-working and industrious nation, we English have contrived to accumulate a pretty good stock of records and chronicles of sports and amusements of the people. Moreover, considering that during half the year we are accustomed to grumble at everything (especially at the weather and the government), we must have made haste to enjoy the rest of our time or the country could not have gained its appellation of "Merrie England."

"Oh!" exclaims a satirist—"The *grumbling* is part of the enjoyment. There is great truth in

the proverb which says—'An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable.'" "Oh!" exclaims a professor of general despondency, "The term *Merrie* England is merely traditional. Every thing in the country is quite altered; the climate, the people, the government are wretched. The English have long ago forgotten what real merriment means, and they will never learn again." "Ah!" exclaims Young England, thrusting its hand oratorically into its white waistcoat, "How different were all things in the olden time! when the noble, the yeoman, and the peasant took their pastime together! It was indeed a right merrie land! Nobody grumbled in those days." I am sorry to contradict anybody, because I do not like to be contradicted myself, but conscience obliges me to enter a protest against some of these assertions.

It is quite true that many people like to grumble; but then it is because they are unacquainted with a better means of divertion; and instead of being looked upon as persons who enjoy themselves, they should be pitied for not knowing how to do so better.

As to England being utterly unlike what it was: is not the child always father to the man? Is not England in the nineteenth century, England in the fourteenth grown up? No; not quite grown up yet, but growing towards manhood—and though it puts away its "childish things," it retains the ineradicable qualities with which God endowed it. There is every reason to believe from "all that ever I could learn, from tale or history," that the people of England were, in the middle ages, and afterwards, as much like what they are now, in fundamental characteristics, as the man is like what he was as a child.

The English of the olden time, like the Homeric heroes, always gazed, with fond reverted face, upon the past, and spoke with contempt of

The men who live in these degenerate days.

That is, they found fault with and abused them, *themselves*; but if any ill-advised Trojan or Frenchman should presume to do so too, they would start up in arms immediately, and thrust the imputation down his unlucky throat. Now, ask any sensible Briton you know (provided you are certain of his candour), nay, put the question to yourself at once—"Would you, or would you not, act in the same way?" Do you not find fault, fifty times a day, with somebody or something belonging to you, that you would quarrel with anyone else for blaming?

"What has all this to do with the Coliseum?" asks some impatient reader. That is the point at which I have now arrived. England, in one respect, at least, shows that she loves what she loved in childhood. She is fond of sight-seeing, and runs about to look at wonderful or curious things. You remember, when Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, discovers the body of Caliban, he says:—

Were I in England, now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

I suppose most persons will agree in believing, upon Shakspeare's authority, that this was true of the English people in the golden days of Elizabeth; and the evidence of their own senses may convince them that it is true now, to a great degree. Yes, England is far from maturity in all things. The people of her metropolis would not now be enchanted beyond measure by "a dance of salvage men" in Fleet-street, or "a triumph of Neptune" in Cheapside, but they would spend their money upon seeing a dance by Jim Crow, or a giant with two heads.

These pleasures are not of the kind likely to raise the mind or soften the heart. If lame beggars knew how many doits they would get by it, they would petition the legislature to promote as much as possible all public amusements that are elevating to the mind. And legislators would do well to take to heart the philosophy of the man who cared little about those who made the laws of a people, provided he had the making of their songs. In one point of view, all amusements or recreations are like songs; they appeal directly to the senses merely, or to the tender or impassioned feelings, to the loftier portion of our nature, or to the simple joyous consciousness of existence.

Now the Coliseum reminds me of a very fine sort of song—it reminds me of an ode. Its aim is high; in all its varied parts, it seeks to rouse in the spectator a love for the beautiful in nature and in art, and a reverence for genius. Nor does it fail to carry the mind higher than that, even to a recognition of the surpassing glory of God's works. Until I saw the Coliseum lately, I had always supposed it was some mere showy collection of clap-trap curiosities. A huge catch-penny affair, fashionable, because it was expensive. Being now undeceived on this subject, I am anxious to redeem my past error, if possible, by telling persons who have never seen the place, how much it seems to me to offer worthy their attention.

Lord Bacon says, "Neither the naked hand, nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much; the work is accomplished by instruments and helps; of which the need is not less for the understanding than for the hand." The person or persons who made the Coliseum have had both these needs well supplied. What the understanding has designed, the hand has executed with skill—almost unfailing.

Perhaps the most surprising work seen here is the celebrated Panorama of London, begun by Mr. Horner, and finished by Mr. E. T. Parris and some assistants. It surprises from its exact imitation of nature; and for the idea which it gives of labour and perseverance on the part of the painter of such a scene. Anyone who should go to the gallery round the dome of St. Paul's (from which this panorama was taken), and after surveying the prospect there should descend and go straight to the Coliseum and mount up to the panorama there, would be much puzzled by the cunning of the artist's hand. He would be inclined to doubt, either the reality of the first, or the artificiality of the second. It would be with the two panoramas as with the well-known negro twins; the real and the artificial are so very much alike, you cannot tell one from the other—*especially the artificial.*

This work, ingenious and perfect in detail as it is, cannot be considered as a production of high art, and it is not, therefore, to be judged by the rules of artistic criticism. It has attained the end of the designer—a faithful imitation of a wondrous and complicated original. The eye is at first quite bewildered when it gazes down upon that vast sea of houses; and it is some minutes before it recognises some well-known object (one of the bridges, for instance), which may serve as a guide-post and rallying spot for the spectator's ideas. Over all, hangs, almost seeming to undulate, the smoky canopy of the imperial city—there is a low murmuring, as of a busy countless multitude, in eager motion far down beneath you.

There is a sound as of numerous clocks striking the hour simultaneously, or in quick succession, and occasionally you hear a merry peal of bells from a church steeple near or distant; and that effectually carries away your thoughts from the extraordinary prospect into ordinary life, as you know it is going on down yonder, just as ever. There is rejoicing somewhere there at that present moment, and the heart leaps from its elevated station above the huge city, and plunges down fearlessly to seek out the cause of the joy-bells, and stays amid the labyrinth of streets and houses "to rejoice with those who rejoice." To say that this prospect is *beautiful* is a misapplication of the term. It is interesting, deeply interesting, in a philosophical sense. It is admirable and curious as a work of patient skill; but it is not *beautiful*. Nearly all that you see distinctly is the work of man, and nature is driven off to a distance in which she is but dimly visible. However, we must not quarrel with the inevitable, nor find fault with a fig-tree for not yielding us grapes. There is one fine natural object in this huge landscape of man's making, and that *is* beautiful in the real sense of the word. The royal Thames winds its silver way from west to east with inimitable curves and serpent twistings which might lead one to suppose he loved to linger in the busy haunts of men, and was in no hurry to reach his journey's end. The vessels on it, too, are certainly very well done, and look as little like

Painted *boats* upon a painted *river*,

as a reasonable spectator can desire.

After contemplating the panorama from this lower gallery, by ascending another staircase you reach the upper gallery, from which you may have a bird's-eye view of the whole. Within this gallery is a sort of room which contains the old ball and cross of St. Paul's cathedral. Above this gallery there is a continuation of the staircase, which leads you finally to the exterior of the highest part of the Coliseum itself. Here you have a view of the actual London, but a very different view, and a less imposing and magnificent one. The objects are not far off enough to become clusters, crammed together in vast inextricable confusion, as in the view from St. Paul's; and yet they are distant enough to look insignificant—the large buildings like dolls' houses, the Regent's Park like a child's Tunbridge-ware farm or garden, the men like black beetles, and the horses like rats.

If you wish to assist the delusive effect of the panorama on the mind, go up to it by the staircase, and not by the "ascending room." The mounting up, up, up, necessarily increases the conviction, that when you have reached the top, you are actually looking from the dome of St. Paul's. But this "ascending room" itself is worthy the attention of the curious. It is a small polygonal room, entirely covered with crimson, and decorated with gold medallions. It is furnished with a crimson cushioned bench, which runs round the tiny apartment, in the style of an Eastern divan; although too narrow and too high to be quite so comfortable. It is lighted by means of a stained-glass ceiling; and, when you are shut up in it, it gives you the notion of being inclosed in a large and very gorgeous Chinese lantern, which has been tapestried with crimson to serve for your cage. It has also been furnished with an attendant to wait your bidding, in the form of a page of tender years, who is dressed in military trowsers and a jacket with an alarming number of gilt buttons; and whose face possesses the characteristics of that of Bailey, junior, and that of an aristocratic "Alphonse" or "de Warrens." His bearing also betrays the same; it is very "wide awake," and very solemnly grand. This young gentleman has not seen life in the Coliseum without becoming philosophical. During our ascent, as he stood in a melancholy attitude, leaning against the wall of our prison, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, I ventured to ask him whether he was "not tired of going up and down in this little room all day?" He removed his eyes from the ceiling, and gazing moodily at the speaker, replied gravely, "Why, it ain't no use my gittin tired. I've got to *do* it." His answer moved my companion to laughter, but I have looked at him ever since with respect, as a boy wise beyond his years. This ascending room reminds one of the chair of Maria Theresa, who, when she became old and too stout to go up and down stairs without difficulty, was removed from one floor of her palace to another by means of a machine, worked, we may suppose, as this ascending room is.

After seeing the panorama, your attention is next attracted by the Glyptotheca or Museum of Sculpture. It was designed and executed by Mr. William Bradwell, and is certainly deserving of high praise. Perhaps there is not in England a better hall, or rather *temple*, for sculpture. It was built expressly for sculpture, and the light and shade are so contrived as to be most conducive to the proper effect of statues. The light comes from a large dome of cut glass; this dome rises from a beautiful cornice supported upon Ionic columns. The frieze is adorned with a copy of the beautiful Panathenaic procession in the Elgin saloon in the British Museum. It was modelled by Mr. Hemming, junior. Above this are some fresco paintings in panels. The mouldings and cornices, &c., are all in gold and have a brilliant effect. "Beyond the circle of columns is another, of as many pilasters, dividing and supporting arched recesses, in each of which, as well as between the columns, are placed works of art from the studios of some of the most eminent British and foreign sculptors."

There are a hundred and fourteen of these. Some are in marble, and originals; and the rest are fine copies in plaster or other compositions. Among the works of English artists, we noticed Baily's *Psyche*, a *Paris*, a *Helen*, his two *Eves*, and a *Mother and Child*, besides busts of Keilmark and Thalberg. There are some good specimens of Behnes' power of carving a face in marble; some of Park's, Lagrew's, Marshall's, and Papworth's works, here, are very beautiful, and nearly all are pleasing. Some works by artists less known have considerable merit, at least, to the eye of the mere amateur, unskilled in the higher knowledge of the studio. There are here two marble statues by Canova—*Venus returning from the Bath*, and a *Diana*. All the works exhibited here may not be first-rate, but many of them have great merit; and the *coup d'œil* of the whole, as you enter the Glyptotheca, is very fine indeed. It is to be regretted that the centre of the temple is occupied by the winding stairs leading to the panorama. This was an evil which could not be avoided, I suppose; and great care has been taken to turn the defect into an ornament. The framework of the staircase is hidden by graceful drapery, reaching from the top of the dome to the floor. Seats covered with velvet are ranged round it, and here and there are groups of Cupid and Psyche emerging from the drapery and holding candelabra. The defect is certainly covered with great taste and

skill; but I believe most persons will consider it a *defect*, and desire to have the whole interior unoccupied, so as to give a really magnificent effect of space and subdued light.

The Conservatories and the Gothic Aviary are highly ornamented in the arabesque style, and are delightfully cheerful and refreshing. All is gay, glittering, and richly coloured; and the plants are all well kept, and some of them are rare and very beautiful.

"The exterior promenade," as the guide-book says, "brings us at once to the banks of the Bosphorus or the shores of the Mediterranean." This is not so laughable as it sounds; for when you are on this exterior promenade, you see things not likely to be seen, except in such places. Some Greek and Roman ruins—actual, *bona fide* ruins—of arches, temples, and columns, have been brought here, and arranged with classic taste; within too confined a space, it is true, but not without very good effect. One thing may be safely asserted of these old stones, columns, and cornices—they look like what they are, and not like modern imitations, although one is led to wonder, as in the case of flies in amber, how they got there. Of these ruins, the guide-book says—"As the principal object of the designer has been *picture*, there has been no attempt to *copy rigidly* any particular monument of antiquity; but the classical traveller and the artist will be reminded of the Temple of Vesta and the Arch of Titus at Rome, and the Temple of Theseus at Athens, their relative proportions being disregarded. A secondary object has been to show how much effect may be produced in a most limited space, and with apparently the least promising materials—blank walls, the backs of adjacent buildings, &c., which it is not always possible to 'plant out,' or otherwise screen from observation."

To those who have never seen classic ruins in classic lands, these in the Coliseum will be acceptable, as specimens; and to all those who love graceful forms in architecture, they will be valuable, for they are undeniably beautiful. The Swiss cottage or chalet, *may* be like a chalet (as I have never seen one, I cannot presume to decide), but it is very pretty to look at, and is, in all probability, very damp to dwell in, as it seems to rise out of a lake, and is continually splashed by the water from "the mountain torrent." This mountain torrent is an admirably contrived waterfall in front of the Swiss Cottage. It is precipitated from a considerable height over rugged rocks into the lake. Aquatic plants have been placed in the interstices of the rocks and stones; a wooden hut appears nestling in a safe nook, half way up the precipice; and there is, in one place, a perilous sort of wooden bridge over the torrent. This is all real—real water, real rocks, real plants, and a real hut; and it is very pretty. Nay, the torrent is *beautiful*—falling water always is so; and art has so well helped nature here, that all the accessories increase its effect. But to all these real things, which are complete as a picture, they have added a painted canvass representation of "Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace," which is, to my apprehension, very unfit to be blended with it. However, I hear many persons admire this artificial part of the view from the Swiss Cottage, and I may be in error when I say that it is badly executed. It is one of the few things in the Coliseum which seems to me to fail in producing the intended effect.

This cannot be said of the stalactite caverns, which are really wonderful in beauty of effect. They are made in imitation of the subterranean stalactite caverns in Carniola, of which Mr. Russell, in his *Tour in Germany*, says:—"From a large, rugged, unequal grotto is seen a succession of the most gigantic stalactite caverns that imagination can conceive, all different in size, and form, and ornament—connected by passages which are sometimes low and bare, sometimes spacious and lofty—supported by pillars, and fretted with cornices of the purest stalactite. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the magnificence and variety of this natural architecture. The columns are sometimes uniform in their mass, and singularly placed; sometimes they are so regularly arranged, and consist of small pillars so nicely clustered together, that one believes he is walking up the nave of a Gothic Cathedral. Many of these columns, which are entirely insulated, have a diameter of three, four, and even five feet. Frequently the pillar is interrupted, as it were, in the middle, losing its columnar form, and twisting, dividing, or spreading itself out, into innumerable shapes. The enormous clustered columns of stalactite, that seem to support the everlasting roof from which they have originated, often tower to such a height, that the lights do not enable you to discover their summit. Throughout these caverns not a sound is heard, except the occasional plashing of the water-drop from a half-formed pillar. No living thing, not a trace of vegetation, enlivens the cold walls, or the pale freezing stalactites."

Once a year, it seems, these magnificent caverns are rudely illuminated by the peasants of the country, for a festival. Then "the flame of uncouth chandeliers is reflected from the stalactite walls, in a blaze of ever-changing light; and, amid its dancing refulgence, the village swains and village beauties wheel round in the waltz, as if the dreams of the Rosicrucians had, at length, found their fulfilment, and Gnomes and Kobolds really lived and revelled in the bowels of the earth." It is when the caverns are thus lighted, that Mr. Bradwell and Mr. Telbin have endeavoured to represent them. *How* it has been done, is a puzzle to the curious; but that a realisation of the description above quoted has been achieved in miniature, few will deny who have visited this wonderful work. The effect of the lights, which are disposed here and there through the caverns, is almost magical, causing the thousand stalactites to glitter like precious stones, while the upper part of the caverns to which the light does not extend, seems lost in impenetrable darkness. In every direction the lights are so arranged as that the caverns seem to recede in a variety of forms farther and farther, until the eye can follow their windings no more. These are some of the principal sights to be seen at the Coliseum. The aim of the proprietor is certainly to raise the public taste as well as to gratify it; and he deserves the general approbation for what he has done to afford instruction and a means of pure and elevated enjoyment. This exhibition is necessarily rather costly; and this is to be regretted, for the sake of that large class who have neither money nor opportunity to travel, so that they may see stalactite caverns, alpine torrents, tropical plants and birds, and classic ruins, in the countries where they are to be found. Here they might see what these things are like; and those whom God has endowed with an active and comprehensive mind, would derive as much pure spiritual food from the "counterfeit presentment," as less gifted people from a sight of the actual objects represented with all their natural accessories.

J. M. W.

The People's Picture Gallery.



THE MUSIC PARTY.

BY THE FRENCH PAINTER, DE LEMUD.

THE MUSIC PARTY.

We go to our "Fair Enemy," as Sir Philip Sidney poetically calls France, in one of his sonnets, for the woodcut which we present to our readers this week. The Music Party, or "Maitre Wolfram," as the picture is entitled—for what reason we cannot find any Frenchman even that can tell us, and there is no great musician of that name—is drawn by De Lemud, a young Parisian, who some short time since burst upon his countrymen with all the light of a genius, and one, indeed, who promised greater things than he had yet accomplished. These promises, we believe, he has not altogether realised, but he still has done enough to place him in the first rank among modern French artists. His style, a happy mixture of the feeling of the German, and the intellect of the French school, is completely exhibited in the design we have chosen. Most of Lemud's works are executed in lithograph, and the "Music Party" is a masterpiece in this branch of art. As was said of the style of Tartullus, it is black and brilliant as ebony. There seems a perfect atmosphere of dreamy melody in the admirable manner in which it is executed, which perhaps loses a little of its force by being transferred to the wood.

How finely the expressions of the different listeners indicate the varied feelings with which the performance of the musician is received? In the noble figure, reclining so negligently in the foreground, the attitude of the head, and the disposition of the features, bespeak the critical musician, keenly alive to the niceties of execution as well as of design. The merest shade of falseness in tone, or the smallest grain of sand in the measurement of the time, too much or too little, one feels would run like a cold tremor through his blood. Contrasted with the nervous excitement of this head, is the thoughtful-looking face in profile of the young man just behind. In his appreciation of the music the feeling predominates over the more mechanical portion of the performance, his whole soul seems absorbed in the ideas it generates, and the dim poetic shadows it is continually calling up. Again, in the distance are two heads, with expressions almost as vague as the dim tapestry against which their features cut. Theirs is the mere sensual enjoyment of the beautiful. In them the music neither calls up the keen appreciative love of art of the critic, nor the woven fantasies of the poet. They are past into the land

> Of drowsy head,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye.

And at the ceasing of the gently-swelling mesmeric breath of the organ they wake up again to everyday thoughts of the world. The face of the performer is eminently expressive of the act of singing, and this, simple as it may seem, is no easy achievment; nothing, in fact, is more difficult than drawing the distinction between singing and shouting in the painting of the open mouth. As we look upon the face, it calls to mind a passage in an article on the poet Milton, in the *Edinburgh Review*, written by Macaulay, in which, speaking of Milton, he draws a picture of him in his little room, sitting at the old organ, beneath the faded green hangings, playing to his friends. The face is not unlike the side view of the poet's; and the feeling of the design at once echoed that beautiful picture of the inner life of our immortal bard.

A. W.

A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

No. III.—SHOWS OF AMSTERDAM.

My stars have ordained that I should see (and *hear*) Dutch life, as well as Dutch landscape, in all its glory. Who has not read of a frolic of Dutch sailors,—of a Dutch Concert? I have come in for both: and, indeed, the amount of good fortune has been so violent—thanks to pleasures from which there was no escape—as to make flight necessary while I have legs to fly with;—or head enough to decide which way to take. The climate of Amsterdam must always, I take it, be rather deadly; and now the heavens have been "like brass" for weeks, and the canals, becoming more and more noisome, send up odours which even stifle the all-pervading national scents I have mentioned—to wit, tobacco and schiedam—to which let me add a third—pickles. Fever has laid hold upon me: and vexatious as it is to leave a city so full of curiosities, and just now so teeming with life it is curious from time to time to study: there is no help for it.

Driving to my hotel from the railway, I was struck by a bustle in every street, which I have seen no where save in London City. The busy population of this splendid and thriving town (*reeling* with riches, one might say, seeing that not a house stands straight) is, I suppose, doubled by the attendance of merchants and pleasure-seekers on the Fair. The small brick stripe, on either side of the central pavement, which does duty for our causeway, by no means suffices for the stream of active traders and idle walkers. Among the latter, the ladies of North Holland are the most conspicuous; their head-dress, in fact, furnishing the only costume to the show: for here, even the Germans seem to dress up and lay by their travelling caps. The wide-brimmed gray *sombrero* which looks so pretty in every crowd, and,—better still, is so perfectly comfortable to wear,—would, I was warned, here be mobbed: Amsterdam, in short, stands next to Vienna and Paris, in the restraint laid upon sumptuary fancies, and the streets look dull accordingly. The *Volks'-fest* at Munich, in October, is the thing to see for any one who takes pleasure in national costume!

Yet the heads of these North Holland ladies have filled mine with some crotchets, which won't soon be got rid of. The cost of the garniture is very great; but that is a matter for every gentlewoman to settle with her banker or her privy purse. The misery of it, it seems to me, must be terrible; unless the wearer be charmed against headaches. We laugh at our grandmothers and their powder, but that can hardly have been so oppressive as these *tires* (in every sense of the word). A thick and deep plate of elastic gold clips the back of the head: widening at the sides, where it terminates, above each cheek, by an ornament the size of a moderate waist-buckle connected with the plate by a hinge and covered with filagree. A wide band of the same metal crosses the forehead; and over these comes the dainty part of the *costume*:—the tight lace skull-cap bordered with broad rich lace, which is so arranged as to lie in a curtain on the nape of the neck. But we have not done. Betwixt the forehead-plate and the cap border must be thrust in a couple of square patches of frizzled, false curls; which give the prettiest face an impudent stare and an

ancient *wiggy* sort of look, that nothing short of an implicit faith in the "wisdom of our ancestors" could so long have permitted. Over all this comes the bonnet; a huge straw coal-scuttle, the brim only a little narrower behind than before, the rim of which is edged by a broad piece of gay printed calico, drawn with a string so as to lie close. When complete as above, a heavier, uglier, more expensive, and more unhealthy thing can hardly be conceived than this head-dress. To make amends for having pulled it to pieces, I must talk about other popular costumes some future day.

Yet a word, meanwhile, while I think of it. There is nothing in which romantic persons have so universally agreed as regret for the abolition of popular Costume. About its value or otherwise, as a class distinction, this is not the place to argue; but the above, at least, is an absurd, uncouth fashion, which every worthy person would be glad to see made an end of. If one must lay by money in trinkets, let them not be constructed on the models of old machines for torture; if women *must* spend time in adornment, let it be in a graceful and neat arrangement of the hair God has given them; since I do not believe these North Holland ladies are plated up and *coifed* on the self-denying principle, which made certain nuns of old slit their noses. I wonder, moreover, how much of this popular costume we painters love so well would bear the test of becomingness, or comfort, or economy of time. Why then, —suppose it *should* prove a relic of those barbarous days ere common sense and taste began to take part in the ornaments as well as the arrangements of life,—should there be any bewailing of its disuse? As well, it seems to me, lament the merry times when old women were poked with pins and hunted with dogs, till they proclaimed themselves Witches! As well seek to revive the old slow coach with its Flanders' mares, or the huge hall chimney, down which, as Mr. Bernan's pleasant book has shown us, came more cold air and smoke than enough, the good heat from the Yule Log going up! Every ancient enormity has its picturesque side; but every new improvement has one more picturesque, for those who have the noblest—which also are the finest—fancies. These North Holland head-dresses (to end where I began) are but another development of the nose-jewel and fish-bone, by wearing which certain savage women have so amazed bold British discoverers.

But—to have done with "improvement"—I think the first day-light show I saw at Amsterdam will not soon be equalled by any which may be in store for me to see. Of all the sights for a water-city, a *regatta*, of course, is *the* one: even for people like me, who don't know the build of one boat from another. I shall never forget how joyous the Grand Canal at Venice looked about a twelvemonth since:—when, to pleasure the Queen of Greece and two young Austrian Archdukes who chanced to be there, a parade of gondolas took place; and some five hundred at once came flashing from beneath the arch of the Rialto, so close together that a nimble man, far less accomplished on his legs than one of the old Sea-Kings, might have crossed the Canal with ease, from boat to boat! But—less romantic though it may sound—I am afraid the sight of the harbour at Amsterdam was a finer thing. The piers and piles which jut out into the water, in a thousand directions, seemed rocking with uproarious human creatures. Behind them was the quaint old town, with the cupola of the Stadt House, and the towers of the Old and the West churches, and with gables of every conceivable fancy;—each, singly considered, more ugly and *improbable* looking than its neighbour,—and with forked chimneys, and with large lime trees on the quays that form a sort of zig-zag amphitheatre, broken by the mouths of huge canals winding away into the city,—on the present occasion *flowered* with every gay colour that the *Female Animal* (as Sydney Smith phrased it) can stick on. In front were the Dutch craft by hundreds, decked with flags, and heaped to the water's edge with spectators:—on the opposite shore, close to the great North Holland Canal, the booth of the Yacht Club, yet gayer in colour (have I said that the sun was blazing?) Before us was the race-course, where the craft were to row and run. Despite the sickly sweltering heat, which seemed to melt the very marrow in the bones, the panorama I have so faintly sketched made me exclaim when it burst upon me, almost as loudly as I cried out when I first saw Venice, by the light of a young moon, after a thunder-storm. I don't want to be tiresome or pedantic with my Italian allusions, but this place has much in common with Titian's town, and some will be helped to a "notion" of the one, by being reminded of the other.

The water-races went over most brilliantly; but you must look in the Amsterdam papers to see who won and who lost, the prizes not being dangerously heavy in amount. Generally speaking—as no one from Deptford is overlooking me—I may venture to say that the speed of the Dutch boats, which we have been always used to consider safe, but slow, amazed me. They seemed brisk as well as manageable. These Yacht Club sports are new to the Amsterdam gentry. How odd it is, by the way, considering our reputation for being the *grumpiest* nation under the sun, to see how the terms of English sports are universally naturalised into foreign languages! *Club* has become a cosmopolite word; the French have laid hold of *Jockey*; and here was a Dutch announcement so full of Thames-language that I could make it out! But more, no foreign fair now seems complete without an English Clown. I saw the name of one (I forget it now), flaunting away in the bills of the fair at Bergamo, in 1845; and here is "Mr. Lavater Lee's company" in all its glory, with dancing on the tight-rope and slack-wires! and the first talent of England "induced to appear at a prodigious expense!" Among the riders, leapers, and grinners through a horse-collar, advertised, are Messrs. Kean and Macready! And (as the world goes) many a fair matron and maid of Amsterdam will sleep the better for having contented her Anglomania; since, should she cross, on some future day, the name of our great actor that was—or of our greatest that is—she can give her opinion thereupon as complacently as Goldsmith's Tenterden lady,—on the strength of "Mr. Lavater Lee's" booth! Thus, too often, are made up our judgments of each other all the world over. The more one travels, the more cautious one feels in criticising foreign opinions and usages. How much, for instance—to judge by the difficulty a foreigner must have in coming at anything like a clear view of the state of our religious feeling—can the shrewdest summer tourists gauge the real depth to which Catholicism penetrates? Yet who forbears to dogmatise upon it? and the matter is one at least demanding as much dispassionate accuracy as a fair knowledge of our Keans and Macreadys!

I was not sorry to turn away from the blaze and hubbub of the harbour, showy as it was, for the coolness and shadow of the streets, anything, however, rather than forsaken; and for the Picture Exhibitions, ancient and modern, which had lured me to Amsterdam. With regard to these, I have

not space to speak. The ancients, too, have been well described; and the moderns will be: for the young Belgian and Dutch painters seem to me working with a care and in a spirit which must bring its reward. They are a jovial, courteous set of fellows—as I have occasion to commemorate; and I wish I could think that a sly, atrabilious spoiler of paper from their country would meet in ours with half as prompt a welcome from our more courtly gentlemen (not more careful artists!) We are somewhat too sulky about foreigners in our artistic circles. Our manufacturers and merchants behave better: but I have seen our Painters so supercilious to men of renown, as only to be explicable on the fancy of their being afraid of coming at the truth with regard to themselves.

What a state was Amsterdam in that evening! Fireworks in the Park—galvanic illuminations at Frascati's (a sort of small Ranelagh)—a Dutch naval play at the national theatre: and the Fair surging out into the streets, with an uproar which beat any I have ever been exposed to! One's ears absolutely became *sore* with noise. The Dutch seem to me a very street-musical people, long though it be since they have given us composer, singer, or instrumentalist. I heard capital part-singing in the open air at the Hague: here it was *wholly* noise—men and women shouting, to drown a concurrence of barrel-organs, all playing different tunes, while the Mr. Merryman of every show-booth (I hope, for England's credit, that Mr. Macready or Mr. Kean, of Mr. Lavater Lee's company, has a good double-bass voice) did his best to outshout them and his rivals, while enticing the crowd to come and try "the wonderful Greek Enchantress," or the "ox with a hand growing out of his back," or "the Massacre of the Rhine." Then the little boys seem to have so universal a passion for drumming, that I was surprised half a dozen times into fancying that a patrol must be coming round, and into looking out for those neatest of troops, the Dutch soldiery. Military accoutrements, chakos, and feathers for children, seemed in great request:—and I was attacked, if once, one hundred times, in the "*What d'ye lack?*" style, to buy a complete pasteboard suit for my little ones at home, if not for myself. I saw little disorder: very little drunkenness. But these are the early days of the Fair; nor did I "hear the chimes at midnight," about which time the world, I am informed, sups. And what suppers! What frying of pancakes! what baking of cakes, in batches of sixty at once, before your eyes; while the clean cook invites such as are too genteel or too shy to eat *al fresco*, into something like a four-post bed veiled behind curtains with flaunting white fringe, where you shall "blush unseen," and be served "hot and hot." I have no fear, in divulging *the* great delicacy of the Fair, of introducing bad habits into England. What think you of hard boiled eggs (you begin with *six*), pickles in the largest proportion—whether salmon, or cucumber, or cabbage, or herrings, or beet-root, matters little—and gin? The extent to which the Dutchmen will hold out would have dumb-foundered me, had I not, one long evening, a year or two since, when weather-bound on the Maine, watched the proceedings of a set of Suabian beer-drinkers. *Quere*—Is it the strength of the liquor that makes the sin against temperance, *wholly?* or is it the indulgence of our grossest appetites for the mere coarse sake of the indulgence? If the latter have anything to do with the offence, then, assuredly, we English are *not*—as has been perpetually thrown in our teeth—the least sober nation in Europe. Whether the Fair ever went to bed at all, is doubtful: my hotel, I know, did not; and I apprehend that no outpourings of the contents of an English purse could have bought the weariest Royalty or Lord ten seconds of silence!

This, then, I was fain to seek elsewhere, among the old-established "lions" of the place. One of these—the Town Hall, now the Palace—offered me abundant food for my particular humour. In itself the building is one of the few in Amsterdam which have any architectural pretension. It is a spacious and lofty pile, in the Italian style, built by Van Campen. One glaring fault I do not recollect to have seen noticed. It is not so much one building, as *two*—one placed above the other—that is, the architect has built two stories, with as many *half-stories* (thus to familiarise the Italian *mezzanine*, or the French *entresol*). Hence a want of general grandeur of aspect, owing to the multiplicity of small windows, (which, to be in strict architectural rule, I suspect, should not be seen obtrusively at all). Everyone has heard of the splendid room in this building as one of the finest in Europe. There is nothing on the outside to suggest its existence. Nor should the entrance to so stately a pile be at the back. These faults forgiven, there is much in the edifice to interest. Built originally for municipal purposes, I liked the ingenuity with which decorative art has been made to speak to the point. There are *bas-reliefs* of Dædalus and Icarus, to warn bankrupts against speculation; a rat busy at a money box, to talk to the merchants of the modern Tyre of the canker at the miser's heart; and, among other symbols, close under the huge figure of Atlas bearing the world, in the great central hall, is a skeleton, a perpetual remembrancer that

Our root is ever in the grave.

When Louis Bonaparte took this Town-Hall for his palace, this grand room was made a ball-room, and the immediate presence of the "skull-and-bones man" (as a child I know called Death), found "inconvenient." A sheet, therefore, was thrown over it, which remaineth there even unto this day! To me that room had other mementos almost as grave as that veiled figure. Like the rest of the palace, it is fitted up with furniture of the date of The Empire, ordered for Queen Hortense, and doubtless by her, and her gay bevy, thought the perfection of Parisian luxury. *Now*, what seems to our eyes downright ugly, has forlornness added to its unfitness and inconvenience, by its being utterly faded and spoiled. The gold of the sphinxes, and eagles, and *fasces* is tarnished; the pile trodden off the carpets—the tawny crimson of the uneasy angular couches, not thought worth covering up. Yet think how long it is already since this neglect began, yet that the heyday of its glory is still within the memory of by no means old men! Gay, graceful, *kind* Queen Hortense (for she was all these) has been long asleep: but it was only the other day that her son broke a prison, where it was hardly worth the trouble of keeping him, to try to reach the dying bed of his father. How little sensation now attends the "going out" of the Bonapartes, one by one!

A historical memento of a newer time of convulsion—also gone by!—hangs in one of the lower rooms; this is the picture, by Wappers, of Van Speyk blowing up his gunboat (during the war of 1830—31), rather than surrender her to the Belgians. When I remember hearing, as a boy, the summer tourists talk of going across the channel to look at the siege of Antwerp, as at some foreign ceremony or festival, this painted piece of deep

tragedy, and high self-sacrifice, comes home to me with a startling and familiar force I hardly know how to describe. War betwixt the civilised nations of the earth has—blessed progress—so slidden out of the English people's mind, as a thing which can hardly recur—that fresh memorials of its presence like this, have, to some of us, a strangeness as impressive and awful as that which clings to the nameless figure of some old mail-clad hero, who is found under the whispering pines of some old forest, with none to tell his legend. But I am growing dreamy,—and pictures, not dreams, were what I promised. After thoughts as sad and serious as these, there is no going back to the folly of the Fair of Amsterdam!

Our Library.

[*In future, all Publications received will be acknowledged immediately in the Journal. We this week commence clearing the heavy arrears, and shall continue, number by number, until the whole are despatched.*]

FICTION.

Lucretia; or, The Children of Night. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. (Saunders and Otley.)

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has presented another novel to the world, after an interval of four years from his announcement that he should write no more in this department of literature. It is a work which we feel sure will add to his already widely extended fame; although it is far from perfect in all its parts. Unlike many other old established favourites of the public, Bulwer does not seem to think that anything which he writes will be accepted and applauded, without any care on his part to make it worthy the approval of the well-judging. In the work beside us, there is no mark of carelessness, no *good enough* sort of writing. The author has taken pains with it; and although there are defects in the plot, and exaggerations in the delineation of minor characters, there is no indication of decay of power, but there is, we think, evidence of its full development and maturity. There will be many discussions as to the good or bad moral tendency of this book; and we feel with Sir Roger de Coverley, that "much may be said upon both sides." An outcry will be raised against the subject of the work, without regard to the author's method of treating that subject. It will probably be classed with the murderous melodramas of modern French novelists, because it treats of dark crimes, supposed to have passed away with the dark ages. This is not a fair or enlightened judgment; to arrive at which we have other things to consider, besides the fact that the book is full of dreadful murders.

Lucretia; or, the Children of Night, is a stupendous tragedy, of terrible significance to the student of the microcosmos—that world of *man*, so multiform in its manifestations, and so uniform in the action of the laws by which it is governed. The wise Hebrew has declared that "there is nothing *new* under the sun," and he might have added—there is nothing *old* under the sun; both assertions having reference to physical and psychological principles in nature, and the laws by which they act. These are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; if it so please him upon whom all nature, spiritual and physical, depends.

Our author has given us a tale of secret and domestic poisoning; he has shown us how circumstances, working upon original qualities of character, lead the criminals "to these and these extremities." It will give offence to a large class of truly good and virtuous persons, who do not like to think about evil and evil doers, and who object to having pictures of vice thrust on their notice. If the artist speak to them as a moralist (and all great artists do so speak, to those who have "ears to hear"); if he say to them—"You have all *that* within you, which, if it be not directed upward to heaven, may drag you, the fair-seeming, the virtuous, the high-minded, downwards to the hell of crime." When a thing like this is said to them, they start, and, with a shudder, or a laugh, they reply—"Such dreadful crimes! Impossible! Domestic murder! Society is far beyond such crimes. They are very rare, even in the most depraved class. They can never be general in society again."

General! No; they never were general in any society, or that society would speedily have come to an end. But the student of history knows well that the crimes which form the substance of *Lucretia* have occurred more or less frequently, and with greater or less accompaniments of horror, in all countries and in all ages of which history takes cognizance; and the philosopher knows that what man has done (whether praise or blame worthy) man may, and probably will, do again. An ordinary observer of our busy populous country, one who is neither historian nor philosopher, but who lives entirely in the present, and finds history and philosophy enough in the daily papers, he must be aware that secret domestic poisoning is alas! by no means an unheard of crime in our courts of law. Cases of such a crime are but too frequently discovered; and it is but reasonable to suppose, from the facility with which it may be committed and concealed, and from the gratification of avarice or hate which it offers to the vicious, that a much greater number of cases remains undetected by the law.

If the historian, the philosopher, and the practical observer of every-day life agree that these things, disgraceful as they are to our nature, existed in times past, and do now actually exist to a degree not ascertained—no one can deny that *Lucretia* is built upon historical truth, and upon actual truth. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton expressly declares in his preface that the crimes he narrates have taken place within the last seventeen years, that he has not exaggerated the particulars, and that the criminals in his novel had a real existence. But if these were the only crimes of this sort that were ever known to have been committed, we should think them unfit subjects to "point a moral, or adorn a tale." True art does not take what is monstrous or unnatural for its theme; but it seizes upon the uncommon and extraordinary in any kind as a fit means of teaching the capabilities of the common and ordinary. This is what, it seems to us, Bulwer has done in the present work. We believe that the way in which he handles his subject quite justifies his selection of it. He does not help to break up the distinctions between crime and venial error; there is here no whitening the sepulchre, no false glitter of glory thrown over vice; no sophistical arguing, no juggling with character. The reader does not feel a secret love for these gifted criminals, but a deep sorrow for the misapplication of their gifts, and a strong abhorrence of the crime. Many, too, will think, in reading this book, of that scripture

which says—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It seems to us that there is much danger of increasing any kind of evil by the studious avoidance of its recognition; and it becomes a question of importance whether that danger is less than the one incurred by publishing its existence—*i. e.*, the chance that bad minds may find a morbid attraction in the wickedness exposed, and seek to imitate it. The answer to this question depends, we apprehend, on the answer to another. "In what spirit is the evil made public?" Is it to gratify a low taste for the marvellous—to excite the fancy without raising the heart—to minister to vile passions, or to beget an unprincipled indifference to right in the desire for success in any cause. Then, indeed, we think the exposure to the public at large of any social evil would have a tendency to increase it; and *that*, in proportion to the ignorance of the community. But if the evil be laid bare in a spirit of serious sorrow for its existence, with a careful analysis of the circumstances which caused it (thereby indicating the means for its prevention), we cannot think that such a subject, so treated, will be likely to prove injurious to society.

The world must be careful not to run from one extreme into another. Because it believes now, that books of the *Jack Sheppard* and *Mysteres de Paris* kind are stimulants to vice, it must not conclude that all works of fiction treating of crime and criminals are from that circumstance immoral, and worthy to be tabooed at once. Upon this principle, what would become of Macbeth, and Othello, and Hamlet?

If vice and villains are to be forbidden subjects in literature and art, it cannot be until that time when vice and villains no longer exist in human nature. Once more we repeat, that, after a careful study of *Lucretia*, we believe that the author's method of treatment justifies his selection of the subject; and that by this new work he has raised his fame as an artist, and still more as a moralist.

Thus much for the chief points of criticism. With regard to minor matters, we have a few objections to raise: Lucretia's second marriage looks very like an afterthought for the purpose of introducing a son; and as there is no reason why the reader should not have been made acquainted with it at the time it took place, he cannot persuade himself that the news is true when he hears it. A fine opportunity for showing the effect of narrow religious sectarianism upon such a person as the heroine is passed over hurriedly. The state of Lucretia's mind, when she has for a time taken refuge in a cold bigotry and a narrow creed, should have been a field of psychological investigation for the author. He should have shown us how the infirm tower of bigotry was built up upon that desert of infidelity and atheism. But he has dismissed the matter with a few words.

Mrs. Mivers is a gross exaggeration, and the scene in Pall Mall during the illumination is highly improbable, considering that Mr. Mivers is a wealthy tradesman and keeps a country house. Such a person would have hired a hackney-coach to take his wife and a young girl (of a rank, too, rather superior to their own,) to see the illuminations. Mr. Mivers's cook would scarcely have behaved in so coarse a manner as his wife is represented to have behaved in the crowd.

Our author, as usual, shows that the bulk of the middle classes are not well known to him, and when he attempts to describe an individual of that class, he produces a coinage of his own brain, bearing a very remote resemblance to reality.

It was our original intention to give a sketch of this powerful story; but we have determined upon further consideration not to do so, as our labour would be superfluous. All the reading world will read the book, and none of them will thank us for telling them the story beforehand, although they may be glad to see a few extracts from the work, as specimens of its style and contents.

The following is a description of Olivier Delabard, the prime villain and teacher of vice to his own son and the heroine—these three are "the Children of Night."

Gabriel, Olivier's son, a mere child, is engaged in drawing a caricature of his father:—

Let us look over his shoulder—it is his father's likeness—a countenance in itself not very remarkable at the first glance, for the features were small, but, when examined, it was one that most persons, women especially, would have pronounced handsome, and to which none could deny the higher praise of thought and intellect. A native of Provence, with some Italian blood in his veins—for his grandfather, a merchant of Marseilles, had married into a Florentine family settled at Leghorn—the dark complexion common with those in the south, had been subdued, probably by the habits of the student, into a bronzed and stedfast paleness, which seemed almost fair by the contrast of the dark hair which he wore unpowdered, and the still darker brows which hung thick and prominent over clear grey eyes. Compared with the features, the skull was disproportionately large, both behind and before; and a physiognomist would have drawn conclusions more favourable to the power than the tenderness of the Provencal's character, from the compact closeness of the lips, and the breadth and massiveness of the iron jaw. But the son's sketch exaggerated every feature, and gave to the expression a malignant and terrible irony, not now, at least, apparent in the quiet and meditative aspect; Gabriel himself, as he stood, would have been a more tempting study to many an artist. It is true that he was small for his years; but his frame had a vigour in its light proportions, which came from a premature and almost adolescent symmetry of shape and muscular development. The countenance, however, had much of effeminate beauty; the long hair reached the shoulders, but did not curl, straight, fine, and glossy as a girl's, and in colour of the pale auburn tinged with red, which rarely alters in hue as childhood matures to man; the complexion was dazzlingly clear and fair. Nevertheless, there was something so hard in the lip, so bold though not open in the brow, that the girlishness of complexion, and even of outline, could not leave, on the whole, an impression of effeminacy. All the hereditary keenness and intelligence were stamped upon his face at that moment; but the expression had also a large share of the very irony and malice which he had conveyed to his caricature!

We will complete the trio by extracting the following description of the heroine at twenty years of age:—

Lucretia Clavering was tall—tall beyond what is admitted to be tall in woman; but in her height there was nothing either awkward or masculine;—a figure more perfect never served as a model to a sculptor. The dress at that day, unbecoming as we now deem it, was not to her, at least, on the whole disadvantageous. The short waist gave greater sweep to her majestic length of limb, while the classic thinness of the drapery betrayed the exact proportion and the exquisite contour. The arms then were worn bare almost to the shoulder, and Lucretia's arms were not more faultless in shape than dazzling in their snowy colour—the stately neck, the falling shoulders, the firm, slight, yet rounded bust,—all would have charmed equally the artist and the sensualist. Fortunately, the sole defect of her form was not apparent at a distance—that defect was in the hand; it had not the usual faults of female youthfulness—the superfluity of flesh, the too rosy healthfulness of colour; on the contrary it was small and thin, but it was nevertheless more the hand of a man than a woman; the shape had a man's nervous distinctness, the veins swelled like sinews, the joints of the fingers were marked and prominent. In that hand it almost seemed as if the iron force of the character betrayed itself. The face—was it handsome? Was it repelling? Strange that in feature it had pretensions to the highest order of beauty, and yet Vernon, that experienced connoisseur in female charms, was almost puzzled what sentence to pronounce. The hair, as was the fashion of the day, clustered in profuse curls over her forehead, but could not conceal a slight line or wrinkle between the brows; and this line, rare in women at any age, rare even in men at hers, gave an expression at once of thought and of sternness to the whole face. The eyebrows themselves were straight and not strongly marked, a shade or two perhaps too light, a fault still more apparent in the lashes; the eyes were large, full, and though bright, astonishingly calm and deep, at least in ordinary moments; yet withal they wanted the charm of that steadfast and open look which

goes at once to the heart, and invites its trust; their expression was rather vague and abstracted. She usually looked aslant when she spoke; and this, which with some appears but shyness, in one so self-collected had an air of falsehood. But when, at times, if earnest, and rather bent on examining those she addressed, than guarding herself from penetration, she fixed those eyes upon you with a sudden and direct scrutiny, the gaze impressed you powerfully and haunted you with a strange spell. The eye itself was of a peculiar and displeasing colour—not blue, nor grey, nor black, nor hazel, but rather of that cat-like green which is drowsy in the light and vivid in the shade. The profile was purely Greek, and so seen, Lucretia's beauty seemed incontestible; but in front face, and still more when inclined between the two, all the features took a sharpness that, however regular, had something chilling and severe; the mouth was small, but the lips were thin and pale, and had an expression of effort and contraction, which added to the distrust that her sidelong glance was calculated to inspire. The teeth were dazzlingly white, but sharp and thin, and the eye-teeth were much longer than the rest. The complexion was pale, but without much delicacy; the paleness seemed not natural to it, but rather that hue which study and late vigils give to men; so that she wanted the freshness and bloom of youth, and looked older than she was—an effect confirmed by an absence of roundness in the cheek, not noticeable in the profile, but rendering the front face somewhat harsh as well as sharp. In a word, the face and the figure were not in harmony; the figure prevented you from pronouncing her to be masculine:—the face took from the figure the charm of feminacy. It was the head of the young Augustus upon the form of Agrippina. One touch more and we close a description which already perhaps the reader may consider frivolously minute. If you had placed before the mouth and lower part of the face a bandage, the whole character of the upper part would have changed at once; the eye lost its glittering falseness, the brow its sinister contraction; you would have pronounced the face not only beautiful but sweet and womanly. Take that bandage suddenly away, and the change would have startled you; and startled you the more because you could detect no sufficient defect, or disproportion in the lower part of the countenance to explain it. It was as if the mouth was a key to the whole;—the key nothing without the text; the text uncomprehended without the key.

Lucretia is heiress to her uncle, a rich old baronet, who has brought her up as his own child, and is very fond and proud of her. She loves a young man of inferior birth, and conceals her connection with him from her uncle, because she knows that he would disinherit her rather than allow her to marry her lover. She waits his death impatiently, as the means of attaining her desired object—a union with Mainwaring.

Old Sir Miles has had two attacks of paralysis, and now the first shadow of the criminal future lowers over the mind of Lucretia in dark hopes for the speedy death of her uncle, who has been a father to her, but who is the obstacle to her passionate will. She is alone in her chamber, reading, while others sleep:—

What hast thou, young girl, strong in health and rich in years, with the lore of the leech, with prognostics and symptoms and diseases? She is tracing with hard eyes the signs that precede the grim enemy in his last sudden approach—the habits that invite him, the warnings that he gives. He whose wealth shall make her free has twice had the visiting shock—he starves not, he lives free. She closes the volume, and, musing, metes him out the hours and days he has to live.

A letter from Lucretia to her lover falls into her uncle's hands. In this letter she speaks of her impatient desire for her benefactor's death, and shows her deceit and treachery to him. Household treachery is thus finely animadverted on:—

The heart does not bleed, the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected. It is as if something out of the course of nature had taken place; something monstrous and out of all thought and forewarning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from the orbit of criminals; the felon has no fear of his innocent children; with a price on his head, he lays it in safety in the bosom of his wife. In his *home*, the ablest man, the most subtle and suspecting, can be as much a dupe as the simplest. Were it not so as the rule, and the exceptions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell!

And therefore it is that to the household perfidy, in all lands, in all ages, God's curse seems to cleave, and to God's curse man abandons it; he does not honour it by hate, still less will he lighten and share the guilt by revenge. He turns aside with a sickness and loathing, and leaves Nature to purify from the earth the ghastly phenomenon she abhors.

Old man! that she wilfully deceived thee; that she abused thy belief, and defiled to thy question, and profaned maidenhood to stealth;—all this might have galled thee, but to these wrongs old men are subjected; they give mirth to our farces; maid and lover are privileged impostors. But to have counted the sands in thine hour-glass; to have sate by thy side marvelling when the worms should have thee; and looked smiling on thy face for the signs of the death-writ;—die quick, old man, the executioner hungers for the fee!

We have already exceeded our short space, and regret that we cannot give quotations from the second and third volumes, which contain passages of great beauty and power. The two young lovers, Percival and Helen, are exquisite sketches, in which the author evidently delights. He seems to idolise youth, as most men do when it has gone from themselves. The pleasure the author takes in the joys and amusements, the thoughts and feelings, of youth, indicates the perpetual spring of poetry within him, and imparts its odours to the reader.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

I. *The Revolt of the Bees.* Third Edition. (Longman and Co.)

A book that has had many readers, but that *all* should read. While it examines, with a searching eye, the whole social state of man, and deals in a learned spirit with many of its knottiest and most abstruse questions, it is as interesting as a romance; in which form, indeed, the work is written. Such, at least, is the impression the *Revolt of the Bees* left upon our mind, when perused several years ago. This, and

II. *Hampden in the Nineteenth Century,*

by the same author, Mr. J. M. Morgan, have aided to prepare the public mind for the mighty social movements now making. And if, without presumption, we may refer to the *People's Journal*, as one sign and consequence of these movements, we do it, in order to acknowledge our obligations to the amiable and philanthropic author of these books. Among the influences that the writer of these lines can distinctly trace as having ultimately led him to undertake the hazardous experiment of a new periodical, he must assuredly include the perusal of the two books above named.

III. *Torrington Hall, being an account of two days in the Autumn of* 1844, *passed at that magnificent and philosophically conducted Establishment for the Insane.* By Arthur Wallbridge. Author of "Jest and Earnest." (How, Piccadilly.)

Reviewers do not like to be taken in, even in sport, and we fear Mr. Wallbridge has made some enemies among your matter-of-fact men, by making them believe he had here recorded a real history, and that he had only had madmen, instead of mankind at large, in view. The mistake, however, shows one great merit of the book—its vivid, life-like, and deeply interesting character. The student of social science will recognise something still better—an earnest and thoughtful mind engaged, as all such minds should be in the present day, in working out the great problem of society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The British Almanack and Companion. (London: Charles Knight, Ludgate-street.)

This work embodies all that an almanack should contain—with many good things added. It takes first rank among the annuals of its kind. The Abstracts of Acts of Parliament affecting Public

Works, Fisheries, Harbours, Drainage, Commons, Inclosures, Corn Importation, Customs, Friendly Societies, Corresponding Societies and Lecture Rooms, Sugar Duties, Poor Laws, Baths and Wash-houses, Spirit Licences and Duties, Nuisances, Small Debts, &c., &c., have evidently been prepared by a careful hand. The paper on the "Progress of Education in England," in which we recognise the pen of Charles Knight, is full of important statistics, of the highest value to all who are seeking to diffuse the blessings of knowledge. It shows that more remains to be done than is generally conceived, and demonstrates, to a great extent, how existing obstacles may be overcome.

PRINTS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS, &c.

I. *The Proposed Railway Street through Westminster.* By W. B. MOFFAT. *Size, 33 inches by* 19. (John Williams and Co., Library of Arts, Strand.)

That this is, indeed, a magnificent proposition, we hope to be able to show in an early number, by presenting, with the permission of the architect, a reduced engraving from this superb print.

II. *A Chart Illustrating the Architecture of Westminster Abbey.* By P. BEDFORD, JUN. (Robinson, Fleet-street.)

This shows at one glance the different styles that prevail through this noblest and most interesting of architectural piles, and is, in a word, a kind of *visible history* of the progress of the erection.

MUSIC.

Handel's Oratorio, the Messiah, in Vocal Score, with a Separate Accompaniment for the Organ and Pianoforte. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. Nos. 1 to 4 (Alfred Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho)

Facts stated in the plainest way, are frequently more impressive from their intrinsic character, than any adornments can make them. They are facts then,—that the whole Messiah is here put forth in a clear and beautiful type, in nine sixpenny numbers, by an editor whose name is a guarantee for the proper performance of his duties. The success of the work, we presume, has led to the commencement in a similar style, of

Haydn's Oratorio, the Creation, in Vocal Score. No. 1.

Homes for the People.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. VI.

THE NEW COMER.

WE may be perverse in our notions, and mistaken in our ways; but there are some great natural blessings which we cannot refuse. I reckon it a great natural blessing that the main events of human life are common to all, and that it is out of the power of man to spoil the privilege and pleasure of them. Birth, love, and death, are beyond the reach of man's perverseness. They come differently to the wise and the foolish, the wicked and the pure: but they come alike to the rich and the poor. The infant finds as warm a bosom in which to nestle in the cottage as in the mansion. The bride and bridegroom know the bliss of being all the world to each other as well in their Sunday walk in the fields as in the park of a royal castle. And when the mourners stand within the enclosure where "rich and poor lie down together," death is the same sad and sweet mystery to all the children of mortality, whether they be elsewhere the lowly or the proud.

It may be said that the coming of the infant is not the same event to all, because some very poor people are heard to speak of it as a misfortune, and if the child dies, to rejoice that the Lord has taken it to himself. It is true that some parents are heard to speak in this way; but I believe that the difference here is not between rich and poor, but between the wise and the foolish,—the trusting and the faithless. I have a right to believe this as long as I see that the hardest-working mother can be as tender and as cheerful as any other, and that the poorest man can be as conscientious a father as the richest. If the parents have been guilty of no fault towards their unborn child; if the child be the offspring of healthful and virtuous parents; and if they are calmly resolved to do all in their power for its good,—to earn its bread, to cherish its health, to open its mind, to nourish its soul, they have as good a right to rejoice in the prospect of its birth as anybody in the world. If they steadily purpose to do their full duty by their child, they may rely upon it that God and nature will help them;—that in a world wrapped round with God's air, and blessed by His sunshine, and abounding with knowledge, the human being can hardly fail of the best ends of life if set fairly forth on his way by those who are all to him in his helpless years. A doubt of this may be pardoned in parents too hard driven by adversity, who have lost heart, and think that to be poor is to be miserable: but the doubt is not reasonable or religious; and it is likely to be fatal to the child. I need not consider it further; for I write for those who have a high purpose and a high hope in rearing children. Those who despond are unfit for the charge, and are not likely to enter into any consultation about it.

To all who have this high purpose and hope, how interesting and how holy is this expectation of the birth of a human being! The mother is happy, and can wait. The father thinks the time long till he can take his infant in his arms, and lavish his love upon it. If there are already children, they are, or should be made, happy by some promise of the new blessing to come. A serious hope it should be made to them, however joyful; a hope to be spoken of only in private seasons of confidence, when parents and children speak to each other of what they feel most deeply,—by the bedsides of the little ones at night, or in the quietest time of the Sunday holiday. A serious hope it should be to all parties; for they should bring into the consideration the duties of labour and self-denial which lie before them, and the seasons of anxiety which they must undergo. Before the parents lie sleepless nights, after days of hard work,—hours and hours of that weary suffering which arises from the wailing of a sick infant: and before the entire household the duty of those self-restraints which are ever due from the stronger to the weaker. Amidst the anticipated joys of an infant's presence, these things are not to be forgotten.

When the child is born, what an event is it in the education of the whole household! According to the use made of it is it a pure blessing, or a cause of pain and sin to some concerned. If it be the first child, there is danger lest it be too

engrossing to the young mother. I believe it happens oftener than anybody knows, that the first conjugal discontents follow on the birth of the first child. The young mother trusts too much to her husband's interest in her new treasure being equal to her own;—a thing which the constitution of man's nature, and the arrangements of his business, render impossible. He will love his infant dearly, and sacrifice much for it if he remains, as he ought, his wife's first object. But if she neglects his comfort to indulge in fondling her infant, she is doing wrong to both. If her husband no longer finds, on his return from his business, a clean and quiet fireside, and a wife eager to welcome him, but a litter of baby-things, and a wife too busy upstairs to come down, or too much engaged with her infant to talk with him and make him comfortable, there is a mischief done which can never be repaired.

And if this infant be not the first, there is another person to be no less carefully considered, —the next youngest. I was early struck by hearing the mother of a large family say, that her pet was always the youngest but one; it was so hard to cease to be the baby! Little children are as jealous of affection as the most enraptured lover, and they are too young to have learned to control their passions, and to be reasonable. A more miserable being can hardly exist than a little creature who, having been accustomed to the tenderness always lavished on the baby,—having spent almost its whole life in its mother's arms, and been the first to be greeted on its father's entrance, finds itself bid to sit on its little stool, or turned over to the maid, or to rough brothers and sisters to be taken care of, while everybody gathers round the baby, to admire and love it. Angry and jealous feelings may grow into dreadful passions in that little breast, if great care be not taken to smooth over the rough passage from babyhood to childhood. If the mother would have this child love and not hate the baby, if she would have peace and not tempest reign in the little heart, she will be very watchful. She will have her eye on the little creature, and call it to help her to take care of the baby. She will keep it at her knee, and show it, with many a tender kiss between, how to make baby smile, how to warm baby's feet; will let it taste whether baby's food be nice, and then peep into the cradle, to see whether baby be asleep. And when baby is asleep, the mother will open her arms to the little helper, and fondle it as of old, and let it be all in all to her, as it used to be. This is a great piece of education to them both, and a lesson in justice to all who stand by.

The addition of a child to the family circle is an event too solemn to be deformed by any falsehood. But few parents have the courage to be truthful with their children as to how the infant comes; a question which their natural curiosity always prompts. The deceptions usually practised are altogether to be reprobated. It is an abominable practice to tell children that the doctor brought the baby, and the like. It is abominable as a lie; and it is worse than useless. Any intelligent child will go on to ask,—or if not to ask, to ponder with excited imagination,—where the doctor found it, and so on; and its attention will be piqued, and its mind injuriously set to work, where a few serious words of simple but carefully expressed truth, would have satisfied it entirely. The child must, sooner or later, awaken to an understanding of the subject; and it is no more difficult to impress him with a sense of decency about this, than about other things, that a well trained child never speaks of but to its mother in private. The natural question once truthfully answered, the little mind is at rest, and free for the much stronger interests which are passing before its eyes.

The first month of an infant's life is usually a season of great moral enjoyment to the household. Everybody is disposed to bear and to do everything cheerfully for the sake of the new blessing. The father does not mind the discomforts of the time of his wife's absence from the table and the fireside, and makes himself by turns the nurse and the playfellow, to carry the children well through it. If Granny be there, and not able to do much in the house, she gathers the little ones about her chair, and tells them longer stories than ever before, to keep them quiet. The children try with all their might to be quiet; and even the little two-year-old one struggles not to cry for company when baby cries, and learns a lesson in self-restraint. They look with respect on the maid or the nurse when they find that she has been up in the night, tending mother and baby, and that she looks as cheerful in the morning as if she had had good rest. And when they are permitted to study the baby, and to see how it jerks its little limbs about, and does not see anything they want it to see, and takes no notice of anything they say to it; and when they hear that their great strong father, so wise and so clever about his business, was once just such a helpless little creature as this, they learn to reverence this feeble infant, and one another, and themselves, and their hearts are very full of feelings which they cannot speak. I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained towards any human being were towards a sister born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for above two years; and I recal them as vividly as ever now when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times in a day, to thank God that he permitted me to see the growth of a human being from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gaily every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learnt all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during my play-hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise "from strength to strength," till it became like Christ. My great pain was, (and it was truly at times a despair,) to think what a work lay before this thoughtless little being. I could not see how she was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty limbs: but the talking was the despair. I fancied that she would have to learn every word separately, as I learned my French Vocabulary; and I looked at the big Johnson's Dictionary till I could not bear to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it so hard to learn through a small book like that Vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at two years old such a big one as that! Many a time I feared that she never could possibly learn to speak. And when I thought of all the trees and plants, and all the stars, and all the human faces she must learn, to say nothing of lessons,—I was dreadfully oppressed, and almost wished she had never been born. Then followed the relief of finding that walking came of itself—step by step; and then, that talking came of itself—word by word at first, and then many new words in a day. Never did I feel a relief like this, when the dread of this mighty task

was changed into amusement at her funny use of words, and droll mistakes about them. This taught me the lesson, never since forgotten, that a way always lies open before us, for all that it is necessary for us to do, however impossible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt that if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to be despaired of from human powers, exerted according to God's laws. Then followed the anguish of her childish illnesses—the misery of her wailing after vaccination, when I could neither bear to stay in the nursery nor to keep away from her; and the terror of the back-stairs, and of her falls, when she found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she first knew the sunshine, and the flowers, and the opening spring; and the shame if she did anything rude, and the glory when she did anything right and sweet. The early life of that child was to me a long course of intense emotions which, I am certain, have constituted the most important part of my education. I speak openly of them here, because I am bound to tell the best I know about Household Education; and on that, as on most subjects, the best we have to tell is our own experience. And I tell it the more readily because I am certain that my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within me, through my own unconsciousness of them at the time, and the natural modesty which makes children conceal the strongest and deepest of their feelings: and it may be well to give parents a hint that more is passing in the hearts of their children, on occasion of the gift of a new soul to the family circle, than the ingenuous mind can recognise for itself, or knows how to confide.

W. C. MACREADY.

By W. J. Fox.

(*Continued from page* 328.)

It may be asked—"Are there, then, no faults in Mr. Macready's acting?" I am not careful to answer in this matter. Those who so please may pick them out; emulating the famous industry that found the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff. Only their work is rather to find the two atoms of chaff in the bushel of grain; which like their prototype they may, when found, keep for their pains. The design and spirit of the personal notices in the *People's Journal* are not critical. They affect not the minuteness of anatomical dissection and analysis. The object is rather to give due expression of homage and gratitude towards those by whom the public has been benefitted. Nor are there many writers; I am not one, assuredly; entitled to sit, in self-satisfied judgment, upon any supposed mistake or failure in Mr. Macready's artistical interpretations of Shakspeare. There is little theatrical criticism, of any worth, that has not matured itself by the careful study of Mr. Macready's personations. He is scarcely amenable at its bar. The stream cannot rise above the fountain. In any conflict of interpretations, the chances are immeasurably in his favour against the most accomplished of his critics. The Aristotles of the stage must acknowledge its Homer. Genuine criticism springs out of great works of art; it is an attempt to show why and how they affect us so deeply; if there be a seeming flaw, it is noted lightly and reverently; and the return is prompt to its proper and welcome work of appreciation and explanation.

The eminence of Garrick both in tragedy and comedy has often been remarked upon as a peculiarity. The real peculiarity, in an actor of the highest order, would have been the inability to excel in both. The phrenological wiseacre who found a tragic organ and a comic organ, proved his own want of the appropriate organ for metaphysical analysis. The same faculties and tendencies are implied in the power of personation, whether it stimulates laughter or moves to tears. Edmund Kean recalled the memory, and illustrated the traditions, of Garrick's acting, alike in Richard III. and in Abel Drugger. The few instances of Mr. Macready's appearing in comedy have always given the liveliest enjoyment. The embarrassment of Benedick or of Mr. Oakley, has never been more ludicrous; his Puff is said to be inimitable; and that strange entwining of the comic and the tragic, and their mutual trespassing on each other's domain, which make Kitely so pathetically ridiculous, or so ridiculously pathetic, only show his easy mastery over the most seemingly dissimilar resources of his art. Histrionic greatness, like most real greatness, is flexible, versatile, and universal. It ascends to the terrible; it plays round the grotesque. Only thus can it "hold the mirror up to nature." A goodly function; and not obscurely connected with the self-knowledge of humanity, and therefore with some of its best interests.

In October, 1837, Mr. Macready commenced his arduous and glorious career as manager of Covent Garden Theatre. His task was indeed arduous. He had everything to do. The theatre had been occupied by an inferior company from a minor establishment. The property man had a sinecure; or was only an overseer of rubbish. Much of the scenery consisted of daubs that could scarcely have competed with a collection of village sign-boards. Nor had there been any of the superintending skill that makes the work surpass the materials. All things behind the curtain, and before it, stood in need of thorough reformation. A great change soon began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected; including the best talent that could be obtained in London, or from the Provinces. By frequent and careful rehearsals, the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learned to co-operate, and not sacrifice the spirit of a scene to individual prominence. The public felt the harmony and completeness of representation thus produced. People went to *see a play*. Theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry.

It was promptly found that a new system was at work, and a principle introduced which extended to the minutest particulars. The very bills in the streets bore an unexpressed but distinctly implied testimony to the novelty of the change. They were marked by the avoidance of that system of puffery which had been in other cases, and still is, carried to so gross an extent. How often is the eye disgusted by the grandest superlatives of praise lavished upon theatrical pretenders or compositions that not only deserved to be hissed, but that actually were hissed on the very eve of these large-letter announcements. How often has the metropolis been placarded with colossal and golden promises, only to be fulfilled in tinsel and tawdry.

The only promise which Mr. Macready was accustomed to make, was the promise of his own character and previous practice, that whatever was produced or revived at his theatre should be presented with taste and splendour worthy of the national drama. That promise was always kept most faithfully. At first, the simplicity of the Covent Garden bills was not understood. The agreeable surprise, however, of the representation soon inspired confidence; anticipation rose higher than it was ever upborne by puffs preparatory, and was never disappointed. To the secret that a theatre could do without a saloon, was added the equally novel secret, that a new play could attract without an emblazoned programme of its gorgeous scenery.

To delude the public by crowded houses filled by means of orders; to purchase praise from the profligacy of some portion of the public press, by nameles advantages; to deprecate and avert the just censure of other portions by pitiful appeals; to bring the aid of advertisers, or other influential parties, to act on newspaper criticism; are practices so notorious in connection with theatrical management, as to render their total negation proper for record, though it would ill accord with our estimate of the subject of this paper to dwell upon it as a theme of laudation. One fact, however, of no slight importance, must be mentioned. Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly discussed question, whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness? The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was desired by all friends of decorum. The most reputable as well as the most disreputable of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attractions of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the Covent Garden management; and afterwards, though under much vexatious opposition, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.

But to come to what directly belongs to the theatrical art. Mr. Macready is the only manager, in our time, who brought the drama before public view with anything approaching to completeness. System, science, and poetry were the characteristics of his management. Any man can order a gorgeous scene to be painted. Any man can hire a hundred supernumeraries or chorus singers. Any man can distribute the characters of a play amongst his troop or company, with some regard to the habitual practice of each performer in tragedy or comedy, lovers or tyrants, old men or buffoons. And if the result be any tolerable resemblance to what the author of the drama conceived, praised be the gods for a lucky hit! Oh, the things that we have seen, and do still see occasionally. We have beheld Shylock, the Jew, surrounded in his own dwelling by statues of the heathen gods, Mercury, Mars, and all the abominations of Israel. We have seen him tried by such a tribunal as Venice never knew, sitting in a ducal hall, the door of which opened on a fine champagne country, with heaven knows what river meandering through the valley. We have seen the sea from Bosworth Field, painted for the occasion. We have seen King Richard's archers "draw their arrows to the head," with no mark but their own general, and charge after him on the full run with stretched strings. Virginius has often stabbed his daughter in a forum where rose majestically the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. All these absurdities were not only "reformed indifferently," but "altogether." The character of the scenery was always not only true to the period and localities, but to the poetical spirit of the particular drama enacted. In *King Lear*, antique, massive, elemental. In the *Tempest*, wild and strange, fit haunt of magic and of spirits. The circling sea of the Enchanted Isle, and two or three strange forms of rocks, as seen from different points, made the imaginative *locale* a reality to the mind. In *Richelieu*, the apartments, gardens, costume, not only true and splendid, but ever and essentially French. And *Ion*, chastely Greek in its columns, altars, and temples. Yet there was no pedantry in this appropriateness. And in Shakspeare, Mr. Macready usually followed the anachronisms of the drama, rightly perceiving that they belonged to the poetical idea of the composition, which it is the first duty of the theatre to keep unimpaired, whatever becomes of antiquarian truth. The moral chaos of *Lear* requires, and fitly placed on the stage, both the knightly armour of chivalry, and the rude pillars of Druidical temples. While rich advantage was taken of the scope afforded by Coriolanus, for an extraordinary series of pictorial groupings, illustrative of the ancient Rome, any one of which might have sufficed on canvass to immortalise a painter: the multitude with their diversified attire, and uncouth armoury, terrific in their combination, and with single figures intermixed, such as Salvator Rosa loved to sketch; the street alive with shouting citizens, and green with waving palms for the victor's reception; the path of the exile by the lonely shore to the house of Aufidius, gay in festal lights and sounds, while far in the sea shines the solitary lamp of the Pharos of Antium; the Capitol, where the incense burns on the altar of Victory, where the bronze wolf and twins still tell the ancient legend as they did in the ancient time, and where the uprising Senate, with uplifted right arms, conferring the Consulship, seem an august assembly which the barbarians of Gaul might well adore; and the scene without the gates, thronged with the Volscian soldiers, silently making way for the mournful procession of the Roman women through their glittering ranks, or grouping their standard-trophy over the shield-formed bier, so as to form that gorgeous and affecting picture into which was developed the simple stage direction—"Exeunt soldiers bearing the body of Caius Marcius."

In all that belongs to the *mise en scène*, Mr. Macready never forgot that his function was to *illustrate*. No splendid or striking effects induced him to depart from this duty. The gorgeousness of many revivals occasioned an imputation of overlaying Shakspeare with theatrical splendour. The critics disregarded the fact that some of these dramas, *King Lear*, for instance, had never been so simply presented, so divested of "barbaric

pearl and gold." Nor did *As You Like It*, flaunt with spangles. It was redolent of the green wood. Sylvan glades and the song of birds, and grotesque trunks of trees harmonised with the life of idle forestry, and realised the vision of the poet, dreaming of the remote rustic sojourn of princely courtesy. A hundred minute instances of arrangement introduced by Mr. Macready, and some happily become permanent on the stage, might be enumerated, from memory, which show his unswerving fidelity to the work of illustration, as well as his consummate skill in its details. Such, as in *Macbeth*, the crouching of the witches at distant corners of the cavern, each awaiting the signal of her own familiar ("Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," &c.) When he was gorgeous, it was because the imagination of Shakspeare had been gorgeous first, and shown what he would have done with the rich and ample theatrical appliances of our times. In *Henry V.*, not choice but necessity made the author on a most "unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object." Macready could not give him "a kingdom for a stage;" but he *did* precisely that for which the poet longed. He refused needlessly to

> Disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt.

—As far as possible, a possibility multiplied a thousand-fold since Shakspeare's days, he resolved to "piece out" the inevitable "imperfections" of the scene, not only by the "thoughts" of the audience, but by the power of artistry. In the heraldic emblazonments, the panoramic voyage, the pictorial interpretation of the prologue, the battle crash, the bannered cathedral pomp, and all the unrivalled embellishments of that great national and historical drama, Macready was the faithful executor of the will of Shakspeare, enabled, by the wealth of modern theatrical art, to pay the bard's legacy to the British public.

Not only had stage management pursued such a perverted course as often to deprive representation altogether of an illustrative character, but it had been busy also with the subject to be illustrated. The restoration of the genuine text of Shakspeare was, perhaps more than any other single characteristic, the distinguishing glory of the Macready management. Poetical conception and artistical skill may indeed appear more strikingly in the mode of illustrating the Shakspearean drama, considered without reference to the circumstance whether the text had been respected or corrupted. But in the restorations of the genuine text, these qualities rise into the sphere of moral attributes, and we recognise that *faith in genius* which only belongs to the loftiest minds.

For almost two centuries the work of corruption had continued to make havoc with the grandest compositions of the grandest dramatist that the world has produced. The great and the contemptible; the poetical and the practical; Dryden and Davenent; Garrick and Kemble; Tate and Cibber;—all were let loose upon the text of Shakspeare, like swarms of caterpillars, great and small, upon a rose-tree, to impair and destroy, and transform its loveliness into something akin with their own inferior natures. At every theatre, from time immemorial, it had become an axiom that Shakspeare was not presentable. The poet, who could not be tried by his peers, nature not having yet created his peers, was condemned by minds unequal to the comprehension of his meaning, and executed by writers destitute of the remotest affinity with his genius. Every petty, blustering stage-thunderer thought he knew better than Shakspeare what would suit the taste of an audience. One play was desecrated by the dirtiness of Dryden, and another was interpolated with the pomposities of Thompson. If sometimes a beam of truth glimmered across the public mind, it speedily faded away; and managers and audiences consoled themselves with a mutually contemptuous and contemptible recognition of each other's corruption of taste. Mr. Macready first dared to believe in Shakspeare with his whole heart and soul. He evinced the appreciation of genius by genius. In the spirit of a prophet whose soul is full of the power he worships, he repeated the *verba ipsissima* of the oracle, and all hearts felt that the words were indeed oracular.

The two most extensive and remarkable of these restorations were those accomplished in the *Tempest* and *King Lear*. The peculiar character of the *Tempest* was totally destroyed by Dryden's alterations. He violated most profanely the solitude and sanctity of the Enchanted Isle. Under the name of the most exquisitely pure and fanciful of Shakspeare's dramas, the public only knew, in the acting version, a farrago of common conjuration and uncommon indecency. The deepest truths of the poetical spirit were degraded by transposition into vulgar clap-traps. What do we not owe to the noble daring that dashed down at a stroke all the base and meretricious accretions that had gathered around this lovely work, and presented it to the world like a recovered statue, perfect in the symmetry and simplicity of antique art, yet appropriately shrined, in the most stately and costly temple that could be wrought by modern genius? There was a practical reply in the acclamations of the thousands that witnessed its unprecedented and undiminished attraction, through more than fifty nights of the season in which it was produced. *King Lear* may be regarded as the masterpiece of Shakspeare, and, therefore, as the most stupendous drama in existence. The limits of this notice will not allow of even a glance at the grounds of this estimate—suffice it to say, that, according to the old proverb, the corruption had been proportionate to the excellence. The feeling of the drama had been outraged by the impertinent interpolation of a love affair between Edgar and Cordelia. The construction of the drama had been destroyed by the total withdrawment of the Fool. And the catastrophe of the drama had been reversed, to the annihilation of the profoundest moral lesson and impression with which truth and nature ever inspired the heart of mighty poet. The innovation had become sanctioned, and seemingly irreversibly established by long prescription. Banished in its integrity from the stage, Shakspeare's *Lear* was only the solitary study of poets and appreciators of poetry. Its representation was talked of, just as politicians speculate on the advent of an Utopia. The Utopia will come, when politicians have faith in humanity; and *Lear* was enacted, for Macready had faith in Shakspeare. The effect, almost "too deep for tears," resembled that of the first appearance of some masterpiece in poetry or art, gradually and majestically rising upon the public view —a sense of awe at the embodied power of the poet chastening, while prolonging, the fervency of admiration.

An unprecedented succession of numerous and appreciating audiences was the public response to the appeal thus made at Covent Garden Theatre. It has been often said that Mr. Macready's manage-

ment failed, and proved the decline of a taste for the Shakspearean drama. The inference is unjust to the public, and the assumed fact is incorrect; no equal receipts, for an equal length of time, had ever been known. But the lessee had (and again at Drury Lane afterwards,) to struggle with an enormous outlay, rendered necessary by the forlorn condition in which he found the scenery and properties of both houses, and by the costliness of his own efforts; with an almost total neglect on the part of the aristocratic and fashionable world; and with proprietary arrangements, or disarrangements, which yielded no security for an expenditure that could only have repaid itself in a series of years, and the immediate profits of which were liable to be pressed upon by undefined and encroaching claims. So far as the public was concerned, the success was complete. Those whose taste, whether in art or in morals, had made them, as a class, absentees from the theatre, began to reappear. The audiences were in, what may be called, a course of education. The licence of finding, or making indecorous allusions, so frequently exercised at some of our theatres, was spontaneously suppressed. A promptness was evinced in the recognition of the finer beauties of poetry in an author, which showed that a comparatively worthy tribunal for the cotemporary drama was rapidly forming. And the expression, "a Macready audience," denotes not partisanship of the actor, but percipiency of Shakspeare. That causes utterly extrinsic to the drama and the public taste, should have prematurely interrupted so promising a career, is occasion for deep regret; though not unmitigated by the knowledge that many refining and useful influences continue in individual minds, and that much which was done in the restoration of Shakspeare, cannot again be undone, even by the perversity of future managers.

Mr. Macready took leave of Covent Garden Theatre, at the end of his second season. A grand public entertainment, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair, was soon afterwards given him at Freemason's Hall. His reception was most enthusiastic. A subscription was commenced for presenting him with some appropriate memorial. The result was a felicitous design, chastely executed in silver, of the actor studying a drama for illustration; the Arts and Muses are grouped around to render him their aid; bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit. The most illustrious names of which our country can boast were in the list of contributors; and, as if to render more noticeable the absence of aristocratical patronage during the season of struggle, as one royal duke had presided at the commencement of the subscription, another, the Duke of Cambridge, presided at the presentation.

After a twelvemonth's engagement at the Haymarket, where the public became more familiar with the light and graceful qualities of his acting, Mr. Macready undertook the management of Drury Lane Theatre, where he continued till June, 1843. Such was the feeling towards him in the profession, that as soon as the probability of this event was known, and before he was in any condition to treat for engagements, members of his former company declined the most tempting offers from other quarters, and ran all risks for the chance of renewing their connection with one whose fidelity to his engagements, and whose unfailing care for the actor's interest and respectability, they had previously experienced.

This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first. The same Shakspearean splendour, where splendour is required; the same reversion to the genuine text, and careful regard for the poetical idea of each drama, in its illustration; the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery, and of the individual talent of each member of the well-organised company; the same abundant success, in public enthusiasm; and the same abrupt termination from causes wholly extrinsic to the national drama, but inseparably connected with the condition, as to property, of the two large theatres.

One distinction of this second management was the attention paid to the classical music of our own country. In *Acis and Galatea*, and *King Arthur*, Handel and Purcell were crowned with a halo of artistical illustration kindred in brightness with that which had already been made to beam around the brow of Shakspeare. These performances, and that of *Comus*, may be regarded as revivals of the masque, once so gorgeous in courtly splendour. The musical drama and the masque are closely allied. That is, if by musical drama we understand, not merely a play with incidental songs or choruses, but one in which musical expression is made the exponent of thought and emotion. Musical drama is like the witch in *Thalaba:* "Still her speech was song." To maintain due proportion in this world of convention, the action of the performers should be modulated also; and crowds or groups pass from one tableau to another by measured movement. The artistical, and even the artificial, belong to the nature of the scene; if indeed, it can be said to have a nature. It is a brilliant dream-land. It is a fancy and a frolic of the Genii of Poetry, Song, and Painting. They abandon themselves to their gayest gambols. Drury Lane gave the work-day world more distinct glimpses than it has ever enjoyed of that other fantastic world of artistical creation.

Those who remember the effect, both in chorus and melody, of the music of Purcell and Handel as there given, and how it was enhanced by costume, action, and scenery, will see how much more was done than the mere production of a theatrical novelty. Reckoning Handel English by adoption, as Purcell was by birth and nature, it was our native music which was thus glorified. A grand homage was rendered to the musical genius of our country. Its greatest masters received their popular apotheosis. And the opportunity, by lavishing similar adornment on *Comus*, no longer travestied, of adding to their names the nobler name of Milton, completed, what Mr. Macready always studied for the theatre, its character of NATIONALITY. There may be space and worthy claimants for other shrines in the temple of Shakspeare; but beyond the strictly dramatic bards, for none so near its high altar. Single-handed did one man do thus much towards what, if the intellectual glory of our country were rightly estimated, if genius were justly honoured, and if the influences of a nation's poetry upon a nation's character were duly calculated, would be the object of earnest desire, the occasion of liberal expenditure, and the source of liveliest interest to parliament and people, aristocracy and democracy, and even church and state. A national theatre, such as forms the ideal which Mr. Macready so manfully struggled to attain, is requisite, though not the only requisite, to our appropriating the poet's boast:—

> We speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold.

That any theatrical management whatever should prove completely satisfactory to dramatic authors, is far beyond all reasonable expectation. Were every drama sent in to a theatre quite as meritorious as its writer or his friends suppose; still the number alone would necessitate a selection. The fact of a selection would generate the charge of partiality, prejudice, or incompetence. Mr. Macready made himself enemies, some of them loud and active, by his exercise of that prerogative of rejection, without which management cannot exist. Since that time, the law has put theatricals on a more liberal footing. The legitimate drama may be produced at any theatre. From a dozen to twenty courts of appeal against decisions which were complained of, are now open in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity. I am not aware of the reversal of his veto in a single instance. The mention of this fact is due to him, in common justice. The reader will of course distinguish between a vindication of the motives, or even of the decision, of the manager, and a coincidence of judgment with him upon some of the plays in question. But whenever a manager errs, by rejecting a piece that would succeed, he errs to his own loss. So far as they were cognisable by the public, the errors of Mr. Macready were on the other side. Several unprofitable productions might be specified, on which the care and expense that were bestowed evinced a ready and generous recognition of poetic genius, struggling for its position, but with imperfect mastery of its art, and without the aids of interest or previous celebrity. It might be invidious to particularise, but there are writers who well know that the written drama has no more efficient patronage in the kingdom than that of Mr. Macready.

The names of Sheridan Knowles, Serjeant Talfourd, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are permanently associated with the power which contributed so largely to their well-deserved success. The simplicity, elementary interest, and inherent vitality of some productions by these authors would have upborne their popularity in very inferior hands; but the deeper poetry and finer discrimination of others, demanded an artist of the highest order for their expositor. The relations of sundry living dramatists with Mr. Macready do not appear contingents on his being in the actual management of a theatre: dramatic poetry seeks his friendship, when not allowed to flourish under his sceptre. The historical reality and stern pathos of Browning's *Strafford* preceded his managerial career; and its close has been followed by the quaint, full-hearted geniality of White's *King of the Commons.*

In the adornment of *Gisippus* with that noble succession of scenery which depicted the contrast, itself a drama, of Athens in its decline, and Rome in its splendour, a mournful homage was offered to the misfortunes of departed genius. A grander testimony to a greater genius was the task, pursued by Mr. Macready through many years, both as actor and manager, and at length completed, of putting worthily on the stage the dramas of Byron. During the progress of this work, the public taste had vibrated from an exaggerated admiration of the author to a still less reasonable depreciation. The dramas had, however, contributed little, comparatively, to the admiration; and from the depreciation, no exception was made on their behalf. The wayward assertion of the poet was taken as conclusive evidence of their unfitness for the stage. All have been produced, and all succeeded, so far as success is testified by lively interest, strong emotion, and that prolonged state of feeling which no more yields to the falling of the curtain than to the closing of a grave. In *Sardanapalus,* and much more in the elder Foscari and the Doge, there were thrilling scenes which might need repetition to affect a careless crowd, but which those whom passionate and poetical truth impresses readily can never forget. *Werner* has achieved a full meed of popularity. The beautiful delineation of paternal fondness overbears all the repulsiveness of the plot. Nor can any distance of time, or diversity of scene, prevent the quailing of the heart at the memory of that terrible cry of paternal agony. A generation has arisen that knows not Byron. Cotemporary enthusiasm has died away. The season for an impartial retrospect of his poetry has not arrived. His statue is not located in the British Walhalla. But while awaiting, in obscurity and oblivion, the ultimate award, Macready has crowned its brow with dramatic laurels that shall be worn unwitheringly.

At the close of his second season at Drury Lane, in June, 1843, Mr. Macready retired from the management. Up to this period, the two great theatres possessed a legal monopoly of the legitimate drama. This privilege implied a corresponding obligation, of which both had shown themselves utterly regardless. Other interests than those of the national drama had a paramount influence. Legally proscribed at the minor theatres, it was practically banished from the established theatres. In Mr. Macready's farewell speech, he animadverted with just severity on the sinister influence of the monopoly; which had been the real cause of blighting the prospects of the drama by the premature termination both of this and of his former management. The public heartily responded. A petition from Mr. Macready, in which the mischievousness of the system was more elaborately exposed, and its injurious bearing shown on the profession of an actor, and on the interests of Society, was soon after presented to the legislature. The result was that before the close of the session, a new "Act for regulating Theatres" was passed, which may be regarded as a dramatic charter. It authorises the Lord Chamberlain, in the metropolis and wherever Her Majesty may reside, and Justices of the Peace in other cities or towns; to grant licenses to theatres; and throws open the whole range of the drama to theatres so licensed. Under this Act, an immense improvement has taken place in the provision for public amusement. Several of the saloons and music rooms in the suburbs have become regular theatres. Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner commenced the honourable and successful enterprise of domesticating Shakspeare at Sadler's Wells. And crowds have recently witnessed a series of Mr. Macready's grandest personations at the Surrey. From these facts, a reaction on the more aristocratical portions of the metropolis may be confidently anticipated. The exiled Shakspeare will return in triumph. The banishment is verging towards the restoration. Larger audiences are in a course of education. In what but lately was, as to poetry and the drama, only an inert mass, perception and appreciation are enkindled and cherished. It must be sheer prejudice, blind and bigoted, that does not behold in this process an agency of civilisation, and a powerful auxiliary for attaining some of the highest objects of national education.

In the autumn of 1843, Mr. Macready sailed for the United States. During the ensuing twelvemonth, he performed at all the principal theatres

in the Union, and also made a short visit into Canada. American enthusiasm for illustrious English visitors might be presumed to have undergone some chill about this time, when the *American Notes* had just been succeeded by *Martin Chuzzlewit.* No symptom of the kind, however, anywhere attended the appearance of Mr. Macready. He was welcomed with a heartiness which his own feelings reciprocated. The best and ablest men of the States were drawn to the theatres. Each new personation seemed to be regarded as a study, and the increased popularity of every repetition evinced the growing appreciation of the audience, their intenser perception of the truth, power, and beauty of the performance. The character of the newspaper critiques showed, in many instances, that pens had been employed in their production unused to the routine of journalism, but not unfamiliar with the most important concerns of nations, or the loftiest speculations of philosophy. And in the friendly intercourse, or the public celebration, which attended Mr. Macready's visits to their principal towns and cities, the attributes of the man were as frankly and warmly recognised as those of the actor. Probably no visitant of the new world has ever either brought away, or left behind, impressions more just, pleasurable, and enduring. "He treated us handsomely," said an American lady, referring to Mr. Macready's farewell speech at New York. A *soiree* given by Mr. Macready on his last evening at Boston, from which port he sailed for England, assembled the *elite* of that highly intellectual locality; including those of the clergy and others, whose scruples, professional or conscientious, debarred them from the theatres; and delighted them by a variety of poetical readings from authors who are the classics of both countries, or rather of all lands. If Mr. Macready was hailed, in coming to their shores, as the great tragic actor of the parent country, his departure was regretted as that of a noble fellow-labourer with those who toil to advance the civilisation of mankind.

A passage in Mr. Macready's parting speech at New York, alluding to the theatrical profession in America, will express that high estimate of the purposes to which his art should be directed, which has shed its influence over his own career:—

Let me express a parting hope that each performer I leave behind me (and it is indeed with regret) in this country, may thus consider his vocation. The object of the poet, whom he serves, is among the loftiest in the scope of literature.

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
> To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold,
> For this the tragic muse first trod the stage."

If, then, the player does not feel that he too has, though subordinate, *his* mission to fulfil as minister to such high purpose, —if he has not faith in what he strives for—to make his art an elevating and instructive recreation—to raise it into an instrument of good, at least in its effect on public taste—if he be not content to "gore his own thoughts" in searching out the depths and springs of passion—to educate his mind up to the height of his great argument, and qualify himself by toil and study as the enunciator, the expounder, and illustrator, of the poet's text, as the officiating priest of that oracle of nature's noblest truths—that Shakspeare, whom we enjoy and glory in, in common—it is plain he uses his art merely as a sordid means of gain, consenting to "make himself a motley to the view," only to escape his prescribed share of labour, and merits not alone the indifference of the public, but the obloquy so often indiscriminately and illiberally cast upon his calling.

Such a belief ought not to depress, but rather to encourage and animate those, whose destiny has placed them on the stage, to indulge in worthier aspirations, and labour for the approval of the intelligent and refined alone, for if true to themselves and the higher objects of their art, I believe that the genius of this country, so intent on advancing all that appertains to intellectual improvement and moral culture, will not be wanting to sustain them.

Rapid was the transition, and great must have been the contrast, of the visit to Paris which promptly followed. But the basis of Mr. Macready's art is so deeply laid in the elemental principles of human nature, that its excellence commends itself wherever our language is intelligible, and the mind is not strongly prepossessed by some factitious standard. A small but efficient corps, with Miss H. Faucit (whose absence London has borne too long) for the heroine, was formed by Mr. Mitchell for this enterprise, of English theatricals in Paris. The triumph of the experiment was attested by a succession of large, attentive, and applauding audiences. On the conclusion of the season, there was a special performance before the court in the private theatre of the Tuilleries. *Hamlet* was selected, by the royal command, and the present of a richly jewelled Oriental dagger evinced the gratification of the French monarch. Many critiques in the Parisian journals were worthy of study by our own commentators on Shakspeare, and proved how completely French taste has been emancipated from the trammels of its old conventionalism, and recovered from the wildness of its more recent vagaries. The following translation from a French journal will be read with interest:—

The *entente cordiale* between France and England exists especially with regard to genius and talent, witness the manner in which Shakspeare and his worthy interpreter, Macready, have been received in France. George Sand, one of our most celebrated writers, also wishes to render his homage to this distinguished actor. Here is his letter on this subject, with which one of our friends has favoured us.

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR LEPRU—I have seen *Macbeth*, and yesterday evening I returned from seeing *Hamlet*. I am more and more charmed and affected, and I need to thank Macready for the feeling which will always remain with me of these *chef-d'œuvres*. I do not know his address, and must beg you to forward my letter to him, mentioning me to him as a sincere person, and one not lavish of mere polite expressions. If the French public has seemed to Mr. Macready attentive and deeply affected, rather than excited and noisy, he must not conclude that he has not been understood by us: that which he represents, and the manner in which he represents it, produce impressions that follow us out of the theatre, and will never forsake us. I should like him to carry away a good opinion of us; and from myself, individually, my sincere homage. Eugene Delacroix, Louis Blanc, Chassoir, and all who saw him with me were enraptured with him. I cannot console myself for not having seen his *Othello*.

Yours, GEORGE SAND.

"Cour d'Orleans, 5, Rue St. Lazare. Mardi."

We have seen a letter from Eugene Sue addressed to Count —, expressing the same admiration. What acknowledgments do we not owe to Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the English company at Paris, for having furnished an opportunity to the French public of becoming acquainted with such sentiments.

A gratuitous performance, in aid of an institution analogous to our Theatrical Funds, was celebrated by the striking of a gold medal, the presentation of which was accompanied with the following noble illustration of the spirit in which genius should be recognised by genius, in spite of all national diversities.

SIR—The committee of the Society of French Dramatic Authors wish again to acknowledge their gratitude to you before your departure for England. The all-powerful assistance which you have just rendered to the Charitable Fund doubtless would not increase the admiration that all Paris feels for your great talents, but it has doubled the esteem which we owe to your noble and generous character.

Permit us, sir, as a testimony of that high esteem, to present you with the gold medal which we have had struck with your name. It will sometimes recal to you what you have done for honourable and unfortunate individuals, our gratitude, and the

indissoluble ties which henceforth exist between French and English artists.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of our high esteem.

ETIENNE, *President*.
EUGENE SCRIBE.
C. MELESVILLE, *V.P.*
VICTOR HUGO.
MASSON.
VIENNET, *V.P.*
F. HALEVY.

Mr. Macready's first appearance in London, after his retirement from Drury Lane Theatre, was in the interval between the visit to America and that to France. On this occasion the *Times* remarked:—

That whatever his opponents might say, it was an indisputable fact that whenever Mr. Macready was absent, the poetic drama languished in the shade, and was called into immediate life when he returned to breathe a spirit over it.

The night of his re-appearance exhibited a scene of extraordinary excitement. A much larger theatre than the Princess's would, as a matter of course, have been crammed to the ceiling. But not only were the avenues crowded by those who had no chance of admission, the street was thronged to a considerable distance by multitudes who seemed to think that a cordial and fervent greeting was expressed by their presence there. Of Mr. Macready's performances at this theatre, more recently at the Surrey, and in the provinces, during the last two years, it is for the critic to speak. In this notice, it must suffice to record the fact. Only adding, that the opinion of the best qualified critics seems to be that, not only has Mr. Macready entirely escaped that taint of exaggeration which seems endemic in the American theatres, and of which several valuable performers have exhibited painful symptoms on their return, but that many of his characters exhibit a yet higher finish, the effect of unremitting study, and of a loving attention to even the minutest points, which allows no particle of the poet's meaning to escape the regard of the actor.

Of late, Mr. Macready has appeared in a new but kindred sphere of action; and one which reflects high honour on his character and sympathies. About three months ago, he was invited to open a Mechanics' Institution, at Warrington; with which he complied, and read the tragedy of *Macbeth* to a delighted auditory. The Institution in Edwards-street, Portman-square, the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, and the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, have since sought and obtained a similar gratification. In these readings much must needs be lost from the absence of theatrical accessories. On the other hand, there is this great gain, that every character is informed by the spirit of a master mind, and the illustration, though of an inferior kind, spreads itself over the entire surface of the poet's creation. The valleys share in the illumination which irradiates the mountain's brow. The poor vassals and messengers of the drama become the agents and property of Shakspeare. The different degree of prominence in the business of the scene—which is no measure of the philosophy that conceived or the poetry that incorporated a character—ceases, in these readings, to be aggravated by disparity of intellect, or of executive power, in the performers. It follows that the whole play is far more likely to be correctly understood than from the average run of theatrical representations. To judge from the manner in which these readings have been received, the effect produced, the eagerness with which their repetition is desired, and the intelligent as well as laudatory comments which they have occasioned, the compensating qualities for theatrical adjuncts must have been found abundant and satisfactory. Honorary offices coupled with his name, and its inscription, as at Manchester, in hundreds of volumes added to the Mechanics' Library, by the proceeds of his exertion, are amongst the testimonials which such a man will not prize less than those which bear the costlier stamp of wealthy, aristocratic, or royal patronage.

Although this particular mode of promoting the mental and moral culture of the people be new in Mr. Macready's history, his lively interest in that most important object has long been manifested. Besides his connection with the Art Union, and similar institutions, his name is on the first list of members of the Central Society of Education, instituted in 1837, to which the public is indebted, not only for early and able exposures of the inefficiency of existing means of instruction, but for clearer and higher views on the subject of education, than have yet, it may be feared, obtained general acceptance. The publications of that society are perhaps the most valuable contribution hitherto made towards realising the great and primary object of National Education. The imperfection of our educational machinery is scarcely more to be lamented than the low and erroneous notions too commonly entertained, of the nature of education and its legitimate purposes. Most valuable service was rendered by the "Central Society," in those of its published papers which tended to correct and elevate the standard of education; and thus to prepare the way for the bestowment of a better boon upon the millions, whenever the abated prejudices, or misdirected power, of political parties and religious sects shall render a national education practicable.

A manager of less moral courage, or public principle, would have scrupled to allow that occupation of Drury Lane Theatre for the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which formed so remarkable an epoch in the history of that memorable agitation; and was the commencement of the series of meetings afterwards continued at Covent Garden Theatre. Whatever the influence of those splendid meetings on the ultimate decision of the question, the leaders of the League always recognised the important aid thus rendered for accomplishing their aim of acting upon the public opinion of the metropolis.

Mr. Macready has sometimes been charged with being of a hasty temperament. Perhaps one transaction in his life, to which Mr. Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane, and mutilator of Shakspeare, was an involuntary party, might be adduced in evidence. To that transaction, which occurred towards the close of the season of 1833, Mr. Macready publicly adverted soon after, in terms of self-reproach, which the public heard with more of respect for the speaker than of sympathy in the confession of blameworthiness. It was one of those "faults" towards which, considering the provocation, they were "a little blind;" too blind to perceive the faultiness. A court of law awarded damages in an undefended action; but the well-known verdict of the Welch jury ("served him right") seemed to be that of the public, on the chastisement which followed a series of insults upon not only the greatest of living actors, but the works of the greatest of ever-living dramatists.

The story has often been repeated of Mr. Macready's having saved the life of a child at Birmingham, by rushing into a house on fire, and rescuing it from the flames. Untrue in fact, the tale would probably never have obtained its currency, but for its truth to character. The extent to which it was believed, and the frequency, in spite of contradiction, with which it has been re-

asserted, are evidence of a general impression of the generous and magnanimous qualities which it implies. This is not the occasion, or it might not be difficult, to show the justice of that impression; or to evince, by details of private and domestic life, the combination, not always to be found, between the attributes which command admiration, and those which conciliate regard. In a beautiful sonnet, occasioned by the performance of Werner, the author of *Ion* ascribes to the artist a wisdom which the artist could only have acquired from the man. He apostrophises Mr. Macready as "learned in Affection's thousand ways." Such lessons are only learnt by heart, and defy the skilfullest contrivances of the mere imitator.

Would that I could conclude this imperfect and feeble notice, by announcing that the voice of a People, roused to perceive the glory of their own dramatic literature, and the benignant influence of its being worthily illustrated, had called Mr. Macready to the superintendence of a really National Theatre. They need it; and he was framed by nature, and is accomplished by experience, for the undertaking. For a commencement, such a sum would suffice as governments lavish on royal stables, or merchants subscribe for the promotion of fiscal reforms. But the charm is wanted of a promising speculation for pecuniary profit. We leave to the laws of supply and demand, the good which must create its own demand, by the recognised value of the supply. The great agencies of civilisation are rarely called into existence commercially. The previous want which they supply is, not the conscious want of the mass to be elevated, but the want of those who strongly feel the desirableness of that elevation, and who perceive the means by which it may be accomplished. When the process is inexpensive, individual energy may be adequate to the work. But when it needs resources ordinarily beyond the reach of individuals, that collective power which we term the State should interpose, and not allow a civilising and refining process to be degraded by the unworthy arts and accommodations of sordid adventurers, who feed and farm the grossness they should correct. The two greatest eras in the History of Human Progress—that of the Classic glory of Ancient Greece, and the Intellectual splendours of the Reformation—were both characterised by an accompanying dramatic development. Yet neither exhibited a permanent form of civilisation. The world rolls on, into new fields of light and enjoyment. Judging by the affinities of the past, the time is coming for a new Theatre to mark its progress—to contribute the aid of its influences, and to harmonise with newer forms, or a wider extent, of civilisation. For the first time have we had glimpses of that wonderful combination of all forms of Artistry in the illustration of Poetry, which, if they exist at all, must characterise future theatres. Those glimpses were evanescent. Such have often been the first symptoms of great improvement. We learn from them what is preparing in futurity. So far as the very conception of a National Theatre exists in the public mind, it is the suggestion of Mr. Macready's management. But long years often pass between thoughts and deeds. Perhaps in this instance, as in so many others, the external reality will follow the mental creation with too slow a pace for the brevity of individual life; and that, which should have been a home or a throne, will only be a monument. The one relation or the other, according to the rate at which society advances, must a National Theatre bear to the name of W. C. Macready.

Our Library.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Partners for Life, by Camilla Toulmin, is a true and beautiful book for any season, much more for Christmas, when the hearts of all who may read it are likely to be in a peculiarly fit temper to understand its wise and genial philosophy, and sympathise with the deep spirit of universal love that breathes through it. There may be little, if any, originality in character or story, though the last is simple, clear, and admirably adapted for the object in view;—there may be none of those very sparkling passages that we look for and obtain as a matter of course in many writers, but there is a rich, deep vein of tenderness ever quietly and unaffectedly welling forth, that is to us inexpressibly sweet and touching.

We shall not describe the story; let the work do that. We shall content ourselves with quoting the following story from it. Reginald Hamilton is telling a love adventure to a brother collegian. He had been thrown from his horse, and borne to a neighbouring cottage, where he was most hospitably received and nursed by the owner, who was a widower with an only daughter. He then continues:—

"How can I describe her whom I saw, for the first time, that day? And whose form haunted me like a vision when I left her. I do not tell you that she was remarkably beautiful—somehow or other I never even asked myself if she were handsome or not. All I knew was that her face, that is, the expression of it, beamed upon me like the recollection of some former and higher state of existence—can you lend yourself to such fancies?"

"I can lend myself to any delusion of a lover," said Carlton, with a smile, which, however, was not one of mockery.

"I knew," continued Reginald, "that it was love—heart love—love at first sight—whatever you like to call a passion that can make or mar one's destiny; but though I felt a power was on me which I could not resist, I did not yet fully recognise its strength and endurance. Meanwhile I did not very strenuously oppose it, but suffered myself to enjoy the present without daring to look the future in the face. Day after day found me at the cottage, known only under the name I had assumed for a frolic. An explanation of the cheat became every day more difficult and disagreeable; besides which I experienced—or persuaded myself that I experienced—a certain degree of pleasure in my new position. I was conscious that I often owed civilities and demonstrations of respect to my father's wealth, and my own reputed prospects: but now denuded of all such aids, considered only as the poor plodding student, of plebian origin, and whose brain was to be his bread-winner, I found myself received with the hearty cordiality of honest friendship on the father's part, and with a changing cheek, a drooping lid, a trembling voice, signs that spoke to my very soul, from her I loved, and seemed an echo and an answer to every heart throb.

"How did I requite such generous confidence? As selfish man, the slave of his passions, I fear too often does. Feelings, such as those which swelled in my heart, rise like a mist and obscure the judgment, dull the conscience, and warp every thought to one base end. I had never asked her I speak of—to be my wife, though her father had done all he could to lead my speech that way. He had given me to understand that he had money enough for the husband of his child, if his wants were—as mine seemed—limited. And then he spoke of his reverence for learning, as fine natures who have had but slight advantages of education themselves, are apt to do; and hinted at the power and opportunity for the further development of mind, and for the realisation of ambitious dreams, which an easy income would afford.

"I listened, and I was not so base and heartless as to be insensible to the confidence and affection I had inspired. Better feelings triumphed for awhile. I indulged in a delightful dream of a wooing and wedding like that described in the old ballad; and of the glad surprise of father and daughter when they should discover that it was no poor and friendless student they had loved and accepted. Guided by this better impulse I hastened to London, and notwithstanding the awe which I had always felt towards my father, love lent me courage, and I repeated to him without disguise the history of my affections. I had hoped, ay, hoped, even with the warning of my brother's fate before my eyes; hoped because I came to sue for his consent to a marriage, not to plead forgiveness for the past, or to persist in a determination to resist his will. But such hope was short-lived; and as it

died at my heart every pulse seemed to chill and stagnate. It was a dreadful scene which followed; dreadful in its calmness, for my father was firm, not angry. He listened gravely and coldly to all I had to say; and then told me no power of entreaty should wring from him a consent to my marrying a tradesman's daughter. He glanced at my brother's offence, and pointed at the consequences; then judging, perhaps, of the strength of contrasts, drew the picture of indulgence which should follow on obedience, and how my very submission would serve to endear me to him. All this might have been well, that is negatively well, harmless; for though I cannot remember that he dwelt with any sorrow on the wrong I had already committed, his words had not as yet encouraged evil thoughts for the future. But ere the interview concluded, he spoke lightly of some errors which he could have forgiven—follies, indiscretions of youth, any entanglement, rather than a *mesalliance*.

"Follies;—indiscretions! Under such tinsel masks I have learned to know there are crimes of a deeper die, more heart withering, and peace blasting in their consequences, than some of those which are expiated on the scaffold. But I was ignorant then of many things which time has since taught me. The words fell glibly from a parent's tongue on soil too ready to receive such seed. He did not know the Satan's work it was; and, indeed, such words as his are spoken by the hard worldling, or the thoughtless talker, every day in the year. But they lulled awakened conscience—and they aroused that selfish passion, which, in this new mood, could resign every thing but its object. I left the room—the house—an obedient son; with the promise of submission not only on my lip, but in my heart; yet with a resolve so dark, that I shudder at the recollection.

"I posted to Oxford. My absence had not been missed, and the next day I found my way as usual to the cottage. I was alone with the idol of my heart. It was a rich summer day, and we walked beneath the shadow and shelter of an avenue of trees. The song of birds, the hum of insects, the whispers of the wind to leaf and flower, each, like a note to make up Nature's music, seemed in harmony. Perhaps, to her purer, holier nature such scenes might have been the 'ministers of love,' and lent a warmer shade of tenderness to her manner than I had ever known before. For myself I only noticed the adjuncts of the scene—afterwards. My arm had glided round her waist, the act but feebly repelled by her, and one little hand was locked a prisoner in mine. There was a lying whisper at her heart, I know there was, which told her that the hour was come in which I should ask her to be mine for ever; mine at God's altar, and from her father's hand. This was what her true and trusting heart dictated; and I stealthily—and yet most suddenly at least polluted her ears by a vile entreaty; told her that I was not what I seemed, that I dared not wed her, but besought her with the wildness of selfish and ungovernable passion to fly with me that day, that hour!

"She screamed—a scream of misery and despair that rings in my ear to this moment!—and one look she cast upon me of unutterable agony. She staggered; but I thought it was only from her vain struggles to escape from my grasp. The next instant there was a rush of blood from her lips, which flowed in a ghastly stream upon her white dress, and bathed even me with its murderous dye. She had broken a blood-vessel, and sunk into my arms helpless and almost insensible!

"To bear her into the house was the work of a minute, and aid was promptly procured; but what account dared I give of the catastrophe? Dark and confused is the memory of the next day or two. She was ordered to be kept perfectly quiet, and I was forbidden to see her; but I know that I paced before her dwelling half through the night, watching the light that beamed from her chamber. At last I was admitted and received by her father. Carlton, he knew all! And he was altered by that dreadful knowledge, and his daughter's danger, as if ten years had passed over his head. He received me standing, and his words were brief but bitter; he did not curse me—for she had made him promise that he would not. But he told me I never should see her again; that he knew not who I was, and should not take the trouble of inquiring, but that if her life were spared, he should remove her for ever from a spot associated with my presence, and leave not a clue behind.

"In my agony—in my despair—I besought that he would let me wed her, and by a life of honour and devotion, make amends for the insult of an hour. It seems he had foreseen this; and he showed me some lines traced, with the feebleness of suffering, by her hand, in which she bade me a final adieu—in which she told me love itself was dead; in which she repeated her father's words, that it was too late for atonement!"

The book is illustrated with some charming designs by John Absolon; and bound in the prettiest style imaginable.

January Eve, a Tale of the Times. By G. Soane, Esq., B.A. (E. Churton, Holles-street.)

The author of *January Eve* informs us he has rather set the example to Dickens than imitated him, in the Christmas Stories that have become so popular.

As an example, Mr. Soane states:—"A little tale of mine, the *Three Spirits*, was thought by many to be in its general scope and plot exceedingly like Boz's *Christmas Carol*, yet the *Carol* was not published till one year after it. If, then, there be any imitation in the case at all, it is Boz—glorious Boz—who has taken a hint from my writings. And so be it. Honour, enough for me to have ministered the least occasion for the works of the master-spirit of the day."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scientific Phenomena of Daily Life familiarly explained. By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. Second Edition. (Longman and Co.)

An excellent idea, excellently carried out. The author, for instance, steps into your bed-room, and tells you the cause of the frost you see on the window, as you rise; why the marble hearth feels colder to your naked foot than the carpet, although both are really of the same temperature; why bed-curtains are pernicious; and why, on the other hand, an obstructed circulation of the air, though in itself a great evil, may, on the whole, rather lessen than increase the evils that afflict the fireless, ill-clad, hungry poor. From the bed-room he descends with you to the breakfast parlour, and tells you the philosophy of the boiling kettle, of currents of air, of ill-burning fires—bright teapots, and so on. A morning walk, with all its subjects, chiefly the phenomena of the elements and vegetation, follows; then the kitchen is visited; and afterwards the study, where the philosophical apparatus furnish fresh topics. A Summer's Evening, Navigation, and the Sea-shore, conclude. If we add that the book appears to exhibit a full knowledge of the subject, and is certainly written in a delightful style, we shall but do justice to it.

The Difficulties of English Grammar Removed; or English Grammar simplified. Adapted for Schools and Self Instruction. To which is added a Treatise on Punctuation. Third Edition. By J. Best Davidson. (Simpkin and Marshall.)

POETRY.

I. *Voices from the Crowd.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Second Edition. (W. S. Orr and Co.)

Two or three of the pieces in this volume first appeared in the *People's Journal*; from amongst the twenty or thirty others, we might select some of the most vigorous and spirit-stirring rhymes that have lately appeared in England. But the book itself is but a shilling! Who will not purchase it?

II. *The Strathmore Melodist: being a Collection of Original Poems and Songs.* By John Niven. (Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.)

III. *The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall.* By William B. Scott. (William Tait, Edinburgh.)

The author states the publication possesses to him "something of the interest attaching to the promulgation of a creed, as well as that of a work of art." Pity that the creed could not have been made a little more intelligible; as it is, notwithstanding the evident ability of the poem, it must

fall fruitless. Men of a superior cast of mind often commit the error of forgetting they *must* obtain the attention of their audience, before they can influence their hearts or minds. In the "art," Mr. Scott, to a certain extent, does this: some of his designs are very striking and noble, and all highly imaginative.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY.

By the Author of "A Story without an End."

(Translated for the People's Journal.)

How mournful now appears the world, where a few months ago all was so beautiful! Whither are ye fled, ye dear little birds, who in the green hedges rivalled each other in sweet songs, and uttered a thousand lovely things to us? Have ye fled after the sun, or has the earth overwhelmed you as she turned herself away from his warm looks? The blue hills are pale as death, and the little brooks are still, stiffened before the dark spectre of the frost, who goes about in long heavy leaden mantle, driving men into their houses, flowers and leaves into their close buds, and the industrious ants into their warm earthhills.

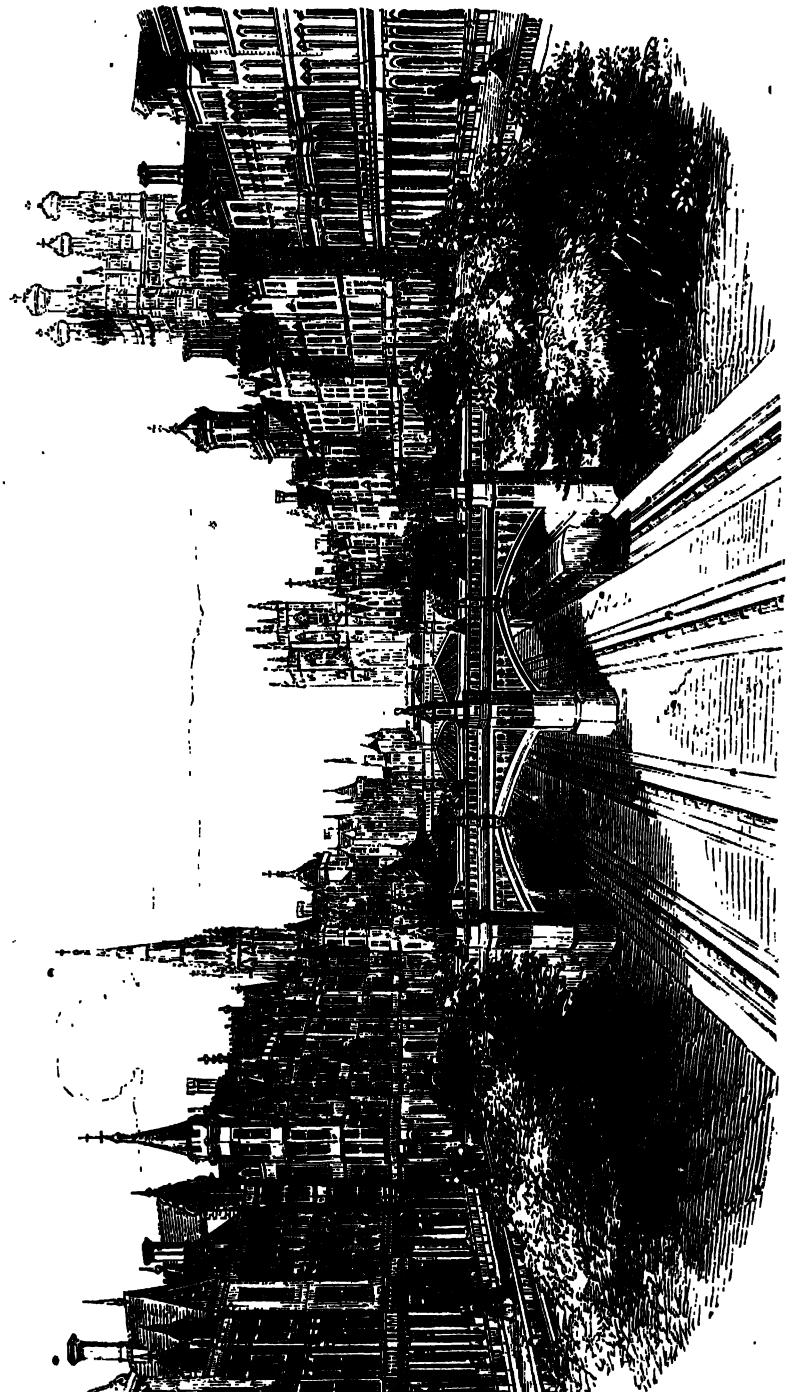
Is all joy dead, and shall man-rejoicing Day be for ever driven away by the soul-depressing Night? Without are storms and fury; and closely wrapped up, churlishly silent, men hasten to their dwellings. In the fields the crows gather round the heaps of refuse, and quarrel for the dry bits; in the yards the sparrows twitter no longer in joyous sport, but, half in sorrow, wrangle for a few barleycorns which the chickens have let fall.

Even the poor children are forgotten and neglected, huddled into corners, while the parents, uncles and aunts, run to the confectioners, the printsellers, and wherever anything pretty can be had, and spare no money so they are pleased. On their return home the children would embrace them, but the poor things are pitilessly repulsed —the parents shut themselves up in the best room, and enjoy themselves, while the poor children sit often without light or supper in the common room! Truly one would willingly go sleep with the chickens, or, better still, flee away with the swallows, and so not see the weary joyless night, which, by reason of the brooks and the flowers, the birds, and the childish anxieties, one may well call a season of want and misery!

But scarcely has the longest night begun, when lo! here darts a stream of light through the darkness, and there glances an illuminated garland through a window, and all around is ring, ring, ring, as though it were a joyous feast to welcome a dear expected guest. And as the darkness deepens without, the brighter it becomes within. The children wait full of expectation, and their hearts beat quicker and quicker, and there is whispering among them, and running to and fro in the house, and all is mystery. Then suddenly the doors are opened and the children rush in;—a magic world lies extended before their eyes. Awhile stand they dazzled before all this splendour; and, overcome with their feelings, cannot find words!—All that they have long wished—much that they dared not even to wish—is tastefully spread out on the beautifully covered table; and above all a brilliantly-lighted tree sheds its golden beams. Then, sweet maternal love, thou enjoyest thy dearest triumph! and the affectionate father revels in the mutual joy of mother and children. Then are sweet glances interchanged, and from each beautiful gift turns a happy child his thankful eyes to father and mother, while the friends luxuriate in these silver moments of the year. The green tree of hope is transplanted out of dead Nature, into the human world—the world of love; and every spray has burst forth into bright flame, and every light glows on a golden fruit! Who cares then how it darkens and storms and rages without; love hath changed night into brightest day, and from ice and snow has been produced by magic a splendid garden, with lovely flowers and precious fruit. Mute may be the external desert world, the forsaken brooks may stiffen in the frost—the children rejoice, all hearts beat joyfully, and sweet tears trickle down their cheeks.

In the meantime the children take possession of the gifts destined for them by their thoughtful parents, and now are all wishes fully satisfied. The father and mother motion with the hand, sit down side by side on the couch, the father beckons to the children, who all collect round him, and loud joy is followed by an equally joyous silence. Then speaks the father to his children—"I see how desirous you are to express your gratitude to your mother and myself, and how much rather you would fall on our necks, than stand or sit so quiet; but ere we gratify these wishes, must we direct your thoughts to Him who has provided for your parents the joy of bestowing, and to Him will we with you offer our humble and hearty thanks, for to give is more blessed than to receive!

"Behold stern Winter had usurped the world, which we now call old, since love and spirituality have rejuvenated and renewed it. This you already know in part, and it will become more apparent to you, how mournful and desolate, how cold and dark, was the world in which we dwell, eighteen hundred years ago. Imagine the beloved land an insulated lofty hill, let the woods and valleys in the vicinity of the hill be Greece, and the plain around the Roman empire, while beyond the plain, heave like a stormy sea, a wild uncivilised people. In spring and summer—ay, even in autumn—all looks beautiful; the high peaks of the mountain rise out of the blue ether, rosy red shine they in the early morning, and array themselves in splendid purple tints, while darkness yet reigns in the plain. From its summit you may survey heaven and earth; with wholesome herbs the pasturing cattle are fed, and hymns the pious herdsman sings in the valleys below. But in the large valley life is joyous, and you will gladly learn how beautifully the trees bloom in Greece, and what noble anthems resound through its woods. Yea, even the level plains, with their splendid towns, and mighty works of man, are joyous to behold in the warm sun of Freedom, for the townsmen all work for their own and the common weal. Thus has it been with Palestine, and Greece, and Rome! But as the earth in Autumn turns from the sun, so from God, the Lord of heaven and earth, the people turned, and all was changed! The hill top stiffened in a ceremonial law, and the snow of hypocrisy covered it; the herds were scattered—fear drove the sheep into dismal caves—the harps of the poets snapt in sunder, and the shepherd's crook changed to an iron rod. Cold became it in the valleys and plains



THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STREET THROUGH WESTMINSTER.

By W. B. Moffatt, Architect.

of Greece; and in the twilight of doubt the leaves faded, and the singers were mute. In the Roman empire the selfishness of the townspeople had changed to mortal hatred. Tyranny had mounted on the throne, to whom, as to a God, fear and avarice offer frightful human sacrifices. Here and there blossomed some flowers, but they were only a daisy or unfruitful dandelion; and if voices yet resounded from the laurel groves, they were but the echo of the Greek songs, or ravens croaking over the scaffolds."

Here ceased the father for a while, and the deep fearful breathing of the children, now so grave, might be plainly heard.

At length the father continued—"But over the hill, the valley, and the plain, arched in imperishable beauty the starry heavens, and the Father's eye watches during the night.

"While men, helpless and wretched, wandered over the earth, their God pitied them, and at Bethlehem, in a little straw in a manger, Jesus first opened his pure eyes. And observe—as on this day the earth begins to turn again to the sun, so began mankind, in their inmost souls, to turn again to the fountain of light and life, the fountain of truth and love. And wise kings of the East saw a bright star as a token of good tidings in heaven, and came and laid their crowns at the feet of the child, who was to be crowned by men with a crown of thorns. But to poor shepherds in the fields had more than a star appeared; for to the poor beyond all others should the joyful message come; an angel announced to them the birth of the saviour, and they hastened to salute the heavenly child. The child grew up in retirement, nursed with warm maternal love, and protected by his poor but God-fearing father; and God bestowed knowledge upon him, so that in his twelfth year he could teach in the Temple. Even as a boy, Jesus only thought how he could rescue poor mortals from their spiritual and heart-poverty. But he did not begin his sublime work till mature age, and you have already often heard how nobly he withstood all temptation; how he, poor in temporal possessions, misunderstood by almost all, persecuted by many, yet ever benevolent, healing, blessing and enlightening, walked among the people, and often had not where to lay his weary head; how he strove in unspeakable love to knit together in one bond of brotherhood all people on the earth, poor and rich, high and low; how he broke the crushing fetters of fear, and the hard yoke of formal laws, and sought to re-unite God and man, while he declared how God is love, and has no pleasure in external sacrifices and mere fear-worship, but only requires love to himself and our fellow-creatures, and is ever ready to pardon him who repents of his errors and turns to the right way. You know how he loved innocent children, and how he shed bitter tears of sorrow over the wicked, self-willed men, whom he willingly would have gathered as a hen doth her chickens under her wing, and how he, of his own free-will, suffered the most dreadful death for the truth which he had published, and on the cross prayed for his enemies!

"This you all know; yet have I chosen to remind you of it this day, in order that amidst your joy you might not forget Him to whom you owe all. For Christ first taught men rightly to pray, and by him is heaven opened never more to shut. Therefore have we to-day lighted the tree of hope."

And now, with a heartfelt embrace, the affectionate father dismissed to their amusements the deeply impressed children.

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STREET THROUGH WESTMINSTER.

The nature of our wood-cut this week is such as to give occasion for a few remarks, which we have long desired to make with reference to street architecture. Persons who have taken a trip on the Continent—to Paris, or to the merry, busy old towns revived, of Belgium—when they return to London are struck with the gloomy sadness and dull uniformity which its streets present. They have been feasting their taste for a month or so upon the fantastic gables, and irregular yet cheerful architecture of Flanders; and their eyes are opened for the first time to the utter tastelessness of the streets in the Great Metropolis, in which the houses might well be likened to so many dominoes, set up on end, and extended *ad infinitum*, or to walls with holes punched into them at regular intervals. Well might the foreigner, on his first arrival here, shrug his shoulders, and, as he invariably does, exclaim "*Triste*," as he passes along.

So strong has this feeling of our deficiency in external decoration become, and so much was some improvement demanded, that the "Woods and Forests" at length roused itself from the slumber in which such Boards generally indulge themselves, and, with the aid of the Metropolitan Improvement Society, commenced the erection of New Oxford-street—a name, by the bye, which is the most absurd that could have been chosen. A walk down this street the other day, in which the din of hammers is still heard, and whose walls are still alive with ascending hodmen, impressed us very favourably with the earnestness with which the Commissioners have set about their task. When we came, however, critically to survey their labours, we could not help confessing that in avoiding Scylla, they were in much danger of Charybdis—that in eschewing the Quaker plainness and heavy uniformity of our present thoroughfares, they had fallen into the opposite error of putting bricks and mortar into masquerade. Here a Grecian rubs shoulders with a most undeniable specimen of the red and burly Tudor. There an elaborate Roman of the old school is placed cheek by jowl with a sad and melancholy looking Venetian; or the sharp angles and bony skeleton of an early Gothic individual pokes unpleasantly into the ribs of a fat and somnolent erection of Dutch William's school. The Commissioners seem to have imagined that the want they had to supply was a pattern card for the use of future builders; and, with a creditable alacrity, they unfold to sight a long book of specimens, in which any article might be picked out to the taste of the inspector. We confess to a love of a little more moderation, at the same time we contemplate what has here been done with much the same feelings with which we should witness the sudden irregularities of an over-strictly-kept son: bricks and mortar have been suffering from straitlacedness for so long a time, that no wonder they now break out into a kind of architectural intoxication. This is a first experiment, however, only; and the Commissioners will, doubtless, sober down before they attempt another street, in which all the excellencies of their present designs might be retained, at the same time better arranged as a whole. Of this we are certain, that we cannot again relapse into the state of architectural atrophy in which we have lain for this last century or so; and that no such hideous building will be erected again for a noble-

man as Ashburton House, or as those still finer specimens of the factory style in Grafton-street.

In the noble designs given by Mr. Moffatt in his proposed Railway Street, we have an example of the fit balance between the incongruities we have spoken of, and the architectural sameness we so much wish to avoid. His designs are all taken from the perpendicular or later Tudor style—a style which is thoroughly national, and one which fits in, if we might so speak, with our habits and ideas better than any other—and the later and somewhat heavier period of James, in which the curve is continually running into the straight line—a style which admits of a great deal of ornament, and which is better known, perhaps, as that in vogue in France, during the reign of Francois Premier.

It might be objected that building in this style will cause much additional expense, and that the interiors will be cut up, and made irregular in their character. Now as regards the expense, we believe that it will be but little more costly, if at all, than the system of buildings which appears at present so rampant at Paddington, where rows after rows are cast like so many bars of soap, with a beading of what is called ornament running along the whole of them. And as for the objection to an irregular form of interior, so far are we from entertaining it, that we think it will be an innovation of a most excellent kind. What is it that charms us so in the interior effects of Knowl, Haddon Hall, Burleigh, and other old houses of the nobility, but the delightful diversity of light and shade given by the irregularity of outline which is necessitated by the architecture.

Square houses, and bare boxlike interiors came in with the stiff ten syllable stanza of the bards of the last century, with whom mechanical uniformity stood in place of the more charming regular irregularity of later and better poets. We can form no intimate or pleasing acquaintance with the purely formal: and it is with buildings as it is with beauty. The faces which we love are generally those in which some slight deviation from regularity of feature is only seen as an additional charm.

The effect of Mr. Moffatt's street as a whole, if it is carried out, will be very beautiful. On the one side the Victoria Tower will be seen starting up 400 feet in the air, slender and graceful as those spires of coral which grow up from the bottom of Eastern seas, whilst its perspective will be closed by the solemn beauty of the old Abbey. We question if a finer architectural effort could be shown in Europe than this design would exhibit. Mr. Moffatt's plan, however, has other objects in view beside a mere display of architectural beauty. And these are the important ones of improving the sanatory condition of lower Westminster, and the formation of a railway to connect the North Western and Great Western and the Thames Embankment Railways. These two objects so support each other, that to separate them would be to destroy both. At the present time, the lower part of Westminster—that is, that portion of it which lies, for some short distance, on either side of a straight line between Westminster Abbey and the district of Belgrave-square and the Palace—is nothing better than a swamp, breeding fevers and other contagious diseases of a most deadly nature. The drainage level of the whole district is several feet below high-water mark, so that the contents of the sewers are driven back by the tide. It is evident then, that upon such a site as this it would be quite useless to build a street such as the commissioners propose—or at least to expect that they will thereby "improve the neighbourhood," as they have it. A single thread of respectable houses running through such a hotbed of vice as this district is could never thrive, it must be backed by some neighbourhood at least more respectable than Orchard-street and the Almonry.

To elevate by degrees the ground, then, throughout the whole of lower Westminster is the proposition of Mr. Moffatt, and when this is done, as it doubtless will be done sooner or later, no ground in London will be more valuable than this sink of misery and Alsatia of crime. When one thinks of it, this spot it absolutely hemmed in by neighbourhoods the most important in the metropolis. To the east lie the New Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and the whole of the Government Offices; to the west is the aristocratic neighbourhood of Belgrave and Eaton squares; St. James's Park bounds it on the north; and on the south lies the river, along which the splendid terrace as far as Chelsea will shortly be formed. Surrounded by such powerful neighbours, it is evident that lower Westminster, sooner or later, must be absorbed, purified, and finally consecrated to fashionable life. But how to set about this? Mr. Moffatt's proposal to initiate the elevation of the ground by means of a street railway answers the question with admirable force. This railway, as we have seen before, he proposes as a junction between the Great Western at Brentford, the North Western at Kensington, and the Thames Embankment line. He would excavate to the depth of seven feet, and by so much elevate the ground on either side by means of the displaced earthenwork. This would form a narrow slip of improved site good as regards drainage, and the new level might be worked up to by future builders, until the whole neighbourhood be covered with squares and rows of houses of an aristocratic character. The atmospheric principle would be adopted for the railway, and wooden rails be laid down; by this means all noise, whistling, and smoke would be at once got rid of. On either side of the rail the slopes would be planted with shrubs, and above them roads or terraces, as seen in the engraving, would run, connecting at short intervals with each other by means of elegant Gothic bridges.

This appears to us to be the best and most important proposition we have yet seen for bringing the traffic of the two great trunk lines of the kingdom right into the heart of the city. At present they lie at the outer anchorage like great leviathans that draw too much water to approach any nearer, and we take as much time in getting to them by means of their attendant cock-boats—the cabs and omnibusses—as we should, in many instances, in doing our whole voyage. Suppose, under the present system, a person living near London-bridge wishes to go to Maidenhead, he would be longer reaching Paddington, than in performing the twenty miles by railway! Such an absurdity must, sooner or later, work its own cure.

We have now to touch upon another portion of the scheme, and that not the least important one. It will be evident that if this plan of "improving the neighbourhood" be carried out, that thousands of poor persons will necessarily be driven from their miserable lodgings to haunts still more wretched than those they have been deprived of, and for which they would have to pay an enhanced price. Upon the destruction of the Rookery, the back avenues of Drury-lane, Whitechapel, and the very district under notice, were immediately flooded with the unhoused poverty; and, as a clergyman states who goes much among the poor, such was the competition for lodgings however squalid, that in many instances the poor paid

for admission to sleep on the landing-places. If such were the consequences of the destruction of so comparatively confined a neighbourhood as the Rookery, what would follow the gigantic system of eviction which would gradually take place if the whole of lower Westminster became absorbed by the rich and comfortable classes? We have drawn a florid picture enough of the neighbourhood as "improved," the reverse of the model is not so pleasant to contemplate.

This contingency Mr. Moffatt has not overlooked. He purposes to provide for the displaced poor by his plan of "Country Houses for the Working Classes," which was made the subject of a paper in this *Journal* some month or two past. In that article we gave an unbounded approval of the arrangement by which the working classes might be accommodated with a cottage in pure air, and carried by railway to and from their work morning and evening at a price not exceeding that which they pay for their present ill-drained, ill-ventilated abodes. *We are happy to have it in our power to announce that Mr. Moffatt will shortly favour the readers of the* People's Journal *with a plan for one of his proposed villages, to be subsequently followed by original designs for separate cottages for the use of the* Building Associations *which, within a short period, have spread so rapidly throughout the country.* But we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that the number of workmen whose means would allow of their availing themselves of this plan, is very circumscribed, as compared with the mass of population in lower Westminster, of which a large majority, perhaps, does not get its living by the most honest of occupations. But however degraded their condition, we have no right to drive these people out of their home, taking as little account of them as a farmer does of the rats when he removes a wheat stack.

We hope Mr. Moffatt will direct his attention to this evil, and provide for it more effectually by giving us some designs for model lodging houses. The Society for Improvement of the Condition of the Working Classes have already erected one in St. Giles's, but we think it can be improved upon. We cannot help giving our testimony, however, to the row of labourers' dwellings erected by the Society in Bagnige Wells, as they exhibit every feature we desire to see in such houses—a good, even handsome exterior, well designed interior arrangements, perfect ventilation and drainage, and a washhouse and drying ground common to the whole of the inmates; and these houses at a rent much below that of dwellings of the usual class. Until he has done this, we shall not think his scheme complete; but in all the plans he has hitherto published, so much consideration has been exhibited for the poor, that we are convinced it only requires his attention being drawn to this desideratum, and he will immediately supply it. We are convinced that it is only by attending to the physical wants of the lower orders, that we can successfully attempt their moral elevation. To talk of a system of National Education, whilst the nation allows its poor to rot in filth, and to be decimated by disease, is the veriest idleness. The ground must be prepared before the seed is thrown in. We are glad to see the clergy are at length awakening to this truth, and if they would throw themselves heartily into the movement which is now going on for the better housing and feeding of the poor, they might depend upon it that our Established Church would not long have to suffer under the reproach that rarely or never are any of the lower orders to be found listening to its voice.

A. W.

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. IV.

St. Simonianism is no longer to be reckoned among the fractions into which our democratic camp is still split; for some years (and in this devouring epoch, ever eager to reach the goal, each year is equal to a quarter of a century), it has been dead, buried, and forgotten. But it was the most important, I will venture to say the most advanced manifestation of the spirit of new things that breathes through the era. It has sown on our soil many more truths, many more large and productive ideas than all the socialist schools which I cited in my preceding article. And besides, it was, in my opinion, the boldest and sincerest attempt ever made hitherto to realise in practice the fundamental principle of Bentham's idea, to organise a society from the point of views of *utility;* and when it fell—lost in those contradictions to its principle, into which, nevertheless, logical consistency irresistibly hurried it—it proved to us the impossibility which I pointed out, of producing the general *well being* by setting out with laying down individual rights and comforts as the object of life. Thus St. Simonianism was useful to us in its death, as well as in its short but brilliant existence. No doubt it may often have deserved severe blame, but never indifference. And those who had only a smile of contempt for it in its development, complete oblivion after its fall, appear to me, I must own, very petty, very far from feeling the sanctity of ideas, unable to comprehend the signs of the times and the real wants of existing humanity.

What! I hear it objected—Utilitarianism and St. Simonianism! Bentham and the Père Enfantin! what an association! And how can you class in the same category, how couple in discordant union, the practical, positive spirit of the one, and the vague mysticism of the other; a pretended religion, and we might almost say a jurisprudence; a theory of freedom, and a dogmatical despotism? —I am about to tell you. But first, let me point out in a few words in what the St. Simonianist manifestation was truly important. Let us, now that the danger is past, calmly appreciate the good, the noble side of the school. The inferences I wish to deduce from its fall, will be but the more striking. In these thoughts, moreover, whose first object is to promote, as far as is in my power, a more serious reconsideration of the question of the epoch, to solve which is the business of democracy, I could not without remorse tread on the graves of our dead, of those who died for us, without addressing to them a few words of gratitude, without establishing the fact that their work is connected with ours, that they still survive in us in all their better parts. We pass but too quickly at the present day from foolish admiration to ingratitude. We often accept, without too much examination, the systems which *live,* or appear to live; we examine not at all the systems which have fallen. With us death is equivalent to condemnation. This doctrine, we say, is dead, therefore it had no right to live. There is some truth in this; but why should we not say also, this doctrine has lived, therefore it had a right to live? it represented a want, it destroyed an error, it stated an essential question, though without solving it? On this earth all dies and nothing dies. Forms fall without re-

covery, but there is always something immortal in the idea, in the spirit that produces these forms. And it is that something which constitutes the great stock of human knowledge, the arsenal from whence we draw our implements to open our forward path. We must therefore seek to verify it. The *vixit, obiit*, it has lived, it has perished, no longer satisfy us. How was *that* enabled to live? Why has it perished? This is what we require to know, under pain of being condemned to isolation and doubt, of all that preceded us in this world.

Founded on a sort of religious conviction, St. Simonianism offered to our eyes a spectacle sufficiently rare—I would almost say unique—of harmony between the thoughts and actions of a numerous association composed of men of powerful intellect, of men in trade, and of simple workmen. In a time when the immoral distinction between *theory* and *practice* is but too much the rule of life, when men of *thought* and men of *action* in general stand anxiously apart from each other, when the religious and philosophic question and the political question proceed on two parallel lines, the St. Simonians arose and said, "We *believe* in what we say, and consequently, we will not only preach but practise it." They perceived that man is complete only by the unity of Thought and Action, that Thought is the germ of Action, that wide-branching tree under which the generations seek shelter. In the midst of a sceptic race, accustomed to the jesuitism of expediency, smiling at the movements of enthusiasm, and too often refuting an idea by an epigram, they boldly affronted persecution, and what is still more terrible, ridicule; they did not draw back from the mocking laugh which their costume, their rites, and their social household life drew from the Voltairians of Paris, even as, while murmuring words of peace, they suffered their skulls to be beaten in with stones by the Catholic populace of the south of France. It was a right noble spectacle, which, I own, excited my admiration to the highest degree, and which often led me to defend them warmly against the accusations lightly cast upon them by men fresh from a banquet or a court levee, who had not even taken the trouble to read their writings. That also was in a great measure the secret of their strength and of their rapid progress from 1830 to 1832: the people found in them what it found no where else, what it no where finds at the present day, convictions and acts; *living books*, if I may be allowed the expression, and not mere thinkers; the nucleus of a church, not a mere sect of philosophers.

They had, I have said, understood man completed by Theory and Practice. They understood him also—and this is the second cause of the profound impression they made—complete in the wants which agitate him. They sought to embrace the whole man. At the present day, by dint of analysing, dividing, subdividing, the unity of man has almost entirely disappeared. As, before the unity of God was revealed by Moses, pagan polytheism had broken it up, shattered it into fragments, making the Creator into so many separate divinities, so the materialist analysis of modern times, by whatever name it is called, has broken up and shattered the human being into his several faculties. Belief, art, production, politics, all these proceed separately, independent, often in opposite directions. "I," says one, "have heaven; what matters your earth to me?" "Let us agree," says another, "on earthly matters; as to heaven, let each believe as he pleases." "Man is a producing being," says the economist; he proposes to himself as the unique, exclusive problem, the augmentation of production: let the *agent* die under his labour, provided the *thing* is made. "Man," cries the socialist, "is a being who consumes;" he busies himself only with the distribution of riches; to arrive more speedily at absolute equality, he takes away all that stimulates man to increase more and more the common fund, without suspecting that he incurs the risk of arriving at equality of indigence instead of equality of wealth. Some, in the name of human liberty, organise the struggle of the strong against the weak; others, in the name of the superiority of what they call the religious principle, allow of progress in some branches of human development and affirm the immutability of others. And from all this has proceeded a society, which proclaims itself *indifferent* collectively, and *believing* in each of its members; which maintains its right to *punish*, and abdicates its right to *educate*; which preaches *sacrifices* by its religion, *enjoyment* by its policy, and confides the collective development of the association to simple individual liberty. The St. Simonians felt the radical vice of this society. They felt that man is one; religious, artistic, a producer, a consumer, a being at once free and social; that the unity of his life depends upon the superiority of a dominant principle, directing all these faculties, all these applications of activity; that if there is any means of making him advance, it is by making the entire man advance. They gave a solution to the religious question, at the same time as to the social, industrial, artistic questions. This solution was in many respects incomplete; it was false in others, that is true; but the idea of the necessity of a solution of *all* the questions was true; and that, in the midst of men and doctrines, which at that time mutilated human nature at their caprice, was a great step towards the future. And indeed those who accepted the solutions of the St. Simonians felt themselves calmer, more contented, more devoted than in any other school. They felt not that uneasy void which torments men's minds at the present day, and prevents them from devoting themselves to those reforms of detail which their understandings approve.

Then, the democratic principle, and the principle of association. They were there; the one, it is true, at the base rather than at the summit of the system; the other, violated by the too marked distinction between the hierarchical classes; but still they were there. The moral, intellectual, and material improvement of the most numerous and poorest class was explicitly assigned as the object of the doctrine, and by it the merely political programme of the liberal party was transformed into a social programme, in which everything was arranged for the people. The association of forces and capacities was substituted for that impassible theory of *free unlimited competition*, which organises war, and leads inevitably to the victory of those who *have* over those who *have not*. From the St. Simonians came the first serious attack against an economy, which people still persist in regarding as a doctrine, while it is at bottom only a scientific exposition of the existing fact, without value for a better future. And Father Enfantin spoke true, when declaring the temporary dissolution of the society, he said to the innovating spirits, "*Now you will all repeat our idea in fragments.*" There is much St. Simonianism, avowed or otherwise, in what is now said of political economy out of the old official school. The formula, *to every one according to his capacity, to every capacity according to its works*, was indispu-

tably superior to every other known. Employment given to merit, and according to the special nature of the merit; reward according to the importance and the labour of the exertion; this is certainly the point towards which we tend by a slow progressive change. Society, as it exists, is ruled in its generalities by the formula, *to every one according to the class to which he belongs; to each class according to the means or capitals which it possesses.* It provides neither for justice nor for the collective advantage. It substitutes, as we may say, matter for spirit; and must inevitably break up before a growing power—and destined to overcome matter—intellect more equally diffused.

To this, I think, is limited the good contained in St. Simonianism, and it is quite enough to demand gratitude from us all. By this it lived—by this it is indissolubly connected with all the progress made since then, and with all that shall be made. Let us now see *why* it died, died for ever as a doctrine and as an attempt at social organisation. That brings me back to the question that I supposed put to me at the beginning of these pages.

St. Simonianism did not perish, as is generally thought, of the exposition Enfantin made of what he called its morality. That morality was radically vicious, and hideous in its details. But the decline had begun before that exposition. Many desertions had already taken place; and, besides, if the germ of death had not already existed in the heart of the doctrine, they would have repudiated the strange revelation of Enfantin as an individual aberration, and saved the society by a change in the hierarchy. The true cause of death to St. Simonianism was its social organisation. Born of the democratic outburst of 1830,—for before 1830 the St. Simonians, as one may say, formed only a nucleus of philosophic writers,—it abjured its mother. It sinned against Liberty, whose breath had vivified it. Issued from a principle, the good of all, it by degrees substituted itself for the principle. Instead of saying *all through the people,* it contented itself with saying *all for the people.* Having imagined a certain form for the realisation of the principle, it ended by confounding it with the principle itself, and pretended to force humanity into that form as into a frame. It took society in its arms, if the expression may be allowed, and endeavoured to transform it by transporting it into another *medium,* elaborated by it, and not by society. 'Tis the error of all socialists. They forget that we are here below to continue humanity and not to create it; and humanity, which desires to walk on its own legs and with full knowledge of all it does, avenges itself by passing on and withdrawing its life-breath from the makers of Utopias. They all die, or will die, of spiritual inanition, shut up in their model convents. And thus, I repeat, died St. Simonianism very fortunately for us: I say fortunately, for its death furnishes a new proof that the future belongs to us alone, to those whose sole desire is to place the people in a condition to open for themselves the path of progress, beneath the eye of God.

How did St. Simonianism come to this? I will answer this briefly, guiding myself in all that follows by the opinion, somewhere expressed, of a friend whom I honour and love, of M. Pierre Leroux. I entirely share his views on that point; and his opinion is doubly precious to me, because it is here question of a man who was an ardent St. Simonian before the schism provoked by the morality of Enfantin; and because it is my object to give my readers not only *my* ideas, but, as often as the occasion offers itself, those of the principal democrats of the continent.

Bentham was, in a great measure, the chief inspirer of St. Simon: *utility,* the greatest happiness principle, was his starting point; the conciliation of individual interests with general, his goal. The name of Bentham was cherished by the first who grouped themselves around the chief: some of them endeavoured to make his ideas known in contemporary publications. They did not much repeat that somewhat vague name *utility:* like men who could not be copyists, but who aimed at being improvers, they substituted for it the much neater one of *production;* and they christened by the name of *Producteur,* their own first periodical, anterior to 1830. But the fundamental idea, the soul of the system, was the same. Utility was their *aim,* production the *means.* Like Bentham, the writers of the Simonian *Producteur* concentrated their labours chiefly on material interests; like Bentham also their gait, their first tendencies were rather irreligious and devoid of ideality. When at a later period these changed, utility or production did not the less remain the dominant idea. Their religion was the religion of enjoyment; they desired less to raise earth towards heaven, than to bring heaven down to earth; and there, in fact, their dogma ended. Everywhere, in what they somewhat coarsely called the *rehabilitation of the flesh,* in their appreciation of art and artists, in their theories of woman and love, in their valuation of accomplished works not by the purity of the motives or the inward sufferings of the agent, but only by the degree of utility produced by them, the idea that proceeded from Bentham shows itself, more or less disguised, but always visible. I am convinced that those who shall seriously study St. Simonianism will not contradict me.

So long as the St. Simonians remained in the state of theoretical writers, their task was simple; no great practical difficulties gave the lie to their assertions and philanthropic hopes. It was different when, carried away by the impulse of 1830, they attempted to become the conquerors and reorganisers of society: then all those difficulties rose before them, threatening, imperious. To those which proceeded from all the moral wants, from all those vague aspirations, indistinct but inseparable from man, which economical theories can never satisfy, they replied by endeavouring to raise themselves to the height of a religion. But the shock of that which I enunciated in my preceding article, the impossibility of reconciling general and particular interests from the point of view of utility, threw them into a path diametrically opposed to that which they had at first adopted, and at length out of the stream of humanity.

After all sorts of attempts, these men, indisputably powerful by their intelligence, felt that if they gave as a motive principle to men such as they were, such as they are, their *individual* interest, they would meet with, they would create, egotism, and by it, sooner or later, usurpation, war, inequality, and by them crises, insurrections, anarchy. They felt that making *collective* utility the base of their edifice, they should be very often forced to sacrifice, to deny the rights of the individual, to call upon him, as we may say, to commit suicide for the benefit of society, and consequently to establish a despotism, whether in the name of intelligence, or any other name. They boldly made their choice, and entered unreservedly on the second path.

In their manner of regarding history, which I think very defective, dividing it into periods of

unity, called by them *organic* periods, and *critical* or periods of liberty, they had already learnt to mistrust the eternal element of progress, and to concede none but a dissolving activity to liberty; they sacrificed it. They had found in Plato (Republic) the division of men into men of appetites, men of heart, and men of intelligence; they took this, they made of it their *learned* or *priests*, their *artists*, and their *industrials*, and forgetting that above this trinity there is the unity, *Man*, a compound of intelligence, of heart, of appetites, they made of them the three classes, I had almost said the three castes of their society. *They* had conceived the idea; they then were naturally the *learned*, the *priests*, the only persons capable of realising it: they assigned therefore to themselves and assigned to their successors the first rank, the direction of society. They forgot that if the initiative of great things often comes from above, the impulse is always given from below; they forgot that if there really exist, by divine right, superior capacities, and if it is good that they should govern, it is on condition they shall resume in themselves, and elaborate the thought which lives obscurely, confusedly in the masses; for without that they may be Utopists, they will never be able to realise: they forgot that the visible sign of that communion of thought can be found only in the suffrage, in the elective right given to the masses, and they broke the bond of union by organising their hierarchy from above downwards. They said to themselves, we are the ministers of God; the highest capacities will be so after us; they shall fill up their numbers by electing one another; they shall govern—and that was all their democracy—for the benefit of the greatest number; the inferior capacities, artistic and industrial, shall apply *their* thought in the ranks assigned by them.* From thence to an infallible Papacy, there was but one step to take; they were too logical not to take it, for among all the superior capacities there must necessarily be one superior to all; and they took the step. They elected a high priest, a Père Enfantin, and a sacred college around him. It was the Pope and Cardinals of Catholicism. Humanity, which has ceased to believe in a Pope and Cardinals, felt no desire to begin again; it went elsewhither; and the St. Simonians, after having shut themselves up in a convent at Menilmontant, disappeared from the arena for ever. A short time afterwards, the last faithful, the forty who accompanied Enfantin in his retirement, retained of all the St. Simonian baggage only the primitive motto, Utility, applied only to material interests: at the present time they are almost all zealous servants of the government of Louis Philippe. Michel Chevalier writes in the *Debats*;—Enfantin directs I know not what railway works.

* Rodriguez Letters on the St. Simonian Religion.

Man does not wish anyone to think for him; he wishes to be enabled to think himself. He demands instructors, but rejects, and will always reject, guardians, from whencesoever they come to him. The St. Simonians perished, because they forgot this simple maxim. We have seen by what difficulty they were hurried into that forgetfulness. We shall see the same difficulty hurry the Socialist schools which succeeded them into far other errors.

Poetry for the People.

SAXON WORDS.*

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon-words, your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards*, and the *streams*,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's rejoicing beams;
Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's thoughts were rear'd,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore endear'd.

We have roamed since then where the myrtle bloom'd in its own unclouded realms—
But our hearts returned with changeless love to the brave old Saxon *elms*;
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory spoke—
But we passed with pride to the later fame of the sturdy Saxon *oak*.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrill'd to the loveliness of the lovely Grecian fanes;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic memories crown'd—
But these touched us not as the mouldering walls with the Saxon *ivy* bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! they bear us back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him that died;
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a softer, smoother grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their own true place;
Our household hearths, our household graves, our household smiles and tears,
Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them—the kind, fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

* Most of our domestic words—words expressive of objects which daily attract our attention—are from the Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

END OF VOL. II.

The Week

Ending Saturday, July 4th, 1846.

THE CORN-LAW ABOLITION ACT PASSED.—First and foremost in the events of this week, as in that of any week of this reign, and perhaps of this whole century, stands the event recorded in the words above. The bill for the abolition of the corn-laws passed the peers on the evening of Thursday, the 25th of June, without a division, and before the week is out will have received the signature of the Queen, and become the law of the land. It is not for a few weeks to make perceptible all the mighty consequences of this political act. It is pregnant with the most signal effects, not only to every man, woman, and child in England, but in the whole world. It is the great testimony that the power of aristocratic despotism is at an end. That the power of the people is in reality as in theory the sovereign power. Before it, the whole proud array of the landed aristocracy, which has so long ruled as it pleased, shutting out the food of millions for the base purposes of rent, has bowed submissively and confessed itself impotent. Rents, marriage-settlements, every circumstance of titled pride, have been made to give way, and the floodgates of a world's plenty and a world's trade have been flung open. We say flung open, spite of the three years' reprieve, for the end is now seen, and at once the corn trade is settled on a basis of security, by a fixed duty of four shillings. Bonded corn will be poured in; the nations of the continent will be able to send their produce to a certain market; they will take our manufactures in return; trade and agriculture, in consequence of it, will feel a new impulse; and long ere the three years have expired, we shall be surprised if all parties, and farmers foremost amongst them, do not unitedly call for the abolition of the fixed duty, that the world may exert its energies without any remaining impediment. Amid the honours which by acclamation will be awarded to those who have moved foremost in this great contest, it will not be forgotten that we owe this final, easy, and certain victory over monopoly very much to the Queen. This is a most animating reflection, for it points to a long course of the same liberal policy on her part which, if steadily pursued, will place her name and memory far above any female sovereign that the world ever saw. Again, our thoughts turn from the Queen of the People to the Poet of the People, to Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, who first took up the cry of denunciation, and roused the spirit of the nation against the bread-tax. When Richard Cobden is honoured, Ebenezer Elliott should not be forgotten. In especial, it would do Sheffield great honour to be the first to give to its townsman a mark of distinction on this great victory, towards which he has so eminently contributed.

But at this moment we must not permit the seducing subject to lead us on. Let us only point for one moment to another and equally significant event of the 25th of June, 1846. On the very same evening that the Corn-law Abolition Bill passed the Peers, in the Commons the Ministers were defeated by a majority of 73 on the Irish Coercion Bill! Can anything be more significant? The people made Sir Robert Peel irresistible when he moved in the right direction; they must and will desert him when he chooses a wrong one. These are all glorious signs of the times. The people, justice, and humanity are the ruling powers of to-day; let them go on and do their great work magnanimously, for it is still vast and various.

The West London Central Anti-enclosure Association is actively at work, reminding the public authorities at least of the encroachments which have been made on the popular rights. They promise to present a memorial to the Marylebone Vestry, praying for the restoration of the Kilburn thoroughfares to Primrose-hill. As these are now lost in the gardens of various villas in the Avenue-road, the St. John's Wood-terrace, the Acacia-road, the Queen's-road, &c., it is not to be expected that they can be regained, but it is still well to let the public see what has been lost. They propose also to memorialise the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, praying for additional purchase of land to what is intended to be Primrose-hill Park—*i. e.*, of the portion of the hill now raised as a reservoir, the adjoining paddocks, and a field lying behind each hill, so as to give extensive views over the country. It proposes also that the Park shall not be shut up at night; the committee regarding the plan of locking up parks at night as the likeliest means of "locking evil-disposed persons in, and well-disposed persons out."

The Chartists have bought another estate. It consists of 130 acres of prime land, and lies within 15 miles of London, and a mile and a quarter of Bushy station on the London and Birmingham Railway, within two miles and a-half of the London Canal.

Emigration.—The accounts from New Zealand and New South Wales are better; property is regaining its due value, labour is more in demand, and consequently emigration towards those countries has somewhat augmented. Fresh and valuable mines of lead and copper continue to be found in South Australia. A new and amended Passengers' Act is in contemplation, and not before it is wanted. The vigilance of government cannot be too great in securing the health, safety, comfort, and just treatment of emigrants during the voyage to such distant colonies. We are glad to see that selfish passage-brokers have, in various cases, been compelled by the magistrates to pay the expenses of emigrants where they have been detained in port beyond the time advertised for sailing.

Total Emigration from the United Kingdom.—The total number of emigrants in 1845 was 93,501; in 1844 it was 70, 686. The emigration of 1845 exceeded that of 1844 by 22,815, or above 32 per cent. The amount of emigration in 1845 exceeded the amount in any one year since 1825 (inclusive), except 1832 (103,140 emigrants); 1840 (90,743); 1841 (118,592); and 1842 (128,344). In 1843 the yearly total sunk from the last-mentioned enormous sum to 57,212, but has since been steadily increasing again. The increase in 1845 over 1844 is principally in the emigrants to the United States and the British North American colonies. To the former there emigrated in 1844, 43,660 persons; in 1845, 58,538 persons; the emigrants to the latter amounted in 1844, to 22,926; in 1845, to 31,803. The emigration to the Australian colonies decreased; in 1844 it was 2,229, in 1845 only 830. To the Cape of Good Hope there is an increase from 161 in 1844, to 496 in 1845. Emigration from the United Kingdom to the West Indies has also increased, from 596 in 1844 to 854 in 1845. Of these emigrants only 5,604 were cabin passengers.

Consequences of Want of Accommodation for Summer Bathing.—*The Daily News* has collected and published a whole column of cases of drowning which have occurred from bathing in rivers during this hot weather. These cases appear in the Provincial Newspapers in every part of England, and strikingly point out the great public neglect in this country of the very necessary means of bathing in summer. The establishment of the baths for the people in London and the large towns of late, shows that a perception of our deficiency in this means of health and cleanliness is diffusing itself in the public mind. Of all people in the world, perhaps the English are the most cleanly in their general habits, and the most defective in the use of the bath. There is scarcely a hamlet in Germany, much less a town, which has not its public baths, where, at any season of the year, and at a very slight cost, you may enjoy a warm and cold bath. Again, in almost every river or stream running past towns, at the commencement of summer, wooden baths are erected, more or less extensive, according to the population of the place. Here, at the cost of five shillings for the whole summer, you may, as often as you please, have the advantage of a capacious swimming bath open to the sky, with sheds round for dressing, or of private ones connected with it. There are boarded floors at all sorts of depths, so as to accommodate children of all ages. The utmost decorum is observed, and napkins and bathing drawers are furnished. There is a fine for bathing without drawers. Ladies' baths are also as common. What is the fact in England? In all the fine streams running near our populous towns, there is scarcely such a thing as a summer bath ever seen. People go where they can, and in nine times out of ten are exposed to a charge of indecency, or to drowning. All kinds of obstacles abound

to this most neccessary and delightful refreshment. The feeling of private property is so strong here; meadows are so fenced and enclosed, that the side of a river is most difficult of access. If you get to it, ten to one but you are threatened with a fine for trespass; or you are warned off, on account of disturbing the fish; or it comes within the chartered limits of some water company, and you see a board offering forty shillings reward for information against you. The consequences are much inconvenience, danger to health, loss of a very healthy enjoyment, and the great loss of life, so laudably pointed out by the *Daily News*. Let us hope that the public will be more stimulated to secure everywhere proper places and accommodation for bathing. Humanity demands it, for the lives as well as the health of the people.

The *Miners of Wigan* held their anniversary on Monday, June 1st, and after walking in procession, the various lodges, preceded by a band of music, held a public meeting on Ambeswood Common, and dined at their several lodges —The *Miners of Bolton* are still out.—The *Labourers of Goatacre* have held a meeting of a different kind to their former one. They have come out to rejoice in the prospect of the abolition of the Corn-law, and their wives have had a social tea-drinking together.—*Union of Mechanics' Institutes.*—The delegates of this union hold their annual meeting at Huddersfield, on Wednesday, May 28th. It now comprises 45 institutes and 9,000 members, with 41,000 volumes in their libraries.—The *United Society of Carpenters and Joiners* held their annual meeting at the White Conduit House Tavern, Monday, June 1st, when Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, and Thom, the weaver poet, both addressed the meeting, and sung songs after dinner to the great pleasure of the company.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—I hope the following communication will be considered worthy a place in the columns of the *Annals of Industry*, in the *People's Journal*. Much practical good may, I think, result from following the excellent example set by the humble individual I am about to allude to.

B——, a friend of the people, and I am proud to own him as a friend myself, has done and is doing much in his little way to improve himself and his neighbours. B—— lives in a small town in the north of England. He is a *practical* man and a good neighbour. B—— is a boot and shoe-maker in a small way, on his own account, and an excellent workman he is. Whilst he labours hard with his hands he also works with his head. How I love to hear this man talk! He once told me that when he started out in life he was always asking himself what he could do to better the condition of his fellow working men. "I heard a very clever man once say," he observed, "that '*Knowledge is Power*, and *Union is Strength*'. I am certainly very ignorant myself, so I cannot possess much power." He went on to tell me the pains he took at every spare minute he had to learn to read; but he mastered it by perseverance, and soon he got to be able to read out loud to a shopmate or a friend, and people liked to sit and listen to him. B—— tells me that he works and thinks, and thinks and works, all day long. After a time his neighbours brought newspapers, magazines, and books for him to read to them of an evening: and now it was that B—— thought of establishing a reading society. Monday nights were accordingly set apart for this laudable purpose, when the worthy shoemaker had his little room cleared up, and he read to a numerous and attentive audience, who frequently commented upon what they heard.

After a time, this humble but noble-minded man so far improved himself in writing, too, as to be able to keep a written journal of the proceedings of this his "Institute," as he ironically called his reading-room, *alias* workshop, kitchen, drawing-room, parlour, and bed-room. I never perused a manuscript with greater pleasure than I have the simple annals of this village hero. By B——'s permission I give the following extracts:—

"Monday Evening, October 7, 18—.—Read the leading articles in three newspapers my friends brought with them. At the conclusion of each article, the people present conversed freely on what had been read. Besides our newspaper-readings I find we have during the last month got through Combe's *Constitution of Man*, and I this night commenced Channing's *Self-Culture*.

"Monday, October 21.—It gives me much pleasure to see George T—— and James D—— at my room. These two men were a little while since great drunkards, and feared and shunned by their neighbours—they are now quite altered characters, and respected. This is pleasing. I find the most humble individuals may do some good if they will try.

"October 28.—I am delighted to see the old dames love toddling to my room of a Monday evening, hanging on the arms of their husbands. I do all I can to encourage their presence, for I cannot understand why women should not have the advantages derivable from good information as well as men. Some bring their knitting—some needlework; some mend stockings, whilst others have children to mind. All are attentive. There are some young housewives present too.

"November 4.—M—— was rather violent in his denunciations of the aristocracy to night. The people wished me to say something, so I told them I quite thought with M—— that there was much room for censure in the actions of some of our great folks: and then intreated my friends not to forget to examine themselves well, in order to hunt out, if present, any bad habits or passions. I strongly exhorted them to adopt a course of self-examination and self-culture, in order to place themselves in a more favourable position to combat the common foe—political wrong. These observations, I was pleased to find, were listened to attentively and well received, and really I am a little proud to think I can speak so tolerably in public."

B—— met with a little unpleasantry in the early stage of his useful career. It got to the ears of the vicar of the parish that these readings were carried on weekly, and that reverend gentleman, without making himself acquainted with the general facts of the case, raised a cry of "unsanctified." The honest shoemaker did not heed the undeserved epithet, but he contradicted the vicar's false reports in the very best possible way, *viz., by consistent and virtuous actions*. B——'s neighbours could not see anything in his conduct that could be deemed "unsanctified," so the vicar's monopolising intentions were frustrated, and people went so far as to say that the report of the parson was a piece of mere common-place priestcraft. I have more to say of the doings of this worthy shoemaker, but I must reserve it for a future communication.

London, May.

Notices.

Having been unable to satisfy ourselves with the Engraved Title, which has been in part twice drawn and engraved, we are compelled either to delay greatly the Index Sheet (which involves to us a matter of serious import, the delay of the publication of Vol. I.), or to substitute the usual plain Title. We adopt, thougn reluctantly, the latter alternative.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by JOHN BENNETT, at THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE, 69, Fleet Street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, July 11th, 1846.

Strike of the Operative Shoemakers.—Kilmarnock, June 15th, 1846 (from a correspondent on the spot). About a week since several of the shoe manufacturers came to the decision of lowering the prices of several kinds of work from those fixed on by the operative shoemakers' union. In consequence of this, all the men in their employment *struck*. No arrangement has yet been made between them, but the men express their determination to stand so long (if possible) that the masters will be obliged to submit, as they cannot long contrive to do without the labour of their workmen. From the little work the men have been receiving for some time past, they are extremely poor, and consequently unable to do long without their usual employment. Should the employers gain the victory, it will probably have the effect of making the other employers in town (whose men amount to nearly 200) adopt the same course. The number of men on strike is about forty.

Stoppage of Footpaths.—Well-authenticated information reaches us every day of attempts to stop up these invaluable portions of public property. In the neighbourhood of Loughborough and Sheepshead, Leicestershire, we are glad to perceive that active opposition to such encroachments is set on foot. In one case the person charged with coveting the property of the public and the poor is a clergyman. Another correspondent also complains of being stopped at a stile near Acton, on a foot-path leading from the common to the eleventh bridge of the Great Western Railway, by the servants of the proprietor of the field, who by threats extorted a shilling from him to let him pass. Why does not the West London Anti-Enclosure Association take up this case?

The Sadlers and Harness-makers of Edinburgh, masters and men, have agreed that from and after the 1st of June, just past, the hours of labour shall be restricted to *ten* instead of *twelve*.

Co-operative Book Societies.—An excellent idea has been thrown out by Mr. Ebenezer Elliott, the poet, for artisans to form *lending libraries*, as a source at once of information and *profit*.

The Moral Influences of Tee-totalism.—A letter from Ireland gives a cheering account of the moral improvement of the people in that country, once characterised for its drunkenness and vice. It is impossible to estimate the good accomplished by the benevolent labours of "the Great Apostle," and his worthy and zealous coadjutors. As a proof of the efficacy of Tee-totalism for the accomplishment of immense social good, Ireland stands forth as a bright and irresistible evidence. The Rev. Mr. Mathew is thus spoken of by our correspondent:—"The whole working of the reform is in Mr. Mathew's own hands, aided by a few friends of his in the middle and upper classes—but implicitly, I may say, under his direction. He has worked the cause so triumphantly; and having devoted fortune, life, and soul to the work, we all defer to his plans, which are, indeed, mostly prudent, judicious, energetic, and successful."

The secret of the apostle's power over the multitude is thus hinted at:—

"A priest—no repugnances can be successfully opposed to him; a benevolent and devoted man, of untiring industry, cheerful under trial, and unaffected kindness to every one, the heart is prepared to be influenced by his prayers and 'beseechings.' Next, the poor *feel* the advantages of the pledge in comforts and decencies. Mr. Mathew has bands of music out to collect the people. He then, half-scripturally and half-jocosely, wins their attention; their conviction follows, and hundreds take the pledge; and amidst the thousands, the few that fall away is wonderful, when we consider the temptations they undergo. Backsliders are forgiven 'seventy times seven times;' and our apostle has the best of guides for this policy."

Various means are resorted to, to render the influence of Teetotalism permanent. Innocent recreation is provided, under judicious regulations—a particular wherein, we think the English movement has been deficient, and steps are taken to cultivate the mental powers of the pledged. We give with inexpressible pleasure the following extract, which refers to the city of Cork:—

"Next to our public pledging meetings, come our tea parties. *We have one a-week*, each drawing together about 200 persons. Tea at eight o'clock, followed by temperance speeches, &c. *We have forty temperance reading-rooms in this city*, where temperance pamphlets and newspapers are taken in, and the members pay from 1*d.* to 3*d.* per week for fire and candles, &c."

This is triumphant: a sober, reading, and reflecting people cannot fail to realise political and moral advantages unknown to the ignorant and the besotted. The repeal of the union between the Irishman and his whiskey may, after all, be the true harbinger of Ireland's weal. The following may in some degree explain the cause of Mr. Mathew's late embarrassments:—

"He has often to discharge debts for rent, &c. They are not all good managers. Bands of music are very expensive, but very useful, particularly at parties and processions."

The means employed for mental culture are thus further attended to:—

"Cork has three nights a-week occupied in public meetings:—Tuesday, the Commercial and Literary Society; Wednesday, the Temperance Institution; Thursday, the Literary and Scientific Society. At each of these papers are read and freely discussed. So that we are full of work."

We trust that this good cause may continue to prosper. Working men may become their own emancipators, by rightly applying the privileges within their reach. And we do not hesitate to pronounce the temperance movement to be, most emphatically, the hope of the working men. We shall return to the subject hereafter.

We have been requested to make it distinctly known that the *Chartist Land Company* and the *National Land and Building Association* are two quite different and unconnected institutions. To the latter, as well as to the *London Bank of Industry*, we shall at our earliest convenience devote some remarks.

Statistics.—The principal causes of *insanity* in France, and the condition in life of the persons afflicted with this malady, may be collected from the returns of one of the principal hospitals in Paris, the *Saltpetriere*. During three years it has contained about 1,500, of whom 996 were pronounced curable, and 504 incurable. The causes of the malady have in proportion to a thousand, as

Physical	481
Moral	250
Unknown	269
	1000

The condition in life of the patients were—	
Of liberal professions and independent	111
Mechanics	671
Servants and others without any particular trade or employment	218
	1000

The causes of the disease are too numerous to particularise; the most prevalent arising from hereditary complaint, age, congestion, domestic misfortunes, accouchements, love, &c.

The population of Paris, according to the last census, was about 804,398 inhabitants.

The marriages in Paris are calculated at about 6,954 annually: the parties to which are—bachelors and spinsters, 5,482; bachelors and widows, 459; widowers and spinsters, 760; widowers and widows, 225.

The average number of births in Paris is about 29,530, of which 15,116 are males, and 14,404 females. Of the above 10,378 are illegitimate, about 2,205 of whom are recognised at their birth, and 8,175 abandoned; 151 are

recognised by *actes* subsequent to their birth, and 948 at the marriage of their parents.

The deaths in Paris are about 25,996 annually; of which 15,220 take place at the parties' own homes, 8884 at the civil, 1,531 at the military hospitals, 76 in prison, and 285 are exposed at the *Morgue*.

The deaths in France amount to about 793,968 annually. The suicides in the department of the Seine alone have been calculated at 357, with 154 attempts not followed by death. Of these nearly two-thirds are by men, and about one-half by married persons. In 1840 the number of suicides in Paris was about 239, of which 83 were by women. The principal means employed for self-destruction have been drowning, suffocation by charcoal, strangulation, falling from heights, by fire-arms, sharp instruments, and by poison. The motives chiefly assigned are disgust and weariness of life, love, family differences, gaming, pecuniary embarrassments, and insanity. For a great number of suicides no sufficient motive can be assigned.

It would appear from the above facts that suicide is very much more prevalent in France than in England. In 1840 there were 239 cases of suicide in Paris, out of a population of 804,398. In the same year, out of a population of about 16,000,000 in England and Wales, there were only 1,058 cases of suicide. Of course, in Paris as in London, these cases greatly exceed the national average; but at the Paris rate, it would give in a population equal to that of England and Wales about 4,000.

PEACE WITH AMERICA.

The following resolution was unanimously agreed to on Tuesday last, at the usual weekly meeting of the National Association, Holborn:—"That the members of the National Association have heard with unfeigned delight that the disputed question respecting Oregon has been amicably settled, in a manner satisfactory to the people of both countries. At the same time they express their earnest desire that means will be speedily taken by the different countries of Europe and America, to appoint a *Congress of Nations*, in order that such national disputes may be settled in future without incurring the risk of war—one of the most demoralising scourges that can afflict our race.—Signed on their behalf, W. Lovett, Secretary."

Let us hasten to add on this subject, that *Elihu Burritt has arrived in England.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

A LEAGUE OF INDUSTRY.

Among the different plans proposed for improving the condition of the working classes, permit me to suggest the following as a means for enabling them to become their own masters and employers, and thus create a union of interest between capital and labour in place of the separate and opposing interests which now exist. For as long as the capitalist has an interest in obtaining labour at the cheapest rate, and the labourers in securing the highest remuneration for it, so long I fear shall we witness endless disputes and strikes respecting wages and profits, and so long will the mass of the people, subject to all the fluctuations of trade, and commerce, with their growing and competing numbers, be kept down to what the political economists call "the subsistence point." There seems, however, little hopes of the working classes ever being able to achieve much in their *individual* capacity towards raising sufficient capital to become their own employers; and even if they could, it is questionable whether, amid the active competition that would be thus created among so many, their condition would be much improved. But what they cannot effect individually they may *united*, upon the Good Samaritan principle of "each helping every man his brother," as may be seen by the following proposal and calculation.

That a General League of Industry be formed, composed of all those who are desirous of promoting the employment, education, and happiness of themselves and their countrymen. That a general fund be raised, *by sixpence weekly* from each member, the same to be distributed annually, by lot, in sums of 2000*l.* *between every hundred persons*; to be applied in establishing them in trade or business, in the renting or purchasing of land, the building of houses, the forming of a colony at home or abroad, or in any other manner of conjoint employment or benefit they may desire, excepting the individual appropriation or division of the money.

That the organisation for effecting this object consist *first* of *local societies*, each numbering 100 persons, carefully chosen and balloted for amongst themselves; sobriety, industry and good conduct being necessary essentials for membership; and, *secondly*, of *district societies*, composed of two persons sent from each local body.

That the League be governed by a *general code of rules*, approved of by the district societies of the kingdom.

That the united weekly subscription of each local society be paid into such banking house as the society of the district may appoint, and in the names of such *trustees* as the district societies may unitedly appoint.

That two representatives from each district society be sent to the *annual meeting* of the League, for the purpose of apportioning the subscriptions raised, and seeing the lots fairly drawn and appropriated.

That the district societies superintend the local bodies of their own district, and see that the money raised is applied and secured for the benefit of the members according to the rules.

The following calculation is made to show what a portion only of the working classes could *annually* effect if united in such a League.

If 2,000,000 people paid *sixpence* weekly, they could annually raise the sum of £2,600,000.

This sum, if divided into £2000 portions, would give lots to 1300 local societies *every year*, and thus enable 130,000 persons to become their own employers.

This rough outline is thrown out for the consideration of the working classes by

A Friend to their Order.

Notices.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready. Cases for binding the Volume, price One Shilling each, are in preparation, and may be obtained from our Agents.

To Correspondents.—We shall answer *all* next week.

We can inform a correspondent at Plymouth that Mr. Howitt would be glad to issue his works in a very cheap and periodical form, but at present several trade obstacles exist to prevent it.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, may be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, July 18th, 1846.

General Free Trade Jubilee.—The great event of the time, the Abolition of the Corn-law, has produced the great business of the time, and that is rejoicing and preparing to rejoice. Over the whole country the news of this event flew by railway and by telegraph, and bells were rung, cannons fired, flags hung out of windows, or carried in procession. Everywhere, especially in all the great manufacturing towns, immediate preparations were began for holding a great Free-trade Jubilee. Never was a more legitimate cause for feasting and rejoicing. The scarcity created by artificial means has been annihilated by the voice of the people. The people feel that they really, after all, govern, and may have plenty if they will. They see plenty coming on in the future, and they are determined to hail it with one great day of universal holiday and gladness. Master and man rejoice alike for the enemy that is destroyed—monopoly is equally the enemy of all. All will join in one great shout of honour to those who have laboured to bring about this General Jubilee of prospective plenty. And at the very time that all rejoice that plenty is pouring in, the doors of the great corn-prisons, the bonded warehouses, are thrown open, and corn is pouring in, at the duty of 4*s.*, in immense quantities into the country. Let all parties "*laugh and be wise.*" Yes, that is a fine old proverb—let them "laugh and be wise!" master-manufacturers, "*laugh and be wise.*" It has been said that their aims were ostensibly patriotic, secretly selfish. That the fall of provisions meant only a fall of wages. Let these gentlemen in the hour of a nation's rejoicing resolve that that rejoicing shall not be falsified by them; that they will not seek selfish advantages out of the general good. Should such a temptation and such a day arise, never did such a tempest follow a bright noon as will follow that! In such a day all past services would be forgotten, all gratitude cancelled, and they would for ever regret that on this glorious occasion they were not at once merry and wise! We quote with delight a first symptom of an opposite tendency:—

The Corn Bill and Wages.—A Manchester paper recounts one instance of the influence which the passing of the Corn Importation Bill has had on wages, which we commend to general consideration. A large manufacturer, who employs from 1,000 to 1,200 hand-loom weavers, in the neighbourhoods of Preston, Chorley, &c., went amongst them on Monday last, and announced that, in consequence of the passing of this measure, he had come to the determination to advance their wages. The week's work commencing the following day (Tuesday), the manufacturer in question has not lost a single day in making the announcement and the advance.

There is another class of the community to whom the exhortation on this occasion to "*laugh and be wise*" is not the less imperative. There are the butchers, bakers, shopkeepers and other tradesmen. Let them laugh, they may do it with jolly and generous sides, for cheap bread means plenty of trade; but let them take care "*to be wise.*" Let them not praise ministers for removing the burdens on food, and then keep those burdens there themselves. Let them throw down also *their* prohibitory duties. Let them keep pace in reduction of price with the liberal government of England. Let them remember that it is for the benefit of the people at large that these changes are meant, and not exclusively for them; and that every penny of charge which they retain above a fair profit is an insult to the government and a robbery on the nation. There is a great and growing dissatisfaction on this head. People complain, and we fear too justly on every liberal amendment of the tariff, on every abolition of prohibitory duties, that they do not benefit by it; that the tradesmen lie like great logs in the river of plenty, and dam it up and turn its current aside. They complain that, spite of the almost free importation of cattle, there has been no abatement in the price of meat; rather the contrary. Why else are good beef and veal in London *s.* a pound? They complain that bread has got higher instead of lower with every amelioration of the Corn-laws; that teas and coffees do not come down in any proportionate degree with the duties. Why else, when the prime cost of good teas is but about 10*d.*, and duty paid not more than 2*s.* 3*d.*, do we pay 4*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*? There must and will come a close inspection into these matters, now that the ports are becoming comparitively open to all sorts of provisions—to the produce of the world; and again we recommend all whom it concerns *to be merry and wise.* Free Trade will not only be free at both ends, but in the middle too. When the people have once got the knack of untying office-knots, and they have now untied the monster knot of all, tradesmen may make themselves sure that they won't long leave any *counter-knots.* The best of it will be, that monopoly in high places destroyed, such abundance will pour in upon us from all sides, that a spirit of cheapness will grow up that will put private monopoly, too, down. Let all laugh and be wise in time.

The *Dinner given by the Workpeople* of Courtauld, Taylor, and Co., to their employers, "came off" on Friday last at High Garrett. A spacious marquee was erected, capable of containing two thousand persons; a number of refreshment-booths supplied provisions for the hungry and thirsty who might come as spectators to the ground, wines being sold by the special permission of the excise: a large teetotal marquee made provision for the eschewers of the "strong waters," stalls were erected, and every arrangement was made that could conduce to the convenience of the guests and the good order of the day. Early in the morning three towns were in a bustle. The tradesmen in Halstead, and nearly the whole of those in Bocking and Braintree, as a mark of respect, and an acknowledgment of the benefit which the trade of these places derives from the employment furnished by the firm to so vast a number of operatives.

Co-operative Farming.—About two years ago, forty speculating industrious individuals, who had read my work upon "Small Farms" carefully, were induced to try an experiment upon their own account. They purchased 28 acres of ground, for which they gave 950*l.* This amount of land formerly gave work to one man; they employ from 14 to 16 upon it, and the average wages is fourteen shillings a-week. In the first year, against all the disadvantages of a commencement, they realised 85*l.* over and above all expenditure, making no calculation of about 55*l.* worth of improvement which goes on for other years, and which would have made the year's profit 140*l.* The forty souls are wedded to this spot, although it is little more than half an acre each; and it fully employs fourteen labourers.—*Feargus O'Connor in the Northern Star.*

The Liverpool District Provident Society.—Last year it gave relief, varying in amount from sixpence to five shillings at a time, to 17,477 cases. In the year previous, it relieved 18,926 cases; and in 1841-2, when employment was scarce, it relieved 25,877 cases. The gross expenditure on account of this relief was from 885*l.*, in the year of least pressure, to 1,667*l.*, in that of the greatest. But to this extent it has been enabled to give relief only by means of its casual income; that is to say, the *donations* it has received. Its (comparatively) certain income, from *subscriptions*, is only about 1,000*l.* a-year; too small a sum for allowing of more than one-fourth part, or 25 per cent, being devoted to the relief fund. The amount of deposits received as savings from the poor, has ranged from TEN TO FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS annually. The great bulk of this, of course, remains in the coffers of the society for only a short time, the necessities of the depositors requiring that it should be drawn for many little purposes, such as the purchase of clothing, fuel, &c. Many cases there are, however, of the deposits being allowed to accumulate, and then made subservient to establishing their owners in business, thereby forming the basis of an honourable independence. Talking with a respectable tradesman some months ago, I happened to mention the name of the society. "The District Provident Society," said he; "I know that Society well. It was with it that I saved my first ten pounds. My wife," continued he, "had saved thirty shillings with the visitor before I came to know of it. I was a journeyman tailor

then, living up to my wages. But suddenly finding myself one day thirty shillings in advance of the world, I took a thought, and denied myself some things I used to indulge in, and added the savings to the rest, till, as I say, it came to ten pounds. Then I drew it and put it out in trade. It came into me again with interest. Out it went again, and in and out until, as you see, I have got very comfortably settled here, and all my stock my own." This incident occurred in one of the best furnished clothing shops in this town. Now had it not been for the quiet unobtrusive calls of the District Provident Visitor, the chances are that this man would have been living from hand to mouth, a journeyman tailor, to this day. And this is but a sample of a class of cases. The other week, when calling at the society's office, Queen-square, I found a working man drawing 31*l.* to commence business with; and some short time before, a woman drawing 19*l.* for the same purpose. But perhaps the most convincing proof of the value of the institution in this, its economical, relation, is to be found in the fact that, in numerous instances, the poor who, while living in parts of the town which were visited, have formed the habit of saving, do themselves, on moving to unvisited parts, bring their money to the office; some of them coming with it even a distance of two or three miles! In this way about two thousand pounds a-year are now collected. Can any further illustration of this part of the subject be required.

Influence of Music in Prison Discipline.—The Home Branch of the Hutchinson Family.—A letter has appeared in an American paper, from Mrs. Farnham, Principal Matron of the Female Prison at Sing Sing, to Judge Edmonds, from which we give the following extract with pleasure:—

"Sing Sing, April 11, 1846.

"*Hon.* J. W. Edmonds, *Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Prison Association.*

"Dear Sir—We had the 'Home Branch' of the Hutchinson Family with us yesterday. They had been invited to visit and sing in the prison, and came up on Saturday for that purpose. Were you acquainted with them, I should not have to tell you that the simplicity and genuineness of their characters add as much to the effect of their music as characters less beautiful derive from it. Such is the fact, and nowhere, as you are well aware, would the peculiar force of this charm be more keenly felt than among our unfortunate prisoners. They took part in the Sabbath services of both prisons, the funeral of a prisoner had taken place, and Mr. Joshua Hutchinson sang 'A Brother is dead,' and after the sermon the whole family sang 'The Lay of the Prisoner.' You can better conceive than I can describe the effect of these appropriate lines, sung as they were with genuineness of feeling which rendered it difficult for the singers to suppress their emotions sufficiently to carry the performance through. We no longer looked upon glistening eyes and flushed faces, but the silent tears coursed down many a rugged and sin-stricken cheek, and the swelled veins of many a tarnished brow told of the deep and long slumbering chord which those sounds had re-awakened in their bosoms. I wished that those who regard their fallen brethren as brute animals, worthy only of such treatment as must be offensive to their Maker when inflicted even upon these, could have witnessed that scene and felt its sacred influences. If depraved and hardened criminals were not proof against them, such persons surely could not be.

"After this, the services were closed in the Male Prison, by singing the 'Millenium,' and the 'Farewell.'

In our prison the piece first mentioned was sung at the close of a brief but appropriate and spirited sermon by Mr. Luckey, the chaplain. You are so well acquainted with the condition and spirit of things with us, that I need not enlarge upon the pure and exalted pleasure that was manifest in every countenance in our little chapel. Then followed the 'Lay of the Prisoner,' with an effect as touching as had been witnessed in the lower chapel, and the services were closed with the 'Farewell.'

"Perhaps, after all, the most affecting scene occurred in the hospital of the Male Prison, when the unfortunate inmates of that place of sickness and death—some of them in a state of gloom bordering on despair, and others drawing near to the grave—were permitted to listen to the heavenly strains of these charming minstrels. It was almost enough to 'create a soul under the ribs of Death.' The eye of the stricken invalid, moistened with tears, sparkled with unwonted brightness, and the pallid face seemed animated by a new hope. With what touching effect came to us all at that moment the significant words of Christ, 'I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me.' A few words spoken by Mr. Luckey on this occasion were in admirable harmony with the spirit awakened by the music. Such a scene, to have its full effect, must be witnessed; it cannot be adequately described.

"The influence of this visit upon the discipline of the prisons can hardly be over-estimated. I am confident it will be visible for months to come in the more cheerful obedience of the prisoners to the rules of the institution, in the diminution of that dulness and listlessness so observant in all prisons, and in a more serious attention to religious instruction. It is by influences such as these that all necessity for the lash may be removed as gently and effectually as the icy drapery of winter is melted away in the genial atmosphere of spring.

"Not one of our prisoners who was present at the visit of the other branch of this gentle and musical family had forgotten any of the pleasant incidents of that occasion, and I can scarcely tell you how grateful they are for this second blessing—for a blessing indeed it is to them.

"And also to us! I mean to us especially who live at the Female Prison *as officers*, and are little less excluded from the pleasures of society and the delights afforded by art than those under our charge. In the dearth of our social enjoyments, such visits are scarcely less a boon to us than to our prisoners.

"But you understand all that. I will only add that the universal wish of all here is that the Hutchinsons might be often among us with their gentle, unaffected manners, their hearts of harmony, and their music so well calculated to produce such hearts in others.

"Very truly, yours,

"E. W. Farnham."

Notices.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready. Cases for binding the Volume, price One Shilling each, are in preparation, and may be obtained from our Agents.

To Correspondents.—We shall answer *all* next week.

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London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet Street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, July 25, 1846.

The Temperance Movement.—The Tee-total Festivals usual at this season of the year are passing off with unexampled success, and afford undeniable proof that the abstinence cause contributes largely to the rational pleasures of the working classes. We select a few instances from among many others of a similar character. The Temperance Society of Leeds celebrated its sixth annual gala on Whit-Tuesday, in the Zoological Gardens, Headingley. About 30,000 persons were admitted into the gardens, from whom was received 421*l.* 6*s.* About 1,500 persons took tea, from whom was received about 50*l.*, and the amount received for the various provisions was 90*l.* Various recreations were provided. Balloons ascended during the evening, and the whole concluded with a display of fireworks. The weather was delightful, and the whole of the proceedings passed off well. These details are interesting and important, as showing the improved popular taste in contrast with that of but a few years ago.—On Whit-Tuesday, the annual festival of the Bristol Total Abstinence Society was celebrated in the Zoological Gardens, Durdham Down, and was attended by about 16,000 persons. Tents for refreshment, and various gymnastic exercises were provided. At three o'clock a public meeting was held in a part of the garden where a temporary hustings had been erected. The company afterwards retired for tea, and at six o'clock another meeting was held. We have learned from good authority, that, but for the large support afforded to the British Zoological Gardens by the Tee-total annual festivals, those delightful grounds would ere this have been closed—the receipts upon ordinary occasions not covering the expenses. Upon this occasion the Zoological Society received about 200*l.*—The Temperance Gala took place at Bradford, Yorkshire, on Whit-Monday and Tuesday, in Maningham Park. It is computed that about 15,000 persons were present during the two days, though three pence each person was charged for admission. The receipts on the first day were 92*l.*, on the second 83*l.*; for refreshments 66*l.* It is said that the funds of the society will be benefited to the amount of 150*l.* At each of these festivals the greatest order prevailed; not the slightest riot or confusion occurred to mar the pleasures of the people who had gathered in such immense numbers—such are the advantages of true sobriety.—The celebrated Dr Grindrod, after recruiting his health in the Channel Islands, resumed his arduous labours at Southampton, on Monday the 15th July. This lecture excited great interest, and was productive of much good.—All matters of minor import are now absorbed in anticipation of the World's Temperance Convention, which is to assemble in London on the 4th of August, and will continue its sittings during the week. 500 or 600 delegates are expected to attend—many of them from distant parts of the world. Such an interchange of thought and communion of soul must be productive of vast benefit—and intemperance may expect to receive a vital blow from this assembling of the great and good, each of whom will return to their homes with hearts burning with an increased fervour—infusing new life into the movement, and crowning its onward march with the trophies of glorious victory.—ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

Leeds Redemption Society.—This society held its third quarterly meeting at its rooms, Austin's Temperance Coffee-house, Briggate, Leeds, on the 6th. A great amount of business was gone through, and it was found that the society was making good progress, not only in Leeds, but in many parts of the kingdom. A vote of thanks to Mr. William Howitt was passed, for his able letters to the working men of England, published in the *People's Journal.* After that the following address to the people was determined upon, which it is hoped will be read by all with interest:—

"Brethren—We informed you in our last address that we had started the Redemption Society for co-operative purposes, that we collected every week from our members and donors their small contributions, that we had from three to four hundred subscribers, that this money was invested in the savings'-bank, that when it was sufficient we intended to purchase an estate near Leeds, and on this estate to commence such manufactures as seemed best to the society, that the labourers should be selected by election from the members and donors, that the society was enrolled, and that it was so organised that fraud with impunity was impossible, that many respectable men of various classes and creeds had joined and encouraged us. We are glad, after another quarter's exertions, further to inform you that since that time we have made many important converts; that we have now members and donors in various parts of the kingdom, and that we have found that the middle classes are willing to join their brethren of the labouring classes in this great cause. The last quarter has added much strength to our position, and we begin to feel the inert mass of apathy and prejudice giving way. We cannot here pass over in silence the eminent services that William Howitt has rendered to this good work; the *eclat* of success furnishes thousands of eager supporters to a cause, and yet to how few of these thousands is due the glory of having proclaimed it in its nonage.

"The success of our experiment is a mere matter of time, and that depends upon the people. Had all done as our members and donors have done since we began, two millions of money would have been in our coffers; and yet there is not one of our subscribers who has complained of the burthen—the sums are not felt; and what vast sums have been spent in the meantime in frivolities, and nothing gained, nothing to see left—sums recklessly thrown away. There is no hesitation when our passions are to be gratified; pain and penury are purchased with a willing hand. Men of England! when will you thus purchase happiness and virtue? You fear that your money will be lost or misspent—an idle fear in respect of enrolled societies—but is it not so already, or worse than so? How many of you purchase strife and misery at four or five shillings per week? and do you think two or three pence is too much to give for peace, happiness, and independence? You doubt of getting all these blessings for these sums, and you doubt also of getting your wretchedness for the shillings; but it comes, and so certainly will you achieve happiness by your pence. You are laborious for others; be so for yourselves. You have put confidence in many parties; for once have confidence in yourselves. Your toil has enriched your country; let it now enrich yourselves. The Redemption Society calls upon you to exert yourselves to make it early successful. It is determined to succeed; it will never take up a position until it has means to command it; it will wait until there are sufficient funds to carry out with vigour whatever it may undertake; it will not sacrifice its independence by a system of credit; it will be beholden to none but the people. This will cause it to be respected; and it will arm its commands with power, and will be the great bond of union in all its operation. We call upon you to aid this good work, not by great pecuniary sacrifices, but by your *myriads* of small contributions; and when you behold the pyramid of your emancipation becoming mighty before you, your pence will become shillings, and your power will become manifest. We call upon you to forward this cause, not with an expectation of reaping salaries as secretaries, &c., but for the noble purpose of raising your class. All officers of this society not only labour gratuitously, but pay their quota as well: that man is greatest amongst us who labours hardest and pays the most (we had almost said, 'and says the least'). We call upon all classes of men to aid us, as all must gain by the success of our scheme What man is there amongst the wealthy who can say that he delights to see his fellow-creatures in poverty and ignorance? Do not the thousand benevolent institutions proclaim the ardent desire of the rich to alleviate or remove poverty out of the world. Man loves his fellow-man; and his charities prove the amiable desire for a just and reasonable social equality—as we are all happiest in the society of our equals. To extend this equality is but to extend the general happiness. The varieties of mental and physical endowments which God has given us can never be obliterated—nor should they; talent will ever command the applause of man, and virtue his esteem. When we tell you, working men of England,

that the success of this cause will free you not only from poverty and all its consequences, but from the very fear of it—that its success shall surround you with a reasonable abundance of all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, which you cannot hope for under any other system—that your children shall be educated in a very superior manner to anything you can aspire to now—that knowledge, which is power, shall clothe your myriads with its might, that it shall make you reasonable, just, and omnipotent: when we promise you all this by the success of our scheme, is there not sufficient motive to induce you to use your utmost exertions. We show you that you can accomplish this with means far short of what you now waste in follies; that you have the power, and that you do even now use it to your disadvantage. Can it be creditable that you will refuse to purchase this glorious redemption with the pence that now brings you naught but social atrophy. Men of England! the way is open; will you walk in it? The high and the wealthy of the land will hail your approach to the ranks of refinement; you will everywhere find help, when you show a disposition to help yourselves. We have promised nothing that shall not be fulfilled, if you are true to one another in this cause. Unite together, then; one good man in a town can do wonders, if actuated by a proper spirit. Communicate with the centre (Leeds), and you shall have every information for proceeding.

"In Leeds, each collector takes thirty or forty tracts, and leaves one at every house he comes at, until they are done, desiring them to read it carefully; he then calls again in a week, and gets all that are inclined to become members: they are then visited every week for their subscription. By these means our organisation is of the most perfect kind; the subscriptions never accumulate into heavy and unpayable arrears. If a donor wishes to become a member, he can signify his wish to the collector. In this way you see that a single man in any town with a handful of tracts can set the thing in motion.

"All parties wishing to join the society, or to become a collector for a town, must send particulars to Mr. David Green, 166, Briggate, enclosing one shilling and threepence, for which they will receive the laws of the society, two acts of parliament, and the tracts of the society: the postage costs sixpence, the laws sixpence, the tract one penny, the large envelope one penny, the secretary's letter one penny, making one and threepence.* Small sums of money may be sent in postage stamps, or by post-office order.

"All moneys after the first communication to be addressed to Mr. Wm. West, tailor and draper, Briggate, Leeds. Any person desirous of information in Leeds may call upon Mr. Elijah Russell, boot and shoe-maker, 162, Briggate; or David Green, Bookseller, 166, Briggate. The total cost of membership is entering as candidate, sixpence; and sixpence at the end of six months for complete membership: one shilling in all. Candidates or members pay not less than one penny per week; as much more as they can afford.

* We found that the society lost by charging only one shilling for persons at a distance.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

London Peace Society, 19, New Broad-street,
July 4, 1846.

SIR—The Secretary of the society will be obliged by your inserting the enclosed memorial on the Oregon question. It has been acknowledged by the Earl of Aberdeen.

I remain respectfully,
pro. JOHN JEFFERSON.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department; and the other Right Honourable Members of her Majesty's Government:—

"The Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace have learned with peculiar satisfaction that the long pending negociation between the government of this country and that of the United States respecting the *Oregon* territory has been amicably adjusted.

"The Committee beg leave to offer to her Majesty's Government, and to your lordship in particular, by whose mild and forbearing policy this peaceful result has, under the divine blessing, been in a great measure secured, and the fearful horrors of War averted, their most cordial congratulations and thanks; and they venture to express their earnest hope and desire that, whether in or out of office, your individual influence will always be exerted in favour of pacific measures, and that steps will be promptly taken by the British Legislature to obtain such arrangements with other governments, by treaty or otherwise, as shall provide for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration, and thus bring about the total abolition of the practice of war, so justly designated by your lordship, on a recent public occasion 'the greatest calamity that can befal a nation, and the greatest crime that a nation can commit.'

"Signed on behalf of the Committee,
"JOHN JEFFERSON, Secretary.
"19, New Broad-street, City, June 30th, 1846."

[To the above we may add, as evidence of the widely-spreading desire for peace in this country, that an able address to the Working Men of Great Britain and the United States has been issued by the Society of "Fraternal Democrats," showing the evils of war, and calling upon all nations to form a Holy Alliance of Peace—ED.]

Notices.

To prevent misconceptions likely to arise from a glimpse of the following formidable list, the editor of the *People's Journal* thinks it necessary to state that *all* contributions are carefully examined by him, but that it does not follow that all contributions declined by him are therefore considered unworthy. There are many other considerations involved, such as fitness for the journal and the time—relative merit as compared with similar contributions—amount of pressure upon our space, &c. All that we can venture to promise relative to these lists of declined is this—no paper of striking excellence shall be rejected, if we can help it.

Contributions Declined with Thanks:—Reason in Brutes; Alchymy of Every-day Life; The Brook's Council; Death; Song of the Plague; The Spinner of Emery; Female Education; Individual Encouragement; Lines on the Portrait of Leigh Hunt; Walter Graylock; The Earth is the Lord's; Death of the Rich and Poor; Beauties of Earth; Truth, an Allegory; Cry of the Spitalfields Weaver; Oh! Look not Back; The Little Querist; W. G. R.; S. G. Mee; Consolations for the Working Classes; The Song of the Fairy; The Poor Man's Friend; The Tear of Sympathy, and other poems; Let there be Light; A Mother's Pleasure and Pain; The Beautiful Face, &c.; Our Early days; R. H. G.; What the Hearts of the Children of Peace said, &c.; What is Life, and other poems; The Poet, Newgate, &c.; Look Abroad, &c.; The Lady Elora; On the Death of Haydon; Fallen Angel; A Bit of Prosing on an Unpoetical Subject; Conscience; Sweet were the Hours; Flowers; A Look at Life; Essay on the Organisation of the Trades; What can an Infant Do? Young Men of Every Creed; Observations on the Movement for Abridging the Hours of Labour; Stanzas to R. H. E.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, Aug. 1st, 1846.

Associate Institution for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women.—A general meeting of the friends and supporters of this Institution took place on Tuesday, the 21st of July, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The Chairman on this occasion (Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.), on taking his seat, presented to the meeting that distinguished philanthropist and truly Christian reformer, the Bishop of Norwich, who offered up a short and fervent prayer as the most fitting preliminary to the business about to be commenced. The Chairman briefly explained the nature of the Institution itself, and the object of the present meeting. He then called upon the Secretary to read a report of the proceedings of the committee of the Institution during the last two years. After which the following persons addressed the meeting:—Lord Ingestrie, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Mr. Hansard, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. West, Mr. William Biggs (of Leicester), and Mr. Spooner, M.P.

The speech of the Bishop of Norwich was worthy of his high character. He lamented that in Christian England such a regular system of trading in seduction should exist, and that existing; it should have remained hitherto comparatively unnoticed by the law. He spoke of the Associate Institution at Norwich, and of the partial good which it had effected; of the frightful amount of prostitution all over the country; and of his own opportunities, as a clergyman, for observing the suffering it entails on its victims. He spoke with indignation ot the small sum of money raised by the Institution during the last year—450*l.*—"the price of an Opera box!" "What were 450,000*l.* to the inhabitants of such a city as London?" And "for such a purpose—the protection of the most defenceless, the most innocent part of the community." The immediate object of the committee was to get a bill passed through parliament which should render the procurer, or the procuress, as well as the brothel-keeper punishable by law; so that the condition of the prostitute should be, at least, voluntary. At present the most terrible aggravation of the evil of a prostitute's life is, that it is often forced upon her by those who make a fortune out of her sinful earnings—from whom it is next to impossible for her to escape—who enslave her, body and soul; often inflicting the most cruel treatment upon her, and when she no longer answers their purposes, leaving her to die in the streets.

Each of the other speakers spoke of the great importance of the bill which Mr. Spooner has pledged himself to carry through the House of Commons. This bill will grapple with the main evil — the present organised system of trepanning young females into the ranks of prostitution. This does not touch the question of whether prostitution itself can be put down, or whether it is, as many suppose, inherent in every high state of civilisation. There may be differences of opinion on this point—but surely all men will agree that the trade of a prostitute should not be *forced* upon her. Public opinion has spoken loudly against the pressgang: if the dreadful deeds of the pressgang of procurers, whom the Bishop of Exeter has called "the most loathsome of hell's emissaries," were known to the public, we believe they could not be continued another day.

Mr. W. Biggs, in an able speech, spoke of the principal reason why Associate Institutions had not been formed before the last few years, and why they would have difficulty in attaining their object now they are formed — the delicacy—false delicacy, as it might properly be called—of all ranks, and of both sexes, on this subject. Men shrink from denouncing openly that which they all in private are ready to acknowledge to be the greatest stain upon the moral and religious character of the country. They carefully keep from their female relations all knowledge of this subject—fearing to wound their delicacy and their sensibility by any allusion to the disgusting and painful particulars connected with prostitution.

Several of the speakers rejoiced that ladies were present on this occasion. If women once threw themselves heartily into the business of emancipating those of their own sex who are slaves to a worse set of masters than any negro slave-owners, the day would not be distant when the object of the Associate Institution would be gained.

Mr. Buckingham spoke words of encouragement. He felt quite sure that the Institution would prosper. When once its aims were thoroughly known to the world, it *must* succeed. No one would dare to oppose it openly. No one would be hardy enough to advocate a trade in forced prostitution, whatever he might think with regard to voluntary prostitution. He gave it as his firm conviction (as a traveller and an observer of men and manners at home and abroad), that the amount of prostitution in England was greater than that in any other country on the globe.

Mr. Spooner addressed the meeting, to renew his promise of getting the present bill through the house this session if possible. A vote of thanks to Lord Robert Grosvenor, as chairman, was passed by the meeting before its separation.

Finsbury Mutual Instruction Society, (Bunhill-row).—The Secretary of this institution writes to say it "was formed two years since, by six individuals (myself being one), for the purpose of instructing each other, as far as practicable, mutually; and the increase of our members has been beyond all expectation or idea, the numbers of subscriptions each quarter being as follows:—1st quarter, 97; 2nd quarter, 157; 3rd quarter, 217; 4th quarter, 257; 5th quarter, 315; 6th quarter, 312; 7th quarter, 358; up to the present time, 150; making a total of 1,813 subcriptions. 1020 persons have become members. The society is based upon the principle of educating its members without interfering with their religious or political opinions, and at the lowest possible rate of charge; our only object, at present, being to increase the library, which contains 520 volumes, which we find not sufficient for the wants of the members. Your notice of this might benefit us, and be the means of similar institutions rising up, they being much wanted." Mr. T. Duncombe, M. P., is the President.

Finsbury Literary and Mechanics' Institution (6, Frederick-place, Goswell-road). — We are informed this Institution has been recently established, for the purpose of elevating the character of the *Working Classes*, by aiding in the diffusion of useful information, exciting a general spirit of inquiry, and providing them with cheap rational education, by the means of lectures, the formation of classes for education, by the establishment of a library, and the loan of books to its members, and by the establishment of a reading-room for their accommodation. The following classes are already formed, or on the eve of being so:—Writing and Arithmetic, French, Latin, German, Spanish, Singing, Dancing, Elocution, and Discussion.

Hints for Good.—No. 1. *Seeking Situations in London.* —There are always some thousands of young persons seeking situations in the Great Metropolis, without friend or relations to guide or assist them. I was so situated myself once, and therefore can feel for such. A word of good advice to them: — "Strictly avoid all the agents' and register offices, which profess to obtain good situations, but commence by draining you of perhaps your last crown. These men profess to put your name on their books to get you a situation; they have neither the power nor intention. Take my advice, advance no money to any of these gentry, but answer advertisements and make enquiries of respectable parties in your trade or profession, *who though perfect strangers will give you good advice*. I have known lately of swindlers advertising to get premiums from young men on pretence of teaching them surveying, and engaging them on railways for India. A friend of mine searched into this scheme, and found that numbers of young men had been swindled out of 5*l.*, which, perhaps, they had raised with difficulty. —No. 2. *Ventilation of Workshops.*—When we think of the number of workmen in close heated workshops of London, we see more than ever the need of room-ventilation. These shops, many of them, are attics and small ill-constructed shops. Now, considering the heat, and fumes from gas, &c., we are astonished that there is not more illness. Much of the lassitude and feverish

thirst of workmen is caused by want of pure air. Employers are bound in duty to remedy this (and the remedy is cheap), but if they will not do it, let the men at once adapt a finely perforated zinc pane to the sash, and a funnel in the ceiling leading to the chimney. A little chlorate of lime sprinkled on the floor will purify the air at a cost of less than 1*d.* per day. Every mechanic ought to join a sick club.—A FRIEND.

Gallashiels. — This is at present a very flourishing little place, the woollen weavers are in the receipt of, comparatively speaking, good wages. The workmen of the different branches of trade have established *co-operative stores* for supplying themselves with food and clothing at wholesale prices, and, from what I can learn, they are doing very well indeed. Last year the provision store announced a return of 50 per cent. upon the capital employed—and they also do great good to the town, in preventing the other shopkeepers from obtaining exorbitant prices for their articles.—JOSHUA CLARKSON.

Correspondence.

WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE OF SHEFFIELD.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—In the paper which appeared in the *People's Journal* of Saturday, May the 16th, entitled "What is doing for the people of Sheffield?" nothing is said as to what is doing to promote what has been termed very aptly the "moral reformation of the 19th century," or in other words, the means which are being used to uproot and destroy the degrading and demoralising vice of intemperance. This work in Sheffield is being done chiefly by the people, or the labouring part of the community; for although there are some honourable exceptions in the names of Edward Smith, Esq., and J. H. Smith, and a few others, yet in general, the wealthy and influential class have stood aloof, and left the middle and working classes to carry out one of the greatest and most benevolent enterprises of the present day. The temperance society has been in existence in Sheffield upwards of ten years, and has been the means of doing much good, especially amongst the working class, many, the most degraded of characters, having been reclaimed by adopting the principle and practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

The town is divided into districts, having a branch of the society attached, but the only one in efficient operation is the Little Sheffield branch (and which would admit of improvement), the members of which visit with tracts several hundreds of houses weekly, strengthening the feeble, and confirming the weak, circulating also many hundred of temperance publications during the year, from which much valuable information is obtained—holding at least one weekly meeting—employing occasionally paid lecturers; amongst the latter, Dr. Lees, of Leeds, J. S. Buckingham, Esq., Dr. Grindrod, Henry Vincent, and others, all of whom have given instruction which has tended to benefit and improve the masses.

Nor must the annual "gathering" which has taken place for several years be forgotten; the season when, leaving the toil and smoke of the town behind, the sons and daughters of labour have met in thousands, amid the ruins of Roche Abbey, there to inhale the pure breath from heaven, and enjoy the beauties of nature surrounded by the memorials of bygone ages, and holding sweet converse with friends amid scenes once sacred to monastic retirement and devotion. Such are some of the doings for and by the people of Sheffield, all of which are calculated to improve their morals, and elevate them in the scale of social and civilised society, and tending to purify and raise the affections from what is low and grovelling to the contemplation of the beautiful, and practice of good.

I remain yours, A WORKING MAN.

Sheffield.

BAKERS' CONFEDERACIES.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—The very appropriate and well-timed remarks in No. 29 of the *People's Journal*, under the head "The Corn Bill and Wages," induce me to make a few pointed observations deserving the immediate attention of the industrious classes, whose chief outlay from their daily earnings is in the purchase of bread for their families, and therefore this is an article of paramount importance to them, and to procure which good, in abundance, and cheap, has cost an immense expenditure of capital and talent—as instanced in the Anti-Corn-law League above.

You must know, as well as I can inform you, and your readers, too, that bread made from Indian corn alone, and which is admitted free of duty, is, nevertheless, now selling at a higher price than bread made of the best wheaten flour.

But there is another circumstance of paramount importance, and which is at the foundation of the evil to which you refer, and to which I would direct your attention, namely the existence of District Combinations among the bakers to regulate the price of bread; and woe to the tradesman who refuses to join this bread-taxing association; for, unless his purse is heavy and his spirits not easily damped, he will be compelled to succumb or submit to ruin: and I have heard of an instance where several out of one society were ruined in the attempt to hunt out of the trade altogether, or break up, one who refused to join their conclave!

I am, sir, yours obediently,

July, 1846. Z.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record whatever facts and opinions may be put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

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The Week

Ending Saturday, August 8, 1846.

To the Operative Carpenters and Joiners.—Friends and Fellow Workmen.—When we look around us and behold the splendid buildings that are rising on every side as habitations for the wealthy—combining every comfort and convenience to which the advancements in science can point—when we view our extensive system of railways, with their magnificent termini, and the facilities which they afford for rapid transit and communication, we are impressed with the stupendous results that are obtainable from the combination of our labour with that of our co-workers in the building trades, when directed by competent skill; and when we contrast with these the squalid hovels and pent-up apartments in which the majority of these wealth-producers abide, the question naturally arises—"Why has so little of that power of which the capitalists so well know how to avail themselves, been directed to the improvement of our own condition?"

To the importance of this consideration we are anxious to direct your attention and offer some suggestions as to what we consider to be the chief disadvantages under which we have laboured, and to the means best calculated to remove these disadvantages, and give a permanent prosperity to our future exertions.

We depend upon the demand for our labour in the public market for the means of living; and when such demand is diminished a portion of our number is thrown out of employment and deprived of the power to support themselves and families, thus offering an incentive to the cupidity of avaricious employers to attempt a reduction in the rate of wages.

To remedy this evil it has been usual among all trades to establish an union and co-operation, by which means those who continued employed have subscribed towards the support of their unemployed brothers, to prevent the necessity of their working for a less sum than the average rate of wages, but which means, whilst it palliated the evil, has always been ineffectual to prevent it or afford a remedy.

Another circumstance connected with our trade arrangements is, that they have been constantly associated with public houses, and are thus mixed up with a deteriorating influence that has a tendency to make us poor, and keep us so; and, in addition, has prevented many well-meaning members of the trade from co-operating with their fellow workmen, and thus the double evil has been created, the trade has been weakened in its power for good, and the individuals have been deprived of the protective influence of a Trade Society.

A few of your fellow workmen who have been engaged in the operations of the present Trade Societies having reflected and communed together on these matters, at length determined to take the preliminary steps for the establishment of a Society which should combine in its objects all the advantages of our previous arrangements, and at the same time afford the members of the trade opportunities of associating together apart from the excitements of the public house, for the transaction of business, the cultivation of their faculties, and the improvement of their condition.

In pursuance of this object, a number of the trade met at the Parthenium Coffee-house, in St. Martin's Lane, and resolving themselves into a General Committee for such purposes, proceeded to the consideration of the objects to be obtained and the means for their accomplishment, upon which an entire unanimity prevailed, and a Sub-Committee were appointed to draw up a constitution and laws which should define the nature of the proposed Association.

In the choice of that committee, the previously known business habits of the individuals, was the only consideration—and in thus offering the result of their labours to their fellow-workmen, they are actuated by no motive but a desire for the elevation of the class to which they belong, and an earnest hope for the realisation of that time when the wealth-producer shall also be a wealth-possessor, and the badge of the artisan shall be a passport to respectability.

The following objects are those for which the committee have endeavoured to provide, and for the accomplishment of which they invite the co-operation of their fellow-workmen. They hope that the means will be found practicable, and that the results will be contributory to our mental and moral advancement and independence.

To provide the means, by the erection of premises or otherwise, by which the members of the Association, and their sons or apprentices in the trade, may meet together for the transaction of business, the study of science and literature, and for mutual improvement

To insure support to those members who may be unemployed in the public market, and by profitably employing such members in the production of wealth for the general society, converting that which has hitherto been a burthen and a drag-chain on previous trade societies, into a means of increasing the wealth and permanent prosperity of all the members.

To insure a sum of money at the death of a member, or his wife, and to guarantee a provision against the loss of tools by fire or otherwise.

To establish a depot for the supply of tools to the members at wholesale prices, and upon liberal and satisfactory arrangements.

To establish a library, and assist in the formation of classes for the study of architectural and other sciences.

To promote as far as the increasing means of the society will permit, the health, comfort, and intelligence of its members, and to co-operate as far as practicable with other sections of the working classes who are, or may be, aiming at, and progressing towards, the general advancement of our order.

To accomplish these objects a set of regulations have eeen drawn up with great care. It is intended that the Association shall be constituted on the broad basis of Democracy, so that such alterations as experience in the working of them, or increased intelligence shall dictate, will be easily admissible at any time, and the Committee earnestly solicit the attention and assistance of the thinking portion of the workers to this endeavour to give practical effect to the efforts they are making for improvement in the condition of the people.

At a subsequent meeting of the general committee, to receive the report of the sub-committee, the laws which they had prepared were unanimously adopted, and the society was constituted, the first Monday in August was fixed for a general meeting for the admission of members, and the election of officers. The sub-committee were appointed a committee of management *pro tem.*, and were instructed to forward an address and report of proceedings to such of the public journals as were believed to be favourably disposed towards the objects of the Association.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Committee.

W. J. Young, Sec., *pro tem.*

Spitalfields Branch of the Government School of Design.—Having seen in your *Annals of Industry* notices of mechanics' institutions, and other useful places for the instruction of the working classes, I would beg leave to point out to those of your readers who are interested in such matters, that the "Spitalfields Branch of the Government School of Design," in Crispin-street, is open for the study of drawing and design, and that mechanics and artisans have every opportunity afforded them to perfect themselves in those useful studies. I regret to say that the advantages of this valuable institution are not sufficiently known and appreciated. The school is open five nights a-week, from seven o'clock until half-past nine, and the charge for admission, including paper, pencils, &c., is 3*d.* per week. The masters, Messrs. Walsh and Brown, and their assistants, are extremely anxious upon all occasions to advance the pupils in their various studies; and I think it only requires that the school should be better known, to be better attended. I attend the school myself, and know its advantages, which I trust will be sufficient apology for troubling you with this communication.—Edwin Utley.

The National Temperance Society.—The Executive Committee invite the most cordial co-operation of all the

local committees, and would suggest their applying forthwith, to the office of the society, for speakers and chairmen.—J. MEREDITH, Secretary.

Correspondence.

THE WILDERSPIN SUBSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—Some four weeks back an article appeared in your *Journal* from the pen of Mary Leman Gillies, calling public attention to the claims of Samuel Wilderspin, "the Friend of the People's Children," on the sympathy of the nation at large.

Now it has occurred to my mind, that if every child who is now receiving or has received instruction on the infant system were to subscribe (or their parents for them) one penny towards a Wilderspin Testimonial, a considerable sum might be realised, and perhaps the co-operation of other educational institutions, such as the British and Foreign, and the National, might be solicited; and surely such a testimonial would be more grateful to the philanthropic mind of Wilderspin than one from any other source.

As the idea has occurred to me I thought I would communicate it to you to make what use you choose of.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

July 27, 1846.

[With extreme gratification do we announce from a private source of information of the most authentic character, that

HER MAJESTY

HAS GRANTED MR. WILDERSPIN, AN ANNUITY OF £100.

July 31. ED.]

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR,—You do not know me—I never addressed you before—therefore permit me to introduce myself in a plain way, which is best suited to my station in society. I am a young hard-working man; one who has spent more time over the anvil than the desk. In truth, my hand is better acquainted with hammer shanks than steel-pens, and perhaps I am more familiar with the properties of iron than the parts of speech. In preference to every other plan of reform, it has been mine to choose that plan which teaches us to combat and subdue the evil within ourselves—to rise superior to the petty prejudices which still retain too firm a hold on the minds of men—to break the manacles which fetter men in mental darkness, and to burst forth into open day, where the light of knowledge woos us on from grovelling ignorance to permanent joys and noble pursuits.

A few short years ago I could scarcely write. The best of books possessed no charms for me—men might labour and study, and write, and lecture, for the advancement of knowledge, but they laboured in vain for me. I was a mere nothing among men—an animated machine of labour—nothing better. Things are somewhat altered now—evil practices are forgotten—indolent companions discarded—old haunts are forsaken. I am a wiser and a better man. I have scraped an acquaintance, little by little, with many of the immortal of our time, and while some of them are choice favourites, others tender me sweet sage advice, which is always welcome. I have also acquired some knowledge of the principles—the construction of our language, and this is no burthen even to a blacksmith. I hope you will not consider the following lines unworthy of a place.

Be cheerful, brethren! We'll toil together,
And as we labour on from day to day,
We will not murmur though inclement weather
Should for awhile our onward progress stay.
We will not grieve each other with dismay,
Nor with rude gibings wake each other's ire;
But rather strive to smoothen life's rough way,
As on we wander, thirsting to aspire
Towards those lovely objects which awaken
The noblest energies of human souls!
Soon as our thoughts the proper path have taken,
Seeking that pleasurance which oft controuls
Life's stern realities—Heaven will fire each mind
With love for sacred Right—with Justice for mankind!

The least of us has an important part
To act upon the world's still changing stage:
We, in the tasks assigned us, must engage
With tireless energy—with honest heart!
We will not writhe too wildly 'neath the smart
Which stern oppression sometimes makes us feel.
But work into each others' hands, to heal
Each others' sufferings, and cause depart
The ills which now perplex us. On before
There is a land of promise fair and bright;
The toils we've past can trouble us no more;
The present we must learn to use aright!
Onward! still onward, until we reach the goal
Where Truth, and Love, and Liberty, attract the thirsting soul!

S.

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Although for several months, our Weekly Numbers have been published in London with unvarying regularity on Thursday morning, we have found it difficult to issue them in time to reach *all* our country Agents on the same day. We are now making arrangements, however, that will secure that important point. In the meantime we are enabled to place ourselves one week in advance of our Artists, by the kindness of the

PROPRIETORS OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

who have lent us the design of the *Infant Hercules*, for the present Number.

The next Number will contain a PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF FATHER MATHEW.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, Aug. 15th, 1846.

Free Baths and Wash-houses for the Poor.—We have been favoured with the following "Report from the Committee of the Free Baths and Wash-house for the Poor, Glasshouse-yard, Glasshouse-street, East Smithfield, which have now been open twelve months; and the success attending the experiment has proved two important facts:—First, that the poor are anxious for cleanliness, when the means are within their reach; and, secondly, that the means may be rendered them at a very trivial expense.

"On the first proposition of this Institution, many benevolent-minded individuals doubted the utility of the trial, thinking the very poor so sunk in wretchedness that they would not consider their appearance and personal comfort worth the trouble of improvement, and their filthy state more consonant with their circumstances. The progress of the experiment, however, having proved the contrary, many of those who were lukewarm in their support, or declined rendering their assistance, are now among the most zealous supporters of the Institution. Many of the poor, although unable to procure a sufficiency of food, are found to take an honest pride in cleanliness of person and clothes: the Institution, by encouraging this feeling, has led to more benefit in fitting them to seek for employment, and to obtain sustenance by industry, than if it had distributed its means in mere articles of food.

"It is with just gratulation that the result is stated of the first year's essay of the Institution:—27,622 Bathers, 35,480 Washers and Dryers of clothes, and 4,522 Ironers. This is the best proof of the desire of the poor to be neat, clean, and wholesome, when they can have the requisites; and, as to their acknowledgments, those who visit the building hear the recipients express themselves to the following effect:—'God bless those who give us this benefit! it is the best thing yet that has been done for us, for it makes us feel stronger, and better able to go to seek for work, and more likely to get it, than when we were so very dirty.'

"A glance at the annexed table will show that it has been successfully attempted to combine the strictest economy with the greatest efficiency in the management of the establishment, the working expenses being under 1½*d.* a head, although soap is allowed to each bather; and a portion of soap and soda to each washer of clothes. A testimony of the respect and feeling of those availing themselves of the gratuitous benefits of the establishment is the quiet, orderly, and civil conduct that universally prevails. This, at once, refutes an idea alleged, that an indiscriminate crowd would lead to loss of time in idleness and gossip—on the contrary, there is constant activity, and an evident anxiety to make the most of the opportunity afforded.

"At the commencement of the experiment there were only two baths, and to suit the demand to the means, six persons had to use the same water successively; by greater dexterity, the result of practice, and the addition of two other baths, two or three persons at the utmost were permitted to use the same water; since the erection of two more baths, six altogether, each individual bathing is supplied with pure warm water, soap, and a clean towel, except where members of a family desire to bathe together. The arrangements are also unexceptionable as regards privacy and decorum. This is a most gratifying portion of the institution, as the very poorest may now bathe with as much self-respect, and as effectively, as those in more affluent circumstances, whilst the number must widely spread on the surface of society its great and beneficial effects, both as to health and morals.

"Another feature of this establishment worthy of attention, is the Drying Apparatus of Messrs. Davison and Symington, and its valuable effects. This novel contrivance has answered most satisfactorily, for it not only effectively dries the clothes in a remarkably short time, but likewise ventilates and frees them from the peculiar smell generally issuing from those worn by the very poor: besides, it is believed, by this process, all noxious, morbific, and contagious matters, that may lurk in the habiliments, are effectively decomposed, destroyed, or dissipated. This is a most important subject, and deserves the consideration of those whose duty it is to care for, and promote the public health.

"Limited as have been the means at the disposal of this establishment, it has extended its services beyond the walls of the building, and attempted even more radically to promote universal health among the unfortunate, poverty-stricken denizens at the east of this mighty metropolis. The association has provided whitewash, and lent pails and brushes to those desirous of purifying their humble dwelling-places, and the boon thus offered has been eagerly seized by numbers in the vicinity of Glasshouse-yard. The demand for this assistance is rapidly on the increase; therefore, should the public support, on which the entire institution depends, be afforded, it is fairly to be anticipated that a great, valuable, and important change in the comforts of the poor, and the health of the most densely populated parts of the metropolis will be effected before the expiration of another year; a change likely to prove beneficial, should any pestilential disease unfortunately visit this country. The cost to the association of this valuable but simple operation in the crowded residences of the poor will not exceed sixpence per room.

"Several of those applying to bathe and wash their clothes in Glasshouse-yard are so destitute that their entire clothing is that which they have on; such applicants are provided with gowns whilst they wash, dry, and mend their scanty attire, after which they bathe, and leave the establishment so much improved in personal appearance, as to be scarcely recognised as the same individuals who, a short time before, entered in rags, and covered with dirt. Such pitiable objects possessed no means of paying even the smallest charge, and must have remained in their deplorable state, but for the gratuitous aid afforded them.

"It is worthy of remark, that among the young girls who came to wash in Glasshouse-yard, many, for the first time in their lives, there had the opportunity of using a washing-tub, and have now become expert washers; and it is no unusual circumstance to have applications at the Establishment for washerwomen to wash in families, so that many not only learn a means of useful employment, but are, to a certain extent, obtaining it through the aid of the Association, thus combining with its other objects of utility a novel school of industry.

"This Institution has proceeded on the broad principle of admitting persons of all nations requiring a participation in its benefits.

"Among the many liberal acts of assistance rendered gratuitously to the association, prominently may be noticed, and gratefully acknowledged, the lending of the Eastern Asylum, by the Committee of the Houseless Poor, for the purposes of the Free Baths and Wash-house, and the supply of water by the East London Water-works Company.

"It is hoped that whatever may be done in the laudable attempt to supply baths and wash-houses for those who *can* pay, the condition of those who *cannot* pay even a trifle will not be forgotten, or passed over unheeded. If danger to public health be apprehended from the neglected habits of many of the labouring classes, surely such danger must be increased a hundredfold from those of precarious employment, without any of the comforts of life, and, in a great measure dependent on charity, enforced or voluntary, for their subsistence. In fact, the latter class is the root of the evil, it is the very poor and destitute who first merit our attention, and their example of comfort and cleanliness will create emulation in those a grade higher, who would then more readily avail themselves of proffered benefits at a trifling outlay."

Military Flogging. — The following resolution was agreed to last evening, August 4th, at the meeting of the National Association, 242, Holborn.

"That the punishment by flogging, as practised in the Army and Navy, is disgraceful to a civilised nation, brutalising and cruel to the men who witness and endure it, and inefficacious as a means for the suppression of

vice and crime. That the late cruel and barbarous exhibition of this punishment at Hownslow calls for a strong expression of public opinion, to obtain which it is resolved that a public meeting be held in the Hall on Thursday, August 13th.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—You would not, I am certain, insert any statement in your *Journal*, to which, if it could be shown in the least degree to be incorrect, you would not allow correction.

In your column for *The Week*, in a late No., the writer of remarks upon free-trade and fair-trade asks—when speaking of the article of Tea—"Why is it, when the net price of good black tea is 10*d.* per lb., and the duty not more than 2*s.* 3*d.*, that the public have to pay the retail vendors 4*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*?" Now with respect to the duty your correspondent is nearly right—it being 2*s.* 2½*d.*—but the quotation of 10*d.* per lb. for the prime cost of the article is no standard at all; for although there are now—teas being much cheaper than usual—tenpenny and even ninepenny black, the prices also range as high as 2*s.* 2*d.*, and for choice descriptions even higher—and green teas are, as usual, of even higher value. As my object is simply to correct a misconception, I merely give you these facts, which you will find such, on rightly directed inquiry.

I am, yours,

A READER OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

July 21, 1816

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

"There is no real wealth but the labour of man. Were the mountains of gold, and the valleys of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer, nor could one comfort be added to the human mind.—GODWIN."

MR. EDITOR.—The question of labour, and how to redeem it from thraldom of capital, has of late engaged the attention of the thoughtful among all classes of the community, and various have been the plans proposed by individuals, and parties, for the purpose of accomplishing so desirable an object; the most prominent of which at the present time, is the "National Trades' Association." Now Sir, I am desirous of saying a few words to the readers of your Journal, upon the principles of the "National Trades' Associations for the Protection of Industry" and for the "Employment of Labour in Agriculture and Manufactures." It will be seen at once, then, by turning to the rules and regulations of the "associations," that there are two principles proposed as the means of working out the emancipation of labour entirely distinct from each other; the first, taking two facts, "great facts," as the foundation, viz. that the industrious classes do not receive a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and that for "some years past their endeavours to obtain it, have, with few exceptions, been unsuccessful."

"The main causes," say the directors of the associations, "of this state of things are to be found in the isolation of the different sections of working men, and the absence of a generally recognised and admitted authority, emanating from, and supported by the trades themselves, capable of exercising a centralising and controlling power over the movements of the labouring classes in cases of trades' difficulties, where nothing less than a national unity of action could place them in a condition either to withstand the encroachments, or demand the rights of labour. It is therefore anticipated, that by this organisation each trade will multiply its powers fifty or a hundred-fold, by being enabled to fight its individual battle with the whole strength of the association."

Now if we read the powers and duties of the central committee, we shall see at once that the sole object of the "National Trades' Association for the Protection of Industry" is the formation of a union of Trades upon the largest possible scale, taking it (as they do) for granted, that the causes of the numberless failures in strikes, turn-outs, &c., have arisen through the "isolation of the different sections of working men," and therefore the proposition is "a national unity of action," to "withstand the encroachments on, or demand the rights of labour." Here, then, we see no objection made to the principle of strikes; labour is to be protected; and the way proposed is by the application of a "controlling power," and that power consists of a "national unity of action," and having said this, the "National Trades' Association for the Protection of Industry" are content to rest upon their oars, while around them, upon all hands, thousands of their fellow working men are still struggling in their their "isolation," still expending their hard-earned wages in the useless attempt to conquer that which can never be conquered, but by the application of a principle more certain in its operation, and which is acknowledged, although but dimly seen, by the directors of the association for the employment of labour in agriculture and manufactures. I conclude the first of a few short letters to the readers of your Journal, by promising to take up the principles of both associations, trusting that the examination may lead to the exposure of error, and the establishment of truth.

I remain, Sir, yours

A SHAREHOLDER AND UNIONIST.

June 21. 1846.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, August 22, 1846.

Progress of Mutual Improvement Societies.—It gives us unfeigned pleasure to be able to record a striking instance of the practical benefit of our series of articles on "What is doing for the People?" In one of the earliest numbers of the *Journal*, this was stated to be "our great theme." "In almost any place, great or small, where people are, something is doing to improve and enlighten the mass. All this is admirable and encouraging; but how much more effective would the great amount of energy and exertion which is in existence all over the kingdom become, if they were but put into one common knowledge of, and communion with each other. In what place are not schools, schools of various kinds—evening schools, artizan schools, schools of design, mechanics institutes and libraries, in operation? There are societies for mutual instruction, for procuring books; there are people's reading-rooms and lecture-rooms; associations for garden-allotments, and other associations for mutual benefit . . . . But of all these objects, in order to bring them into one common focus, to make everything that is doing, even in a corner, which is a real advance, be known and done everywhere—we mean to make this journal the medium." We must be excused for thus quoting from ourselves; but now we give the instance of practical benefit. It will be remembered that in one of the early articles of the series, entitled "What the People are doing to educate themselves?" a noble example of self-help and self-improvement was cited in the case of the Leeds Mutual Improvement Society—a society started by a few young working men, and now in a high state of efficiency and usefulness. This example, as described in the *People's Journal*, came under the eyes of some operatives of Halifax; and they were incited at once to follow the example. In a letter from one of them now before us, the writer says—"Having seen in the *People's Journal* a valuable article on the education of the people and the benefits of Mutual Improvement Societies, the success of that at Leeds has induced us to establish one in Halifax. Five of us met on the 8th of June last; we took two rooms, and from five we have now increased to sixty pupils: many more applicants stand ready to join us." We mention this with another view besides that of showing the advantage of giving publicity to "What is doing for the People?" We mention it also to show what an influence a few men of activity and zeal in each neighbourhood might do for the general advancement. One or two energetic workers in any town could, by setting educational means fairly afoot, now render England a highly educated nation. The influence of example propagates itself with wonderful rapidity, and, aided by the press and public opinion, it is enabled to exercise a power almost omnipotent. It will always afford us the greatest pleasure to publish in the *People's Journal* instances such as the above, of "What is doing for the People," or rather, what the people are doing for themselves in the way of social advancement.

City of London Mechanics Institute, Gould-square, Crutched-friars.—On a recent evening, Mr. B. Wale delivered another of his lectures on the genius and writings of Byron and Shelley, in the commodious and elegant hall at the above Institute, the lecture was well sustained throughout, and illustrated by many good selections from Cain, Don Juan, Queen Mab, Childe Harold, a Dream of the Sea, &c., &c. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, the lecture was well attended.

Doings for the People in Sherwood Forest.—Some years ago an itinerant painter settled down with very humble means, to seek a precarious livelihood in the very heart of Sherwood Forest, and was at length patronised by the family of the Scarborough's and other wealthy neighbours, whose estates are within the precincts of the forest. The man was industrious, and now, although a knot of young foresters have risen up "like olive branches round about his table," he may be said to be in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Blest with a happy manner of cultivating their friendship, T—— has roused the easy-minded foresters to a knowledge of their position in society, he has taught them to read the past and present history of their country; and through the retired hamlets of Sherwood, it is now his delight, to cry aloud at every social gathering of the people—

> "Let us aid it, all who can,
> Every woman, every man,
> The good time coming!"

Among other doings for the foresters, Mr. T——, has established "The Edwinstowe Artisan's Library," and in the village school-room the members have their nightly classes for mutual instruction. In the same place, too, they are often entertained with pleasing and useful lectures by their talented and praiseworthy neighbour. It was principally through the instrumentality of T——, that the *literati* of Nottingham were called out to hold a "Sherwood Gathering;" and glorious must have been that meeting beneath the greenwood tree. It is delightful to see the hale, hearty looking man; his face beaming with true English honesty, and his long grey locks flowing upon his shoulders, standing up among the hardy sons of the forest, to tell of their duty to each other, and inciting them in the most energetic manner to good fellowship and genuine patriotism; or at other times, to see Him with his sketch book and other necessaries wending away to the deep recesses of Old Birkland, to paint a view of Edwinstone, for the forthcoming Art Union exhibition at Nottingham. He is one of nature's nobles! and not the only one in Sherwood Forest. Let us not forget the Edwinstowe Ornithologist. By trade a shoemaker, he has found leisure to follow a favourite study. The curators of the British Museum have been indebted to him for rare specimens. What would our learned ornithologists say to a dissertation on their favourite study by a working shoemaker; or to hear familiarly explained the various stages of insect transformation, illustrated by practical observations; and to find, in the possession of the same humble and unassuming individual, a cabinet of the insect world, perhaps not to be equalled in any private dwelling of the rich, or of the learned in England! Yet, such is the fact. At a remote distance from any large town, these aspiring minds have sought out for themselves delightful paths; and music, poetry, painting, ornithology, botany, and the outline of general politics, is as familiar to them as the voice of the wild breeze that murmurs through the glades of Birkland. That these men are esteemed by their rustic neighbours, not a question will arise. They are indeed a blessing to the locality where providence has placed them.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Mr. Editor—A few months previous to my leaving America, I applied, through the columns of my paper, to ladies throughout the Union for receipts for making different articles of food of Indian corn-meal, with the view of presenting them to the people of this country, on my arrival here. This application met a ready response, and experienced housewives, from every part of the United States, sent me receipts, not extracted from books, but penned by their own hands, from their own personal experience in converting corn meal, not only into food for the common people, but into luxuries that would tempt the most fastidious palate. I would now respectfully solicit, through your columns, a medium of communication to your female readers for this culinary offering from their American sisters. They present these receipts with no other motive than that of contributing to the comfort of a great many families in this country, by instructing them in the art of making an almost infinite variety of nutritious and delicate articles

of food of the cheapest and most prolific species of grain that any part of the earth can produce.

ELIHU BURRITT.

Manchester, July, 10, 1846.

Common Journey, or Johnny Cake.—Into one quart of meal stir one pint of boiling water, with salt; spread it on a board an inch thick, and bake it before the fire, or otherwise on an iron over the fire.

*Superior Johnny Cake.**—Take one pint of cream, half a pint of meal, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of wheat flour, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and salt to suit the taste. Bake in a hot oven.

An Excellent Johnny Cake.—Take one quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one tea-cup of wheat flour, and Indian meal sufficient to make a batter of the consistence of pancakes. Bake quick, in pans previously buttered, and eat it warm with butter or milk.

Indian Pound Cake.—Eight eggs; the weight of the eggs in sugar; the weight of six of them in meal; half a pound in meal, half a pound of butter, and one large nutmeg.

Indian Cake.—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, salt, and stiff enough to pour.

Batter Cakes.—No. 1.—Prepare a thick batter by wetting sifted meal with cold water, and then stirring it into that which is boiling. Salt, and when it is lukewarm, add yeast; when risen, bake in thin cakes over the fire. No. 2.—Take some milk, correct its acidity with carbonate of soda, add salt and meal to make a thick batter, and cook as before. No. 3.—Stir a quart of boiling water into the same quantity of meal, add a little salt and two eggs well beaten; cook as before.

Ginger Cake.—One quart of sour milk with carbonate of soda, one quart of meal, one pint of flour, one gill of molasses; add salt and ginger to your taste.

A Corn Meal Cake.—For one pint of meal take one teacup of sweet milk, one up of sour cream, half a cup of molasses or treacle, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half a spoonful of salt; cinnamon, nutmeg, or other spices may be used to suit the taste.

Corn Dodgers.—To one quart of meal pour boiling water till thoroughly wet; add two tablespoonsful of flour; a teaspoonful of salt; mix it well; spread it smooth in a spider or pan; first heat and oil the pan well, then set it on the coals till you can run a knife under and turn it round, then set it up before the fire to roast.

Hoe Cake.—Three tablespoonsful of sugar; three of cream; three eggs; one teacup of buttermilk. Stir in the meal till it is a little thicker than batter, and salt and spice to your liking.

Corn Muffins—Take one quart of buttermilk, three or four eggs well beaten, a small quantity of flour; mix them together, and then make it quite thick with corn meal; add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and salt to suit the taste; butter the pan in which it is baked.

(To be continued.)

WHO'LL BE A SOLDIER?

*An Appeal to the People.**

BY J. B. SYME.

Brothers! who will draw the sword
And in anger smite a brother?
Who will, at another's word,
Raise the wail of wife or mother?
Who will stain with blood the hearth?
Who will blanch the cheek of beauty?
Who will desolate the earth,
If a leader calls it duty?

What's our heritage but toil—
Toil, our strength and spirits blighting?
Let the lordlings of the soil
Fight—if they are fond of fighting.
War's a dark and bloody game,
Ever clouding freedom's morrow,—
Winning lordlings wealth and fame—
Bringing toilers naught but sorrow.

What have we for ages been
But the slaves of frenzied passions?
Combatting with brother men;
Trampling on the hearts of nations;
Striding on with spear and brand
In the wake of conquest's banner;
Clasping battle's reeking hand—
Worshipping its idol "honour."

Let the gaudy plumage wave
On the brow of him who wears it;
Let the blood-encrusted glaive
Grace the brow of him who bears it;
But, by all our bosoms' love,
Age's smile, and childhood's gladness,
Not a hand or foot we'll move
To the field of battle's madness.

Hark! the people's hymns are pealing!—
Not of glory, death, and gore;
Not of steeds and standards reeling;
Not of havoc, hate, and war!—
Glory's baleful star is waning,
Which for ages past has shone,
And the light of peace is dawning,
Soon to blaze a glorious sun.

Home, and all its household treasures,
Form the workman's choicest gems;
These he prizes now, and measures
'Gainst a monarch's diadems.
And, if crowns can only borrow
Lustre from oppressive war,
Those who wear them hence may sorrow,
For the workman fights no more.

* The above receipt was furnished by the Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, brother of the "Martyr," with the remark, "Try it, and tell Lord Morpeth to do the same."

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The Week

Ending Saturday, Aug. 29th, 1846.

Reasons for the Entire Abolition of Flogging.

[*This paper has been published in a less complete form in the daily papers. It was, however, originally intended for the* People's Journal, *and is now revised, and in great part re-written, by the author.*]

1. Because of its uncertainty; arising from, first, the vastly varied bodily powers of executioners; from, second, the humour of commanding officers acting on the powers of the same executioners; from, third, the thickness or thinness of the culprit's skin; from, fourth, the vast difference of nervous sensibility of the culprits; from, fifth, the perpetual variation of the cat from any given standard, in despite of all precautions that can be taken to the contrary. So that, in fact, with all these things telling one way, you may be inflicting punishment equal to 1,000 lashes, by the sentence 100; and *vice versa.*

2. Because there is no tenable ground for flogging men, in a mode illegal, and held offensive to public rights, in the case of brutes. For the only thing that can be said on the other part is this— that man being a moral, and therefore a more responsible being than the brute, his criminality is by so much more odious; and then by so much more deserving of this punishment. But if you say this, then inasmuch as the officer is a more enlightened and responsible man than the private, *his* crimes are so much more odious, and therefore so much more deserving of this punishment than the private's crimes. *His* drunkenness, *his* brawls, *his* duels, should be treated with *the same number of lashes, only it should be in the public forum* instead of in "the square." *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.* But if you will not apply your moral principle to implicate the officer, you must not to implicate the private man.

3. Because it is equally known, and may be judged to be one of the prime promoters of crime in the army. Flog a man, and he invariably flies to drunkenness to drown his shame and wretchedness. And this very drunkenness again leads him into the crime he is constitutionally prone to. But not so only; one drunkard makes half-a-dozen. This time he invites this comrade to join him another time, another; and the very sympathy for him which his flogging has created, leads his comrade to consent, for it is thought unkind to refuse anything that can be done for a man so situated. Thus, not only the man himself is driven to desperation, but he becomes a fountain of infection to others.

4. Because on one great class of criminals to which it is most likely to be applied (the stern and combative), it has not a subjugating, but an irritating effect. The legends of flogging officers shot on the field quite unaccountably, except under the supposition that it was an act of revenge of their own men, make up quite an essential element of barrack-room conversation. And in the convict colonies the number of cases of flogging overseers murdered by the prisoners under their charge, and the executions consequent, is appalling. Now there is no other infliction which can be shown to produce this sanguinary enmity in the culprits punished.

5. Because the worst men are least punished by it. This penal aspect of the matter is a profoundly important one. In fact, if the case for flogging be lost here, it is lost entirely and for ever. Now nothing is more undeniable than that the sensitive, honourable-spirited man *is* crushed by it, whilst the cool and dogged vagabond *backs it off* (as is the military phrase) with the most consummate effrontery.

6. Because it will henceforth, as long as it exists, tend to mutiny. For the soldiery now know that the whole nation is against their officers in this point, and for them. And they will surmise that if, at any time, they insist (which is mutiny) that the sentence of flogging by a court-martial be not inflicted, the nation will stand betwixt them and the extreme of law. And where some favourite comrade is to be punished, at the instance of some "brutish" commanding officer, nothing is more likely than for them to do so.

7. Because of the very offensive character it superinduces upon the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. The officer is taught by having this punishment at his command, to be overbearing and harsh; to remain satisfied to govern by terror.

8. Because there is not above one, (if one) perfectly voluntary executioner of this punishment in every twenty who perform the duty. For instance, one of the farriers in a late case, is stated *by his officer* to be a nervous man, who always punished *lightly*, which is plainly equivalent to punishing unwillingly. *Not to go further than the same trial,* another case was cited of a lad whom the serjeant-major beat and drove through the task. Indeed, all who will take the trouble to converse with these unhappy creatures, will find that they feel most keenly both the inhumanity of the act itself, the scorn of their comrades, and their own self-degradation. Now it is a cruel and infamous wrong to compel any man or lad into such a position. And if military law do indeed necessarily consist of moral wrong—as its advocates here maintain—then away with it off the earth at once. Will Britons submit to owe their safety to such a dastardly protection?

9. Because of its effects on the innocent. When strong men faint in the "square," what must be going on among the women and children, listening to the yells in the barrack-room? But suppose the culprit a husband and father. It is nature's protest given thunder-tongued.

10. Because it actually is done without in other armies; no ill effects to the discipline and operative faculty of those armies following. It is quite idle for the commander-in-chief to instance the reinstitution of the punishment in our Indian army. He only shows a fact, not the necessity of that fact. He seems to have quite overlooked the true statement of the case; viz.—That in our Indian army flogging has been reinstituted to restrain the soldiers from expressing their sense of other wrongs. This is a very singular plea. But if the case were different, so long as a single army is governed virtually without flogging (and there are such), ours, "the best troops in the world," may be.

11. Because military and naval people are public servants, and if they please to take the public money, it must be for doing the public will. From the fifer to the commander-in-chief, their choice of the profession was for the gratification of their own instincts, and their pay and promotion are their wages; for it boots not to call things by too fine names. They have served the public and the public has paid them. If they wish to be continued in the public service, let them do the public work as the public desire it should be done; otherwise there are plenty who will. Indeed if this law were altered in 1846, the candidates for officership in 1847, would be a more elevated class of men. Hundreds of our bravest and highest spirited gentry are kept out of the army and navy by the flogging system. What again can be imagined more absurd than that anything should remain law with the whole people, and the whole army opposed to it excepting a few officers. The proper alternative is for these gentlemen to sell out.

12. Because it is too speedy, terrible, and irreparable a power of injury to be entrusted to any court whatsoever: and especially it is unfit to be entrusted to courts so unscrupulous, imperfect and secret, as courts military and naval. For,

First. It is a well known fact that the very terror of this punishment deters prisoners who think themselves wrongly sentenced, from appealing from the court that sentenced them to a higher authority. Nothing is better recognised in the army and navy, than that just in proportion to the culprit's nonsubmissiveness will be the increase of severity of his punishment: or in the exact phrase of the service, "the more *trouble* he gives the worse it will be for him." But if he dared appeal, in many cases he cannot; a witness on the late inquest at Hounslow, stated that he was tried, sentenced, and punished, *all within five hours.*

Second. This punishment once inflicted, if wrongly inflicted, is irreparable. The degradation of an imprisonment is wiped out by a reversal of the verdict: again, complete compensation can be made for it if proved to be unmerited. But nothing can efface the degradation

of flogging, nor any compensation be made for it, though discovered to have been ever so wrongly inflicted.

Third. It continually *is* wrongly inflicted. It is notorious in the naval and military service, that not a year passes without officers bringing charges against each other of undue and cruel severity towards the men. Colonels Commanding make such charges against their Lieutenant-Colonels; these again against their Captains, &c. &c., and so on perpetually. Both the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, teem with such cases. And these cases are continually substantiated, both by reference to the individual matters, and to the courts-martial of an officer's command for a length of time. Now every one of these cases once substantiated (and they are most numerous) is a declaration that one or several men have been horribly tortured, and infamised, and perhaps put to a lingering unjudicial death, by the capricious brutality of an individual.

13. Because of its direct tendency to produce fatal disease in the physical system. It is very true that a number of army (paid) surgeons pronounce it innocuous to a fatal extent. On the other, just as great a number of army surgeons give the directly opposite opinion. So that if the matter end here, a case is made out of the doubtfulness of its effects; and so of its unjustifiableness. But looking further, we find the opinion of almost the whole body of the medical and surgical professions *among civilians* against it. And then what a very sorry spectacle of a minority does the section of the military medical class supporting it present. Be it observed, moreover, that this objection is *more* to 50 lashes than to 500. For the destruction of the muscular organisation, to which Professor Wilson (the only disinterested referee in the case) attributes death in the late affair, is *more* likely to have taken place by means of the first 50 lashes than subsequently, because it was effected through the power of the nervous system; and that was more forcible during the first 50, than at any time subsequently. But this is not all. It is now professionally and authoritatively announced on the strength of the common practice of the hospitals, and that announcement is not met by one single dissentient voice—*That injuries of the skin of a merely local character, and very limited extent, do certainly and constantly induce fatal pulmonary disease.* Whilst disconnectedly with this investigation, but simultaneously, and as it were by the act of God, a case occurs in the public practice of the country, so strikingly evidential of the general pathological doctrine itself, as to leave it no more questionable by common sense for ever:—a patient dies, notwithstanding all the first-rate medical science can do to avert it, from the injury of the skin of the hands, by burning.

ALEXANDER HARRIS.

The Temperance Movement.—The World's Temperance Convention has now become a matter of history; and no event recorded upon the pages of the past sheds a greater lustre upon the career of man than the assembling together in London of nearly 400 of the wise and good men of the world, to counsel human happiness, and to arrest the progress of that deadly foe—Intoxication. Before it the "glories" of Waterloo and Trafalgar sink into oblivion. The meeting in Covent-garden Theatre was truly a "demonstration," equal to the most life-inspiring scenes of the League's history—and, probably, equally ominous of ultimate triumph. Already the daily and weekly papers have borne to distant parts the reports of the Convention's proceedings. But the most important document is yet to appear, viz. the authorised report, containing all the papers read to the Convention, and the valuable statistics brought together by its members. These will form a text-book for every advocate, and will equal in importance the Parliamentary Report of 1834. Who that has marked the proceedings of the Convention could fail to discover the greatness of the spirit by which it was moved? How every sentiment abhorrent of slavery met with a loud and hearty response! How spontaneous cheers burst forth from every lip when the glories of peace were contrasted with the carnage of war! How the bondage of the white man, as well as of the black, and the fetters of the mind, as well as of the body, were declared to be violations of the will of our common Father! Temperance is truly a soil congenial to the growth of every great and good principle. As drunkenness, on the one hand, is subversive of all that dignifies man; so, the Temperance Movement is the handmaid of everything high and holy. Already a mighty "spiritual growth" has resulted from its genial influences, and there now exists enough of mental and moral stamina, with sufficient zeal, to give a speedy overthrow to the great curse of nations. Witness the Anti-License Movement of America, where it is declared an offence against the laws to traffic in strong drink, except for medicinal purposes, and under the sanction of medical certificates. With this fact before us, to encourage and urge us on, what may we not do in England during the next ten years? And when Great Britain, and Ireland, and America shall have shook off the fetters of Intemperance, the rest of the world will soon experience a moral convalescence. The coming winter, it is hoped, will give evidence of increased activity in every part of the kingdom. And most earnestly is it to be desired, that every advocate of the Temperance cause will look to the *young* in all future operations. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is an old and wise proverb; and the blame rests upon our own shoulders, if we permit the rising generation to be despoiled by that which has ever been at variance with the best hopes and destinies of man. "Young Teetotal England" is our hope—and we must to the work at once.—ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

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Will M., the author of the M.S. on "Co-operation," favour us with his address?

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The Week

Ending Saturday September 5th, 1846.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE FAMILY OF DR. SHERIDAN, LATE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING ADVERTISER."

In consequence of the long and mournful illness of Dr. Sheridan, late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, his family, consisting of a wife and three very young children, have been precipitated into utter want and destitution. Since Christmas last they have experienced severe suffering, having been confined to a single apartment, and occasionally debarred sufficient sustenance.

It is hoped that Dr. Sheridan's public services as Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, a journal which it is admitted, by common consent, rose under his auspices to its subsequent rank and popularity, and in which he strenuously struggled to promote all the great principles considered necessary to the progress of the age and the welfare of the people, will be permitted to constitute a claim on the generous sympathy of society in favour of his now suffering and destitute children.

On being informed of the circumstances, the proprietors of the *Times* immediately forwarded to Mrs. Sheridan a handsome temporary assistance. The *Nonconformist*, not only manifested its sympathy by a generous pecuniary contribution, but also, on the 22nd ult., instituted an appeal, since powerfully seconded on the 8th inst. by the *Bristol Mercury*; while the *Patriot* and *Leeds Mercury*, as portions of the Press, have equally evinced their kind consideration. Many individuals have also come forward in a spirit of the most disinterested benevolence. Yet, notwithstanding, it is to be confessed, the assistance obtained is not adequate to the exigency of the circumstances; wherefore it is humbly solicited that through the present medium such relief may be obtained as shall suffice for an effectual promotion of this work of charity.

Kilmarnock. — Cheap Bread Association. — Some few weeks ago a public meeting, composed chiefly of working men, was held in the Holm-school, to take into consideration the best means of lowering the price of bread. At that meeting a majority were in favour of forming a Cheap Bread Association, and a committee of four was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting, by obtaining all the information in their power regarding associations in other towns formed with the same object, and by drawing up resolutions to be moved at a future meeting to be held as soon as possible. On Thursday, the 6th inst., accordingly, a meeting was held in the Rechabite Hall, at which the chairman of the committee read a letter which he had received from the secretary of the Paisley Cheap Bread Association in regard to the subject. It stated that the share of the Paisley Association was 10*s.*; that the society had been in existence for eighteen years; that for the last twelve years they had been gaining from 40 to 50 per cent.; but that this last year it had approached nearly 60 per cent. The chairman produced a copy of the last year's Paisley Cheap Bread Association statement, which proved this last statement to be correct. The letter also stated that if they could obtain in Kilmarnock about 800 shareholders at 10*s.* a share, they might proceed in their operations with safety. It also stated that they sold their bread to the public generally in Paisley, which was generally one penny on the quartern loaf cheaper than any of the bakers sold it in town. It was moved and unanimously carried, "that this meeting do form itself into a Cheap Bread Association," that the number of shares amount to 1000, that a single share be 5*s.*, and that none be allowed to take more than four shares. A committee of sixteen was appointed to draw out and publish a prospectus and canvass for shareholders. A public meeting was to be called again as soon as was thought necessary. It is pleasing to witness the working-men of Kilmarnock bestirring themselves at this time in helping to bring about that great social revolution which they all are very anxious to see happen; for by uniting together to lower the price of bread they are only causing that revolution to happen the sooner. We wish them all success, and, no doubt, if they unite firmly, they will have it.—A. P. D.

Late Hours in Shops.—The subject to which I would call the people's attention is the present system of late hours in shops. I most earnestly wish some influential and practical men would exert themselves in this cause, and by drawing the notice of the public to the evil, and convincing all of the physical and mental injury produced by the present plan, induce those whose interest is most concerned to unite themselves in endeavouring to bring a better arrangement at once into operation. I would that I had power and mental endowments sufficient to undertake some rousing means in this most necessary alteration, but I can only feel the importance of the call upon humanity and leave to others the remedy. I feel, whilst I write, as if the lives and souls of many were pressing to be saved, and their voices were anxious to be raised, that their present fearful sacrifice of health and time should not be allowed much longer to endure. Shopkeepers themselves acknowledge that the amount of business daily transacted by them might be done in one half the time it at present occupies. They feel it necessary to be on the spot, but cannot engage themselves in any other employment because constantly liable to be called off, and thus many hours are completely wasted idly away; and finally, after the fatigues of business, they are exhausted, and incapable of undertaking any mental improvement.

In many cases there are men and women employed who are upon their feet fourteen hours (and some even more) every day; they are allowed about ten minutes to their meals, and this standing and fatigue too frequently injures the health, and, in many cases, destroys the life of thousands of our fellow creatures.

The fact of the shopkeepers allowing that all might be done in one half the time, would prove that he would be willing enough that it should be so, and the only thing then necessary would be unity of purpose. Most persons object to the idea of Government interfering, and of course any one will perceive that interference upon private arrangements would be disagreeable; but Government is allowed to guard over the health of children in factory towns, and to discontinue the employment of women and children in coal mines; whilst there are evils in the metropolis equally injurious to the health of the women employed, and requiring as much the protecting and reforming hand of Government. It seems to me the subject only wants pushing; it demands, as it were, to be thrust before the eyes of those who from ignorance or laziness have never suffered it to occupy their attention, and that were this to be taken up in the right spirit, the arguments which the able would bring forward for the trial of employing fewer hours upon the struggle for daily bread would have their effect.

FROM ONE EARNEST THOUGH SUFFERING.

Silk and Blonde Trade. — Nottingham.—Sir—Permit me through the medium of your valuable journal, which appears to me to advocate the working man's cause, to indicate the real position of the workmen engaged in the *fancy silk blonde trade*. The price for making warp silk blonde on a treddle machine is 8*d.* per rack yard. If a man work a rotary machine, and his hard earnings are not exacted from him in the shape of rent, &c., according to the subjoined list, still his fate is equally bad, for he is paid considerably less for making the work.

	£	s.	d.
24 yards at 8*d.*	0	16	0
Rent per week	0	2	6
Standing	0	0	9
1*d.* per yard to the second man, for taking it to the warehouse	0	2	0
Needles and mettle	0	0	7
Tallow or gas	0	0	6
Coal, oil, and shop cleaning	0	0	6
Discrepancies in work, generally unavoidable	0	0	2
Mending	0	1	6
Total weekly expenses	0	8	6
Total weekly earnings	0	7	6

It is a query with me whether a workman averages more than twenty-two yards per week, the latter is more likely to be the true case; therefore, the weekly earnings of a workman in the blonde trade is 6*s.* 2*d.*, and for making an article which has never been superseded, nor likely to be

at present. Some of the masters take full charges when there is only half work or no work at all. Again:—bits of spoiled work are sent back, no matter by whom nor by what means the work is spoiled, the workman has to pay for it at the rate of 3s. or 4s. per ounce, and if he dare appear dissatisfied, he has notice to quit his degrading and pauperising situation.—V. J.

Penny Exhibition of Art at Liverpool.—I may mention that the plan of opening exhibitions of paintings to the working classes was tried here at the exhibition of the Liverpool Academy for 1845, and succeeded *extremely well:* several thousands of the people flocking to the exhibition, where they were admitted on payment of a penny each. Catalogues were also printed for the people at a penny each. I am convinced that this step (which is exactly what your contributor seems anxious for the London exhibitions to take) having already been taken in Liverpool, is not known among you: would the metropolitan societies be more likely to take it after this, or do they object to *follow*, even in a right direction?—I am, sir, your's respectfully, R. B. H.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Sir—The grouping together of the spinning-jenny interests of our country, as represented in the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, has caused the factory population to assume a prominent position. Some eighty years ago every village maintained its blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, glover and gaiter-maker, house cloth-weaver, &c.; at which period the weaver and spinner performed their part of the social contract of society in a similar manner to that of the shoemaker and tailor of the present day; but the application of the mechanical genius of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and others, to the machinery for the manufacturing of cottons and woollens, &c., has brought with it a change in the local position of the village spinner and weaver. I still find the shoemaker and blacksmith, but when I enter the village I ask, where is the village weaver? and am answered that I must seek him in the large towns, where he helps to form our great manufacturing interests, so called. Some of the prominent features of such concentrations are immense and rapidly acquired fortunes to the industrious and persevering of the master class. A Rochdale manufacturer, who is now a member of Parliament, and represents an agricultural county in the north of England, stated in a speech addressed to a meeting composed chiefly of badly paid agricultural labourers, that his father was at one time as poor a man as any working man that stood before him. That same manufacturer is now one of a rich, and, as the popular saying is, a respectable firm. He makes lengthy speeches in the House of Commons, and is altogether a very important man. The venerable and respected John Fielden, Esq. M.P., is another apt example, and hundreds of others whose names I might mention, if necessary. Another effect of such concentration is the great power of the factory operatives. They stand out from the rest of society and cry "look here, we are important; travellers write of our large towns and descant on our manufacturing wealth; members of Parliament speak of our great manufacturing interests; commissioners report the condition of our factory population." Limitation of the hours of labour by Act of Parliament, is alike important in the cabinet and cottage; it is a question for the hustings and the press.

I have no desire to detract from the importance of our manufacturing population, on the contrary, I am pleased to think that one branch of our great industrial army commands attention, but after all it is but a branch of the great whole. Had the improvements of machinery been applied to the production of boots and shoes, instead of weaving and spinning cottons, &c., boot and shoemaking would have been viewed as our great manufacturing interests, and the consumption of home and foreign hides would have been as fertile a subject of calculation as imports of raw cotton and exports of manufactured goods now are; while, on the other hand, the village weaver and spinner would have been as little known and their interests as little reasoned on as the village shoemaker or blacksmith of the present day.

Few errors are more popular, and none more erroneous, than the common notion that one interest is more important than another interest. All skill which adds to the welfare and happiness of society is necessary, and therefore honourable. One trade may give employment to 1000 hands, another to 10,000, both are parts of one great whole. The scavenger who serves society by sweeping a crossing adds to the comforts of his fellow man, and, instead of being treated as a mendicant, merits, so far as his labour is concerned, the respect and consideration of society as much as the skilled jeweller who decorates a crown, or the tasteful embroidress whose skill adorns the dresses of a court. The opinion that one battalion of labour's army is more important or more aristocratic than another, like many other popular errors, is doomed to disappear.

As knowledge progresses, the people will learn to form a just estimate of themselves. "Man, know thyself," is an old and wise recommendation. Such a knowledge will destroy the class sectionalisms that now exist among the working classes, and with it they will become their own commissioners, report their own condition, reason on the remedies for the wrongs they suffer, commingle together like brethren courting the opinions and aid of all good men, knowing that to reason is to learn, and to act wisely the results of calm and deliberate investigation of the past, and hope and faith in the future.

A Glasgow Operative.

[The author of the above writes us,—"I am a working man; when I write it is at the close of a long and very often fatiguing day's physical labour," &c.]

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.

The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an Appendix.

Notices.

To Correspondents. — The lady who addressed us on the subject of the Women of the Working Classes will see that her suggestion has been anticipated.

A note for the author of *To a Blade of Grass* lies at Messrs. Bond and Hardy's, Huddersfield.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready; also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, September 12th, 1846.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

SIR—I, in common with thousands of my fellow-workmen, highly appreciate your unpretending yet valuable *Journal*, more especially that portion, the *Annals of Industry*—the only two pages out of the whole press of England which records the industrial and social transactions of six millions of men: a fine idea was that which conceived the design of writing the Annals of Industry, those little notices of one trade being on strike here to preserve a few temporary privileges; another trade, there, making its first endeavours at the co-operative principle, to win permanently its complete emancipation—have stimulated many minds into action that were before sunk in an utter hopelessness. "But what is to be done? What plan is to be adopted?" is the universal inquiry. I apprehend there is but one answer to these questions: —*Make but a small beginning earnestly, and a plan will gradually unfold itself.*

We were lately informed that the Carpenters of London had begun; this week I may give the information that the *Upholsterers* of London have been going on these two years. They have surmounted the first difficulties, secured their first step, and are now pausing, preparatory to taking a second one; and from the commencement of the working of the new principle until now, they have found that of the three elements of success, *it is not so much capital as energy, nor so much energy as discretion, which is wanted.* It would be useless and uninteresting to detail the circumstances which caused this movement among the Upholsterers; it will be sufficient to say, that a consciousness of there being much evil in present arrangements, and an aspiration after something better, was the ultimate cause.

The Upholsterers' Institute, for that is the name of the organisation, began two years ago with twenty-five members; it now numbers seventy—about the fourth part of the whole trade in London. There are now upwards of 100*l.* in the funds; they have a yearly ticket in the art-union; a share in a building-society; a library of 120 volumes besides periodicals, and this is a department they are making strong exertions to enlarge; there is a drawing-class in the winter months; there are lectures delivered occasionally upon chemistry, phrenology, biography, poetry, and general literature; a new feature has just been added, which is the reading of essays on various subjects, and the discussion of questions concerning civil rights and duties, the relationship of capital and labour, the circumstances which determine the rate of wages and profits, and others of that description of subjects which are thrusting themselves upon the attention of working men. The objects of the Institute, as taken from the printed rules, are as follow:—"For the mutual benefit and improvement of its members, by combining the advantages of a trade society with those of a literary association." And what are these combined advantages? The advantages of a well-conducted trade society are many: if the power which it gives be used wisely, it in some degree prevents a decrease of wages, and when time and circumstances permit, accelerates their rise: the giving support to members out of employment is a great benefit to the unemployed; it also prevents them from throwing themselves headlong into the labour market to compete with the employed, and thus indirectly contributes to keep up wages: then the advantages of a literary association—they make men sober and reflecting; they create morality and foster intellect; they give knowledge, and knowledge gives the working man power to combat and avoid evil; knowledge gives him judgment and foresight to seize upon favourable circumstances, and it more than anything else breaks down the prejudices which the non-working classes have conceived against him. Now the Upholsterers' Institute has proved that a trade society and a literary association can not only be carried on together, but carried on more effectively together than if they were apart; books and periodicals, even if they are not read, command a kind of respect; when men are surrounded by them, they feel that it is out of place to have the same noise and wrangling which is an unfailing characteristic of meeting in a public house: the consequences are, that there is more judgment, more pleasure, and more comfort in transacting the business of a trade society when that business mingles with the affairs of a literary association. And there is one important consideration to be attended to here; mere literary associations amongst working men are generally weakly supported—many of them short lived—while trade societies frequently exist for half a century. How is this? It is because working men feel that the benefits of a literary association are remote, while those of a trade society are immediate; thus there is less motive to action in the one than there is in the other. Trades' societies have spent nearly 4,000,000*l.* upon strikes, while literary associations among the same class have not spent a hundredth part of the sum; yet the permanently beneficial results of the latter are incomparably greater than those of the former. We have paid too much for the benefits of trades' societies, because of the want of the requisite knowledge to conduct them well. When a trade and a literary society are combined, the permanent character of the one is secured with the wisdom-giving character of the other.

The members of the Institute are fully aware of the advantages which would accrue to them from having premises of their own in a suitable locality. Their attention is firmly fixed on this object, and as soon as their pecuniary means allow they will take this step, and it would afford them the highest delight and satisfaction to take it in concert with their fellow-workmen in other trades; but if there is no other trade ready or willing to thus draw together the elements of a public trades' hall, they will endeavour to do all that an isolated attempt can do towards such an object, although conscious that it will fall far short of what a co-operative attempt would do. And what is implied in having a public trades' hall? Much—more than anyone at first sight would suppose. Had we a trades' hall now, the present attempt of the boot and shoe makers at co-operation would be rendered doubly effective; if they held their meetings in the same building with several other trades, all connected by a federal committee, they would have ten hundred more customers to support them. The building societies which have sprung up in the metropolis lately will put it in the power of thousands of working men to have houses of their own to live in, and what is more feasible than that the operatives of the building trades should rear these houses for their fellow-workmen; the capital is ready—it has been raised by co-operation—and why should the work not be done by co-operation? It only requires a few simple arrangements, not more complicated, perhaps, than many of the large capitalists have to make, to carry on their concerns; but it is clear that no arrangements can be made, nor plan developed, until the most active and intelligent among the various trades have a rallying point. A trades' hall would be this point; it would be the means of giving them a knowledge of each other, of their wants and wishes, of their capabilities to realise those wishes; it would bring mind into contact with mind, new ideas would be emitted, and no good opportunities at co-operation would be lost. The distance between the present state of things and a state of things to be desired is too much for one day's march. We must proceed by inquiry and experience, securing one step before we take another; our schemes have hitherto failed because we have aimed at more than we have had the means of accomplishing, because we have neglected trifles in our desire after great things. It is an exploded doctrine that political liberty in this country can be won by a *coup-de-main*; it must follow in the wake of public opinion. So with social equality; that idea must be thrown into the crucible of the national mind, working its way into the national literature, and intertwining itself with the every-day thoughts of the people—then, after a hundred intermediate steps, will co-operation be established.

Co-operation can begin nowhere more consistently than in trades' societies; their implied object is "the produce of labour for the labourer,"—they have as yet fallen far short of that object, and they will never attain it, they will never put their immense capital and energy

to a proper use, until they leave public-houses, and establish among themselves classes, lectures, and libraries. This is not a Utopian scheme; *at least, it* IS *Utopian among topers and smokers*—but it is NOT Utopian among men who are earnest when they say they are wishful to improve their condition—it was Utopian among the Upholsterers five years ago, but it is reality now.

There is, however, some difficulty attending this step—it requires much foresight, judgment, and energy; after having considered it well, and entered upon it, there must be no speculation about abstractions, those cabalistic and, in many men's mouths, unmeaning words—democracy, humanity, liberty, equality, and benevolence—which so frequently mar good strategetical movements, must be guarded against; there is no rational benevolence or humanity when the dictates of common sense are set at defiance. In a young society, struggling against prejudices and difficulties, your abstract speculator is a positive nuisance, and it is lucky if he does not prove something worse. In all movements, there must be a combination of speculative and practical ability, but speculation must be confined to the closet, and practice to the field. It is often the case that individuals, by dint of much talking, with a reputation for being well-meaning men, gain the confidence of a society, and get promoted into situations requiring much forcsight and decision: but as these qualifications have long ago been evaporated in talk, the administration of such individuals results only in a dissipation of the energy and funds of the society; then comes the bungling excuse of the ignorance and unpreparedness of our fellow-workmen. There is another sort of character which generally contrives to make itself conspicuous in a society—that is the cavilling, carping fault-finder; nothing is ever exactly right with him, and he never *tries* to make anything right; but ever appealing to the self-love and prejudices of the members against those who, for the time being, are in office —this begets recrimination, so faction begins and union ends. Let working men, while taking a progressive step, beware of these (besetting sins), and be assured that where there is conviction there is capital and energy—these, guided by discretion, will accomplish any possible thing. When we have trades' halls to deliberate in, and journals to spread these deliberations, then we shall have a new *Industrial Organisation.* P.

Upholsterers' Institute, 29, Great Marlboro'-street.

SIR—Should the following poem (the production of an hour snatched from the loom) be deemed worthy of a place in your excellent journal, you will much oblige yours, &c., G. HALL.
(The weaver-bard of Coventry.)

THE ORPHAN EMIGRANT.

Sister, a parting kiss
From thy young lips so fair;
And think, oh, think! that this
May be the last we share.
Ere next ye meet in youthful play,
I may be dying far away.

But sister, come with me
To where yon flow'rets wave;
There, 'neath the spreading tree,
There is thy mother's grave.
And there thy father, too, doth lie;
There, would to God that I might die.

And know, oh, sister dear!
Of want thy mother died!
I saw a trickling tear
(When last for bread we cried)
Roll silent down her pale, thin cheek,
And never more did mother speak.

Methinks I feel her now
Smooth down again my hair.
And kiss my youthful brow,
When darken'd o'er with care,
And speak the word that soothes our woe
A mother only knows to show.

My father, too, I see,
With sad and tearful eye;
He beckons unto me,
And tells me he must die;
He bids me fly the tyrant knaves
That fill'a land with pauper-graves.

Sister, when years roll by,
A woman thou wilt grow,
And love's warm thrilling joy
Will in thy bosom glow;
Then come thou to thy mother's grave,
And say if thou wilt wed a slave.

Here, on this spot we part,
And if no more we meet,
Still let thy throbbing heart
With fondness for me beat;
And say, if some should ask thee why,
Thy brother would not basely die.

Coventry, August 17, 1846.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

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We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an APPENDIX.

Notices.

To SUBSCRIBERS — The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready; also

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

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Contributions Declined with Thanks.—Death; On Seeing the Portrait of Richard Cobden in the *People's Journal;* Connubial Love; Man's Mission; Stray Thoughts; G. Parry; Verses on the Free-trade Triumph; A Word for the Poor; Clara's Confession; On the Sherwood Gathering; A Tale for the Children of the Aristocracy; Friendship; Stanzas; Life and Death; The Artisan; Yon Bond of Peace; Lines to the Poet of the Nineteenth Century; The Past and the Future; Letters on Phrenology, by A Dreamer; Ode to Spring; Ode on a Summer Morning; The Legislator; Unequivocal Loan Association; Precepts for Young People; Passages in the Life of Ephraim Jenkyns; The Gold Snuff Box; Man's Work; Adieu, adieu; The Stream; Avance; Human Advertisement; Contentment; Railway Surveyors at Naseby; Blush, Britons, for your Country; The Voice; Sonnet; Old England; Massacre; Changes.

W. E. W. is informed that Mr. Fox's Lectures have not yet been resumed, or the reports would have appeared as before in the *People's Journal.*

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by JOHN BENNETT, at THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, may be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, September 19th, 1846.

Aberdeen Trades.—Your readiness to allow working men to speak for themselves on measures they believe calculated to ameliorate the condition and advance the moral position of the working classes are duly appreciated in this northern latitude. Although you may not approve of all the details of the union of which I now give you notice, still it is hoped that the advancement of the main principle of co-operation among all trades will be satisfactory to you. Among towns which have been foremost in the cause of union, Aberdeen has steadily held a place, as is testified by the many and healthy trades' unions which it has reared and continues to nourish; yet, although a large portion of the working classes in this locality are thus in a position vigorously to maintain their ground, the majority remain "without strength," and in a lamentable state of disorganisation. Mainly on behalf of the latter a union has within these few weeks been set a-going, which although yet in its infancy, already casts the shadow of its coming utility.

The idea of a "Union of Trades' Unions" was taken from the "National Trades' Association," on the formation of which an attempt was made here to arouse the working bodies to a sense of the benefit of such an institution, but without success. The principle has again, however, been agitated, and there is every reason for believing that the efforts of its projectors will be rewarded with the most gratifying results. The bodies who have already given their support to this union are—masons, moulders, shoemakers, joiners, causeway-block-makers, ropemakers, printers, bakers, boilermakers, and sawyers, whose delegates meet monthly, representing upwards of 600 individuals.

The principles for which these delegates meet will best be expressed by an extract from their rules, where the object is declared to be—"1st, To cultivate feelings of unanimity and mutual good-will among all classes of working men, until unity of sentiment and unity of action become co-extensive with that unity of interest which belongs to labour. 2nd, To draw forth the sympathy and co-operation of every body of working men in Aberdeen, and systematically to apply the same in the redress of grievances betwixt employers and employed, either by pecuniary aid, or such other means as may appear best calculated for the accomplishment of that object."

For the proper carrying out of these objects, a committee of two delegates from each trade has been appointed, who meet monthly for the transaction of business. When a strike takes place (which must always be the last resort for the redress of any grievance), a voluntary subscription will be opened throughout the whole trades in connection with the union, which will be applied in supporting the aggrieved portion.

Some may ask on perusal of the foregoing, why have the Aberdonians confined themselves to a local union, when by joining the United Trades' Association, under the presidency of Mr. T. S. Duncombe, they might have had the benefit of a national union conducted on much the same principle? The best answer that can be given is, that the establishment of this union was not prejudice against the National; it will rather be found to occupy the position of a pioneer to that association. Many persons in this quarter are of opinion that a better state of organisation among the individual sections of the working bodies than at present exists is necessary, so as to ensure the proper working of a national union of trades' unions; and, indeed, some of the trades in a more advanced state of organisation have declined connecting themselves with that union on this account, but have cheerfully given their influence in favour of the local union, in the hope that that object may be accomplished by it. It must be borne in mind, at the same time, that bodies may connect themselves with both unions, and, indeed, I believe some of them have already followed this course.—A CORRESPONDENT.

Trade in Glasgow.—Trade has been in the way of improving here. In certain descriptions of hand-loom weaving there has lately been an advance of from ten to twenty per cent.; but the lawn and cambric fabrics continue very dull, and no appearance of an advance. The bakers of Glasgow have got an advance of wages, and a reduction of six hours per day in their labour; and, besides this, their wages are paid in money, instead of partly in money and partly in provisions, as formerly. Their working hours are now ten hours per day. The same regulations are being adopted in Edinburgh, Paisley, and other towns. These are pleasing indications that the working classes are beginning to assume their proper place in society; but I am sorry I cannot say so much for the master-bakers of Glasgow. By their union they are keeping the bread dearer here than in any other part of the kingdom: the 4 lb. fine loaf is 8*d.*, while it is only 7*d.* in Edinburgh, Paisley, and other towns this month past. If the working classes do not co-operate, they will experience as little social improvement from commercial reform as they have from political reform. The advantages will be all swallowed up before they reach the working classes. There is, therefore, no hope for us but in our own co-operative exertions. When we are wise enough to work for ourselves, we will get an equitable share of the wealth which we produce; and those who are now our masters, will become willing to co-operate with us as brethren of one great family.—SAMUEL WELLWOOD.

Short Hours—The Operative Bakers.—By advertisement, both private and public, the operative bakers of this city recently warned their employers that, unless by the 8th of the current month they should agree to limit the working hours within five o'clock in the morning and five in the evening, they (the employed) should forthwith strike work. The result, we understand, has been that a large majority of the master bakers have yielded to the demand, and have practically established a regulation that from five to five shall henceforth be the working term of the day. This, including meal hours, has reduced the hours of work to about ten or eleven, and we understand that some of the masters have declared that they have not in any degree suffered by the reduction. Some ten or twelve masters still hold out, and some nineteen or twenty operatives are thus out of employment.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

Kilmarnock (September 2, 1846).—The skinners and tanners in this town have been suing these two weeks for a rise on their wages. The carpet manufacturers have granted their men the rise on the Scotch or Kidderminster carpets for which they have been suing these few weeks past. It is reported that the carpet-weavers throughout the kingdom are making all the exertions in their power for raising the prices of the Brussels' carpets 1*d.* on the yard. The strike of shoemakers (noticed in No. 27) is settled. The men working in several shops were obliged to give in, while the other men were more fortunate, having either got work in fair shops, or settled with their old masters. The committee of the Cheap Bread Association have issued a prospectus, calling on the public to come forward, and form themselves into the association, as it would have most beneficial results. There is, however, a complete laxity shown on the part of the public (to their shame be it said) with regard to the subject, and scarcely any shares have as yet been taken out. We look forward with interest to the fate of this society.—A. P. D.

Flogging and the War System.—The remarks of Mr. Fox Maule, in the House of Commons, respecting the death of the soldier Frederick John White, will not be without their effect upon the country. After a most patient and searching investigation, the coroner's inquest has terminated unsatisfactorily to the military authorities, and offered a complete refutation to the bold assertion of the secretary-at-war. A further impulse has been given to this matter of notoriety by the large and enthusiastic meeting in Exeter Hall, which has ended in the formation of the Flogging Abolition Society. Shall the brutality, so well exposed by the chairman, T. Wakley, Esq., be any longer tolerated? Shall fifty lashes be the *maximum*, and increased frequency of punishment the consequence? Shall it continue to be exercised on men who are lauded in the hour of danger as the avengers of thei (so called) country's wrongs, and in time of peace are

lashed into obedience, in open day, almost within hearing of the legislature, and at a short distance of the world's metropolis? Forbid it Englishmen. While attempts are being made in high quarters to soften down this living atrocity, which not only degrades the men who are punished, but brutalises those who witness the cruelly revolting scene—where those of sterner frames faint away, while officers, with folded arms, and screwed-up nerves, look on with indifference, an infliction is practised on God's image, which the laws of civil society will not permit to be exercised on brutes; surely, while this inhuman degradation is so frequently inflicted, and for the most trifling offence, it does become the character of Christian Englishmen to try the lever of public opinion in an effort to rid the country of that long catalogue of crime and unbearable inhumanity denominated war, of which flogging is an adjunct. Will the people of this country continue longer lightly to esteem that precious life which their great Creator has given them to employ to his glory, their own happiness, and the comfort of those around them, "and who has made of *one* blood all nations of men," &c. This cruel and iniquitous system of war, alleged to be necessary for the protection of our native land, and even essential to our existence as a power amongst the nations, is not only a daring violation of the rights and liberties of mankind, but as contrary to the professed Christianity of the country, as the opening of the morning dawn to the blackness and gloom of midnight.—H.

The File Trade and the Medical Charities.—We are happy to learn that, on the recommendation of their committee, the file trade have very liberally voted to the Infirmary the sum of 100*l.*, and to the Dispensary 50*l.* The seasonable aid thus gratefully rendered to the institutions from which the working classes have derived so much advantage, will be very acceptable, as there is great necessity for augmenting the funds of both institutions. We trust that the file trade will not be allowed to stand alone, but that their example will be extensively followed. —*Sheffield Independent, Aug.* 8.

The Decline of the Drama.—At a time when the two principal theatres in the kingdom are virtually dead to the pure British drama, and publications favourable to the art are universally deploring its decline, it behoves us to endeavour to trace out the cause of this deterioration in the public taste.

And the most prominent fact that strikes us, on a review of this subject, is that the drama—the true legitimate drama—has entirely deserted the theatres frequented by the highest class of society, and descended—if descent it is—to such places as are supported by those who only can afford to pay out of their small earnings but a small sum for admission, after the day's toil, to see the ennobling creations of genius to be found in our standard drama.

How can we account for the noble attempt of Macready lately to re-establish the legitimate drama at one of our national theatres failing, whilst at a place like Sadler's Wells we see the artisan and his wife listening to the beauties of our poets, and supporting, by their hard-earned mite, a combination of high talent, and this surely to the disgrace of our aristocracy, who, while they throw away guineas to see an hour's pirouetting, and hear the singing of some favoured Taglioni or Grisi, cannot give shillings to see the brightest gems of their own much-bepraised, much-bevaunted Shakspeare?

Is it that true intellectual drama is in future to be supported by that mighty engine for good or for evil, as educated or ignorant—that power whereat the proudest of the misnamed "God's anointed" must bow in reverence, as to a power in reality God-anointed, created by him to carry out the great purpose of his will—the people? It is one great sign of the times that the trust reposed in the privileged ones of the land—the hereditary rulers of the masses—born to toil not, but to live by the sweat of the workers, has by them been broken; that they have failed in their avowed purpose of teaching the people the road through life; and that, like a tree rotted to the core, they are gradually falling of their own corrupt weight; while the despised serfs, as they become more educated, and consequently nobler, higher of purpose, more intellectual, and better capable of governing themselves, shall spring up—a young and healthy sapling—enriched by the very rottenness of the old system, which has too long lain, like an incubus, on their strugglings after life and light.

If this be the true cause of the decline, as it is called, of the drama, what an additional spur to all workers in the cause of humanity to go on and prosper in their career of exertion in the cause of mankind! and what a stimulus to the people themselves, to find that they, instead of the exclusive few, are in future to be the supporters of genius, and to urge them to add their own exertions to those of their teachers, to make themselves capable of the highest of all tasks—self-government, and endeavour by acts of true greatness—not by violence—to conquer the system of oppression which has too long disfigured this otherwise happy and beautiful England. J. W. H.

Letter to Dr. Smiles.—Hull, August 3, 1846.—Dear sir—I received the parcel, and note inclosed, as also No. 30 of the *People's Journal.* You are right, I do take it; to use an homely phrase, "I had need." I send it to a poor country shoemaker, eighteen miles from Hull, and he reads it to his neighbours, one a week; and I sometimes think I am better for the good wishes they send me. It would almost amuse you to know the history of this *People's Journal.* I can send six numbers for the same price (2*d.*), by the carrier, as I can send one; so, of course, I send six together. Well, this village shoemaker imitates the north-country clergyman whom the post used only to visit once a week, and though he got six papers together, he only read one per diem to his neighbours; so the *People's Journal* is used—except, say one per week. —Your's truly, John Peck.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, September 26th, 1846.

The Temperance Movement.—There is no error operating upon the public mind that is more prejudicial to the progress of teetotalism, than the supposition that medical men, as a body, do not approve of it. Such a misapprehension is common to a large mass of our population; and it chiefly arises from the fact that they do not discriminate between the *dietetic* and the *medicinal* use of alcoholic fluids. Because the doctor prescribes for the sick man a glass or two of port wine daily, we are not, therefore, to infer that the same prescription applies to the man in health, but rather the contrary: not an article of the *Pharmacopœia* but might be presented for *dietetic* use, if such an inference in the case of wine might be permitted. The doctor has ordered A., who is debilitated, to take a solution of *quinine and vitriol;* therefore B., C., and D., who are hale and hearty, do the same; their plea is—"The doctor recommended it!" As a general rule, it may be said, that that which in disease acts as a medicine, in health operates as a poison. No medical man will dispute this theory. Medical opinion is certainly not unanimous upon teetotalism; and it would be strange were it so. Strong drink is sufficiently potent to influence both doctors in divinity and doctors in physic; and many of them have paid dearly for their experimental philosophy in relation thereto. I assert, however, and can prove, that a vast preponderance of enlightened medical opinion is entirely in favour of teetotalism, as a rule of health and long life. The public are deeply indebted to the energetic labours of John Dunlop, Esq., who has done much to embody the opinions of living medical men upon this matter: and various certificates, signed collectively by many hundreds of physicians and surgeons, might, without difficulty, be produced. The following, which has just been signed by many of the great *teachers* of physiological, medical, and surgical science, is an all-sufficient answer to those objectors who, perhaps, are too ready to palm upon the doctor the responsibility for their own mistaken notions:—

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, are of opinion—1st. That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic, or fermented liquors as beverages. 2nd. *That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.* 3rd. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually, after a short time. 4th. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors, and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.

Signed by—

Richard Bright, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.
Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., F.R.S., Sergeant-Surgeon to her Majesty.
Sir Wm. Burnett, K.C.H., M.D., F.R.S., Physician General to the Navy.
W. F. Chambers, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen and Queen Dowager.
Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty and Prince Albert.
John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen's Household, Physician to Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge.
Wm. Augustus Guy, M.B., Cantab., Professor of Forensic Medicine at King's College, London.
C. Aston Key, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert.
P. M. Latham, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.
Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., L.L.D., Director General of the Army Medical Department.
J. A Paris, M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians, London.
Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., Lecturer on Materia Medica and Chemistry at the London Hospital.
Erasmus Wilson, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., London.

And about Fifty Others.

Let it never be said hereafter that medical opinion is against total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. And let those who have hitherto allowed an *imaginary* medical verdict to influence them, display a becoming readiness to be guided by that which, indeed, is *substantial.*

ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Sutton Waldron, Shaftesbury, Aug. 26, 1846.

MR. EDITOR—The title of your journal is the *People's.* Now, previous to the establishment of this paper, there had been so many claimants upon the pockets of the public constantly arising, and invariably purporting to be for the public's own good, which turned out ultimately so many catchpenny concerns, that I, in common with several friends, thought myself justified in ranking your periodical with the common horde. I think, however, now, that your journal has given sufficient guarantee for its stability and permanence, not only in the galaxy of talent whose contributions adorn its pages, but also in the genuine utility and uniform moral tendency of the articles that have from time to time appeared. And as your journal is, *par excellence,* the *People's Journal,* it is, I should imagine, open to the appeals of all classes of society. This, then, Mr. Editor, is the reason of my thus publicly addressing you; for my wildest literary day-dreams never carried me the absurd length of supposing that my lowly lucubrations were worthy, in a literary point of view, of a place beside the contributions of the stars among the forces of the *People's Journal.*

And now, Mr. Editor, look to my subscription, and you will see in whose behalf I am making this appeal. It is the subscription of a humble yet zealous follower in the glorious cause of education. It is that of one who has long been enrolled among the honourable body of the people's instructors; and thus you perceive his appeal is essentially selfish. But it cannot be helped. People suppose that a carpenter, a bricklayer, a mason—in short, a workman or tradesman of any sort—may easily be wronged; but nobody seems to contemplate the possibility of the national schoolmaster being wronged. It is so, however. There is, perhaps, hardly any class of men subjected to such an amount of contemptuous neglect as is the class of teachers. And this neglect is the more acutely felt, by the individuals composing that class being generally of a highly sensitive temperament, and, therefore, keenly susceptible of a slight, rendered the more galling in many cases from it being altogether undeserved. No effect, however, arises without a cause; and there must have existed cogent reasons to produce this general insensibility to the natural claims of the educator. Let us briefly consider the causes which have contributed to it.

The chief claim of the schoolmaster to his office has hitherto been his utter incapacity for any other. "Was there," says Mr. Heraud, "a bankrupt tradesman ruined by his own folly, or a sordid shopkeeper who had overreached himself in the pursuit of gain, and become insolvent, or a disappointed annuitant who found it at last needful to do something for a living—the common resource, the *dernier ressort,* was a school, not as a legitimate means of profit, but as a vile and loathed succedaneum for something deemed more honourable: to school-keeping, as the forlorn hope, the reluctant exile from all the other walks of life betook himself, as his only refuge from a world he had, and yet, loved too well." Thus it has been. With a heart not in his work—either too incompetent, or too indolent, to secure a place in the affection and esteem of his pupils—his only method of obtaining obedience has been an unsparing and degrading application of the rod. Who shall blame the parent for appearing indifferent to the blessings of what Milton calls "a complete and generous education," when his only means of obtaining it has been through hands brutal like these. The parent, in all cases, has too vividly in his memory the recollection of the time of torture it was to him, to be willing to allow his offspring to endure the same misery. This, then, is the solution of the mystery. The schoolmaster has not been respected, because he has not hitherto been entitled to any respect. I say *hitherto,* for, blessed be Providence, a better, brighter day has dawned for England, and the people begin slowly to comprehend the truth that a teacher requires almost as much apprenticeship to perform his task well, as a shoemaker does in order to perform his. In compliance with this idea, noble-minded individuals, whom to name would mar their pleasure, in conjunction with the National Society, and the Government committee upon education,

have established training colleges, where embryo educators may be fitted for their arduous task. Annually do these colleges send forth their "band of moral regenerators," to introduce a sweeping reform into the educational institutions of this country. Time has hardly elapsed sufficient to demonstrate their exceeding efficiency; but a tale is told in the rapid increase of numbers which almost invariably succeeds the appointment of any of these properly-prepared teachers. The effect is at once apparent in the general order of the school, the increased intelligence of the pupils, and the rapid disappearance of that reluctance, and air of restraint and suspicion, which in many cases forms so prominent a feature in our national schools. In the place of the latter, a generous and confiding simplicity, apparent at once in the faces of the scholars, takes the place of the sullen apathy previously prevailing there.

It is in behalf of this latter class of teachers that I beg, through the medium of your *Journal*, to appeal to the readers of it. Do not let the impression which you have hitherto had of the schoolmaster remain. His zeal and fidelity ought to entitle him to your respect and approbation, even if he lack that splendour of qualification which would command your admiration. Let not thorns be planted in the path of the teacher. His task is, heaven knows, arduous enough, without your assistance to make it more so. Give him all the encouragement you can, and it will, depend upon it, redound to your own advantage. If the teacher does *his* duty, he will inculcate love and obedience to you; and if you do *yours*, you will enjoin love, respect, and obedience to *him*. Thus will a co-operative system be to the advantage of both parties. Let the people of England be instructed while their ideas are capable of being moulded to the will of the teacher, and with the blessing of God, the progress of a few years will mark a new and happy era in the history of the British nation. Much that is low, debasing, demoralising, in the character of our working population, will disappear. No longer shall we see the blackguard crowds who defamate the agricultural and manufacturing villages, standing in knots on the Sabbath evenings, indulging in low ribaldry, or insulting passers-by. No longer will the sounds of indecent and irreligious revelry in public houses be heard—a scandal and disgrace to any Christian country. No longer will the workhouse be filled to overflowing with those who have been driven there by their own prodigality; and no longer shall the beggar be tempted by shame to risk the prison, and earn his bread by a miserable and degrading supplication.

But these results cannot be achieved, if the agent of this great reform, the schoolmaster, remain a scoff to the scoffer, a derision for the derider. For children cannot be made to entertain respect for the counsels and advice of their instructor, when his person is an object of contempt to their parents. This cannot be expected, and the looked-for reformation will not be effected until the schoolmaster attain his proper position in the esteem of the public. Oh! let it no longer be a subject for the sneer of the envious foreigner (envious of your riches, greatness, power, and magnificence) that your schoolmasters are ranked lower in the public opinion than the mechanic or tradesman. Emulate the conduct of almost any other country in this most important particular. The countries of Europe, inferior in everything else, excel you here. Oh! then, take the lead here, as you do in everything else, and let your title be "Patroness of the Worthy," as well as "Queen of the Ocean."

But, can we expect that men possessed of great intelligence and sterling moral worth will enter a profession where the scale of remuneration levels him with the meanest artisan. What sort of recompense is 40*l.* per annum for an intelligent instructor? Our doctors are well paid, our lawyers are well paid, and our clergymen are well paid—why should not our schoolmasters be well paid also? The physician can merely cure the body; the lawyer is exceedingly well remunerated for introducing discord into the various relations of society; and even the clergyman, who is deservedly well paid, can effect but little of the good that an intelligent and conscientious teacher can. Why should there not be a few good places in the scholastic line, as well as in the clerical, which would serve as a stimulus to the flagging spirits of the teacher?

And now, sir, trusting that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time and space, and merely premising that, should this short appeal find its way into the mind of one of the thousands of your readers, and induce him to reflect more deeply upon this important subject, my time will not have been lost. I remain,

A NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

An Example to Employers.—On Monday, August 31, Luke James Hansard, Esq., Printer to the House of Commons, gave a sumptuous dinner to the whole of his large establishment, consisting of 230 persons, at the King and Queen Inn, Brighton. The entire expense of railway return tickets, (available from the preceding Saturday to the following Wednesday), dinner, tea, and beds, was defrayed by the above named gentleman, at an expense of 250*l.* But the greatest pleasure of this delightful excursion was contained in the speech of Mr. H., after dinner. The manner in which he spoke of "social progress" and the rights of labour, and the assurance that it was his pride, as it had been that of his grandfather and father, to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," were alike honourable to him as a philanthropist and a Christian. In conclusion, he thanked his people for their exertions during the last year; hoped that as he increased in prosperity so would they; also, that they might meet again next year; and that they had been enjoying and would enjoy themselves at this beautiful watering-place. He retired, carrying with him the gratitude of all; the munificent gift being doubly enhanced by the kind and manly sentiments of the giver.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, October 3rd, 1846.

SIR—Feeling as I do, in common with the numerous admirers of your incomparable journal, extreme satisfaction at the interest you have shown from the very first in everything relating to education, and social and moral improvement, I trust that the following observations will not be considered unworthy of insertion in your pages.

Much has been said and written at different times upon the importance of education, and the respect and honour in which teachers should be held; but, with the exception of Mr. Ewart's remarks in a recent speech, the public attention has hardly been drawn to that part of the question which, more than any other, is deserving of consideration. I allude to the little encouragement given, particularly in our own country, to a most laborious, zealous, and painstaking class of persons, namely, those teachers who, whatever their attainments may be, have not undergone the orthodox process of an academical education. And until less partiality is shown to a particular class of teachers, I fear the cause of education will make but little effective progress. In the present state of things, by the encouragement given almost exclusively to clergymen, the principle is virtually recognised by the public, that a teacher cannot possess the requisite literary and scientific knowledge without having first passed through the ordeal of a theological course of training, and obtained a scholastic degree. That this is a very inadequate preparation to constitute a well qualified teacher, every one acquainted with our system of university education is well aware, particularly when the slender amount of real knowledge—"the small Latin and less Greek"—that the great mass of graduated clergyman carry with them from Alma Mater is taken into account. And yet it is from among these men that so many tutors and masters of grammar-schools are chosen, to the exclusion of the man of real learning and experience; the fact of his being "a scholar, and a ripe and good one," being a matter of secondary importance: so that the mere teacher, who depends solely on his knowledge and professional experience (qualifications considered all-sufficient in other professions), and who has not the recommendation of a *Rev.* to precede, and an *A.B.* or *A.M.* to follow, his name, is debarred from a fair chance of success in life. Indeed, so great is the prejudice and ignorance prevailing even among the self-styled well-educated persons, that it is by no means uncommon to find clergymen and graduates gravely and deliberately assert as an incontrovertible fact—nay, even as a flat truism - the incompatibility of sound scholarship with any other system of education than the one which they themselves uphold, and to which they owe whatever knowledge they possess. And yet, compare the present state of learning and science in England with that of Germany and France; and it will be found that our universities, with all their wealth and resources, are compelled to look to those two countries for the higher branches of knowledge.

But there is another point to which I would gladly call your attention; and this is, that, independently of the fearful odds the teacher labours under from clerical influence and clerical monopoly, he is not fairly and honourably dealt with by those from whom he has a right to expect protection and encouragement. For instance, University College, originally the University of London, was founded professedly on the most liberal basis. It literally threw down the gauntlet, and came forward in full panoply to combat prejudice and injustice in every shape. And how, think you, does University College behave to the teacher? Witness the treatment which the assistant-masters of the school experience at the hands of the present head-master. Within the last four years (the period during which the head-master has held this office) no less than seven assistant-masters have been dismissed, some of several years standing, for whose dismissal no other reason could be assigned than the caprice of one of the most capricious of mortals—the head-master—to whom these words of Horace might very aptly be applied:—

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

And although on two recent occasions the council of the college were made fully aware of all this, and notwithstanding the readiness with which the matter was taken up by a leading member of the council, the Earl of Auckland, and despite the notorious fact of the loss of nearly 100 pupils in less than three years; a fact which the annual report to the proprietors of the college will demonstrate); yet of so little importance is the teacher's cause, that the council in their wisdom saw no occasion for interference.

But, in addition to the difficulties that teachers labour under, by reason of their exclusion from the public exercise of their profession, they suffer also from various other causes, which operate strongly against them; and among these are the low estimation in which their calling is commonly held, and, consequently, the insufficient remuneration of their exertions. Perhaps, in proportion to the amount of physical and intellectual labour required, teachers are worse paid than any other class of the community. Indeed, private teachers are expected to undertake everything in these enlightened times—to be walking encyclopædias of literature and science; and their labours to be all but gratuitous.

Seeing, then, that so many impediments obstruct the teacher's path through life—viz., narrow bigotry and exclusiveness on the one hand, and the neglect in which he is allowed to remain on the other—there cannot be much difficulty in ascribing the imperfect state of education, both public and private, to its true cause; and however imperfectly, in this hasty sketch, the matter has been detailed, sufficient, I think, has been stated to make the readers of the *People's Journal* aware of the trouble and vexations with which the lives of a laborious and important class of persons are encompassed; and I have ventured to obtrude these remarks upon your notice, cheered by the prospect that, while the *people* may rely upon the advocacy of the eloquent and powerful contributors to your admirable journal, the time is not very far distant when justice will at length be done to the teacher. I am, &c., DIDASCALUS.

P.S.—I send you my real name and address, as I hold myself responsible for the statements contained in the above.

[*Of course, our columns will be open, if required, to an answer to this statement.*—ED.]

Domestic Economy.—I live in a manufacturing town where thousands of females are employed in our silk mills. They commence at an early age to earn their living, and have little or no time, when the toils of the day are over, to attend to domestic duties; and even if they had, their parents, from having gone through the same round of life as themselves, with as little time to spare, are mostly incompetent to teach them. It is true that of late such of them as have been brought up (or rather, as are bringing up) in our Infant and National Schools have learned (or are learning) a little plain sewing or knitting, but with respect to other domestic duties, such as the preparation of their food in an economical, varied, and palatable manner, the provident expenditure of their earnings, and general good and plain housewifery, they are almost, if not altogether, ignorant. What is the consequence? They grow up to young women; their whole education is confined to what they learn at the Sabbath schools- these, I am happy to say, in our town are numerous and prudently conducted—but more of them at some other time—and when they get married, their domestic duties have to be learned in the best way they can. Instead, then, of the females being, as they were before marriage, neat, lively, and active, they too often become domestic slaves without system, and the husbands, instead of finding those comforts which they ought to expect—and which they might have expected had their wives been out at service—often find a cheerless, unsystematic, and uncomfortable home. From this they are often led to resort to the beer-house or gin-palace, and both they and their families suffer for it. I speak principally in this respect of the poorer classes, but domestic economy is much wanted among those a grade or more higher. Your work is intended for the people. What a scope is there here for your female writers. What an opportunity for them to endeavour to ameliorate and improve the condition of their sisters in humble life. Give them the hint, and may their

endeavours (if they attempt it) prosper. Now, with respect to female education, great exertions have been made of late years to increase and improve the means of education, but it is principally, if not altogether, the education of the males, and little, if anything, has been done to extend and improve that of the females. In our own town we have an excellent grammar school, conducted by an able, worthy, and kindly-disposed head-master; and, as an improvement and addition to it, a modern free grammar school, also ably conducted. But these are for the higher and middle classes of males. For the higher and middle classes of females there are boarding and day schools, where, if the education given—or, rather, imparted—is of any but a mediocre kind, the expense is heavy, and oft too heavy for persons with large families. This would be the only evil, were the systems of teaching perfect, and always conducted with ability. But any person who knows anything of life, knows how little ability is generally required to conduct, or is exerted, in most female day schools; how many of the useless, and how few of the useful, branches of learning are taught. What have the females done, that they should not be *as well and cheaply* educated as the sterner sex? If the business of a schoolmaster is daily becoming a profession, why should not the duties of a schoolmistress be learned and practised as a profession also, and why should there not be training schools for mistresses as well as masters? Here, again, is a subject for your lady-writers. The anticipated alterations in the hours of factory labour will, if earned, give the poorer class of females more time than they now have, and good, useful, practical schools ought to be provided for them and the middle-class females also, at a moderate cost. Public attention ought to be drawn to these matters. I am glad to see Miss Martineau has broken the ice in her articles on Education, and I hope she and others will pursue the subject.—C.

Macclesfield.

Sir—If the enclosed is worthy of a place in your periodical, accept the same, with the respect and good wishes of, your's truly, W. Lovett.

SONG TO FREEDOM.

Ye sons of labour, rise! awake, if you'd be free!
Join hearts to hearts in holy zeal, and strive for liberty;
Strive for the freedom of your race,
Strive to give Truth her dwelling-place.
Unite! arouse your mental powers,
And *Truth* and *Right* will then be ours.

You've oft united been when despots urged you on;
In battle's gory ranks, *their* cause you've often won—
Scorning all fears your chains to bind,
And forging fetters for mankind:
But now direct your mental powers
To *free* this beauteous world of ours.

Shall *serfs* and *lordly power* be known in every clime?
Shall myriads of mankind be born to vice and crime?
Shall frowns and groans bright earth deface,
And we not strive to help our race?
No! we'll *all* exert our mental powers,
To purify this world of ours.

Though tyrants league in arms, give us but voice and pen,
We yet will make of slaves a race of glorious men;
Fearless and dauntless in the right,
And strong in truth and mental might—
Then onward, friends, despite all powers,
We'll gladden yet this world of ours.

Liverpool Academy Exhibition.—The exhibition of the Liverpool Academy for 1846 may, we venture to affirm, lay claim to superiority over those of several previous years, both in respect to number of works exhibited, and in the excellence of the pictures themselves. In addition to some of the best recent specimens by Lauder, Egg, G. Harvey, Ward, Johnstone, Creswick, Lee, Havell, &c., which have appeared in the London exhibitions of the present year, we have many works by artists, unknown to the metropolitan public indeed, but still bearing marks of skill and careful study. Among these we may mention "The Ejectment," by W. Davis, a scene of rustic life of great merit; a scene from *As You Like It*, by W. Windus; and another from the *Fairie Queen*, by W. Huggins. These are all the works of young men, whose efforts must be looked upon rather as indicating future excellence, than yet having attained that high standard of art to which they aspire. In addition to these, the portraits of Philip Westcott, the cattle pieces of Ansdell, and the water-colour drawings of W. Collingwood, may be mentioned as indicating talent in their several walks. One word in conclusion. We trust the committee will pursue the liberal plan they tried last year with such success, and which enabled the working men of the town to avail themselves of intellectual delights they had previously been deprived of, by reason of the high prices of admittance.—H.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an Appendix.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Notices.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Enfield, Sept. 15, 1846.

Sir—Permit me to give you a hint which, if acted upon, will, I think, please other subscribers to your excellent periodical as well as myself—viz., not to print at the back of the plates. It is carrying economy too far to spoil the plate for the sake of the page of print; for I consider some of the engravings to be nearly spoiled in consequence. Hoping my suggestion may be thought worth adopting, I am, sir,

An Admirer of the "People's Journal."

[The above letter is but one of a great number that we have received to the same effect. In *Punch* this arrangement has prevailed from the first. It will be remembered also, we announced long ago our intention of adopting such a plan, and did, in fact, commence it with No. 13. But the failure that occurred in the outset, in the printing of the exquisitely beautiful engraving from Raphael, coupled with the fact that we were not so far in advance with our illustrations as we desired to be, in order to give time to do full justice to the artists engaged, indisposed us to continue the plan just then. We are now, however, thoroughly prepared; and cannot, we think, better recommence than with the design in the present number, from William Harvey,

The Illustrator of the "Arabian Nights."

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, October 10th, 1846.

The Duke and his Statues.—Verily, John Bull is more liberal to his "great men," than were they of Greece and Rome, of old, to their warriors. He, honest soul, can appreciate talent of a certain kind—he can see the glory of murdering fellow-creatures because they do not happen to speak the same language as himself; the trade of man-slaying receives every encouragement from him—he never tires of heaping honours upon the head of the man who, with bishop-blessed banners, is most successful in destroying the "natural enemies" of Britain, or devastating a peaceful people because they will not trade with us in a drug to their own destruction. And should some daring one, in high places, venture to hint that this lavish expense might be better employed in educating the people, founding hospitals, or other benevolent designs—lo! in a twinkling, the British lion, by dint of sundry kickings and pinchings, is made to roar "like any sucking dove"—the adventurous spirit who has created the fearful display is quieted in an instant, the useful animal is soothed to sleep again, and all goes on as before!

Twelve thousand pounds for another monument to the Duke—another monument to the madness of Britain—a madness happily past, and, it is hoped, never to return to disfigure the earth. Oh, that the intended statue might be made appropriate! Then would the christian hero-worshippers see in its true colours the homage which they pay to the man of blood. Heaps of human skeletons should compose the column—on its sides should be depicted weeping orphans, bereaved widows, every crime that has disfigured human nature; while to surmount the whole, the genius of war might be placed, smiling at the havoc made by the folly and wickedness of mankind.

Not that we would cast obloquy upon the duke. His grey hairs and fast-flitting spirit render him sacred. As he has done, so shall he be judged; and it is not for man to say what shall be the verdict of the great God upon him. May he not be weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Still it grieves us to see that this admiration of war—a spirit which we hope is fast dying away before the noble efforts that are making to crush it—still remains in the breasts of some; that there are many still so zealous in the wrong path. It grieves us that the aristocracy have not yet learned their vocation: neglected genius may be driven to such desperation as to commit self-murder; millions may cry out for bread, and strive still harder for the bread of intellectual life; but no helping hand is held out to them, no gentle words of encouragement to the almost helpless moral infant, bewildered from the first blinding effects of light—all their energies are concentrated in Mammon and self-worship.

Yet it teaches the people one great lesson. To depend upon themselves. Truly, God helps those who help themselves. Let them go on in their efforts at moral improvement, intellectual progress, and enlightenment, and the day of the tyrant is passed. What earthly power can resist the struggles of mankind, now in their germ, to obtain their natural birthright of freedom and independence? Bigots may rave and frown on their efforts, but the people have the consciousness of truth and justice on their side, and, with that knowledge, bid defiance to all attempts to stop them in their progress to their natural state as the rulers of the earth. There are some good men and true still working with them in their glorious cause; and though feeble may be the first upshoots of the great tree of human progress, although hopeless may seem the task of nourishing the tender sapling, and keeping it unblighted from the breath of winter winds, still, like the grain of mustard seed, it shall spring up to a gigantic monarch of the forest in our own happy England, and the whole earth shall find shelter and peace under its protecting branches.—J. W. H.

Sir—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of the *People's Journal*, in which you have "taken time by the forelock," and commenced your labours just as the working classes were about to understand their duties and interests. I say, and I speak the feelings of many, we are proud of *our Journal*, of its honesty of purpose, of its writers and pictorial embellishers, and, above all, proud of the object which it advocates—the physical and intellectual enfranchisement of the working classes. In looking back upon the past, the history of the people presents a lamentable picture: toiling to satisfy the animal cravings, and those of the lowest kind; no care, no provision made by those in power for supplying the wants, mental or bodily, of the producers of wealth, but in their place a pitiless grinding, a prohibitory mandate, a "thus far shalt thou come, but no further." It has been said, that all great and lasting reforms must spring from the people themselves; if so, it contains a good omen for the success of the present, of which there are distinct signs throughout Britain and continental Europe. The people only require honest guides to go onward in peaceful conquest, till misery and injustice are banished from the earth.

If the following lines, which contain the hopes and wishes of one of the *crew* of the national vessel, are fit for insertion in the *People's Journal*, you are heartily welcome to them; but if not, they at least show that some appreciate your labours.—George Guthrie, Jun.

Edinburgh.

LINES TO THE EDITOR AND WRITERS OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

God speed ye in your holy cause, ye lifters of the poor
From out the abject bondage that hath held us long secure;
For centuries have we toiled along till hope had sicken'd—died,
And tyrants strong said scornfully, that sure our prophets lied
When they did tell of coming times, when knowledge, like a spell,
Will lower the mighty mountain and raise the lowly dell—
When man will cease to prey on man and love's true power be felt,
And kindness prove a furnace strong where all bad passions melt;
When swords will leave their scabbards bright ne'er to return again,
And busy hands will fashion them but to war with the waving grain;
When man will quit the battle-plain, nor heed the trumpet's blast,
And live in peace with all mankind where'er his home be cast.
Then will the dreams of holy men be verified on earth,
And man will yield no reverence then but to the power of worth.

* * * *

The noble sound of peaceful arts, where all shall earn their share,
And crime and want will ne'er be heard in that Elysian air,
Oh, then will come the happy days that good men saw afar,
That cheered them on life's dreary stage—the pilgrim's guiding star.
God speed the leaders to that goal where all must come at last,
If e'er we reap our labour's price—reward for sufferings past.

* * * *

Workmen in Carriers' Establishments.—Numerous and powerful are the talents employed to ameliorate the sufferings of the working classes. While oppression has been exposed and denounced, sorrow and distress have been elevated, and the physical condition of thousands has been improved; and that improvement has been evinced by corresponding lively feelings of gratitude on the part of the poor towards their rich and generous benefactors. Though numerous are the evils which have been exposed and remedied, yet there are others of a fearful magnitude permitted to afflict society with unmitigated severity, and are productive of the worst consequences. For instance, where will you find a number of individuals so debased and utterly neglected as those employed in carrying establishments. 365 days and nights, with little intermission, are those poor white slaves doomed to work every year. To talk to them about moral or intellectual improvement is all a farce; it is worse—for what can be more cruel and insulting than to tell such people that they ought to avail themselves of our mechanics' institutions, and athenæums, and public parks, in order to improve their intellectual faculties and their physical powers? To these are denied the comforts of the Sabbath, the hallowing influence of divine ordinances, the pleasures of intellectual improvement, and the social influences of friendly intercourse. It is high time that the society formed for reducing the hours of labour turn their attention to this portion of our suffering fellow-creatures, and, if possible, explode the system which has doomed such a large portion of our fellow-countrymen to moral degradation and death. If the united efforts of all the merchants and tradesmen in this kingdom had been brought to bear upon these unfortunate

creatures to oppress them, it could not be done more effectually. The greatest outcry is raised against slavery abroad, and flogging at home, and very justly too; but where upon the face of the globe is there greater cruelty manifested towards any species of men than those employed by carriers? Surely it cannot be that the proprietors of those establishments are naturally worse than other men, or are more indisposed to imbibe the great and noble principles which are actuating society, and prompting to acts of benevolence. If it be ignorance of the true and correct principles of commercial enterprise which is the cause of all this suffering, we hope some of your able correspondents will never cease to write and instruct such men in their duty to their fellow-men, until a reformation takes place in the establishment of every carrier in the kingdom.—J. L.

Building Societies.—A Warning.—SIR: I think it necessary to direct your attention, as well as the readers of the *People's Journal*, to a class of evils that has lately come under my notice, whereby the working man is cheated out of his hard-earned pence by a company of swindling rogues, who style themselves the friends of the working classes. I will just give the readers of the *People's Journal* an account of a building society that started some time since, stating in their bills that any poor man, by paying 9½*d.* per week into their society, could ensure for himself a comfortable home, worth 120*l.* A number of poor men joined this society, which had for its name the Rock Building Society, and was held somewhere by, or in, the Hackney-road. These poor men continued to pay into the society for a considerable period of time, when all at once the society broke up, and the swindling rogues bolted with the money, and nothing more was ever heard of them; but the poor men were put off from time to time with promises that the money should be handed over to them. I happened to know four of the poor men myself, and therefore can, if required, fully corroborate my statement. But enough of this at present; and I hope, sir, that as your very excellent paper is an advocate for the rights of the people, you will insert this article, by a poor but sincere friend of the people in your journal, as it may prove a warning to all your hard-working readers to shun alighting on that rock which is likely to split, I mean the Rock Building Societies, which are likely to give way, and precipitate their unfortunate dependants into the Slough of Despond. I remain, sir, JOHN WORD ROWE.

Birmingham People's Instruction Society.—SIR, Seeing that you take such great interest in all that bids fair to do good to the people, I thought you would, perhaps, find room in your *Annals of Industry and Progress* for a short notice of the "Birmingham People's Instruction Society." This institution was founded, in January, 1846, by a few friends of the people, all of whom, with one exception, were operatives. The advantages offered are a reading-room, open every day (Sunday excepted) from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and furnished with the *Times, Daily News, Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, the *Local Newspapers, Dispatch, News of the World, Illustrated News, Inquirer, Punch, People's Journal, Chambers's Journal* and *Miscellany, Hogg's Instructor, Sharpe's Magazine, Shilling Magazine, Art Union, Tait's, Prospective Review*, &c. There is also a circulating library consisting of 450 vols., evening classes, and lectures.

The Instruction Society is open to every one without distinction. The terms are 1*s.* per quarter, or 1*d.* per week. Females are admitted to library, lectures, and classes, on the same terms. No extra charges are made for any additional benefits, the classes being conducted on the mutual instruction principle.

The New Meeting (Unitarian) Sunday School Committee having generously offered the use of their schoolrooms for this purpose, free of rent, and also volunteered to furnish coal and gas, the committee of the Instruction Society have been enabled to carry out with spirit their benevolent intentions. Success has attended their exertions—130 have enrolled themselves as members, and a much larger accession is expected during the coming winter months.

When it is considered that a large proportion of the inhabitants of all large towns is composed of young unmarried men, living in lodgings where they do not feel they are welcome to spend the whole of their spare time, and to whom the streets or beer-houses are alone open, the desirableness of such an institution is at once apparent. —J. G. BROOKS.

Penny Exhibition of Art in Liverpool.—SIR, I have seen a paragraph in your excellent journal of a "Penny Exhibition of Art in Liverpool," and hope we shall soon see the *metropolis* and many other towns follow the example, and enable the working classes, at the low charge of a penny, to see what progress art is making in England. But there is another step which I know many would like to see taken, and that is, an exhibition of young men's productions—young men, under a certain age, who are progressing in the art—to allow them to contribute something *original*. And I know of nothing that would encourage and improve young artists more than a thing of this kind. How many have entirely given it up for want of encouragement; and how many would gladly contribute to it! It will be the great step to improvement; competition would ensue, and each would do his best. By this I have little doubt a good exhibition might be had in a little time. I am, sir, T. B. W.

Kendal, Sept. 11, 1846.

A Library and Reading-room, containing a selection of the best books, and leading daily and weekly papers, and magazines, at the low charge of 1*d.* per week, has lately been established at *West Bromwich* by G. S. Kenrick, Esq. It is the same gentleman who is President of the Central Temperance Association—the largest association of its kind in existence. He employs four lecturers and one missionary constantly, and is editor of the *Temperance Gazette*, a paper rapidly increasing in circulation, and one calculated to do much good. *Pro bono publico.* —R. W.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an APPENDIX.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS — The Index Sheet to Vol. I., price One Penny, is now ready; also

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by JOHN BENNETT, at THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, may be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, October 17th, 1846.

Quarterly Address of the Leeds Redemption Society to the Working Classes.

Fellow Countrymen, especially those of the labouring class—We, the members of the Leeds Redemption Society, in again calling your notice to our quarterly statement of progress, beg to invite your serious and earnest attention to the plan by which we propose to elevate you from the unhappy position in which all classes, but especially yourselves, are placed.

The time is approaching when an entire new organisation of labour is attempted. The manner in which this shall be done is the only question for examination; of the necessity there can be no doubt. Notwithstanding every effort which has been made, both by working men and the well-disposed of other classes, the mournful fact still exists, that labour and poverty are united. In vain are the productive powers of labour increased every year, in vain is one legislative enactment followed by another, in vain are expressions of sympathy extended from the aristocracy and middle classes; the working man stops at one point—the lowest point necessary to maintain him in existence. Every one feels that this result is opposed to the dictates of humanity, justice, and common sense; and every year the hope of placing things upon a sounder basis seems to diminish. Much was hoped from Trades' Unions to raise the wages, and thereby the position, of the producing classes. They have failed completely. After having cost the working classes millions of money, after having sown continual dissension between masters and men, and entailed vice and misery upon thousands of families.

It was hoped that when we had received that great national blessing, "free trade," that there would have been obtained some relaxation in the hours of toil; but this boon seems more distant than ever, unless accompanied by a diminution of already inadequate wages. One after another are our hopes of amelioration born but to be destroyed. Thus, there appears nothing can be done for the working classes—nothing, save unavailing sympathy.

To produce all, and receive nothing; to live in a state of society in which art and literature have been developed to a hitherto unknown extent, and yet to be as completely excluded from it as if born amongst barren deserts, seems to be the hard destiny to which the operative must yield.

It is from this awful position that the Redemption Society propose to rescue the artisan. It embraces the advantages of the great reforms now struggling into existence; it offers more than any of them, and guarantees their permanence.

Our plan is simple, compendious, and may be stated in one brief sentence—"THE UNION OF LAND, LABOUR, AND CAPITAL." These three elements constitute the source of all wealth. Hitherto they have been separated; the returns to each being appropriated by three separate classes. We would unite them, and rescue society from the load of evils which have resulted in consequence. One of these is the creation of a class of very rich, and another of very poor; of selfishness and oppression on one hand; of ignorance, vice, poverty, and unspeakable misery on the other. Society has become a chaotic mixture of the extremes of civilisation and barbarism, in which the best elements of human nature are destroyed. We would, if possible, abolish this distinction, the source of so much evil, and elevate the working man, by enabling him to enjoy the advantages of capital. We make no crusade against wealth; we do not attempt to equalise men's positions, by pulling down those above us to our own level; but, on the contrary, by raising ourselves. We would not make the rich poor, but the poor rich. Our maxim is, to "do unto others as we would be done unto;" and we would render the exalted dictates of christianity practicable, by putting men in a position which would enable them to obey them. Society possesses the power to produce unlimited wealth. By combining men's powers, instead of frittering away their best results in vexatious and wasteful competition, every reasonable human wish might be gratified. More than enough a wise man will not want; and less, no man ought to have.

It is vain to attempt by any other means, than by the union of labour and capital, to raise the position of the working classes. Let us rest assured of the fact; the most despotic government *could never regulate wages;* the best disposed capitalist *cannot regulate wages;* the most firmly known union of the working classes *cannot regulate wages.* But become the owners of capital, and your condition is at your own disposal. Obtain capital, and you obtain the advantages which capital, and capital only, will command. The Redemption Society points out how this may be accomplished. Had a tithe of the money wasted by the working classes in abortive attempts, and even in dissipation, been applied in the manner indicated by the redemption society—laid out as capital, a check would have been given to the system which has so long sacrificed the welfare of the many to the imaginary interest of a few, and we should have witnessed a state of society of which it is difficult now to form a conception.

The object of our society is practicable, as what it proposes has already been done by the Shakers and other societies in America. It is open to men of every religious creed, and men of every political party belong to, and countenance it. It proposes only to carry out and apply a principle to labour, which has been successfully applied to labour, viz. combination. Lastly, its aim is to provide each individual with the advantages which advanced civilisation is continually creating; and to raise all men to that intellectual, moral, and religious position for which the God of Nature evidently designed them.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the progress we have made since the last report was presented. The society now extends over many parts of the kingdom, and branches are formed in some of the principal towns and cities; the increase of the quarter is very large, and we may now with justice say, it has become national; already the subscriptions amount to a considerable sum. The society affords the surest guarantee to the operative that his weekly subscriptions will be applied to the object which the society contemplates. In the first place, the society is legal, being enrolled according to act of parliament. A fundamental rule, which the society cannot transgress, is never to undertake anything on credit; it cannot, therefore, fail through becoming involved in debt. The funds are deposited in the savings' bank as soon as collected. The banking book is lodged with the president, and no money can be withdrawn without an order from a general meeting. All officers are men of property, and bound in legal securities. All duties performed by them are gratuitous, and given solely to benefit the working men.

As soon as sufficient capital is accumulated, it is intended to purchase an estate: to employ the best and most improved means to facilitate production, science and art will be enlisted for the benefit of labour, instead as now only for that of capital. One successful experiment, such as we propose, and the thing is done, for then the operatives and capitalists too would come forward with their millions, to carry into universal practice this plan for the elevation of the working man to his natural position.

All parties wishing to join the society, or to become collectors for their towns, must send particulars to Mr. David Green, 166, Briggate, inclosing one shilling and three pence, in postage stamps, for which they will receive the laws of the society, two acts of parliament, and the tract published by this society; the postage costs sixpence, the tract one penny, the large envelope one penny, and the secretary's letter one penny. Small sums of money may be sent in postage stamps, or by post-office order.

The total cost of membership is—entering as candidate, sixpence, and sixpence at the end of six months, for complete membership—one shilling in all. Candidates or members pay not less than one penny per week—as much more as they can afford.

To One "earnest, though suffering."*—As your complaining was permitted to seek public sympathy in the columns of the *People's Journal,* I doubt not but its enlightened editor will allow a few remarks of consolation and admonition to reach you through the same medium.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction that I am enabled to inform you (if you are not already aware) that, in little

* See No. 36, September 5, 1846.

more than a month after the expression of your interest and earnestness in a great and good cause, a sphere of action has been opened, into which those already entered entreat the exertions of such as yourself.

A society known hitherto as the "Metropolitan Draper's Association," has now recently assumed the more comprehensive title of "Metropolitan Early Closing Association;" and into the focus of an efficient organisation, it invites the spirited co-operation of all trades.

I cannot think of occupying the valuable space on which I am now trespassing by any lengthened appeal; but I would say individually to the correspondent I am now addressing, and collectively to every reader of the *People's Journal*, come forward and help us, one and all. Ours is a people's cause, and may be engaged in on a great principle—for the sake of suffering and degraded humanity; tending to great results—the attainment of the rights, the acknowledgment of the undivided interests, of universal human nature.

One word of guidance to the subject of this letter. London is divided at present into twenty districts; to which of these you belong, the rules of the association will inform you. They may be had at the offices, 355, Strand, any afternoon, where our general secretary, Mr. Nash, attends; who will be most happy to render every required information relative to the society's operations and prospects, which are wide and highly encouraging. The committee of the City district meet alternate Thursday evenings, at a quarter past nine o'clock, at St. Martin's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-court, Ludgate-hill. The committee are most anxious to add to the members already composing it any one ripe for enthusiastic exertion in the early-closing movement. The next night of meeting, as above, will be Thursday, the 22nd inst. —W. E. K.

Establishment of Public Baths.—It gives us much pleasure to perceive that the Leeds Town Council are taking steps for the establishment of public baths and washhouses in that town for the use of the working population, under the provisions of a recent act of parliament. Town-councils, which have too often been the scene of political wrangling, could not be better employed than in acting thus, for the physical and moral well-being of the population intrusted to their charge. In all the manufacturing towns, where the employments of the mass of the people subject them to exposure to smoke, steam, and dust, and not unfrequently to noxious vapours, which act injuriously on the skin and interfere with its healthy action, the establishment of baths which shall be of easy and cheap access at all times, becomes a matter of urgent duty on the part of all the local governments in such towns; and it is to be hoped that the provisions of the act of parliament above referred to will, ere long, be generally taken advantage of. The moral influence of cleanliness upon a population is also very great, besides its physical blessings. Persons of cleanly habits insensibly acquire the sense of self-respect; and the mind will become cleanly in its habits of thought as well as feeling. The establishment of washhouses is also very important, by enabling the working classes to have a process generally causing great discomfort in confined dwellings, to be performed, and more effectually performed, in places set apart for the purpose. We have heard, and can readily believe, that washing-days very often drive working men to the public houses, where no good is to be learnt, and much mischief may be propagated. The success of the baths and washhouses established in Liverpool, London, and other places, is proof sufficient that the working people are ready to avail themselves of these advantages. The baths established at Manchester, within the last few weeks, are daily frequented by an increased number of persons; so that an additional number of baths is about to be erected, and two shower baths are to be added to the other conveniences. We trust that examples such as these will be extensively imitated.—S.

The Whittington Club.—A public meeting was held at the Hall of Commerce, on Thursday, October 8, for the purpose of obtaining an expression of public opinion upon the objects contemplated in the formation of the above club. There was a full attendance. Mr. Price was called to the chair, and read letters of apology for non-attendance from Mr. Douglas Jerrold and Mr. Howitt, both of whom expressed a warm interest in the proceedings, and proffered their support. There was a paucity of speakers, but the company evidently did not require eloquent orations to impress them in favour of the object, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout. The objects contemplated by this institution may be gathered from the following extract from the circular by which the meeting was convened:—"It is intended to be at once a literary society and a club. As a literary society, it will be more on the plan of the Manchester Athenæum and the Birmingham Athenic Institute, than on that of any London body. As a club, it will afford, as far as possible, all the advantages of the establishments under that name at the west end of London. It will have, not only its library and reading-room, but its lectures, classes for mutual and other instruction, and also its concerts, *conversazioni* and *soirees*; which latter, as ladies will be specially invited to become members and visitors, will, it is believed, peculiarly tend to the social and intellectual improvement of its members. Every facility and encouragement will be given to recreative amusements. There will be a handsome and well-furnished house, open from early in the morning till late at night, for the accommodation of its members, where they may at all times obtain an abundant supply of all kinds of provisions, of the best quality, at the lowest possible price; and two or three *tables d'hote* will be arranged daily, at such hours as to suit the convenience of as many members as possible." Resolutions in accordance with the above designs were agreed to unanimously, and the rate of subscription for gentlemen was fixed at half-a-guinea entrance, and one guinea per annum; for ladies, half-a-guinea per annum, without entrance fee. It was stated, amid much cheering, that "Mrs. Howitt, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Gillies, —writers in connection with that excellent periodical, the *People's Journal*—and other literary ladies, had expressed their willingness to assist in carrying out the objects of the institution." An effort is to be made, to obtain from the corporation of the City the grant of a suitable site for erecting a capacious building for the institution. It is understood that nearly one thousand members have already entered, and five times that number is calculated upon. We wish the club every success, and shall render it all the aid in our power.—P.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
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The Week

Ending Saturday, October 24th, 1846.

THE ROCK BUILDING SOCIETY.

SIR—My attention has been called to a letter appearing in your last number, signed "John Word Rowe," in which it is alleged "that a Building Society started some time since, stating in their bills that any poor man by paying 9½d per week into their society could insure for himself a comfortable home worth 120l.; that a number of poor men joined this society, which had for its name the Rock Building Society, and was held somewhere by, or in the Hackney Road; that those poor men continued to pay into the society for a considerable time, when all at once the society broke up, and the swindling rogues bolted with the money, and nothing more was ever heard of them; but that the poor men were put off from time to time with promises that the money should be handed over to them."

The writer then proceeds to warn your readers "against alighting on the Rock," which he says is "likely to split," meaning the Rock Building Societies, which he states "are likely to give way, and precipitate their unfortunate dependents into the Slough of Despond."

I have never yet heard of any Building Society bearing the name mentioned in the letter, except that to which I am secretary, and the offices of which are at No. 26, New Broad-street, City. As that society has a branch at Hackney, it will, I believe, be generally supposed by your readers that it is the one referred to in the letter, and great injury might perhaps result to the society and its shareholders from such a communication having been published. Allow me, however, to add, that if the letter was intended to apply to the society, it contains a gross and utterly groundless statement. The society is in a prosperous condition—its operations are based on calculations approved by the first actuary of the day—up to the moment I am writing, every fraction received from subscribers has been duly paid into the bankers—advances have been made to shareholders to the extent of 2400l., on good and approved leasehold security, and beyond this amount advanced to shareholders, no sum has been withdrawn from the bank except for expenses.

Allow me, further, to add, that the society affords an excellent mode of benefitting the labouring classes, as I will take another opportunity of showing. As I intend making a thorough investigation of the affair, with a view of ascertaining whether, as regards any other society, there are grounds for your correspondent's statement, I beg to request you to favour me with his address by post forthwith, and to give to the communication a place in your next number, since it is most important to the interests of the society with which I am connected, that your readers' minds may be disabused, and that the facts should instantly appear in their true light.

I am, Sir, yours truly, JAMES MASON, Sec.

26, *New Broad-street, City, Oct.* 15, 1846.

[We have forwarded Mr. Mason's communication to the author of the letter referred to, and now wait for an explanation.—ED.]

The Halifax Mill-masters and "Short Time."—The Halifax masters have adopted a singularly ungenerous method of meeting the requirements of the operatives for the curtailment of the hours of labour in factories. They have issued an address to the workpeople, to the effect that, as "it has been repeatedly stated in the House of Commons, and at public meetings of the operatives, that the hands employed in factories are desirous of running short time, though it should be accompanied by a proportionate reduction of wages," they "have, in consequence, determined, subject to the concurrence of their hands, to reduce the hours of running from twelve hours per day, or sixty-nine hours per week, to eleven hours per day, or sixty-four hours per week; *paying all day-wages after a proportionate reduction.*" On two-thirds of the hands employed signing an agreement to work the shorter time at the reduced wages, the new arrangement is to be carried into effect. Of course the workpeople will not sign, and the mills will run long time as now; and it will be advanced as an argument in Parliament, that the operatives will not consent to reduced pay on condition of reduced hours of labour. We have said that this is an ungenerous method of meeting the wishes of the operative classes for relaxation from toil. It was not thus that the Messrs. Gardner, of Preston, acted. They reduced the hours of labour, and were gainers, even in a pecuniary sense, by their philanthropy—the production being greater, and the earnings of their workpeople being higher, in the short than in the long hours of labour, in consequence of their greater wakefulness, vigilance, and industry. But the Halifax masters appear eager to gain not only in this respect, but also in the reduction of wages which they propose. They wish to gain at both ends; and in the winter evenings they also calculate, no doubt, upon the saving in gas and fuel. We cannot help stigmatising this as a trick—ingenious, it is true, but highly disreputable. But it can not in any way interfere with the ultimate success of the short-time movement. It is to the credit of the operatives that they have avowed their willingness to submit to a reduction of wages, *if* that should be found necessarily to follow from the reduction of the hours of labour. But they do dot admit that such will be the case. On the contrary, they point to the experience of the Messrs. Gardner as perfectly satisfactory on this head. Mr. Leonard Horner, the Government Factory Inspector, in his report of May, 1845, speaking of the reduction of the hours of labour from twelve to eleven hours, in Mr. Gardner's cotton factories at Preston, says—"The reduction from twelve to eleven began on the 20th of April, 1844, and has continued ever since. The declaration made is, that the same quantity of produce, and at the same cost, has been obtained by the master; and that all the workers, day hands as well as those who are paid by piece-work, earn the same amount of wages in the eleven hours as was done before by the labour of twelve hours. I saw both managers, and they not only answered every question, and every objection I made, most openly, but offered to lay their books of produce and wages before me. They unequivocally stated that their produce had been the same since they worked eleven hours as it had been in twelve; and they gave me the following results as to the earnings of their work-people:—

"The *Spinners*, per week.—From January 6th to April 20th, 1844, working twelve hours, the average earnings of each were 38s. 1d.; from the 20th of April to the 29th June, 1844, working eleven hours, the average earnings of each were 38s. 1½d.

"The *Weavers*, per week.—From the 6th of January to the 20th April, 1844, working twelve hours, the average earnings of each were 10s. 1½d.; from the 20th of April to the 29th of June, 1844, working eleven hours, the average earnings of each were 10s. 3½d.

"Mr. Heaton stated that in the spinning department the speed was increased 2 per cent. at the commencement of their working eleven hours, and the carding engines somewhat more. Mr. Jordan stated, that in the weaving mill there had been no increase of speed whatsoever.

"Facts being thus opposed to my preconceived theory, and they did not deny the correctness of that theory, so far as it went, I asked them how they accounted for the result that had been obtained. The explanation they gave showed that I had left out an important element, viz.—the extent to which vigilance and attention on the part of the workmen can influence the amount of production. They stated that, by greater assiduity on the part of the work-people while they are at their work, by coming punctually at the stated times, and by avoiding needless wastes of time throughout the day, the object was accomplished.

"I afterwards saw sixteen of the work-people, some spinners, and some weavers, who came to me at my inn, and they confirmed all I had heard from the managers. They enumerated the many advantages and enjoyments they derived from stopping an hour sooner at night; and among others, they stated, that whereas while they were working twelve hours, only twenty-seven people in the mill attended the night school, there are now ninety-six. The long continuance of the experiment is of itself a proof that Mr. Gardner is satisfied."

We trust that the Halifax masters will yet retrace their steps; and, recalling their deceptive proclamation, at once act in a straight-forward and generous manner, and re-

duce the hours of labour, without taking advantage of the helplessness of their work-people, and seeking to reduce wages already far too low. Let the people have shorter hours, and the question of wages will right itself.—S.

The Condition of the Labourer.—A meeting was held on Oct. 8th, at the Town Hall, St. Albans, ostensibly to organise a national movement for rendering the labouring classes independent of the New Poor Law. The chair was taken by Mr Kentish, the Mayor; and the speakers were B. B. Cabbell, Esq., M.P.; R. Etwall, Esq., M.P.; Mr. Story; Rev. Mr. Collier; Rev. Mr. Upton (Baptist); Dr. Bowles; &c. Lord Ashley; J. Walter, Esq.; Mr. Wakley; Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and others, were invited, but could not attend. B. B. Cabbell, Esq., detailed the objects of the meeting. It was desired "that there should be no poor-law relief, but to relieve the industrious classes from the necessity of requiring it, by placing them in the way of securing their independence by economising their means, and of obtaining good and well-ventilated houses, with good accommodation, and ultimately the elective franchise, in exchange for their present incommodious and filthy dwellings." The hon. gentleman produced the draft of a bill to be laid before parliament, for legalising an institution, whose "members out of work should be paid half their average wages; in sickness, three-fourths; and in old age, half; on condition of certain monthly payments being kept up to the society: also, that members be assisted, when endeavouring to obtain work in distant parts of the country. All rights of membership to be forfeited, if the member be a drunkard, be convicted of a criminal offence, or neglect attending divine worship, if well. Other enactments provided for improved dwellings, to be obtained on the principle of building societies. The bill was comprised under three heads—a friendly society, a building society, and an assurance society." The scheme comprises the formation of a National Society, with district branches; the management of which shall be entirely in the hands of the working classes. It was mentioned in conversation that Mr. B. Cabbell had contributed one thousand guineas towards the proposed organisation. We shall watch the further proceedings of this association with considerable interest. If it be based upon free principles, and the consciences of its members may enjoy unfettered exercise, it cannot fail to be productive of much benefit. But we cannot help expressing a fear that the good promised will not be free from alloy.—P.

Mutual Improvement Societies.—The young men of Yorkshire are laudably exerting themselves in the work of self-improvement. The first "Quarterly Report of the Halifax Mutual Improvement Society" has been forwarded to us, from which we learn that they are now established in comfortable rooms; they number about 90 pupils—all young working men; the classes are reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar; and in all these branches they are making rapid progress. The reading and writing class meets five nights in the week; the arithmetic class, three nights; and the grammar class, two nights. "The committee respectfully but earnestly solicit the co-operation of the friends of education, and the youthful population in particular, to come forward and assist them in carrying out the objects of the institution—viz., the mental improvement and moral elevation of the industrious classes of their neighbourhood."

The Leeds Mutual Improvement Society still progresses, and is making arrangements for increased usefulness during the ensuing winter. In addition to the German, French, and chemical classes, which had been added to the elementary branches of education, a drawing class has now been added; and several courses of lectures are to be delivered during the winter by friends of education in the neighbourhood. It is, in some respects, matter of regret that one of the most active members of the institution has recently left, to enter an educational training establishment; and the institution is thus deprived of his valuable services. Many other active teachers are, however, still left.

During the last week, another Mutual Improvement Society, at Hunslet, near Leeds, has come before the public; and celebrated its opening by a *soiree*, presided over by the Mayor of Leeds, which was very largely attended. The society originated like the others, whose progress we have already recorded. A few young men, desiring to improve themselves by mutual intercourse, met together, and formed classes for the study of different branches of knowledge, on the principle of reciprocation, or mutual interchange. Others gathered around them, and the society was formed. The committee have taken large and commodious premises in a central part of Hunslet, and have opened a reading-room, which is supplied with London daily papers, the local papers, and many of the best cheap publications of the day. A library is also in course of formation. The following evening classes are in active operation:—viz., the elementary classes, which embrace reading, writing, and arithmetic; grammar, composition, geography, and history; drawing (mechanical and ornamental); chemistry; and lecture and discussion class. The committee are also in negociation with individuals of literary and scientific attainments, for the delivery of lectures and papers on a variety of subjects.

The young men of Holbeck, another of the out-townships of Leeds, are also at work; and have recently formed a mechanics' institution, which is in a very thriving state, and numbers many members. Of this, and similar institutions, we shall give some brief account at a future opportunity.—S.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, October 31st, 1846.

The Temperance Movement.—Throughout the kingdom "the note of preparation" is being sounded; and it is confidently expected that, during the coming winter, the temperance cause will be pressed forward with an energy never before surpassed. The National Temperance Society, it is understood, contemplates active exertions in the Metropolis and its suburbs; and the central association is actively at work, four agents—Messrs. Glover, Edwards, Horn, and Kemp—having commenced their philanthropic labours on the 1st of October. The munificent patron of this association is E. S. Kendrick Esq., editor of the *Temperance Gazette*, a publication of considerable merit. Mr. Grubb has delivered a series of excellent lectures at Bolton. Active measures are also contemplated by the Scottish Temperance League; and there is every prospect that the coming lecture season will be more than usually productive of good. It is understood that, in every part, an effort will be made to elevate and improve the temperance advocacy. Without disparaging the exertions of the past, there is much reason to desire another course for the future. The time is come when the general public, as well as the disciples of teetotalism, look for a more elevated but equally earnest assertion of the great claims of total abstinence. Exciting tales, laughable anecdotes, and warm declamation, have had their day, and probably done their service. But the time will come when science, which now sheds a bright lustre upon the abstinence cause, must be brought fully to its aid; and men must go forth who are prepared not merely to assert that alcohol is a destroyer of man's physical well-being, but competent to demonstrate the nature of its pernicious operations, and to set clearly before the inquiring mind the beauty and simplicity of those organic laws by obedience to which health, and its attendant happiness, may be preserved. If this course be duly regarded by the temperance committees, to whose keeping is confided the welfare of a great cause, involving the happiness of millions of human beings,—then there is every reason to hope that its conquests will be rapid, and its triumph speedy and complete.—Robert Kemp Philp.

Country Houses for the Working Classes.—Sir: In an article published in your journal some short time since, under the above title, some very just remarks were made upon the "clearance system" of the late Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who, under the pretence of "improving the neighbourhood," demolished without mercy the habitations of thousands of poor persons in the Rookery. The writer of that article pointed out the inevitable tendency of this barbarous act—more in accordance with the unhappy system pursued in the wilds of Ireland, than with that which one might have expected to have seen pursued in a city which boasts itself as the centre of civilisation—to be the further crowding of the adjacent poor neighbourhoods with this mass of unhoused poverty. His predictions have, unfortunately, proved but too true, as I find it stated in the newspapers that

> The back avenues in Drury-lane, Saffron-hill, old Westminster, and Whitechapel, are crowded to repletion by emigrants from the fallen fastness of Bloomsbury. It is stated by a clergyman, who is constantly amongst the poor, that, on entering houses in those neighbourhoods in the course of his sick calls, he has found a number amounting to seventy human beings, crammed together in a narrow and dilapidated tenement. The arrangements by which the miserable creatures are thus packed are almost revolting; for lodgings have become so valuable in these dens, *that the poorer inmates pay for admission to sleep on the landing places and stairs!*

Perhaps those who pass and admire the new and handsome buildings now arising on the ruins of that miserable district, might as well be informed how much of this improvement has been purchased at the expense of the most miserable class of the population. If a street had to be widened in the City, there would be an immediate cry for compensation from the well-to-do burghers about to be displaced. But the poor—how dare they urge such a plea? All honour to Lord Morpeth, for his determination to put an end to such a gigantic system of eviction. Your plan for providing cottages for workmen, some miles out of town, on the different lines of railroad—a free passage to and fro being insured them for a sum which, in addition to the rent of a cottage and piece of ground, would prove less than what they now pay for a miserable room or so in London—has, I see, been considered at a meeting held at Temperance Hall, Waterloo-road; at which one of the speakers stated that it had received the favourable sanction of Earl Grey, Lord Ashley, Mr. Ricardo, M.P., Mr. Ewart, M.P., and Mr. Douglas Jerrold; with whose powerful co-operation, the movement will, doubtless, prove successful. It was thought very desirable at this meeting that employers should become members of an association, which it was proposed should be called—"The Metropolitan Labourers' Dwelling House Society;" and in giving publicity to this recommendation, I trust you will lend the aid of your valuable journal, as masters cannot be engaged in a nobler duty than in thus forwarding the moral and physical condition of their workmen. I remain, sir, A Reader of the "People's Journal."

London Sewers.—On Friday evening last a highly instructive explanatory lecture was delivered in the theatre of the City of Westminster Institution, by W. Higgs, Esq., the Patentee of the "Means of collecting the contents of Sewers in Towns," detailing the objects proposed to be accomplished by the London Sewage Chemical Manure Company.

The design of this lecture, after some observation on the nature of the London sewerage and its highly fertilising properties, was to show the intimate connection between vegetable and animal existences; that the animated tribes are entirely dependent upon the vegetable; that the elements of organic being are there elaborated and prepared, and being received by the animal is assimilated, and becomes part of his structure; that these again, having performed their office in the body of the animal, are thrown off as excrementitious; that the soil is the medium by which they are again conveyed to the vegetable world; that these are the wise ordinations of nature in the physical world which it is our duty and our interest to carry out; that where these are neglected disease, poverty, and misery are sure to follow; but that where these admonitions are regarded health, comfort, plenty, and, increased duration of life, are secured.

The lecturer then alluded to the enormous quantity of valuable fertilising matter not merely wasted at the present time, but suffered to become the source of disease by contaminating our streams and diffusing pestilential vapours through the atmosphere; he contended that, in a mere pecuniary point of view as a commercial speculation, the collecting and disposing of this matter could not fail to be most highly remunerative, but that when it was considered that health, comfort, and morality were so intimately connected with such schemes of usefulness, the importance of the measure becomes doubly apparent.

The practicability of Mr. Higgs' plan was fully demonstrated by some experiments of the most interesting and conclusive kind; he produced before his audience specimens of this most vile and disgusting compound with which Thames water is so contaminated, and explained to his audience that it consisted of two parts, matter mechanically suspended and which would subside upon its being allowed to rest; and matter by far the most valuable, chemically combined, and which cannot be separated but by chemical means; this he showed might be accomplished by the use of alkaline earths, by which the phosphates, soap, &c., might be precipitated and secured, the cleansed water resulting being better fitted from its softness for many purposes both domestic and manufacturing. It was shown that by this method we should obtain that great desideratum, uninterrupted drainage, and that the very effluvia arising from such sources which now vitiates the atmosphere may be turned to good account and augment our agricultural resources.

The Health of Towns Movement.—The committee of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Public Health has announced a series of lectures, during the winter months, upon the sanatory condition of the people. Mr. Thomas Beggs delivered the first lecture of the series, at the National Hall, on Wednesday evening,

October 7, to a large and attentive audience. The lecturer remarked upon the great value of health, and the means by which it may be improved; and demonstrated the many evils arising from imperfect drainage and ventilation, and other excitives of disease. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams and models. This movement is intimately allied to the interests of the middle and working classes, and should receive their earnest attention and support. It affords, moreover, a field for the performance of good works, in which men of all politics and religion may heartily unite; and thus its moral, as well as physical, results may be of vast import to human welfare.

The Whittington Club Movement in Paisley.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Sir: Permit me, through the medium of your *Annals of Industry and Progress*, to refer all those friendly to the formation of Whittington Clubs, to the report of the proceedings of a meeting held for that object in Paisley.

The people of Paisley have seen it their duty to make an attempt at least, trusting to the good results that must inevitably flow from the establishment of such an institution.

A meeting was held on Wednesday, 21st instant, in "Campbell's Coffee-house," for the purpose of ascertaining the general feeling in regard to the Whittington Club movement. After a short and explicit statement of the object and results likely to accrue from such an institution by the chairman, it was resolved, by the unanimous approval of all present, that they entirely concur in the general principles and ultimate formation of an institution, on the Whittington principle, with this only difference—that another appellation, more in unison with Scottish feeling, be adopted, with whatever ulterior measures contingencies may suggest.

It was also moved, and unanimously agreed upon, that the persons now present resolve themselves into a provisional committee to correspond with the various literary institutions and individuals connected with the town, to get them, if possible, to co-operate into one institution, founded, as I have already stated, on the broad and enlightened Whittingtonian basis: and thus to resuscitate the long dormant talent and literary ability that have proverbially characterised our town.

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A Well Wisher has mistaken us. We did not intend to give the companion print that he refers to.

A letter lies at Messrs. Scott and Benson's, Carlisle, for Mr. R. Duncan.

A Constant Subscriber and Seeker after Knowledge does not state to which "end of the town" he refers, as needing a Mutual Improvement Society.

A LIST

Of the Authors and Artists whose *original* contributions have appeared, or will appear, in

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AUTHORS.

Miss Martineau	Miss Mitford
Miss Bremer	Walter Savage Landor
W. J. Fox	Barry Cornwall
William Howitt	Mrs. Howitt
Ebenezer Elliott	R. H. Horne
John Whittier (of America)	Mrs. Child (of America)
Mrs. Loudon	Elihu Burritt („ „)
Richard Howitt	Mrs. Leman Gillies
Angus B. Reach	Dr. Bowring
Joseph Mazzini	Miss Toulmin
J. R. Lowell (of America)	Charles Mackay, LL.D.
H. F. Chorley	Thomas Cooper
Arnheldt Weaver	Thornton Hunt
Mrs. C. Tinsley	Arthur Wallbridge
Dr. Smiles (of Leeds)	Mrs. C. White
Mrs. Novello	W. J. Linton
Joseph Gostick	Andrew Winter
Mrs. Hodgson (of Liverpool)	Calder Campbell
Eliza Meteyard	John Fowler (of Sheffield)
Julia Kavanagh	J. Haughton (of Dublin)
J. B. Rogerson (of Manchester	G. S. Phillips
H. G. Adams	Franklin Fox
Georgiana C. Munro	Goodwyn Barmby, etc.

ARTISTS.

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Edwin Landseer, R.A. D. Maclise, R.A.

T. Creswick, R.A., etc.;

(*Of Original Designs, engraved exclusively for the People's Journal.*)

F. Stone	William Harvey
Kenny Meadows	F. W. Topham
Miss M. Gillies	John Franklin
W. Hunt	J. W. Archer
Edward Duncan	H. C. Weigall, etc.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an Appendix.

JOHN SAUNDERS,

EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

PRICE THREE HALF-PENCE.

The Week

Ending Saturday, November 7th, 1846.

Condition of the Female Factory Operatives at Bradford, Yorkshire.—On Wednesday, the 7th ult., an important Public Meeting took place in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, Bradford, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, Vicar, the originator of the movement, the object of which was, to obtain public co-operation in the furtherance of a movement for the improvement of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the female factory operatives of the district. Lord Morpeth, M.P.; Mr. Busfeld, M.P.; Wm. Rand, Esq. (one of the largest mill-owners in Bradford); R. Baker, Esq., Factory Inspector; and many of the clergymen and Dissenting ministers of the town, with several of the leading manufacturers, were present, and took part in the proceedings. Lord Ashley had been invited, but he declined to attend, as he held opinions as to the necessity of shorter hours of labour in factories (a subject not ventured on by Dr. Scoresby's Association), which might possibly disturb the unanimity of the Meeting. Mr. Walker, a large mill-owner, an energetic advocate of a Ten Hours' Bill, was absent for the same reason. The Rev. James Cooper, Secretary of the Society, read a Report of the proceedings of the Committee, previous to the Meeting, from which a few extracts are subjoined:—

"With a view to promote plans for the furtherance of these objects, inquiries have been made by a preliminary Committee, in order to ascertain as nearly as possible the numbers of females of different ages employed in the town and immediate vicinity of Bradford. Our inquiries lead us to the following conclusions, showing that there are, in ninety-eight factories, or employed by ninety-eight firms in the borough of Bradford,—

Females	under thirteen years of age	1,000
Do.	from thirteen to eighteen ..	4,500
Do.	above eighteen	6,500
	Total..............	12,000

Of these 2,400 are married women, and from 1,000 to 1,200 are young women living in lodgings or lodging-houses.

"By this large number of persons, it is to be feared that slender provision is made against sickness, old age, and the various contingencies of their condition. Only a few sick clubs exist among them, and these for the most part small and inefficient: though it should be stated, that in many of the mills occasional or weekly collections are made in behalf of such of the regular hands as are disabled by sickness, and to which the masters contribute. During the past five years, only 198 females, describing themselves as "power-loom weavers," have become depositors in the savings' bank; and only 123 of these remained on the books at the last half-yearly statement of accounts. It should not, however, be forgotten, that the earnings of a large proportion of the female weavers are thrown into the common purse of the family, and that deposits, therefore, may have been made by others, to which they have contributed.

"With regard to measures for their improvement, the preliminary Committee have considered that one important class requiring particular attention, is that of young women who come into the town from the surrounding neighbourhood, or from a distance, to obtain employment in the factories, and consequently have no natural home near their employment. These are obliged to find the best accommodation they can in lodgings, where, in the absence of parental guidance and protection, they are subject to many disadvantages, and exposed to dangers, often, alas! fatal to their virtue and respectability.

"For this class it is suggested *that comfortable boarding-houses may be provided*, where, at no greater cost than at present to themselves, they may be boarded and lodged, under the careful management of a matron placed at the head of each, whose duty would be to provide their meals, and *exercise a general superintendence of the establishment. There provision may be made for their evening instruction in domestic matters, and in religious and mental improvement.* A suitable library, and other means of social enjoyment and mutual profit, might be provided, and as little restraint exercised over their freedom as may be necessary for the general good order of the house. For the improvement of young women living at home with their parents, it is suggested that *evening schools should be established in existing school-houses for their general instruction, including needlework, and other domestic matters.*

"To aid in the formation of habits of prudence, economy, and forethought, it is proposed to establish *a general sick club for female operatives of all ages*, on the improved principles of assurance tables, regulating the payments to the age and capability of each insurer, and avoiding all needless outlay in the management; and with the same object also to facilitate and encourage deposits in the savings' bank.

"For the purpose of carrying out these and similar measures which may be adopted, it is suggested that *a General Board of Management be formed*, consisting of manufacturers and spinners and other gentlemen, including the clergy, and Dissenting ministers of the various denominations, and that *a Committee of Ladies also be formed* to aid in carrying out some of the objects in view.

"A mode of erecting boarding or lodging-houses suggests itself in the formation of a branch of the Metropolitan Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, which would secure an interest of 5 per cent. on any outlay in building, or the same thing may be accomplished by an independent Association for the express purpose.

"These plans are suggested with the greater confidence, from their having received the general approbation of many of the principal spinners and manufacturers of the town, while the interest which these gentlemen expressed in the welfare of their female hands, encourages the hope of their effective co-operation."

Resolutions, embodying the above suggestions, were proposed and adopted by the Meeting. The Vicar, in his opening address to the Meeting, stated the vast importance of the subject. To give an idea of the enormous increase of the population of Bradford, he stated that in the course of two years there had been an influx of nearly 20,000 persons into that town and neighbourhood! "Hitherto," he said, "no special, general, or systematic care had been taken of the female operatives labouring amongst us. There had been no general system. They had been a class left entirely to themselves, except such portion of them as by some voluntary act chose to place themselves under some Christian minister. The others were left to the impulses of their own nature; licentious men and licentious women were left to the influences of their natural passions, and in many cases, he regretted to say, with very little restraint. He did not speak of their manufactories generally, for he believed they were very different from what he had alluded to, but he would venture to say that there were manufactories in Bradford in which there was a sad system of degradation amongst them. (Hear.) There were manufactories in that place in which the men had no restraint. There were manufactories in that place—he trusted they were few—in which the women had no restraint. Those things existing amongst them ought to be put down by the firm moral tone of the Christian people, so that such things could not exist in a Christian community. Meetings of this kind would be called to awaken the attention of females to this important subject. And moreover, by the progress of a work of this kind, any manufacturers who chose to unite in carrying out the leading objects which would hereafter be detailed to the Meeting, would find this necessary result: their manufactories and mills would assume a higher character; they would obtain a better class of hands, and altogether they would soon find advantages in comparison with other manufacturers in the place. The objects contemplated in the formation of an Association had been elsewhere tried, with the most beneficial results. He need hardly allude to the cases in America, particularly at Lowell, which he visited himself, further than to say that the condition of the females there was so beautiful, that though he went with many misgivings, he came away with the full impression that all that had been said with respect to the moral condition

and respectability of the females there, was fully and most amply justified. But besides the case of Lowell, we have had trials of something similar in our own country. The rev. chairman instanced a successful experiment made by Archdeacon Lyell, in a silk manufactory at Hadley, and he concluded by forcibly impressing upon the meeting the immense importance in a philanthropic and Christian point of view, and as bearing on the destinies of this country, of the subject brought before them.

Lord Morpeth proposed the first resolution in a feeling speech, and in the introduction he stated that he had had an engagement at that hour to attend an agricultural meeting at Keighley; but "when his attention was called to the 12,000 female workpeople in this town, he felt that they had superior claims, that they are more important objects, that they are nobler works of the great Creator's hand, than even the fat cattle and goodly beeves in the upper part of Airedale. Differences of opinion (he observed) to a considerable extent, have prevailed in this town, and in the whole manufacturing districts of England, with respect to the proper time to allot to the hours of labour in factories; but whether you fix the number of hours at twelve, at eleven, at ten, at nine, or at eight, still I think it would be felt to be desirable to protect those 12,000 female factory workers from the dangers and the temptations to which they are more peculiarly exposed; to provide means for their finding decent and healthy lodgings; to stand in the stead, as it were, in the case of the unprotected, of their natural parents and guardians, when they cannot resort to their kindly shelter —to provide for them when sick the facilities of medical attendance and medicine; to inculcate upon them lessons of forethought and prudence, and surround them, as much as possible, with the comforts, the privileges, the sanctities of a home. Lord Morpeth alluded to the remarks of the chairman respecting the state of the Lowell female operatives, and pointed out the difference of circumstances in their condition as compared with the female operatives of this country.

Mr. Jude Yates, an operative, appropriately took the opportunity, in a most judicious and conciliatory manner, of directing the attention of the meeting to the root of the evil—or, at least, to one of its most aggravating causes, namely—*the long hours of labour* in factories. He thanked sincerely the rev. vicar and the gentleman acting with him, for the active and encouraging part which they had taken in the endeavour to raise the moral and social condition of the factory operatives. But he feared these excellent steps were a beginning at the wrong end; and this was what he wished to say as expressive of the universal feeling of the factory operatives of the West-Riding—that however necessary it was that the female and all other factory operatives should be elevated from their present degraded position, yet so long as they were compelled to work so many hours, however laudable these efforts were, unless there was a considerable diminution in the hours of their toil, those efforts would prove unavailing to a considerable extent.

Several other speakers addressed the meeting in support of the several resolutions, the utmost sympathy being throughout manifested in the interesting and often painful details set forth, after which it separated, voting thanks to the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, and the two members of parliament who had honoured the meeting by their presence, and aided it by their counsels and encouragement.

A way for the Poor to help themselves.—SIR,—I beg to suggest a plan which, if carried into effect, will be of the greatest service to the industrious classes, and it has this merit, that it can be easily carried out. Every one acquainted with these classes is aware of the frequency of sudden calls for temporary loans. There are outfitting of children, purchase of a cow, setting up in small business, removing to a better seat of work, in short, numberless calls for loans. The loan societies so called in London, are mostly cruel swindling affairs, concocted by nests of broken attorneys and low speculators, who calculate on profits by suing all parties. Now it seems astonishing that while the working classes have twenty millions in the savings' banks at 3¼ per cent., they should be driven to these extremities for money. I have not mentioned the pawn shop, but it is one of the monster evils of English society, and needs the power of the press to bring a remedy. I have tickets before me belonging to the poor where generally articles have been pledged at one-fifth their value, and of course fall into the hands of the pawn-broker. I have suggested *the addition of loan departments to every savings' bank in the kingdom.* They can be managed by the same officers at a trifling expense, by a charge of five per cent. and a trifle for commission, a vast sum may be realised, so great as perhaps in time to pay the poor rates or sustain an efficient system of national education. This would be nothing more than the application of the principle of banking (*i. e.* that the surplus funds of one party be used at interest by others), to the lower classes. The benefits would be incalculable. Due security could be taken and good characters required of borrowers. I sent a sketch of this plan to the benevolent Lord Ashley some time since, and he kindly promised to promote the plan. It is the aid of the press that is required to bring it thoroughly before the public.

P. S. I beg to recommend my plan of circulating the *People's Journal*, *i. e.* to take a copy for lending to the poor, which I put in a stout cover.—I am yours,

Canterbury. W. WELBY.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

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JOHN SAUNDERS,

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Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible* among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied carriage free at 10s. per hundred. To the

LOVERS OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

We commend for this purpose our last number, which contains

A PORTRAIT OF ELIHU BURRITT;

WITH A

Memoir by Mary Howitt.

A Poem by Walter Savage Landor will immediately appear.

The Skirts of the Forest, by T. Creswick, R.A., is in the Engraver's hands.

Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, November 14th, 1846.

Fellow Working Men,—The present, in many of its aspects, is a distressing and important period—distressing because it exhibits much misery amongst you—important because your condition is exciting attention and inquiry, and as the times call upon you to put forth your energies. The circumstances of the great majority of you are not only not equal to your merits, as a hard working body of men, but they are miserably beneath the lowest standard of remuneration, that could possibly be fixed as a reward for your toil. Your food is poor and scanty, and often you have none. The wives, who were the pride of your early manhood, have lost the bloom of health and the cheerful spirit, through the influence of want, an amount of labour disproportioned to their strength, and the corroding anxiety these have caused. Your children pine, often ask you in vain for bread, are uncomfortably lodged, and the young and happy years that should be devoted to education and free enjoyment, are cursed and blighted by premature and unremitting labour and the miseries to which they are subjected, by the wretched circumstances in which they are placed. Your burden is indeed a heavy one. The wonder is that you have patiently borne it so long, or otherwise have not quite sunk under its crushing weight. But, generally, you have done what is best. Rashness would destroy you, despair would disable you.

Yet what prospect is there of a termination to your sufferings during the present arrangement of things? Not any. The repeal of the corn laws will, it is hoped, increase our trade and the consequent beneficial effects be experienced; but this will not be a sufficient remedy, inasmuch as, when in full work, the wants of a family cannot be properly supplied; the wife will still have to labour hard instead of superintending her household, and the children will still be in the factory, when they should be in the school and play-ground. Besides this, it will be utterly impossible, from the lowness of wages while employed, to provide for periods of non-employment. This being the case, on the first stoppage or slackness of trade, destitution and misery will commence their unhappy reign. The manufacturer, the farmer, the landholder, will not lower their profits and rents, that your wages may be raised. The capitalist stands aloof. Statesmen do not seem, in the slightest degree, disposed to organise such plans as shall in reality be adapted to remove the existing evils. Whence then is your relief to come, and how is it to be obtained? *Permanent and general relief must come from yourselves, and to wait, expecting this from any other quarter, will only delay the period of your rescue.* If, then, you would be delivered from ghastly want, famine in the midst of plenty, oppressive and ill-requited toil, and a state of commercial serfdom; remember the language of Byron—

> "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

And, as you value your own happiness, that of your families and of the future generations of working men, begin immediately to use the means of relief yet in your power. Establish a glorious system of united capital and labour, which shall enable you to throw off your present burdens, place you upon a proud and happy eminence, and which will be, to future ages, a monument of what the minds, the hearts, the hands of the working men of this age have done; observing, they will admire and have cause to thank you. Thus will you acquire for yourselves, not the glory which attaches to such names as Cæsar, Alexander, and Bonaparte, but, true glory which will brighten with the lapse of time, and not, like this, grow dim; the glory of commencing an order of things producing peace, happiness, intellectual elevation, and exalted virtue. For the system which it would be desirable to see in operation would be one which would ultimately, combine moral and intellectual education with physical comfort; these being very closely connected and absolutely necessary to the complete disenthralment of the working man.

All this you can do. You have the power. In your united subscriptions, though small, there is a mine of wealth; which, well managed, may be converted into fruitful fields, flourishing factories, prosperous shops, schools for your children, reading rooms for your leisure, convenient cottages, and cheerful hearths. It is not to be expected that these things can be done all at once; but they will, assuredly, gradually arise out of your earnest endeavours. Not more certain than this are the revolving seasons, or the regular return of night and day. You are fast learning that the union of the great body of the people is all-powerful for the accomplishment of its object. Let them bid war cease—it will rage no longer. Let them decree the destruction of all selfish monopoly, and it will be done. Let them place their firm grasp upon unjust power, and the monster will fall a suppliant at their feet. Let them will their own deliverance from the cold embrace of poverty, and, relaxing his icy arms, he will stand powerless before them, and speedily disappear. Of course, it is here understood that the will must embody itself in action. Fellow working men, do you doubt this? Then look at the princely fortunes of the manufacturers, and the palace-like mansions of the great land proprietors surrounded by their extensive possessions; look through the length and breadth of the land, and your eye will in every direction meet evidences of the great wealth of the country; think of the immense cost of our government, of its pensions and salaries, of the great income of the queen and the different members of her family; supported by the enormous annual revenue of fifty millions; and if, astonished at the magnificent display, you inquire by what magic these are produced, the answer is that your labour is the grand and mighty source from which they spring, or which stamps upon them their value. *That labour which can effect so much for others, can accomplish all and even more than is needful for yourselves.* Indulge then no desponding fears. Stand forth as men. Exhibit courage to undertake the task of your own deliverance. Have confidence in yourselves. Believe in your own power. Form yourselves into societies, and by means of regular subscriptions raise a capital which will enable you to commence businesses of your own, whether as shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, weavers, gardeners, or farmers, &c. Give to the world an example of a firm, unwavering, wisely conducted, and successful union of the working classes. If you cannot have men of wealth at the head of your societies, you have men of wisdom and character amongst you; and, without bending the knee to power, or crouching at the feet of wealth, let it be seen that you can well lead yourselves. Put your hand to the plough, fan the spark of hope, calmly await the future, and there yet is deliverance.—I remain yours, in the cause of human progression and happiness,

George Smith: Coventry.

SHIRT WOMEN OF LONDON.

Sir,—Permit me through the medium of your journal, to call the attention of your readers, more especially those of them who sympathise with your sentiments in favour of co-operative modes of life, to an humble effort now being made with the view of bettering the condition of the shirt women of the metropolis. At the commencement of our undertaking you were kind enough to notice favourably a circular which we issued, setting forth our objects and intentions. Since that time we have not received anything like the support that might have been expected, from the commiseration bestowed upon the forlorn condition of the shirt women. It may, therefore, be desirable to reiterate our statements with a few additional particulars, in the hope that our appeal may be more strongly impressed upon those, who, like ourselves, are anxious to see something effective undertaken on behalf of the victims of a merciless system of cruelty and avarice.

I will now briefly state the objects we have in view, and the mode by which we shall endeavour to carry them out. We desire to see a Female Association, so that shirts may be made for sale and the profits secured to the workwomen, instead of the dealers. After a careful examination of the shirts sold in the shops we are convinced that we can supply shirts of as good quality and at the same price as those commonly sold; and can give, in the first place, 20 per cent. advance in wages, and after that we shall have remaining a profit of 20 per cent. to be divided after the

payment of expenses among the work people—that is to say, for a shirt at 4s. 6d. with linen collar, front, and wristbands, well made—we should give 1s. 2d. making, for which 10d. is commonly given, and we shall then have 1s. profit left. If then we could get sufficient support to carry out our wishes, we feel that the entire trade in shirts might be taken out of the hands of the present dealers, and instead of 3s. and 4s. a week, the shirt woman so employed would be able to earn 7s. or 8s., and would probably have coming to her a bonus of profits of 5s. or 6s. more. We do not think that we at all exaggerate, when we make these statements, but supposing, in order that we may be on the safe side, we put down the earnings and profits at 10s., any one who is acquainted with the condition of the needle women, will readily concede that this would be a very large and important addition to their present wages. Our only expense is 5s. per week rent, and the profit of five shirts a week will therefore pay the expenses. The association could very well get up ten or twelve dozen a week, and would then be enabled to furnish employment to twenty-four females at the wages before-mentioned, the proportion of the expenses to each being 3d. per week. A reduction of the already small expenses might be effected in the sale of cotton, needles, and pins to the workwomen and others, the profits of which would amount to one or two shillings per week. Books are kept accounting for all monies received and paid, the disposal of stock, &c. Any customer will be allowed to examine these books, which will be made up quarterly. For ourselves, we feel that there is a remedy for the evils of the present system of shirt making, and we trust that the facts we have stated will produce the same conviction in the minds of those who shall read them. To all such we make our appeal, and earnestly invite them to co-operate with us in redressing the wrongs of the shirt women.

Hoping you will give this, or some portion of it, a place in your Annals of Industry,—I am, Sir, yours' respectfully, W. AINGER, Secretary, Female Association, 13, Denmark-street, High-street, Bloomsbury.

SIR,—That *Building Societies* are capable of achieving much social and political good to the sober and industrious "sons of toil," none will attempt to deny. There are, however, many objections raised against them, and perhaps with some truth; but our present object is not to find fault with societies already established, on the contrary, it is briefly to lay our plans before the readers of the *Annals of Industry*, that they may "go and do likewise."

Inclosed is the first annual statement of the accounts of the Friendly Co-operative Building Society, which you may publish if you think desirable.

We limited our members to sixty, our rules were duly enrolled. The trustees entered into an agreement for a plot of freehold ground, pleasantly situate opposite the Woodlands, Greenwich, on the estate of Mr. Tyler. The plans and specifications were prepared by two of the members, Messrs. Tuckwell and Wells. The houses have sixteen feet frontage, and twenty-three feet ten inches deep; height of ground-floor nine feet six inches, chamber-floor eight feet six inches: front windows five feet six inches by four feet six inches, and double hung sashes with hung shutters inside. At the back is a kitchen, having sink, copper, range, dresser complete; over the kitchen is a sleeping apartment with opening casements. Three register stoves for each house has been preferred on account of cleanliness, &c. In fact, everything is of the best possible quality, and workmanship in general good and substantial. The houses form three sides of a square, and the width across the streets from house to house, is fifty-two feet—road, twenty-eight feet wide: on each side a six-feet path, and six-feet fore court inclosed by iron palisading, with gates of a neat pattern.

The buildings were put up to contract amongst the principal builders of London, and Messrs. J. and W. Butler, Botolph-lane, were the successful parties. We fully anticipate keeping Christmas in our houses with good old English fare, as used to be; for the builders are under a penalty of 20l. per week, if not finished by the 14th December.

The sites of houses were allotted by ballot (with the exception of Messrs. Tuckwell, Wells, and Harrold: the society having originated with the latter), so that members might have an opportunity of making alterations whilst the works are in progress. This arrangement has proved a great boon. Water will be supplied to each house from the "Kent Water Works," at something less than 3½d. per week. The total cost will be about 210l. per house, exclusive of freehold. The trustees borrow seventy-five per cent. of the total cost, and pay five per cent. interest. This society is the most equitable in existence. Each member will be charged with the cost of his house, and the interest thereon, and credited with rent paid, until the amount borrowed shall have been repaid. The "conversion of rent into capital" was an idea of that extraordinary and gifted man, Jeremy Bentham; an idea which we have practically adopted, and which may be realised by other societies as efficiently, and perhaps more so, than we have done. Our experience is ready for the guidance of others, if they send us notice of their intentions.

We sincerely trust, through the medium of your valuable *Annals*, that the attention of the working classes will be centered on this important subject; and that efficient means will be taken to emancipate the toiling masses from the exorbitant demands of landlords—to release them from the lanes, alleys, and courts, of crowded cities—to enable them to become possessors of their own homes—to erect clusters of habitations amid the green fields, where the sober and industrious might enjoy all the advantages of town society, in addition to superior circumstances, and more healthful influences, for the more full development of physical and mental well-being.

The working classes pay fifty per cent more rent, in proportion to the accommodation, than do the middle or upper classes. This is a serious evil—a heavy taxation on resources already crippled. The means of relief are the same as we have adopted. Let benevolent and true men engage in this laudable undertaking, and we shall see before long poor, dejected and misled humanity rising in the prime of youth, in the beauty of manhood, never more to be enslaved by the votaries of Mammon, or blinded by avaricious cupidity.

Be temperate and frugal, my fellow working men. Shun the public-house and beer-shop: they glitter to deceive—deceive to effect your ruin—and ride rampant over the desolation of your homes. Join your mechanics' institutes—cultivate your mind: let self-culture be a reality. Sympathise with your less fortunate brethren—guide them aright—make them better sons, kinder fathers, and more tender husbands. So will your heart expand, and your mind dilate—till the emancipation of humanity from ignorance, capital, and competition, shall,

> Like a sea of glory,
> Roll from pole to pole.

I am, sir, yours, &c., ALEXANDER HARROLD.
Greenwich.

A Jerrold Club, on the basis either of the Manchester Athenæum or the Whittington Club, is proposed to be formed in Ashton-under-Lyne. The subscription to be 12s. a year.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, November 21st, 1846.

Infant Education and the establishment of Infant Schools.—I have the pleasure of informing thee that, some time ago, I believe, in the commencement of the present year, the Rev. R. Ainslie, of London, secretary to the Congregational Board of Education, delivered a lecture in Bedworth, on "Infant Education, and the establishment of Infant Schools." The lecture was one of a very enlightened character. It was delivered in the Old Independent Chapel, a large place, which was thickly studded with attentive listeners to an exposition of the nature and capabilities of mankind, such as they had not been in the habit of hearing from the pulpit. The result has been the formation of an infant school, under the superintendance of a well-skilled and talented mistress. She has had great difficulties to contend with on account of the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and also of the committee. At present, however, it is progressing in a very satisfactory manner.—J. J.

Mutual Improvement Society.—The young men of Woodhouse, near Leeds, have imitated the example set them by the young men of other districts in and about Leeds, and formed themselves into a Mutual Improvement Society. A week or two ago, they opened their classes with about sixty pupils; and they have also established a reading-room, which is already well-frequented. May they prosper!—S.

Saxmundham Spade Husbandry Association.—The following notice of the Saxmundham Spade Husbandry Association may be interesting to the readers of the *People's Journal.* It originated at Saxmundham, a market-town about twenty miles from Ipswich, and has purchased a farm in the neighbouring village of Snape, comprising twenty-eight acres of medium soil, situated high and dry, and inclined to be light. This the society manures with the ooze from the Snape river, about two miles distant from the farm. This manure is well adapted for a light soil, as it is salt, and fat as butter. It costs them only sixpence per load, and the man employed in filling and carting it can earn the very high wage in those parts of twenty shillings per week, when many would be glad to get eight. There is a large barn and two cottages attached to the farm. The land looks clean, and the crops excellent. The society numbers forty members, who hold in shares. They have had their rules legally enrolled by the revising barrister for benefit societies. During the first year of their possession they cleared, after paying all expenses, the large profit, on so small a farm as twenty-eight acres, of 140*l.* This is a strong testimony in favour of the spade *versus* plough—a grand witness for the man against the horse; a great cause which has yet to be tried in the courts of equity. The society also has shared among themselves the consumption of five head of cattle fed upon their farm. The surrounding labourers who, instead of horses, receive the benefit of their capital, have reason to bless their association.—G. B.

Foleshill Co-operative Stores.—At Foleshill, a large straggling village, near Coventry, there are now, and have been for some time, six co-operative stores established. Five of these are remarkably prosperous. The members of these stores, thus quietly established in a retired nook in Warwickshire, amount in number to about 200. Each of them receives a dividend of the profits, averaging 4*l.* per head, every Christmas. Thus, as far as they have gone, they have been successful. Their next object should be an agricultural association.—G. B.

Anti-Slavery League.—Sir: I have just risen from a perusal of William Howitt's article on the Anti-Slavery League, and am prompted to ask how I (who am an imperfectly educated operative,) can aid in forwarding this grand design for hastening forward the "good time coming?" I have ever been most anxious that the man of colour should be raised to his proper position—be hailed as a fellow man—a *free* man throughout the universe; and I have for some time past felt that my class—the sons of toil—thought too lightly of the wrongs suffered by those other sons of toil, the poor despised, insulted, scourged slaves. Why does this apathy exist? Why has it so long existed? Not because the British artisan is callous as to the sufferings of his fellow man; not because he considers that it is a matter which does not concern him: but simply because the subject has not been placed in its true light before his mental vision. He has been dreaming that, as England has emancipated *her* slaves, the slave trade has become a mere matter of history; but he is now awaking to a sense of the leviathan size and power of the slave trade at this moment. And I venture to assert, and events will speedily confirm or give the lie to the assertion, that hundreds of thousands of working men in this country are ready and willing to help this glorious new-born messenger of peace and human brotherhood forward, till the shackles shall be struck from the limbs of the last slave, and universal man declared free, equal, and independent. Let us have a chance of testing our love for this grand cause—this doctrine of man's equality—and I apprehend that the slave will soon be free. With such examples as Wilberforce and Clarkson before our mind's eye, and with such earnest and zealous labourers bodily before us as William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglas, William Howitt, George Thompson, Henry Vincent, Elihu Burritt, and numerous others, the "League" must soon acquire a moral and numerical strength which will be felt wherever slavery in any form exists. Hail to the great-hearted men who have begun in this philanthropic cause! More power to their arms! May they go on increasing in power and numbers with the speed of lightning, till this heinous sin of slavery shall no longer pollute the church of Christ and disgrace the name of man!

If convenient, I should be happy to see a notice of a line or two on the last leaf of an early number, stating the head-quarters of the Anti-Slavery League. I apprehend that a branch will shortly be formed in Sheffield, but while we are delaying, slaves are dying—dying in *forced* ignorance of Gospel truth, as if they had no souls, or, having souls, they were systematically sent before their Maker in ignorance darker than their own skins, merely because their bodies are claimed as the personal property of professing Christians, and an intellectual, moral, and religious training would *reduce the value* of the slave.—I remain, yours truly,

Sheffield. Creswick R. Corbitt.

Hints for Good.—Some ladies of Marylebone have formed a committee to inquire into the state of the poor of the neighbourhood, and to minister to their necessities during the prevalence of scarcity and severe weather. For this purpose they have instituted a penny subscription, and have, in a short time, succeeded in raising 12*l.* The committee hope that this hint may be extensively acted upon.

National Land and Building Association.—This institution progresses very satisfactorily. Some influential persons appear in connection with it; and among them, Luke James Hansard, Esq., who has subscribed upwards of 100*l.* to promote the purposes of the association. An estate of about 100 acres, situated thirty miles from London, has been secured; and upon this it is proposed to erect the first village.

Symptom of Progress.—The British Organisation of the "Evangelical Alliance" has declared by a resolution almost unanimously adopted, "That no holder of a slave shall be eligible to its membership."

The Ten-hours' Labour Question.—At the recent annual *soiree* of the Bradford Mechanics' Institution, Lord Morpeth delivered an eloquent oration upon the benefits resulting from such institutions, and urged the operatives to avail themselves of the opportunities for relaxation after their daily toil. A correspondent thus expresses himself on the subject:—"Would that these recommendations could be reduced to practice! But how is this to be done? First, by giving the operative classes *time* and *opportunity* for attending the Mechanics' Institutes. This, I regret to say, is a point very much overlooked by the advocates of such institutions. For instance,

Lord Morpeth voted, in the last session of Parliament against short hours of labour in factories; in other words, he voted for keeping the Bradford operatives in the factories till half-past seven or eight o'clock in the evenings; and then he goes down to Bradford and invites the operatives to attend the Mechanics' Institute. Why, they cannot; and for this good reason: that he and others have voted to keep them in the mills. There is a gross inconsistency here, which Lord Morpeth and many others seem altogether to have overlooked. When the operative is liberated from his factory late in the evening, he is exhausted, and fitter for sleep than for study. Supposing him to be anxious to attend a Mechanics' Institute, he must be washed and dressed, and walk to the Institute. He cannot reach it before half-past eight; and he must be to bed by half-past nine or ten o'clock, in order to be up again at five in the morning. To speak of factory operatives attending Mechanics' Institutes, under such circumstances, is something like a mockery. It is obviously a matter of impossibility. Hence *no* factory operatives are members of Mechanics' Institutes; nor will they become so, until the hours of labour have been reduced. I say it advisedly and decidedly, that those who vote in Parliament against short hours of labour in factories, are voting against the moral and intellectual improvement of operatives, and against the spread of Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies; and eloquent speeches, however well meant, and rapturously received, will not mend the matter. The cause of shorter hours of labour is the cause of education; and they who are really in favour of the latter must prove it by voting for the former."—S.

Warrington Mechanics' Institution.—The honorary secretary of this institution has favoured us with the details of a plan adopted by the directors, with the view of encouraging and enabling the poorer mechanics of the town and neighbourhood to avail themselves of the lectures and entertainments provided by the institution:—"They have commenced a series of penny weekly subscriptions, the whole of which will be spent during the season in procuring literary and scientific lecturers, and musical and other entertainments, to which the subscriber, or any person sent by him with his ticket, shall have free admission. They will engage only performers and lecturers of the highest respectability and character in their several departments, the object of the directors being to procure rational enjoyment for the working classes at the lowest possible cost to each subscriber, and thus to familiarise their minds with productions of the highest excellence, and so give them that intellectual and moral elevation of character which is the object of all sound secular education." This plan may probably be adopted by Mechanics' Institutions generally with great advantage. In the commencement of the season Mr. Macready favoured the Institution by reading *Macbeth*. The theatre, which has been taken and fitted up by the directors, was crowded. Since then, Mr. Phillips has given his popular entertainments, and lectures also have been delivered.

Cheap Tea.—Sir: Allow me to call your attention to the new organisation instituted at Liverpool, for procuring a reduction of the duties on tea. These duties are excessive, amounting to 2*s.* 2½*d.* per pound. I suggest that this movement is deserving the energetic support of all those who are seeking to enlarge the domestic comfort of the toiling classes, and who desire to make the home of the working man more attractive than the public-house. It will be one of the greatest aids to the temperance movement that can be conceived; and I am pleased to observe that some staunch temperance men—among them Lawrence Heyworth, Esq.—are already in the ranks. You often suggest the propriety of *ladies* using their influence in various works of reform; is not *this* a movement in which they may legitimately exert themselves? Are *they* not peculiarly interested in the "free tea" question? Who among those that deny to woman the exercise of public influence, will call in question her right to assume a patriotism in the struggle for cheap tea? I presume that all necessary information, preparatory to action, may be obtained from the secretary, 1, Exchange-buildings, Liverpool.—P.

SPARE THE POOR.

By J. Bradshawe Walker.

[A Working Man, and the Author of *Wayside Flowers*, &c. —Editor.]

Our strength is labour, spare the poor
From thoughts averse to love and peace;
Go oftener to the cottage door,
Be brothers, let distinction cease.

The strongest might support the weak,
Till strength would daily stronger grow;
A nation's faith would never break,
Thus bound in one—the high, the low.

Forge ye no more the chains of hate,
Your kindred worms to bind in pains:
Sin's night is surely wearing late;
Creation's dawn will breathe again!

Why of their friendship record keep,
Or read their faults with lightning eye?
Where treasur'd wrongs are old and deep,
Disease and error festering lie.

From blighting scorn, oh, spare the poor!
(For ye they toil from youth to age;)
God's love will thus abound the more,
And Charity your time engage.

They have their sympathies, like you;
Forgive them all their cheerless plaint:
Affection would, like kindly dew,
Restore the erring and the faint.

A forest rank with human weeds,
Your brethren still, oh, spare the poor!
Go, Luxury, learn their pinching needs,
For this Heaven gave thy golden store.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Notices.

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Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, November 28th, 1846.

The Temperance Movement.—During the past month many things have occurred in connection with the temperance cause, of an unusually interesting character. First, I may notice the death and burial of one of whom every teetotaler must have heard. I mean "Dicky Turner," to whom we are indebted for the term "Teetotal," by which so many millions of abstainers are now designated. Poor "Dicky" resided in Preston, and was a sad inebriate—but one night, having entered a temperance meeting, when in a state of intoxication, he signed the pledge. He afterwards became an enthusiastic supporter of the cause, and with no higher qualifications than his zeal and integrity, he often spoke upon the subject at public meetings. His speeches were irresistibly droll—full of blunders of every kind—but, in many respects, impressive and effectual. When "Dicky" first identified himself with the cause, it was not, as now, a matter of *entire* abstinence—but the old system of "moderation." A thousand instances soon occurred to show that this scheme was insufficient either for the prevention or cure for drunkenness, and many soon saw the propriety of going a step further. "Dicky" stood in the advance, and, in his simple but earnest way, urged others to follow. One night, being unusually warmed, when he was descanting against the evils of strong drink, he exclaimed, stammering as he proceeded, "M-m-moderation is all b-b-botheration—to do any good we must have t-t-t-tee-total!" Meaning *the* total, or that *all* intoxicating drink must be given up at once. The phrase first spread abroad as a joke—it gradually assumed a more solid and important complexion—and at this day is adopted by hosts of people abroad and at home who are bent upon conquering man's potent enemy, strong drink. Richard Turner observed his pledge with a consistency that many, of higher pretensions, may envy. He lived fourteen years as tee-totaler, and, having won the esteem of hundreds, was followed to the grave by a large body of abstainers, by whom the ground in which he now rests was purchased, and who paid all the expenses of the last services he required on earth. Fourteen years of his life were devoted to an earnest effort to free his fellow creatures from a great curse: he is dead, and there is no statue for *him*—but thousands will yet pause and meditate by the unadorned grave of "Dicky Turner."——The destruction of wholesome grain, by distillers and brewers, during the existing dearth, has formed a topic of general discussion, and in many parts of the kingdom, but chiefly in Scotland, meetings have been held, and resolutions adopted, calling for legislative interference. That it was the duty of tee-totalers to urge this subject upon public attention, no one will deny. That their design will succeed, either with the public or the legislature, is questionable. At the best of times the evils of the drinking system are enormous, and apparent enough to claim the earnest attention of all who are not enslaved by customs "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and an additional calamity, added to the vast mass of evil always emanating from this source, will arouse the senses of comparatively few. Ours is a work of time and perseverance, rather than of sudden impulse—and the history of many years yet to come will be stained by the conversion of food into poison.——The *National Temperance Society* proposes to raise a fund of 5000*l.* to urge on the movement. They have planned energetic operations for the metropolis, which they will gradually extend to the provinces. The *Scottish Temperance League* has also commenced a similar design, with something more of energy. And the various local associations are on the alert. But "Christmas is coming," and there will be many drawbacks. About five times as much positive drunkenness will occur at Christmas, as is common to other times. Thus will the nativity of Christ be observed. There are many who would scarcely recognise the season as Christmas unless they became something more than elevated. Even now they are putting themselves upon short allowance, and hoarding for their Bacchanalian revel. The vendor of strong drink anticipates the market, and lays in an unusual stock; and, as the celebration of our Saviour's birth, the flood-gates of ruin will be opened. But we shall triumph at last.—Robert Kemp Philp.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

[*Extract from a letter to the Editor:*—"Can you find room for this? I see you have touched upon the subject."—Douglas Jerrold.]

The alacrity with which more than five hundred persons have registered themselves as members of this projected institution—the voice of hope that has spoken, and the heart that has beaten at the preliminary meetings—afford the most gratifying assurance that the Whittington Club is destined to be an organisation of the highest social value: a mark and monument of the best spiritual influences of the times. It may be a temple dedicated to progress; to progress, invincible in its onward march, because armed with weapons of truth; because strengthened and supported by instruments of the divine temperament of the human mind, determined to assert itself; vowed to achieve its fullest freedom, and therefore its fullest and most rational happiness.

That the want of such an establishment was felt, though such want had found no perfect utterance, has been made evident by the immediate gatherings of the hundreds of that class, to be immediately benefited by the institution. It was but to speak the words; to impart a meaning to the vague desire, and the intention was echoed and re-echoed, until it was heard and acknowledged throughout the wide metropolis.

It is not, however, to be hoped that the Whittington Club can be established—can grow and strengthen from its foundation—without some attempts adverse to its existence. Bigots and small wits must frown and throw little—very little squibs at it. But the endeavour that cannot withstand the scowl of ignorance, and the flash of a small jest, has no true heart—no rightful spirit in it—and ought to fail.

Among the social evils predicted from the success of the Whittington Club, is the evil of knowledge. The young men of London will lose their wholesome relish for the many favoured delights of a pure metropolis, and dream of Science. We are menaced with monsters of learning at desks and counters. It has been predicted by the *Morning Post* that a Bacon will serve writs—a Euclid measure muslin—and a Newton calculate the specific gravity of a banker's balance. And should this revolution occur, what a destruction would it bring down upon the aristocratic, the rich, and the respectable!

The lawyer's clerk—doomed to the sad service of writs—would, of course, "do his spiriting" much more saucily, brutally, because of his knowledge of such a work as the *Novum Organum:* the keener his sense of the enjoyment, the more impudent and disgusting his performance of his hard, legal duty; the haberdasher, or linen-draper with some notions of the *Propositions,* would incontinently give short measure; Euclid being the prime teacher of all cheating; whilst the banker's clerk, capable of even dimly catching the *Principia* would, from the moment he became conscious of the half-wisdom, have his thoughts unalterably set on forgery and embezzlement. The first glimpse of the beauty of science would lead him to the docks to learn all about the departure of a fast-sailing ship to another hemisphere.

Though the tree of knowledge bears beautiful and clustering fruit, there is a race of sand-blind prophets—and the race though wasted, will never be extinct—that sees in the sweet, sustaining produce nothing save picklocks, and pistols, and halters, with pens already nibbed for forgery. These folks love the ignorance of all that is intellectually ennobling, as the best security from evil. They might as well love an ape for its truth, because denied the power of speaking a lie.

However, the Whittington Club may *now* be fairly left to the earnest, enthusiastic efforts of its rightful builders. It is their duty to work, as it will be their prerogative to enjoy the goodly fruits of their labours. The Press—with one or two feeble, foolish exceptions—is with them. And it is not one of the least gratifying results of this journal*

* Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

that in its first, birth-number, the idea and suggestion of the Whittington Club were originally put forth—(and I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Angus B. Reach, for the conduct of the idea communicated to him; an idea that, on a first visit to the Manchester Athenæum forced itself upon me:)—put forth, to be accepted and welcomed by a class among the most needing, as certainly among the most deserving of its accruing benefits.

And in a spirit of hope that these may be manifold and perpetual to all numbered in the Whittington Club, I beg to subscribe myself their Obedient Servant,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

West Lodge, Lower Putney Common.

The Peace Movement!—On the 13th Elihu Burritt lectured to a crowded audience, at the Lecture Room, Nelson-Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Burritt's address was an eloquent and Christian assertion of the wickedness of all war; and his sentiments were repeatedly and warmly applauded. He cited the example of Christ:—"Follow him," said he, "from the manger to the cross—through every trial he was called to endure—through all the bitter obloquy and persecutions that were heaped on him. Watch the expression of his countenance when the crown of thorns was platted round his temples—when the nails were driven—when he breathed forth the last impulse of his spirit to his red-handed murderers, and cried, 'Father forgive them—Father *forgive* them.'" Mr. Burritt, after lecturing in London, is expected to visit Glasgow and other towns in Scotland.

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WITH A

Memoir by Mary Howitt.

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If "An Amateur Artist" had favoured us with his address, we could have satisfied him upon the matter to which he refers.

ELIHU BURRITT.—Many persons apply to us for Mr. Burritt's Address, which is often difficult to give, from his repeated movements. We will, however, gladly forward to him any stamped letters that may be enclosed to our care.

THE ROCK BUILDING SOCIETY.—We have received a letter from George Wood Rowe, who lately made serious charges against the directors of this society, in a communication which, being authenticated, we thought we might credit, and therefore felt it our duty to give it a place in the *Journal*. The writer now admits that he was in error, and expresses his regret that he should have published unfounded charges. We cannot too strongly urge upon our correspondents the necessity of their exercising the utmost caution in matters of this kind. An unfounded calumny may do irreparable injury, and we earnestly desire to keep the pages of the *Journal* free from the slightest tendency to wrong.

A PORTRAIT OF W. C. MACREADY,

WITH A PAPER BY

W. J. FOX,

Will shortly appear in the *People's Journal.*

Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, December 5th, 1846.

The Peace Movement.—Peace principles are rapidly progressing! The mind of the multitude appears at length to be awakening to a due sense of the impolicy and wickedness of war. Elihu Burritt delivered a lecture in advocacy of peace, at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street, on Thursday, Nov. 21. Immediately that the doors were thrown open the spacious building was crowded to excess, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. So strong was the desire to hear the lecture, that the pressure and heat became intolerable; and, much to the regret of all present, the lecture was delivered under many disadvantages. Upon the platform were John Scobel, Esq.; Mr. Charles Gilpin; the Revds. Thomas Aveling, George Wilkins, William Owen, and C. Dukes; the Secretary of the Peace Society, and the Committee; Dr. Lee; Dr. Bowring; and many ladies and gentlemen of eminence were among those who were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Burritt delivered a truly eloquent oration, in which he enforced the duty of the Christian to avoid all war, and all the spirit and manifestations of war in every form. "God was love, and the sum of his laws was love. God's moral laws were designed to converge in the human heart, and form their entire sun, whose light was peace,—peace, irradiating every action of the life, and every motion of the soul. Love, in the heart of God, was the source of all his laws; in the heart of man, love is the fulfilling of those laws. Thus God was a sun, and the human heart was a satellite revolving round the great heart of God—receiving its rays, and reflecting its light." Mr. Burritt strongly enforced the example set by the great head of the Christian Church:—"A Christian could not engage in any office or action in which he must hate and kill his brother; and could he kill his fellow beings in war without hating them?—without violating that law of love on which hung all the laws which God had given us? They did not say that the benighted savage could not fight, upon whose dark lust-breeding heart, the sublime precepts of the Gospel never diffused their softening influence? they did not say that the blood-drinking cannibal of New Zealand could not fight like the hyena; they did not say that such a maddened multitude, as in the Reign of Terror voted by proclamation in the streets of Paris that there was no God, could not fight; but they did say that the Christian could not fight in any cause in which Christ himself would not have fought. They based this position, nay the very nature of it, on the connection and communication between the Christian and his Divine Master. Whence came wars and fightings? Whence came the emotions that filled the heart, in the act of inflicting upon a fellow-being atrocities which no brute inflicted upon a fellow-brute;—in the act of thrusting his maddened soul into the presence of his God at the point of the bayonet? Had any one possessing the spirit of Christ emotions like these?" Mr. Burritt became exceedingly energetic when remarking upon the formation of the "League of Universal Brotherhood," and read the constitution or pledge of that League in a manner which produced a thrilling effect. He spoke in terms of exultation of its rapid progress, and urged his hearers to unite in this great effort to secure the blessings of peace. His sentiments were repeatedly applauded, and, at the conclusion of the lecture, the walls of the building vibrated with deafening cheers. John Scoble, Esq., Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, moved the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Burritt; the motion was seconded by Mr. Charles Gilpin, and carried with enthusiasm. After which, many persons eagerly pressed forward to join the League. Mr. Burritt was followed from the room by a crowd of people, who testified by their cheers that they loved him for his works' sake. It is much to be desired that this is not the only meeting Mr. Burritt will hold in the metropolis.—P.

Elihu Burritt's "League of Brotherhood."—Since the publication of Elihu Burritt's memoir in No. 44 of our *Journal*, letters have been constantly coming in from persons seeking information respecting the League of Brotherhood—the conditions of membership, form of pledge, &c., &c. Multitudes appear ready to aid in bringing about "the good time coming!" In compliance with these requests, we publish the Pledge, which is as follows:—

"Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any *voluntary* support or sanction to the preparation for or prosecution of any war, by whomsoever, or for whatsoever proposed, declared, or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign this pledge, in a 'League of Univeral Brotherhood;' whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and all the manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognise and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity."

Any persons above twelve years of age, male or female, may become members of the "League of Brotherhood," by signing the foregoing pledge, and transmitting their names for registration to the Editor of the *Bond of Brotherhood*, Birmingham.

Co-operative League.—Under this title an association has been formed, which "seeks to unite the various sections of the community holding co-operative views, that, by their combined efforts, success may be secured." The address issued by the directors briefly sets forth the great advantages certain to result from a well-regulated scheme of co-operation, and the objects of the League are stated to be as follows:—"The purchase or rental of land, and the erection of suitable buildings and machinery thereon for the purpose of enabling members profitably to employ *themselves*, either in agricultural, mechanical, or other pursuits. The property to be the indivisible and inalienable property of the League, and to be leased to individuals, or companies of subscribers, in the proportion of not more than five acres to one family; and at an average rent not exceeding five per cent, on the original cost. Tenants to be supplied with implements, seed, manufacturing machinery, and other requisites. The cost of the same to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and to be repaid to the League at the rate of ten per cent of the principal per annum." Funds are to be derived from annual subscriptions of 1*l.*, and an extra penny per week from each member. Secretary, Mr. S. S. Slaney, 60, Waterloo-road.

The United Tailors' Joint Stock Company.—SIR: It is with much pleasure that I perceive the operative tailors following in the wake of other trades; that is, to enhance their condition by *co-operative* means, as set forth by their prospectus issued by the Provisional Committee, signed by James Ronaghe, secretary, 5, St. John-street, Manchester. No trade in England is suffering more from the effects of severe competition than the tailors, many thousands of them earning less than ten shillings per week, the year round. The company, of which the above is the title, seems to have commenced in right earnest, and in a business-like manner; their trustees are men of respectability and standing, and they have engaged a respectable solicitor, under whose guidance they will be enabled to comply with the terms of the Act under which the company is enrolled, as affording the best security to the shareholders; the shares are within the reach of every operative tailor, namely, ten shillings, payable by instalments. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, as a powerful means for improving their social condition. May they prosper, and thus give another proof of the capacity of the working classes to help themselves.

A WORKING MAN.

Kilmarnock.—A correspondent has favoured us with some particulars of the state of the labouring classes in Ayrshire:—Trade here for the last four or five weeks has

been very dull. Little is doing in the weaving of carpets—scarcely anything is doing in the print-fields—the general average of wages during the past month being from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per month.—The shoemakers lately demanded a rise on the prices of expert shoes, but the masters say they are unable to comply, in consequence of foreign competition.—The tailors have obtained a small rise in their wages.—Provisions are enormously dear, and have been so during a long time past. Many of the principal articles of food are double the usual prices. A new substitute for the potato called the Calavanca bean has been introduced within these few days. It sells at 2*d.* per pound, and differs little from common peas. Meetings of the shareholders in the Cheap Bread Association have been held several times within the past month. It has been agreed to change it from a Cheap Bread Association to a General Co-operative Provision Store; and the committee is doing all in its power to promote the objects of the association.—The people of Kilmarnock are indeed generally very badly off: the calico printers with, in the majority of cases, about 1*l.*, and in some 2*l.*, for the last month—and oatmeal selling at 1*s.* 4*d.* per peck; light weavers making about 8*s.* or 9*s.* per week.—Great hope is entertained that provisions will soon fall, from the large quantities of food which are daily arriving from America.——In Stevenston, Ardrossan, Kilwinning, Galston, Newmilns, and all the other minor towns and villages in Ayrshire, where weaving is the staple manufacture, workmen are earning generally about 6*s.* to 8*s.* weekly; and in some of these places oatmeal is as high as 1*s.* 6*d.* per peck; other provisions proportionably high. The weavers of plaiding throughout the shire have received an advance of 15 per cent. on their previous wages. From the high prices of provisions they are still, however, very badly off.—A. P. D.

Sheffield Mechanics' Institution.—The annual meeting was held on Monday, November 2, Richard Solly, Esq., in the chair. According to the report, nineteen of the members pay 21*s.* per annum; one hundred and forty-six pay 10*s.* 6*d.*; twelve pay 8*s.*; ninety-four (youths or apprentices) pay 6*s.*; and thirty-one are allowed to have the privileges of the institution in acknowledgement of gratuitous services. The library contains 2,024 volumes. 10,581 entries have been made, during the year, in the register of circulation. For the use of the library, the member pay 4*s.*, and the apprentices 2*s.* per annum, additional. Non-subscribers to the institution may enter the library, without joining the institution in other respects, by payment of 6*s.* per annum for adults, and 4*s.* for apprentices. The year's receipts have been 180*l.* 1*s.* 2½*d.*, and the expenditure 211*l.* 11*s.* 7½*d.*; but a balance of 88*l.* 19*s.* 4½*d.* in favour of the institution remains in the hands of the treasurer. Four lectures on "Monastic Institutions," have been delivered by the Rev. John Lord, of Boston, (U.S.); and four on "the genius and writings of Thomas Carlyle," by Mr. George Dawson, M.A., of Birmingham. An exhibition of works of art and natural curiosities was held in the months of March, April, May, June, and July: the receipts were 1,035*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*; the expenditure 961*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*; leaving a balance of 74*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*, which, it is expected, will be placed to the credit of the building fund. Mr. John Taylor has been recently appointed managing director, and active measures are to be immediately adopted to raise means to erect a hall suitable for all the purposes of the institution.

JOHN FOWLER, Honorary Secretary.

Infant Education.—A highly important meeting took place on the evening of Friday, the 20th inst., in the Town Hall, Birmingham, for the purpose of extending the Infant Schools in connection with the Church of England. The hall was well filled by a very respectable and *unanimous* audience. Lord Calthorpe presided, supported by the borough members and the parochial clergy. It was stated that 7,000 children in the town were without any school instruction. Though the proposed schools are to belong to the Established Church, children will be indiscriminately admitted. One of the most pleasing features of the meeting was the undivided support the project met with from the hands of the dissenters, who were represented by R. K. Douglas, Esq., and G. Edmonds, Esq. The originator of the movement was the Rev. G. Bull, a well-known "short time" advocate, and one of the most popular clergymen in the district. The proceedings were highly satisfactory, and subscriptions have already been announced to the amount of 970*l.*, besides a grant of land for a site, by the Earl Howe.—N.

Public Baths.—Three large establishments of public baths are about to be formed in St. Marylebone; one on a large scale in St. Mary's, Paddington; ground has been secured in Orange-street, Leicester-square, near the Artesian Wells, for the baths in St. Martin's; while the works of the great model establishment in Gulston-square, in the eastern metropolis, now completed, are shortly to be thrown open for general inspection.

Annals of Industry and Progress.

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JOHN SAUNDERS,

EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible* among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense. A NEW PROSPECTUS IS NOW READY, which will be immediately forwarded to our Agents, and to all those friends who have written to us for copies, for distribution. We shall feel *obliged* by *information* of any difficulty or disappointment in this matter.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied carriage free at 10s. per hundred.

A PORTRAIT OF W. C. MACREADY,

WITH A PAPER BY

W. J. FOX,

Will shortly appear in the *People's Journal*.

A. Clerk.—Probably the report of Mr. Bright's committee is the best work you can obtain. It may be procured from Hansard, Turnstile, Holborn.

S. F.—We do not know whether the Hutchinsons intend returning to England.

Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, December 12th, 1846.

Trades' Halls.—In the "Annals" department of the *People's Journal* of Sept. 12th, is a communication from an upholsterer, in which, among other things, the writer advocates the establishment of Trades' Halls, as a means of ameliorating the condition of the working classes.

That there should, at the present day, be such apathy among a large portion of the members of many trades as to require such an appeal, seems astonishing. While others are bestirring themselves, to help themselves, by the establishment of Athenæums and Whittington Clubs, the manufacturing trades seem unable or unwilling to arouse themselves and shake off that obstacle to their social advancement, *the holding their meetings in public houses.* I believe there are, in most trades, some who have long been desirous of doing so; but the majority have been against them, and they have in consequence refrained from taking that active part in the affairs of their trade, which they otherwise would have done. To what temptation is a young man from the country at present exposed; he applies at his trade society's house of meeting for work, where too often are to be found some of the most degraded of its members; here it is of course expected that he will drink whether he needs it or not, and supposing he has not yet acquired drinking habits, can he remain long where everything around him has a debasing tendency, without being morally, if not physically, injured?

How different the arrangements of a Trades' Hall! Instead of those body and soul destroying influences, a directly contrary sphere would exist, where the unemployed member, instead of sotting away the day amongst drink and smoke, might really benefit himself, enjoying the gratuitous comfort and advantages of the reading-room and library.

It is well known that questions of the greatest import to the members of a trade are frequently brought before them for discussion; and I would appeal to all accustomed to attend such meetings whether we should not be likely to find more intelligence, more calmness, more justice, and less party spirit, in a Trades' Hall, than when surrounded by every thing calculated to excite and inflame the minds of those who may entertain different opinions; and at the close of the debate, too, does it not sometimes happen that many of those who are to decide the question by their votes are in any thing but a fit state to do so? So far as the upholsterers are concerned, the advantages to be derived are no longer problematical: they did not wait to convince the whole, or even the majority of their trade; but the *few* who had the *will* found a way to commence; and they now, in a truly liberal spirit, invite others to join them. There are other trades intimately connected with them in their every day labour, will *they* not accept the invitation? Are the members of the *cabinet and chair makers* trade societies less in need of such an institution? are they less able to contribute? less emulous of *mental* improvement and consequent social advancement?

In the hope of drawing the attention of some of your readers to the opportunity which seems now to present itself of associating themselves for a common good, I remain, &c.,—R. H.

Remonstrances Against Slavery.—Respected Friend: As yours is undoubtedly *The People's Journal*, I beg (through the medium of your columns) to inform the people, particularly the working men, of a very important movement proposed to commence in Bolton—nothing less than the sending of a remonstrance on the subject of slavery from the working men of England to the working men of America. I believe that in this town (Bolton) we shall, if it be properly canvassed, get no less than 10,000 signatures.

I ask the working man if he will not come forward to the assistance of that gallant band, who are pleading the cause of their fellow men on the other side of the Atlantic? Will he not come forward when he is aware that on one occasion when their good and glorious cause was languishing under the heat of persecution, when their property was spoiled, and their persons a mark for the slave-holder's rifle? will not he (I repeat) come forward to the assistance of this gallant band, when he is aware that a remonstrance from a secluded vale in Scotland signed by about 10,000, at that critical juncture, strengthened their hands in the work, to such a degree that they renewed the struggle with redoubled vigour, under the banner of an unclouded conscience, and with the knowledge that England, Scotland, and Ireland, were on their side; nay, more, that the *God* of England, Scotland, and Ireland approved their work? I have little doubt what the reply will be. I feel that there will be given a hearty response to the appeal of the Anti-Slavery League. This movement originated here, through the eloquent addresses Frederick Douglass lately delivered. Who can hear him, and say that a negro has not the faculties that we have?—W. S.

Preston Mechanics' Institution.—On Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th, the members and friends of this institution held a *soiree* in the Exchange Rooms, which were kindly granted for the purpose by his Worship, John Paley, jun., Esq., the Mayor, who is also a member. About 500 persons sat down to a plenteous repast of tea, coffee, &c. After tea, the members and friends adjourned to the lecture room, formerly occupied by the Literary and Philosophical Institution. Several speakers addressed the meeting, and were listened to with the deepest interest and attention by the audience. Delegates from Burnley, Blackburn, and Liverpool, bore testimony of the increasing thirst after knowledge and the beneficial results arising from such institutions. After the meeting, the members and friends again adjourned into the front rooms, where dancing commenced, and all seemed delighted with the social enjoyments of the evening.—J. A.

Sheffield.—A few working men have formed a Mutual Instruction Society, and it is well attended. Some of the members are fathers of large families, who have hitherto been deprived of the blessings of knowledge; they have now set to work to do something for themselves, and to raise themselves from degrading ignorance. The society is well attended.—G. B.

Vital Statistics.—The importance of temperance—not merely in its ordinary acceptation, but as implying entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks—has been strikingly exemplified by the experience of the Temperance Provident Institution, whose members are required, by the conditions of assurance, to be *total* abstainers. On comparing the number of deaths that occurred in several of the most successful Life Offices, during the first five with the number that occurred during the same period years of their existence, among the members of the Temperance Institution, we find the difference to be greatly in favour of the latter; as will be seen by the following statement:—

	LIFE POLICIES.		DEATHS.		
A	issued 944	and had	14,	being	15 per 1000.
B	„ 1901	„	27,	„	14 „
C	„ 838	„	11,	„	13 „
D	„ 2470	„	65,	„	26 „
T. P. I.	1596	„	12,	„	7½ „ !

That this result is not to be attributed to favourable accident, or aught else than the operation of a salutary and life-preserving practice, becomes the more apparent when it is considered that every passing year more fully confirms the illustration already given—and the broader the basis of the experiment, the more conclusively the great fact becomes established. Through a period of thirteen months, from the 5th of July, 1845, only *two* deaths occurred among the whole number of the assured; which reduces the deaths up to August 6, 1846, to an average of only 3½ per thousand in each year! During the past twelve months only four deaths have occurred, though between 400 and 500 new members have been admitted; and the claims are lighter in number and amount than for the preceding year. These facts, as bearing upon the beneficial effects of abstinence from alcohol, are overwhelming. And they cannot be too highly or too promptly regarded by those who seek for themselves and their dependents some provision to mitigate the calamities which flesh is heir to.—P.

Gaol, Workhouse, and Barracks.—A correspondent, writing from Birmingham, calls our attention to the fact that a new gaol is in course of erection, and upon a scale of great magnitude. A new workhouse is also to be commenced, and an extension of the barracks is contemplated. And these things are going on *against* the people, the while fruitless efforts are being made to erect a temperance hall for them. Our correspondent remarks, that—"These facts, taken in connection, suggest reflections of a very painful and humiliating character to all who have the interests of the town and of the people at heart. As usual, we are beginning at the wrong end; and instead of expending a few hundreds in the humane endeavour to arrest the incentives to crime, we are wasting thousands in the vain expectation that men will be better for punishment after they have become criminal."—H. H. H.

Early Rising Movement.—A number of young men in Glasgow have formed an early rising class, for the purpose of mental culture. Those who slumber until after the hour of meeting pay a small fine, the accumulation of which is applied to the purchase of books for the class. The writer has formed, or assisted in forming, three such classes, all of which produced the most beneficial results. The regulations were to meet at five o'clock every morning, throughout the year. The reading of a standard work, or an original essay, would commence precisely at that hour; after which, conversation or discussion would continue for an hour, and the class would disperse at seven. Certain mornings in the summer were devoted to out-of-door exercises—some one of the class volunteering to explain the theory of dew, fogs, twilight, or other phenomena to be observed at the time. Such lectures, illustrated by nature herself, surpassed anything I ever heard in the lecture-room, and the impressions produced thereby were most vivid and abiding. At other times, botany, geology, or astronomy would form the subject—each illustrated and enforced by the natural objects before the eye. The most picturesque spots were selected for the summer morning gatherings, and the delights they afforded to all were inexpressible. In the winter, coffee was served up at six o'clock—after the hour's reading—and the debate or conversation took place over "friendly cups." It was proposed that one of the classes should have a public breakfast in the Market-place, at five o'clock one morning; and that, with the view of displacing night-caps at that hour, a band of music should parade the town one hour previous to breakfast-time, to let the sluggard know that there were good spirits "up and doing." But the plan was dropped, rather for the want of pecuniary means, than aught else. So far from these meetings being irksome to the members, many who, in their first attempts, crept in with heavy eyelids half an hour behind time, were found among the strenuous advocates of meeting at four, instead of five. Such a scheme wants but a commencement, and it will succeed.—P.

Ipswich.—A museum, for the public good, is about to be opened in this town. The work has been commenced with an earnestness not to be mistaken. Among the donors of important sums are R. D. and W. H. Alexander, Esqrs., and several others of the same name; Lord Rendlesham; J. N. Gladstone, Esq., M.P.; and W. M. Long, Esq., each contribute donations of 10*l.* The donations amount collectively to upwards of 200*l.*, and more than that amount is guaranteed annually by subscriptions of one guinea. It is to be hoped that the institution will be placed on a truly liberal basis, that it may prove highly advantageous to the many.—W. S.

Chorlton-upon-Medlock.—We propose to bestir ourselves in the cause of progress, in this place. Very lately we had a large and influential meeting, when between 200 and 250 sat down to tea. After which the subject of founding a Temperance Institution, upon an unusual scale, was entered upon. W. Morris, Esq., of Salford, occupied the chair, and was supported by P. Brotherton, Esq., M.P.; Lawrence Heyworth, Esq.; E. Grundy, Esq.; and numerous other gentlemen. Mr. Brotherton admitted that he had been a total abstainer for thirty-five years, and testified to the advantages of abstinence. We design not merely to raise a Temperance Hall, but to found an institution having lectures, concerts, classes, library, reading-room, coffee-room, &c. &c.; in fact, a Whittington Club, with this improvement, that while it seeks to elevate and moralise, it will entirely discountenance the chief agent of degradation and wickedness, *strong drink.* We are really in earnest, as will appear from our having raised about 250*l.* already. We have selected a spot of ground in Grosvenor-street, which has been, in fact, purchased. And it is intended that the building shall do credit to the cause with which it is associated. According to the estimates received, it will cost 1500*l.* Towards these objects, Mr. Owen, solicitor, has subscribed 15*l.*; Mr. C. Armitage 25*l.*: Mr. Jesse Ainsworth 5*l.*; Mr. W. Morris 25*l.*; and, conditionally, 25*l.* more. Thus we propose to aid "the good time coming."—W. W.

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To Correspondents.

In future, all papers accepted *for publication, will be duly acknowledged by letter, or in the* Journal, *as soon as possible after their receipt. If no such acknowledgment be given within a month, the papers must be considered as declined; and they will be returned to the writers, either at the office, or through the post, if an envelope properly addressed* (and stamped where requisite,) *has been inclosed. If copies are kept, such return will be unnecessary, and this is the mode* recommended. *The great and constantly increasing number of manuscripts daily flowing in upon us renders these arrangements indispensable.*

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The Week

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The Weekly Half-holiday Movement in Sheffield.—The directors of all the banks in Sheffield lately agreed to allow their clerks to close business at one o'clock on Thursdays. This encouraged many warehousemen, shopmen, and others, to memorialise the leading mercantile houses for similar privileges. In all cases, the desires of the memorialists were met with kind consideration. Some of the principal merchants and manufacturers expressed their readiness to grant what was asked for; but others were of opinion that public inconvenience and loss would attend such an arrangement. For the present the proposal is abandoned. Much good feeling has been shewn by both the employers and the employed: and the agitation of the "half-holiday" question has been, and will be, productive of great benefit. The chief practical result will be (most probably) a general shortening of the hours of labour.—J. F.

Working Men's Association, Poplar.—A very full meeting of the working men of Poplar was held on Thursday, Dec. 3, in the school-room adjoining Cotton-street Chapel, to establish an association for mental improvement, and to found a reading-room and library. William Howitt, Esq., took the chair. It was announced that the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A., the minister of Cotton-street Chapel, having for some weeks past been engaged in delivering lectures to working men, had invited some of the company to remain after a lecture on "Punishment by Law," delivered on the 10th of November, and confer with him on the desirableness of such an association. Accordingly a committee of working men was chosen, who had made the preliminary arrangements, and determined to have a reading-room opened at once. The school-room was offered rent free for their use, and this had been fitted up and prepared, and would be opened on Monday, Dec. 7. The meeting was addressed very powerfully and eloquently by the chairman, by some working men, and by the Revds. G. Smith and J. A. Baynes, and the resolutions passed with much enthusiasm and unanimity. A note was read by the chairman from the celebrated German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, who had fully intended being present on the occasion, but was prevented by severe indisposition. It expressed his warm sympathy in the people's cause. Nearly 100 members of the association were at once enrolled, and the institution seems to promise much good.—J. A. B.

The Co-operative League.—Sir: I am much pleased to find you have given publicity to the existence of the Co-operative League, as I consider the movement is for the benefit of suffering humanity. I have attended several of its meetings, and feel convinced that the peculiar system of *co-operation* its advocates propose is calculated to improve the condition of the working classes; and it only requires them to hear an exposition in detail of the principle to convince them of the advantages this League insures its members. I learn that the promoters of this movement do not pledge themselves to wait for the accumulation of sufficient funds to purchase land previous to carrying out co-operative measures, but, if agreeable to members, will form a capital by their united subscriptions and embark in trade; making such arrangements that the profits produced shall be equally distributed amongst *all who labour*, and by this means increase the wages 15 to 20 per cent., and also create a fund to purchase land. That such advantages will be produced by carrying out the system of co-operation proposed, exhibits itself in the working of a model co-operative movement, now in operation in the shirt trade, by obtaining for the poor shirt women full 20 per cent. more wages than given by warehouses, and leaving a fund for contingent expenses. Now, I should say, if such a system can be introduced to better the condition of the producers of all wealth, on whose prosperity the commerce and greatness, nay, very existence of our country depend, and in which all are interested—then it is the duty of all, and will be the interest of every man, to hail this movement with joy.

J. Gowyn, jun.

Journeymen Bakers.—Sir: I beg to call your attention to the state of the journeymen bakers, a class of men toiling eighteen hours out of twenty-four, in a close and unwholesome atmosphere; or carrying excessively heavy loads. The evils attending these protracted hours of labour, need scarcely be enumerated. Overtaken by the infirmities of old age in early life, by excessive labour, or intemperance occasioned by its effects, at forty-five or fifty they are refused employment by the majority of the London master-bakers, unless it be at reduced wages. They are a class of men denied the high privileges of moral and intellectual improvement; for what are chapel, lecture-room, or mechanics' institution to men without needful time for sleep? The present system of labour is in direct opposition to any moral improvement they can receive. The Sabbath-day, which should be a day of rest for man, is not, alas! a day of rest for the journeyman baker. At most places, from the hours of nine till two, the greater part of the day, he is occupied in attending to people's dinners. Thus he is denied the opportunity of availing himself of the privileges granted to other mechanics, of religious instruction on the Sabbath, or a walk into the green fields—a thing much required to refresh him after his severe toil—and which, considering his double day's work on the Saturday, he has a just right to. About two, or half-past, he leaves his close and unwholesome place of labour, and goes back to it again at five o'clock, the other men at eleven, about which time they recommence labour. Such is the journeyman baker's Sabbath. May success attend the exertions of the few who are engaged in modifying and reducing the hours of labour.—W. H. G.

Movements at Exeter.—Mr. Henry Clapp, of Lynn, Massachusetts, who lectured in this city a week or two ago on the temperance question, has since addressed a large audience at the Athenæum, on "The Spirit of War and the Spirit of Peace." The appeal of the lecturer was evidently successful; and resolutions were moved by several gentlemen, to the following effect: "That a society be now formed, to be entitled the Exeter Peace Society, whose objects shall be the promotion of permanent and universal peace; and that the following officers be appointed, John Dymond, treasurer; William Lee, Esq., R. W. Fox, the Revds. G. Gould, John Wilkey, and W. Roberts, Esqrs., be the committee; and the Rev. Francis Bishop, secretary." And also (a resolution which, contrary to all expectation, was carried *unanimously*), "That the fundamental principles of the society be that *all war* is irreconcileable with the spirit of Christianity, and therefore opposed to the best interests of mankind." There formerly was a Peace Society here, but it has been extinct some years.——A lecture on American Slavery was delivered by Mr. Clapp on Saturday, at the same place. The recent visit of William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglass to this city had excited great interest here on the subject; and the Exeter ladies were long busy in contributing to the Boston Fancy Bazaar: their stall was made up last week.——A meeting, convened by W. D. Moore, Esq., the Mayor, was held at the Guildhall, on Dec. 3rd, to take steps for improving the sanitary condition of the city.——The past year has exhibited extraordinary progress in the public mind here, though we are subject to the obstructive influences of an agricultural aristocracy and the cathedral staff. The Exeter Literary Society is chiefly entitled to the praise. An attempt was made last year to crush it; certain parties endeavoured to introduce a preponderance of clerical influence, and being unsuccessful, stigmatised it as an association of infidels, separated from it, and established a *second* literary institution, which is now conducted in a liberal spirit, and which is also useful in its way. The result is, that in the city, where a few years ago the highest talent and the most attractive theme could scarcely draw a hundred of the "select;" now, for two or three nights every week, the Athenæum is densely crowded to hear some lecturer of our city, or sometimes any "Star" who chances to wander so far west of his accustomed orbit.——Every social reform is taken up here with a new interest. A society was formed this summer called the Servants' Mutual Assistance Society. The rules were adopted at a meeting presided over by the mayor, and attended by most of the clergy. The objects are to provide an asylum for men

and women servants in sickness, or out of employment, annuities for old age, and a register-office for places.—— An Early Closing Association has been formed here, and all the principal tradesmen close at seven o'clock in winter, and eight in summer.—It is intended, in a week or two, to have a great meeting here in favour of the Abolition of Capital Punishment, at which Lord Nugent will preside.——A county meeting is convened for Dec. 16, to consider the Education Question. The movement is chiefly sustained by dissenters, who advocate the principle, that the State ought to grant funds for the assistance of educational societies, but has no right to direct the manner of a compulsory education.——What with one "movement" and another, we Exonians are likely this winter to have as much agitation as our heads can well bear. I must not forget the subscription to our Thomas Gray's Testimonial, which commenced in this city; and which, as yet, we are sorry to learn, proceeds but slowly. *Five shillings from a Viscount, a Member of Parliament, and the heir of an Earldom,* is no great contribution to the illustrious author of the National Railway System.—R. A.

[Several of our correspondents have made inquiries respecting the Gray Testimonial. It is not generally known that a committee at Exeter has taken up the subject. We cannot believe that, if the committee display sufficient energy, the country will prove ungrateful to one of its greatest benefactors.—ED. *P. J.*]

Public Park at Oldham.—SIR: Having constantly seen in your paper reports of movements in various towns for the elevation of the people, I send an address from the Operative Committee for providing Public Walks, Parks, &c., for all classes in this town. The necessity of such has long been felt, and as the movement has been commenced by the working classes, I feel persuaded it will go forward. You will perceive in the address the situation Oldham is physically placed in, the amount of the population, and the number employed in the cotton manufacture; the movement is now being taken up by the wealthier inhabitants, who, apparently, are taking great interest therein.—J. H.

We extract the following from the address:—

"Why should not Oldham imitate the public spirit of Manchester? Though it is but a tithe in comparison with the manufacturing metropolis of Britain, yet it is the seventeenth borough in the kingdom, and its representative limits comprise a population of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants, of whom fifteen thousand at least are employed in its hundred cotton mills. If, by the liberality of the opulent, the free-will contributions of the humble, the influential and generous exertions of the wealthy, and the no less efficient and incessant efforts of the poor, Oldham is enabled to present to her industrious and orderly sons and daughters but one free and ample public pleasure ground or park, a most laudable, permanently useful, and great sanitary improvement will have been effected. All who have been instrumental, however remotely, in accomplishing the truly glorious institution, will have a constant spring of pleasure in reflecting upon the good they each and all have effected by their harmonious tributes to the general weal. The tendency of well-conducted places of public resort, such as a properly-regulated public park, is to promote habits which will adorn the domestic circle, advance the cause of temperance, expand human thought to pleasurable objects, increase the elements of intelligence, solace and cheer drooping age, and confer intense happiness on the sportive young.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests have munificently granted the sum of 1000*l.* towards the establishment of a public walk or park at Oldham, on condition that a corresponding sum be raised by the town and neighbourhood for the same object. It cannot be supposed for a moment that when these circumstances are fully known, the principal townsmen can any longer remain indifferent on a question so vitally affecting the health, the manners, and the well-being of the community. Conscious of the extreme necessity which existed that an immediate provision should be secured for the mental recreation of their brother artisans, *a number of the operatives in the employment of Messrs. Hibbert and Platt have spontaneously raised the liberal sum of* 110*l., and their public spirited employers, John and James Platt, Esqrs., unhesitatingly contributed the generous sum of* 100*l.*, gratified by the highly creditable efforts of their workmen, and convinced of the obvious utility and great advantages of the project."

London Operative House-Painters.—This branch of industrious artisans have formed an association, with the view of founding a central house for the trade, with convenience for large meetings, library, and offices attached. The association has existed since the 1st of October, and upwards of 150 members have been enrolled. The directors have just issued an address, penned in a good spirit, in which they encourage the operative painters to avail themselves of the advantages presented by the association. The following is an extract:—"Some of the evils to which we are subject are, perhaps, inevitable; but others are not so; and all of them may be mitigated, if we are henceforth resolved to unite for purposes of education and mutual protection. In this process we shall learn self-respect, and that will cause us to be respected. Let us then help ourselves, and assistance will come from where we cannot now even expect it. We do not assume a dictatorial tone—we would wish to avoid that, as much as we would despise meanness or servility. It is not then from arrogance, but from a deep sense of wrong that we speak. Our purpose is not to excite animosity, but to awaken thought. We encourage no ill-will against employers, but we would endeavour to arouse the better feelings of those who think that humanity and self-interest do not go hand in hand. Self-culture and mutual sympathy amongst operatives may not be so exciting, but we submit that they will be much more productive of lasting good than the most forcible denunciation of tyranny." The association meets at the Parthenium Coffee House, St. Martin's-lane.—ROBERT DRIFFIELD, Secretary.

Yeadon Mutual Improvement Society.—It is now about nine months since this society was formed. About half a dozen young men feeling the deprivation they were labouring under, as regards moral and intellectual culture, and presuming the benefits which were likely to accrue from such an institution, determined upon its formation. The results of their efforts are truly gratifying; we have now reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and discusssion classes, all of which are well attended. Also one night in the week is devoted to the reading of periodicals, amongst which is the *People's Journal.* On Thursday, the 5th of November, we held the first *soirce*, when upwards of 200 of its members and its friends took tea together; after which the assembly were enlivened with vocal and instrumental music. Addresses were delivered by some of its members on the benefits of education, which were received with great interest. Our society consists of 100 members.—S. SLATER, Secretary.

MR. FOX'S PAPER ON MR. MACREADY

WILL BE COMPLETED NEXT WEEK.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, December 26th, 1846.

The Temperance Movement.—"Who runs may read!" Teeming, as are the events of every succeeding day, with fresh evidences of the tremendous evils springing out of our artificial and irrational drinking customs, it is only the indolence and apathy of those who, assuming the practice of good works, should long ago have been the earnest pioneers of our cause, which render the repeated assertion of the claims of teetotalism at all necessary. Instances are constantly occurring around us which cannot fail, where they are duly regarded, to demonstrate that the Teetotaler is right:—Walking down Tottenham-court Road, one evening, my attention was attracted by the loud and shrill vociferations of a woman, who was abusing a policeman for having ordered her to "move on." A mob of people had gathered around her, and appeared highly amused at her gesticulations, and the coarse utterances of her tongue. Need I say that she was intoxicated? She had just emerged from a gin palace which stood near, and which glittered with a splendour maintained by wretched victims, of whom this poor woman was a striking specimen. "*I have three sons transported, and my husband in a madhouse!*" shrieked she, "*but never mind that,*" &c. &c.! She proceeded to accuse the police of having been witnesses against her sons, and in doing so, became frantic with rage. I turned from the spot, overpowered by the busy thoughts that crowded upon my brain. "Three sons transported, and my husband in a madhouse!" Here, compressed into a brief sentence, was a tale of misery enough to harrow up any soul. Mothers—you who have never yet cared to apply to your own practice, and to the training of your children, the only real preventive of drunkenness—ponder over this terrible picture; and, with this woman's exclamation yet in your ears, say with her, if you can, "Never mind that!" Oh how strong drink has destroyed, and will yet destroy, those feelings and aspirations of virtue and love which should adorn the human character! And what, I inquired of myself, could have drawn down such a tremendous weight of calamity upon this woman's family? Might not *the intemperance of the mother*—her neglect of the moral culture of her offspring—or even her training them to crime, that she might gratify her base appetite—might not these things have been the cause of their ruin, and have driven to madness the father who had loved and married only to see his wife a shameless drunkard, and his sons exiled as criminals from the land of their birth? All this seems, not merely possible, but probable; and is, I fear, a near approximation to the truth. In point of economy, every transported convict is estimated to cost this country 300*l.* "Three sons transported" cost 900*l.* One "husband in a (pauper) madhouse," say 100*l.* Total loss sustained by the community on account of this one drunkard's family, 1000*l.* Let me suggest that, *with total abstinence as the basis of our educational system,* we might have trained this family in virtue, for one-fourth the sum paid for their ruin. Surely, strong drink is a costly curse. Many, doubtless, will condemn the wickedness of this woman. But, before pronouncing judgment upon her, let us not overlook our own true relation to *the system* which engrafts the love of unnecessary, intoxicating drink, upon the human appetite, which drink has overpowered and prostrated many a mind stronger than that which this unhappy being ever possessed. The whole drinking system constitutes one stupendous folly—it is a fertile source of every kind of corruption and iniquity—the most formidable barrier to human progress—the greatest stumbling-block in the way of man. When this barrier is broken down, we may speed onward with a fair wind and a flowing tide to the haven of peace and happiness. As I walked away from the scene of this disorder, I noticed the many gin palaces which stud the crowded thoroughfares of this vast city, and noted how eagerly the votaries of Bacchus pressed towards them—thus bidding for their own destruction, and heeding not the many evidences of ruin standing in their very midst. It was a bright moonlight night, with a clear frosty atmosphere; and not far from a crowded gin palace an old man had set up a telescope, which stood pointed to the moon. But he was unheeded by the crowd; and no one caring to view the silvery orb, he paced up and down to warm his half-frozen limbs. There was the bright beautiful moon, there the telescope ready to reveal its wonders to the human eye; but who, in this world of pots and pipes, cares to look at the moon? What's the moon to "half-a-pint of Barclay and Perkins," or a "dram of British gin?" No—the crowd passed on to the gin palace—their sun, their moon, their God (and their Satan?), were there.

ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

Statistics of the condition of Journeymen Tailors.—SIR,—Observing in the *People's Journal* the movements taking place towards providing wholesome and comfortable dwellings for the working classes, and hoping that ere long steps will be taken for accomplishing the same, I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you respecting the situation of the journeymen tailors, especially that portion of them who are working for large sale shops throughout the country. The great amount of labour in the market belonging to the tailoring trade has given an opportunity to capitalists to embark their money in the trade, and, by reducing the price of labour to the lowest possible pitch, they have compelled the poor journeymen working for them to seek an asylum in the lowest neighbourhoods and at the cheapest rate; and as parties labouring for those establishments generally work at home, we find the garments of the most respectable and wealthy families are made amongst filth and disease; and, unfortunately, it does not end here, as there is much reason to believe that through the clothing made in those dwellings of wretchedness, disease finds its way to the back of the wearer. I will lay before you the condition of the journeymen tailors of Leeds, who are working for establishments of this sort. In the summer of 1845 I was deputed, along with another person, to visit the dwellings of the men who work for those establishments; and found to my sorrow the awful situation in which they and their families were placed, as the following will testify. Out of 273 journeymen and their families, we found eighty-three cases of diseases of various sorts; in some houses we found families inhabiting every room. We found in many of those houses a tailor and his family working, cooking, and sleeping in the same apartment, with some of the family sick, whilst garments were being made close to the sick person. We found that, in consequence of the low prices paid, parents were forced to compel children of tender years to labour with them throughout the week, in order that thereby they might be able to obtain an existence; we found others who, through not being able by their exertions to obtain food for their families, are forced to fall back upon the parish for the deficiency. As another proof, I will refer you to a report contained in the *Liverpool Journal,* of April 26, 1845, and gathered from inquiries made by the journeymen committee of that town, namely, that in twenty-six streets visited, in Vauxhall and Scotland Wards, on the 27th of March, 1845, and following days, they found 126 tailors, their wives and families, and workers, amounting in the whole to 572 persons, and persons living in the same houses with them amounted to 548, making a total inhabiting those dwellings of 1120 persons: of these 35 were sick, from one fortnight up to eighteen weeks, of scarlet, typhus, and other fevers and diseases of various kinds, commencing since the November previous and continuing up to the time the inquiry was made. The report says that 12 were found inhabiting and working in a single cellar, 38 in a house, 99 living in courts and rooms, and only 27 occupying houses: of this number 31 were found working for sale shops on the Sabbath—many in a most distressed state. Again, I will briefly refer you to Mr. Chadwick's reports of the sanatory condition of the labouring classes, and especially that portion of it which refers to the condition of the tailors, and which has been culled from the most respectable establishments of the metropolis (establishments which are perfect palaces as compared with the workshops of the sale marts). He says, "I have collected the evidence of several master tailors, on the effects of work in crowded or bad ventilated rooms. Some are inclined to ascribe more of the ill health of the journeymen to their habits of drinking at public-houses,

and to the state of their private dwellings. But, in the main results, the loss of daily power, namely, the loss of at least one third the industrial capabilities enjoyed by men working under advantageous circumstances, the nervous exhaustion attendant on work in crowds, and the consequent temptation to resort to stimulants, which, in their turn, increase the exhaustion, are fully proved, and indeed generally admitted." In conclusion, I need only say that, in my opinion, the only chance for the working man is the *co-operation of labour:* but, in pursuing this step, great caution should be taken as to placing power in the hands of any man who is not the people's tried friend; and in the government of any establishments on this footing correct discipline should be maintained, and all parties having any share or interest in the same should be strictly kept in subordination to the rules that might be made for the purpose. By such means, effectively carried out, there is still a chance for those capable of labour and skill to rise from their present oppressed position.—AN OPERATIVE TAILOR.

[We have been compelled to greatly abridge this communication.]

Testimonial to Employer—Preston.—On Monday evening, December 7th, 1846, a *soiree*, on a grand scale, was held in the Corn Exchange rooms, to which the Mayor, J. Paley, jun., Esq., and his lady, were invited to receive from the work-people testimonials of the high esteem in which they are held. In addition to these, the chief guests of the evening, John Paley, sen., Esq., Thomas German, Esq. (late Mayor), W. Paley, Esq., John Stevenson, Esq., and several other gentlemen, had received invitations. About 1100 persons sat down to a plenteous repast of tea, coffee, &c. After tea, Mr. C. Holt (Mr. Paley's manager) was called to the chair. The chairman on opening the meeting adverted to the beneficial results arising from the co-operation of masters and servants in enjoying such social parties, as they have a tendency to elevate the moral character of both. The chairman then called upon Mr. W. Linsey (a person in the employ of Mr. Paley) to read its address, which breathed forth a spirit of union betwixt them and their employer. After reading the address, he presented to Mr. Paley, in the name of his work-people, a splendid silver snuff-box, of a massive and elegant wrought pattern, bearing the following inscription:—"In grateful acknowledgment of his generous sympathy with them in times of misfortune, the work-people of John Paley, jun., Esq., Mayor of Preston, present this box to him in this the second year of his mayoralty. Presented at the *soiree* held by the work-people, in the Exchange Rooms, Dec. 7, 1846." A cameo brooch was also presented to Mrs. Paley, through Mr. Paley's hands. If such a state of things could be carried throughout the country we should experience more unanimity, as it has a tendency to draw the attention of the working classes to the utmost necessity of moral as well as intellectual improvement; and creates a feeling of confidence in the master, and a sense of duty in the servant. But as a better day is dawning, we hope the time is not far distant when the operatives will begin to see that the greatest evil prevailing in the present day is ignorance.—J. A.

Mutual Improvement Society, Boston, Lincolnshire.—In consequence of the adoption of the early closing movement in Boston, a meeting was held in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, to form a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. The meeting was numerously attended, the president of the Mechanics' Institution was called to the chair; and after the reading of the eloquent lecture on "The Philosophy of Labour," delivered by Elihu Burritt, at Leeds, the rules were submitted to the meeting, and unanimously adopted. A vote of thanks were given to the Rev. T. W. Mathews for his kindness in reading the lecture, and his philanthropic exertions in behalf of the young men; to the chairman, for his kindness in presiding, and the business terminated. —A meeting of the members of the society was held afterwards, at which the officers and committee were elected. The society is now fairly launched, and we hope it will realise the wishes of its founders, and prove a blessing, not only to the members themselves, but also to the town and neighbourhood of Boston.—J. N.

Notices.

Among the various arrangements for the coming year, we may at present mention the following:—

MISS MARTINEAU'S SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMIDS

Will, in all probability, be received shortly from Egypt.

ART EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE,

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Late Master of the Manchester School of Design.

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"DEVIL BYRON;"

(The ancestor of Lord Byron, who fought the duel with Chaworth, was thus called by the peasantry,)

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